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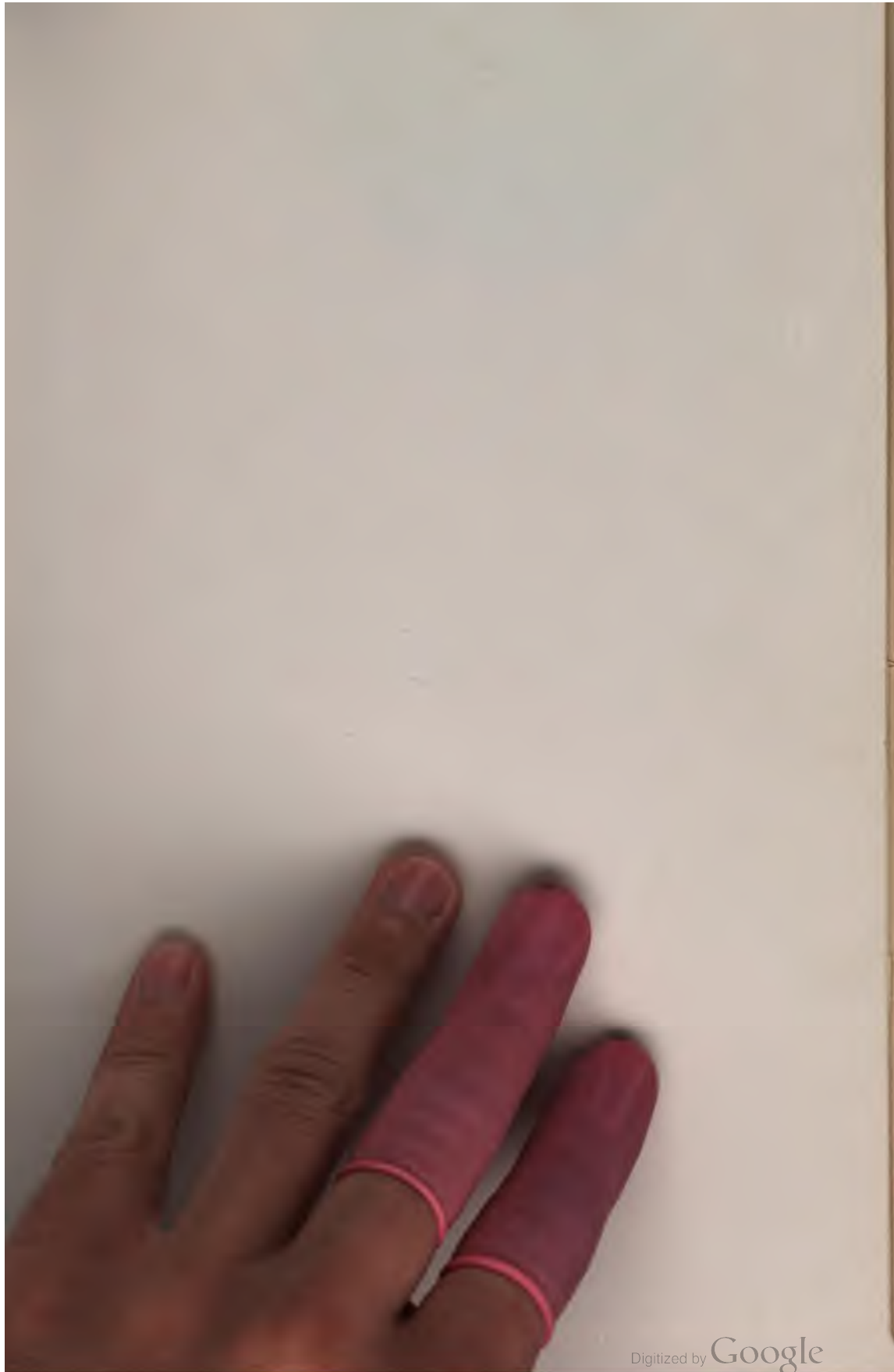
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IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

"THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER," BY GEORGE ROMNEY.

(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)

THE CENTURY

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

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THE BEETHOVEN MUSEUM AT BONN.

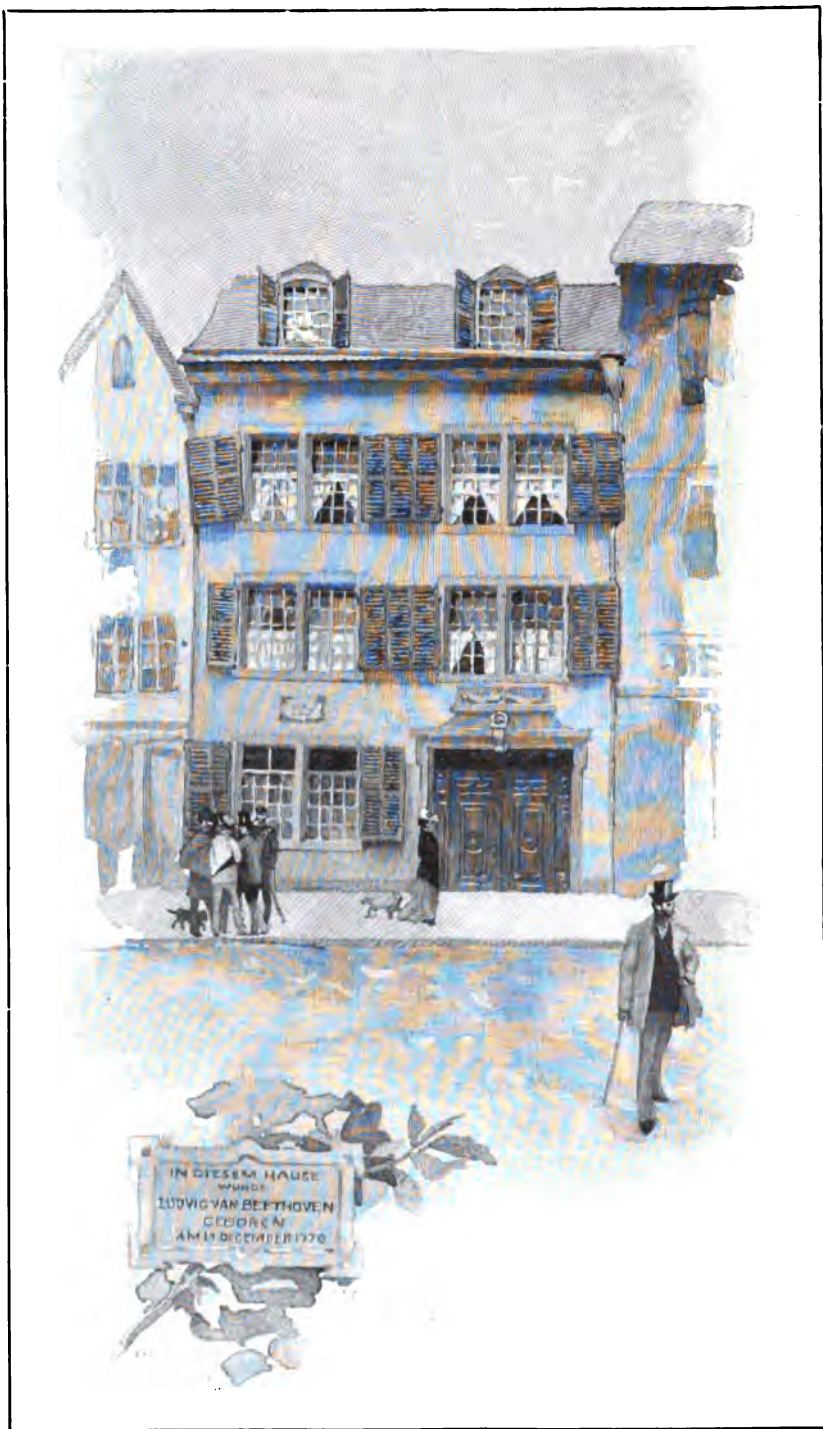
BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

WITH PICTURES BY LOUIS LOEB.

A MUSICAL student cannot visit the Beethoven Museum at Bonn without thinking of Alexander W. Thayer. It is almost as much a monument to the distinguished biographer as to the incomparable genius. Without Thayer's labors, indeed, it is doubtful if the museum would ever have come into being. More than anything else, the discoveries which he made touching the antecedents of Beethoven and the musical affairs of the Electoral Court helped to stir up that feeling of local patriotism in a small coterie of art-loving citizens in Bonn which culminated, ten years ago, in the purchase of the house in which the composer was born, its preservation from ruin, rescue from degradation, and dedication to the admirable purpose to which it is henceforth—let us hope *in secula seculorum*—to be devoted. It is singular, in view of the large infusion of sentiment in the German nature, that so long a time was permitted to elapse between the death of Beethoven and the taking of these wise and pious steps. But everything is singular which concerns Beethoven. There are singular lies in most of the books that have been written

about him, and even more singular truths. On his death-bed a print of the house in which Haydn was born was placed in the hands of the Titan. "Look, my dear Hummel," said he to the friend who stood at his bedside; "the birthplace of Haydn! I received it to-day as a gift, and it has given me a great pleasure. A wretched peasant's hut in which so great a man was born!" Did his thoughts go back to the lowly walls which echoed his own infant cries? No one can know. He died and gave no sign. It is even doubtful if he would have been able, had he been asked, to settle a dispute like that which broke out, ten years after his death, concerning which of four houses was the one in which he was born. His parents had occupied lodgings in three houses before he was six years old. He had gone away from Bonn when he was twenty-two, and he never went back. There were no domestic ties to recall him. The fulfilment of his manifest destiny required that he should live in Vienna, whither he had been sent by his master, the Elector of Cologne, who was an archduke of Austria and the youngest son of Maria Theresa.

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ENGRAVED BY E. H. DE L'ORME.

BEETHOVEN'S BIRTHPLACE.

Bonn forgot him until he was dead; or if it did not quite forget him, it was too much concerned with its own petty affairs to remember which of its houses had held the cradle of its greatest son. Only slowly did there

volumes of Mr. Thayer's wonderful biography have been printed—the first in 1866, the second in 1872, the third in 1879. A fourth, the concluding volume, was left unfinished—barely begun, indeed—when the



THE COURTYARD, BEETHOVEN'S BIRTHPLACE.

dawn on the city's obtuse perceptions a realization of the share which it had in the glory created by his genius. The realization never became full and perfect until the American admirer of that genius crossed the ocean and took up the task of writing the life-story of Beethoven, the man. That was over forty-five years ago—nearly half a century. Three

author died in 1897. Mr. Thayer's aims and methods were unique even to the plodding and studious Germans among whom he had lived so long. The volumes have been published only in German translation, and this is partly the reason why in England and America the popular conceptions of the man Beethoven are still those created by the



BEETHOVEN AS A YOUNG MAN.

biographies that were written half a century ago.

I have intimated that it is to Thayer that Bonn is indebted chiefly for knowledge of the part it played in the life-story of Beethoven. It was the confessed purpose of the biographer to strip from his subject a mass of traditional fiction, and he has done so; but he has supplied its place with an integument of romance a hundredfold more interesting and instructive. He has recognized that it is not enough that we interest ourselves in the facts of the artist's outward life from mere affectionate curiosity concerning his personality; the scientific spirit of the times requires that the primary purpose be to study the influences that shaped his thoughts, inspired his feelings, and prompted his manner of expression. To those who wish to trace the operations of the law of heredity, and to find long and cumulative trains of causes for each effect, Mr. Thayer's researches are invaluable. Grandfather, father, and son, the Beethovens were in the active service of the Electoral Court in Bonn for sixty years. Thayer's earliest inquiries begin with the career of the Elector Joseph Clemens, the predecessor of Elector Clemens Augustus, under whom the grandfather of the composer entered the Electoral Chapel. They embrace the personal and artistic character of these potentates with the special purpose of showing what were the social and artistic influences exerted by them in the capital of their political and religious empire. His examination of the court archives at Düsseldorf and Bonn revealed a number of documents which enable us to reconstruct a perfect picture of the art-life of the city for three quarters of a century. The open-

ing of the museum in 1890 was made the occasion of an exhibition of these documents and a large collection of Beethoven relics from all over Germany. The whole partook of the character of a series of illustrations to Thayer's book. As a rule, museums in which relics of the great men of the earth are preserved are little else than curiosity-shops which provide entertainment for sentimental misses and hero-worshippers. The Beethoven Museum is of a different sort. As the complement of Thayer's book, it is a contribution of vast significance to the history of the composer, which, by direct instruction, and through suggestion, teaches a multitude of things concerning the man and his art which cannot be learned elsewhere. The correctness of this proposition is demonstrated in the story of the house itself. Beethoven was dead nearly twenty years before the antiquaries of his native town had settled the controversy touching which of several houses was the one in which he had first seen the light. This fact determined, more than a quarter of a century was permitted to go by before there was what might be called an official recognition of the results of the controversy. When Beethoven died, in 1827, there were four houses in Bonn



A CORNER OF THE GARDEN.



BEETHOVEN'S MOTHER, AFTER A PAINTING BY CASPAR BENEDICT BECKENKAMP.

Barth
D. Jeanny van.
Beethoven. I. Helma
Haverichs conjuget

THE RECORD OF BEETHOVEN'S BIRTH.

each of which was thought by some persons to be the birthplace of the master. It required but little investigation, however, to narrow the question to two houses: that in the Rheingasse, near the

died. It was chiefly due to Dr. Wegeler, one of the friends of Beethoven's youth, that the truth was established that the Beethoven family were living in the Bonngasse in 1770. The controversy which had been provoked



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN IN HIS THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

Portrait by W. F. Mähler, after a copy in the possession of Mrs. Jabez Fox, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

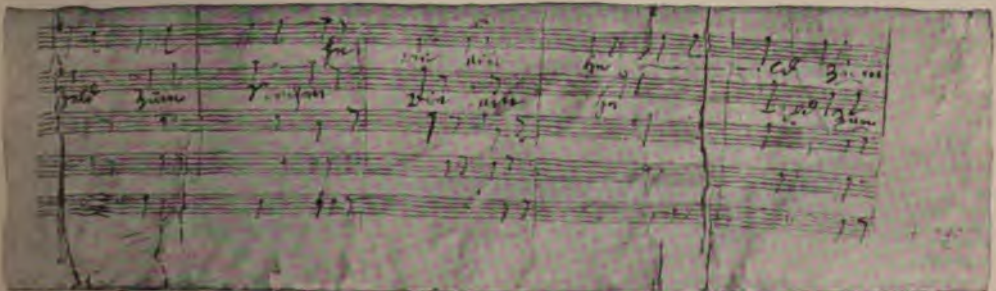
river, No. 934 (it has since been demolished, and the house which is still occasionally shown to visitors as Beethoven's birth-house is a new one on the old site), and that in the Bonngasse (old number, 515; new number, 20), near the market-place. The former house was generally accepted as the true one for more than a decade after Beethoven

by a review of Wegeler's "Biographical Notices" was summarized by the secretary of the committee under whose auspices, in 1845, the Beethoven monument was placed in the Münster Platz; but, despite the magnitude of the celebration which attended the unveiling of the statue, no steps were taken to mark the house. The tablet now to be seen



ENGRAVED BY H. A. MULLER, AFTER A DRAWING BY LOUIS LATRONNE IN 1812.

Christoph Ludwig



FRAGMENT OF THE FINALE OF THE CHORAL SYMPHONY.



ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

BEETHOVEN'S PRACTICE PIANO.

upon its front was not affixed until 1870, the centenary of Beethoven's birth. As late as 1886, I was invited, by an occupant of the house which now stands on the old site in the Rheingasse, to enter and inspect the room in which Beethoven was born. The old tradition, maintained by the thrifty desire to earn a *Trinkgeld*, died hard; but it received its quietus when the house in the Bonngasse was bought for about fourteen thousand dollars by the Verein Beethoven-Haus, in 1889, and the lying tablet on the house in the Rheingasse was removed to make place for one bearing an inscription in harmony with the facts.

For nearly one hundred years after Beethoven left Bonn the house in which he was born was permitted to remain private property, and no steps were taken to protect it against ignoble uses. The house was for a time used as a beer-shop, and in the little rear garden the owner built a sort of summer-house, in which he gave concerts of a low order.

The windows of the garret room in which was born the greatest tone-poet that the world has produced (the family occupied only

the rear portion of the building) looked out on what the Germans call a *Tingel-tangel*. To make the degradation of the spot complete, the manager was wont to advertise his concerts as taking place "in the house in which Beethoven was born." The last program containing this announcement is one of the curious possessions of the museum. The house having been bought, the concert-saloon, and the show-windows which had been built into the street front, and all other additions which were known to be made in this century, were removed, the old aspect of the garden was restored, and a wooden pair of stairs was replaced by the original stairs with wrought-iron rail, which had, luckily, been stowed away in a store-room. The floors, doors, and ceilings in the rear house were thought to be original, and were left unchanged beyond necessary repairs. Every bit of wood of which it could reasonably be believed that it was part of the house in the time of Beethoven was piously preserved; and Mr. William Kuppe, a musician largely instrumental in calling the enterprise into existence, told me, with much amusement, of the suspicions touching his mental condition which he aroused in the minds of the workmen when he carefully wrapped the threshold of the birth-room in paper, carried the well-worn, worm-eaten piece of wood away till the work of renovation was finished, and then insisted upon its being replaced. In May, 1890, the museum was opened to the public, with the exhibition of relics already mentioned, and a festival of Beethoven's chamber-music, in which the chief performer was Joseph Joachim, the honorary president of the society.

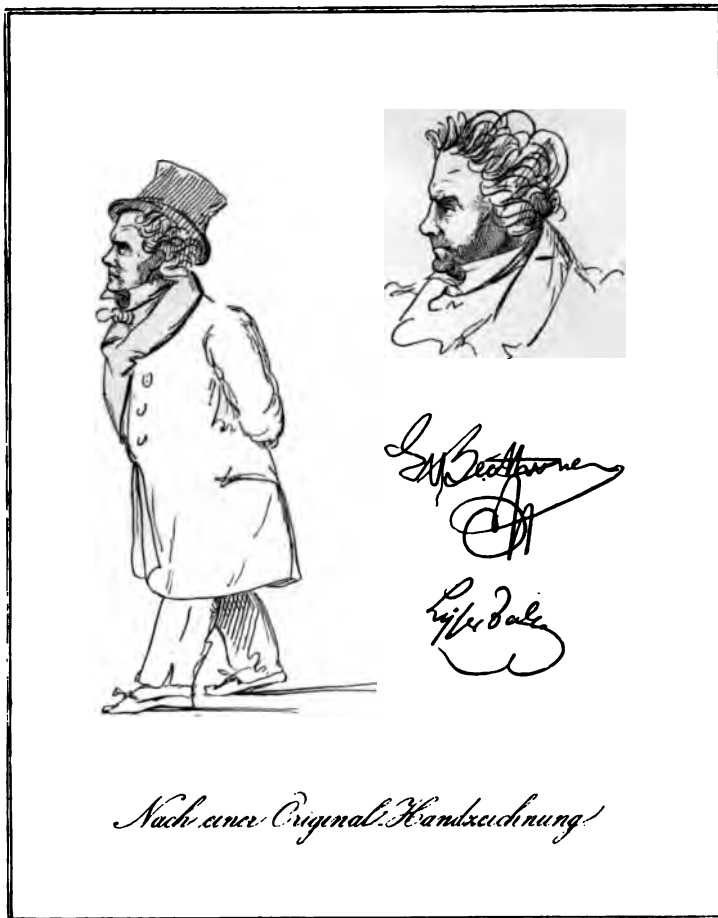
Of the articles exhibited at that time, many have remained in the possession of the society. It is my purpose to speak only of a few of them, which serve markedly to illustrate the educational value of the institution. Prominent among these is the portrait of the mother of the composer, which was never publicly exhibited before 1890, though for a long time before that date in the possession of a collector of Bonn. Belief in its authenticity is based chiefly on an uninterrupted



ONE OF BEETHOVEN'S EAR-TRUMPETS.

tradition reaching back through the century, and its correspondence with the description of her personal appearance in the Fischer manuscript: "Stature of Madame van Beethoven rather large; longish face; nose a little bent; spare; earnest eyes." She was a native of Ehrenbreitstein, and her father was chief cook in the service of Caspar Wenzelaus, the Elector of Treves.

See page 7.). Before she was seventeen she was married to Johann Laym, a servant of the Elector of Treves, who left her a widow before she was twenty. She was married to Johann van Beethoven, tenor singer in the chapel of the Elector of Cologne, at Bonn, on November 12, 1767, at the age of twenty-one, and died of consumption at the age of forty-one. Her last sickness hastened the



SKETCHES OF BEETHOVEN BY LYSER.

It is said that the cause of Beethoven's deafness was an inherited disorder. If this be so, the study of the social influences which went out from a court morally corrupt in spite of its ecclesiastical character, made possible by Thayer's investigations, serves to throw into higher relief the nobility of his character, the chastity of his mind, and the purity of his life. It also accounts for his lifelong reverence and love for the memory of his grandfather, and for that of his sweet, patient, suffering mother. Her maiden name was Maria Magdalena Keverich ("Helena" in the certificate of Beethoven's birth.

return of Beethoven from his visit to Vienna in 1787. The portrait of her in the museum is supposed to be the work of Caspar Benedict Beckenkamp, also a native of Ehrenbreitstein, and, like the chief cook Keverich, also in the service of the Elector of Treves. The portrait of Beethoven's mother, assuming it to be such, is the most valuable contribution which the museum has made to this branch of Beethoveniana. It has a rival in interest, however, in the picture of the Countess Brunswick. This has long been known to the cognoscenti, but it has acquired a new and special value of late years from

the fact that investigators, acting on a hint thrown out by Thayer, have at last identified the countess as the "immortal beloved" of the passionate love-letters by Beethoven, long but falsely believed to have been written to the Countess Guicciardi. There can now be little doubt that the Countess Brunswick was the other party to the mysterious betrothal of which so much has been written.

The collection of over a hundred paintings, prints, casts, etc., of Beethoven now in the museum serve a double purpose by directing attention at once to the few authentic portraits of the composer in existence, and to the wideness and wildness of the flights in which artistic fancy has indulged in trying to produce his counterfeit presentment. There are exceedingly few pictures in existence which were made in Beethoven's youth and early manhood. It was only after he became famous in Vienna that artists were eager to paint him, and he was to the end uncontrollable in the matter of sittings. The only full and fair opportunity which he ever gave to a good artist was in 1814, when he agreed to sit a few times to enable Blasius Höfel to correct some defects in the pencil-drawing made two years be-

fore by Latronne, a French artist. This drawing was engraved on copper for the publisher Artaria. Beethoven sat in pose for about five minutes, then rushed to his pianoforte, and began improvising. The poor engraver was at his wit's end, but was relieved of his embarrassment by the composer's servant, who told him to take a position near the instrument, and work as long as he pleased, as Beethoven had entirely forgotten him, and did not know that any one was in the room. Höfel took the advice, and made so much progress with his plate that its completion required only two more sittings of less than an hour each. He left

the room without the knowledge of the composer. Beethoven esteemed this portrait highly, and in 1815 sent a copy of it to his friend Wegeler in Bonn. Though it is generally catalogued as the portrait of 1812, since it was in that year that Latronne's drawing was made, I have chosen, in view of the incident just narrated, to set it down as a representation of Beethoven in 1814, in his forty-fourth year, taking the date of the engraving as a guide. Its excellence is strongly confirmed by comparison with the cast of Beethoven's face made in 1812 by Franz Klein, a Viennese sculptor. All the strong characteristics of the mask are reproduced

in the engraving,—the magnificently rounded forehead, broad cheek-bones, unlovely nose, and unyielding mouth,—though, it must be confessed, with some loss in ruggedness. In the mask made by Danhauser two days after death, the marks of the mutilations made by the surgeons for the purposes of the autopsy—the organs of hearing having been removed in the hope of learning the cause of his deafness—are too evident to make contemplation anything but sorrowful. The tiny silhouette which holds a place of honor in the museum, and is comparatively little known,

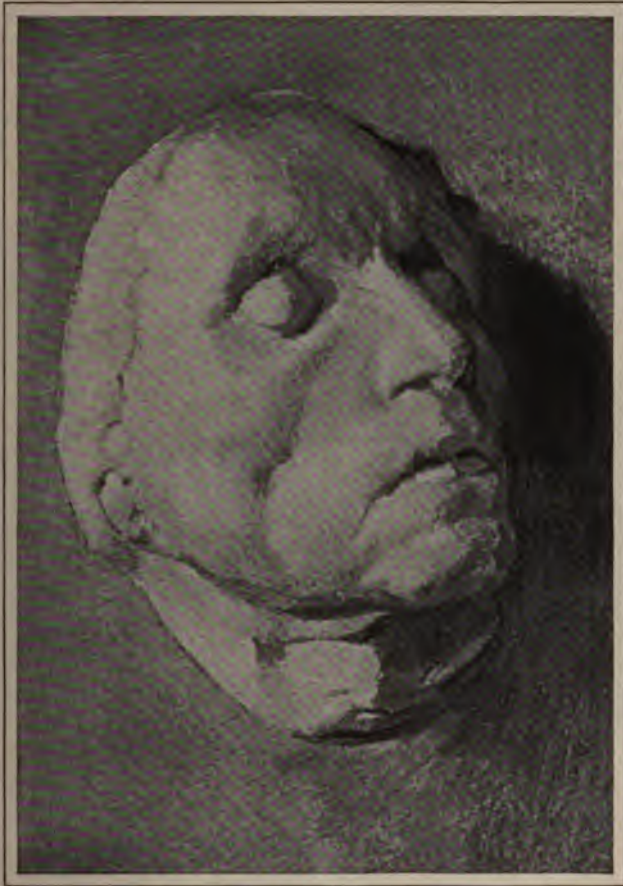


THE LIFE-MASK OF BEETHOVEN.

is not only the earliest of all Beethoven portraits, but the only one of unquestioned authenticity dating back to the Bonn period. It shows him in court dress, peruke, and ruff, as he appeared when on duty as member of the Electoral Chapel. It was made in 1789 or 1790, by a painter named Neesen, in the house of the Von Breuning family, where Beethoven was a frequent visitor before he went to Vienna. The house is now the home of Hermann Neusser, one of the founders of the Verein Beethoven-Haus. The singularly youthful aspect of the features shown in the silhouette is to me inexplicable. Beethoven was at the

time eighteen or nineteen years old. In the familiar pen-sketch by the painter and novelist Lyser, Beethoven's contemporaries were wont to praise the correctness of the attitude and carriage. This judgment now finds confirmation in the memoirs of Gottfried Fischer, which mention the fact that already, as a lad, Beethoven bent forward when walking. The uncontested genuineness of the

help of which he strove so long and so hopelessly to remain in communion with the world of sound. The pianoforte was specially made for him by Graf of Vienna. Its peculiarity is that through the greater part of its compass it has four unisonal strings for each key. So long as he could be made to hear a tone, Beethoven improvised upon this instrument; but under what distressful circumstances!



THE DEATH-MASK OF BEETHOVEN.

portrait of 1808, painted by W. F. Mähler, an amateur, is its chief commendation. The original hung in Beethoven's room till his death, and then went into the possession of the widow of his nephew Carl.

For seventy-five years the world has tried to solve the riddle propounded by an inscrutable Providence when it permitted Beethoven to become deaf. Among the objects in the museum are those most pitiful memorials of the physical calamity which overtook the man and musician Beethoven—the ear-trumpets and pianoforte with the

Maelzel, the mechanic who invented and made the ear-trumpets for him, built a resonator for the pianoforte. It was somewhat in the shape of the prompters' boxes employed in the theaters of Germany, and was placed on the instrument so that it covered a portion of the sounding-board and projected over the keys. Seated before the pianoforte, his head all but inside the wooden shell, one of the ear-trumpets held in place by an encircling brass band, Beethoven would pound upon the keys till the strings jangled discordantly with the influence of the per-

cussion, or flew asunder with shrieks as of mortal despair. Though the ear-trumpets had been useless for five years, they remained in Beethoven's study till his death. Then they found their way into the Royal Library at Berlin, where they remained until Emperor William II presented them to the museum. The smallest one was used by Beethoven oftenest and for the longest time. The instruments were made for Beethoven by Maelzel at the time when the two were contemplating a visit to London. The inventor intended to exhibit his panharmonicon; and Beethoven composed for it the descriptive work called "Wellington's Victory," in imitation of the battle-pieces which were at the height of their popularity then, and still

maintain themselves on and beyond the periphery of our musical communities. The projected tour was never made, and the scheme ended in a quarrel and lawsuit, for which the blame was thrown on Maelzel, though the fault was the composer's. A year before Beethoven died, Maelzel came to America, where he remained until his death in 1838. Here, as in Europe, he depended for a livelihood on exhibitions of his mechanical contrivances; and though the biographers down to Thayer have maligned his character, he left an excellent reputation, especially in Philadelphia, where he lived longest. One of his masterpieces of mechanism was a forerunner of Ajoub, the chess-playing automaton.



THE GARRET ROOM IN WHICH BEETHOVEN WAS BORN.

MAY ON THE MARSHES.

BY J. RUSSELL TAYLOR.

GILDED with buttercups, with frost of white
 Wild lilies-of-the-valley, the marshy green
 Glimmered with blue-flags countless all between
 Me and the brimming stream's long line of light.
 And all the sweet air laughed as to a sprite,
 And danced and rained with music crystalline,
 With trilled and tittering melody, faint and keen,
 Where in the flags the marsh-wren woke delight—
 Delight to break my heart: for when I turned
 To meet your dark-eyed smile, to see your face
 Reflect the light wherewith the sunset burned,
 Only the dark-eyed flags smiled up at me,
 Only the green was touched with golden grace,
 And only the marsh-wren thrilled my tears to see.

ASCENT *of the* ENCHANTED MESA (La Mesa Encantada)

BY

F. W. HODGE.



ON a rugged rock-table rising from a beautiful level valley in western central New Mexico, the Acoma Indians have had their home since Francisco Vazquez de Coronado, the commander of the most pretentious army of explorers that ever trod our domain, wended his tedious way in 1540 from Mexico to the bison plains of eastern Kansas.

For how long before the middle of the sixteenth century the natives climbed the dizzy trails that still lead to their eyrie citadel cannot be said; but the Acomas have an unwritten book of Genesis, which recounts their origin in the mystic under-world of Shipápu, their emergence into this world of light, their migration from the far North, and their fitful settlements for indefinite periods, in similarly indefinite localities, each probably in the hope that the stable middle of this flat, boundless world had at last been found.

We learn this from Acoma lips; for, like other peoples of prescriptorial culture, these pueblo-dwellers retain mental records of past achievements which are handed down through the ages from father to son, and from shaman to novice, even archaic terms and expressions being preserved as they were uttered by the ancients.

The first stopping-place of which the Acomas have an oral record was Kashká-chuti, somewhere in the indefinite North; the next was Washpáshuka, southward of

the latter, they say; and, traveling still to the southward, as if to seek a more genial clime, they reached a place where the village of Kuchtyá was built. The next halt is more definitely located—the Cañada de Cruz, at the gateway of which the walls of Tsíama were reared. But the “middle” was not here, it seems; so southward again they journeyed to the beautiful vale of Acoma, where the pueblo of Tapitsíama was established on a mesa overlooking the valley from the northeast.

Indians do everything with a definite purpose; if they erect a village on a defensive site, it means that they have enemies whose attacks they can thus the better repel. Such a site was Tapitsíama; but it was not impregnable.

A predatory horde may have succeeded in driving out its inhabitants, or it may have been abandoned for other causes. At any rate, the village was deserted, and its Acoma occupants made another move in their great life-game, this time to the summit of the mighty rock of Katzímo.

Among the peculiarly distinctive natural features that mark New Mexico and Arizona, none is so prominent as the great, flat-topped, steep-sided mesas, or rock-tables, that everywhere rise from the sandy plains throughout the length and breadth of these Territories.

And in this land of mesas, none are more

beautiful or more typical than those that hold command over the valley of Acoma. Their sides are pink and cream, while now and then a splendid dash of purple or crimson suggests the magic stroke of some titanic painter. But the loftiest, most beautiful, most majestic of all is the great isolated table of Katzímo, "la Mesa Encantada" (the Enchanted Mesa), which rises more than four hundred feet from the center of the valley, like an isle of rock from a sea of sand. Its massive walls are adorned with pinnacles and minarets and towering spires, carved by the elements from solid rock, and frescoed in many tints by the same great artists, while on its crest appears a crown of evergreen. The northern and western faces of the escarpment are each relieved by a great cove or amphitheater; but elsewhere the cliff is sheer and forbidding.

When the ancestors of the Acomas abandoned Tapitsfama, they sought the summit of Katzímo (tradition says) through the cove in the western face, near the southern end, where the steep wall was surmounted by means of hand- and foot-holes pecked in the rock, as at Acoma to-day. Safe from every intrusion was their new home site. With a solitary trail, so easily defended that a single man might keep an army at bay, what fear had they of enemies?

Like the other Pueblo Indians, the Acomas have always been tillers of the soil. The fertile sands of their valley and its tributaries bore harvests of corn, beans, squashes, and cotton, the seeds of which they planted deep with a shouldered dibble, and fructified with impounded storm-water. Before the advent of the bearers of cross and sword, every man and every woman was a human beast of burden; for horsekind was unknown, and of cattle, sheep, and swine they also knew nothing. Yet, born to work, they performed the task of battling with nature for a livelihood, and performed it well; for their granaries were always full enough to enable them, if need be, to withstand a twelvemonth's siege.

Time rolled on. How long the top of Katzímo had been occupied not even the elders now know; perhaps a few generations had passed; perhaps, indeed, five hundred years had flown since the walls of Tapitsfama were left to crumble. Another springtime came, and, as of yore, the sun-priest heralded from the housetops that the time for planting was soon to come. The seeds from the last year's harvest were gathered from the bins, planting-sticks were sharpened,

and the natives stood in readiness for the final announcement of the seer to repair to the fields.

Meanwhile the clans were busy in selecting representatives to participate in the great foot-races, for the Pueblos are famous runners, and, incredible as it may seem, a spirited contest over a cruel course of twenty-five miles is a feat still accomplished with comparative ease.

All was life on the mesa-top before the first eastern glow kissed with ruddy warmth the crest of Katzímo. Down the rugged trail the natives clambered—every one who was able to force a planting-stick in the compact sand, or sufficiently lithe to drive away a robber crow. Only a few of the aged and the ailing were left behind.

The sun climbed over the tinted cliff and spent its glare on the planters in the valley below. Warmer and warmer it waxed, until flecks of cloud began to appear; then new clouds formed, and they chased one another across the mesa-tops like a troop of children at play; childlike, too, their murmurings soon began, then grew louder and louder still, and the tears began to fall. The busy planters hastened in their work; but faster and faster came the rain, driving them to the shelters made of boughs and sticks from which the crops are watched. The great black dome was rent by a hundred glittering swords; the thunder crackled and roared; and the rain fell in such a torrent that Katzímo was hidden by the sky-born cataract, and the valley became a sheet of flood.

With dire forebodings the elders shook their heads. Never before had the heavens given vent to such fury. Yet as suddenly as the storm arose, so suddenly did the clouds disperse, and in all its majesty the sunlit crest of Katzímo loomed from a sea of mist.

The toilers trudged toward their mountain home. When the base of the trail was reached, huge sharp-edged blocks of stone, such as frequently fall to-day, were encountered at the talus foot, blocking the pathway of the morning, and giving mute testimony of disaster to the ladder-trail above. The Acomas still tell us that a great rock-mass at the foot of the cove, formerly giving access to the cleft by means of the holes therein pecked, became freed from the friable wall in that memorable storm of centuries ago, and thundered downward in a thousand fragments, cutting off communication with the mesa village, and thus preventing the rescue for which the feeble voices above were calling.

Ask the Acomas why their ancestors made no desperate effort to save from the fated town those of their flesh and blood, and they gravely shake their heads. Many a place has become enchanted to the Indian for lesser cause.

So much for the legend of la Mesa Enchantada, shorn of its poetry and its pathos. When the story was first related to white people cannot be said. Perhaps it was known

pueblos of New Mexico in the summer and autumn of 1895, I visited Acoma, where the tradition was outlined to me by Tsíki, a chief and medicine-man of renown in his tribe.

Having devoted no little time to the determination of the verity of native tradition by substantial historical and archaeological evidence, the thought of discrediting the Katzímó legend did not occur to me. During



PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. C. VROMAN.

ENCHANTED MESA (KATZÍMÓ), FROM THE NORTH.

to the *conquistadores* who trudged the waterless sands long before Puritan feet pressed the rock of Plymouth; if so, they left no record behind. In our own time, however, the tradition was repeated to Mr. Charles F. Lummis, who resided for several years at the pueblo of Isleta, and was on intimate terms with the gray-haired priests of Acoma.

The publication by Mr. Lummis, some twelve years ago, of the story of Katzímó aroused no little interest in the history of the giant rock among students of South-western ethnology—an interest which has grown apace until the very name of the Enchanted Mesa has come to be almost a household word.

While conducting a reconnoissance of the
VOL. LVI.—3.

the same trip I made a visit to the great rock, three miles northeastward, and, clambering over the talus piled half-way up the cliff, entered the amphitheater through which the traditional trail had wound its way. Little difficulty was experienced in passing, unshod, over the rocky slope to within about sixty feet of the summit of the cliff; but at this point a sheer wall of thirty feet prevented further progress.

Retracing my steps, with the aid of a series of depressions that bore indication of having been artificially pecked, I rejoined my companion below, and devoted some time to an examination of the talus slope, observing that it was made up largely of earth washed from the mesa-top, scattered over which were numerous sherds of ancient pottery. The

antique and the modern earthenware of the Pueblo Indians are quite distinct in texture and decoration, but the method of manufacture is identical in each case. The laborious practice of coiling, then smoothing, polishing, and painting, the clay is still in vogue; for the natives have never been initiated into the mysteries of the potter's wheel.

Not having on this occasion the facilities for climbing to the top of the mesa, I reluctantly departed from the Acoma country, with the hope of returning and completing the examination at some future time.

Nothing more was heard of the Enchanted Mesa until last year, when it was announced in the newspapers that an expedition which had successfully reached the summit of the mesa by means of ropes shot from a life-saving mortar had, after a search of three hours, failed to find any evidence that the mesa had been inhabited in former times.

The news of the results achieved by this expedition reached me while *en route* to Arizona for the purpose of conducting some field-work in that territory. While at Moki I was directed by the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution to proceed to Acoma and la Mesa Encantada, with a view of scaling the height, and supplementing the evidence of its former occupancy gained two years previously. The knowledge gleaned from my former trip served me well in procuring a special outfit for performing the task. I was already aware that a ladder of sufficient length to cover the thirty-foot wall, together with sufficient rope to serve as hand-lines, etc., would be all that a climb to the summit by way of the amphitheater would require. Therefore, equipped with a light extension-ladder and a sufficient quantity of half-inch rope to meet every emergency, I proceeded on the Santa Fé Pacific Railroad to the Indian village of Laguna, the most recent, yet the most rapidly decaying, of all the pueblos, where I had rare good fortune in enlisting the services of Major George H. Pradt, a civil engineer of that place; Mr. A. C. Vroman of Pasadena, California, who served as photographer; and Mr. H. C. Hayt of Chicago. To these gentlemen much of the success of the expedition is due.

The start from Laguna was not made until September 1, the day on which I had hoped to reach the mesa summit, in order that the task should be completed before the pilgrimage to Acoma of numerous visitors from the surrounding country to witness the *Fiesta de*

San Estevan on the day following; but the difficulty in obtaining a team from an Indian, who had engaged one of his brown brethren to bring in the animals from the range several days before, necessitated the postponement.

Mounted on a farm-wagon drawn by a large white horse and a mule so small that one had to look twice to be sure it was not a burro, we crept along through the suburbs of the village, where a group of Lagunas were engaged in threshing wheat by the primitive but effectual method of lashing into perpetual gallop a bunch of unshod horses set loose within a rude inclosure. The valley of the Rio San José, named in honor of the patron saint of Laguna, was followed for about eight miles to a point where half a dozen roads turn southward. Of these one takes his choice—they are all bad enough, and all lead to Acoma.

It was not long before the crest of Katzímó loomed above the intervening heights; and as the valley of Acoma was entered we looked with awe at the tremendous isolated pile, and silently wondered at the intrepidity of the Acomas of old. After yielding to a desire to measure with our eyes the distance up the great cove near the southwestern corner, and speculating on the adequacy of our scaling equipment, we proceeded to the pueblo. A score of Navajos dashed across the sands, and made straightway, almost without slackening speed, up the horse-trail, the treacherous pitches of which have been rudely walled.

The Navajo is a veritable centaur. A tale is current in the Southwest that once an American rode a horse until apparently he could go no further; then a Mexican mounted him, and forthwith rode twenty miles more, until the poor beast fell exhausted; but a Navajo jerked him to his feet, leaped into the saddle, and won a ten-mile race!

Night came on, and belated burro-trains labored slowly in, laden with melons, peaches, and wild plums; and, between the constant proddings of their patient little beasts, the drivers bade us welcome. We made a moonlight ascent of the famous Camino del Padre, and found other preparations for the fiesta on the morrow. A flash of light across the night from a housetop-oven gave phantom outlines to the oldest dwellings in our domain, and the dying words of a herald lent a weirdness to the scene long to be remembered.

The start for the mesa was made early on the morning of September 3, the day after the fiesta. The sun burst through the east-



AN ANCIENT OF KATZIMO.
("A single man might keep an army at bay.")

ern heights, and set the valley aglow with wondrous beauty. Every shrub seemed magnified, and the placid little pools, born of the storm of yesterday, glistened like diamonds in an emerald field. But the western face of Encantada looked sullen in the cool shadow of the morn, and the great cleft became a mere black gash. We pitched our camp in a clump of cedars at the base of the talus, below the amphitheater. Major Pradt immediately began the determination of the height of the cliff, which at this point proved to be 431 feet above the plain. The top of the talus was found to be 224 feet above the same point. At noon we were ready, with the aid of our two Laguna boys, to make the ascent. We shouldered the ladders, ropes, and instruments, and in a few minutes reached the top of the talus slope, very much out of breath; for the altitude of the valley is over six thousand feet, and the air is light. The real labor was yet before us; but in our anxiety to reach the top we did not tarry long before beginning to scale the steep, rocky slopes above. One of the party passed ahead, and fastened a rope to a gnarled piñon growing from the rocks through nourishment fed by the summit drainage. By this means, repeated at each convenient landing-place, the other members of the party—except the two Indians, who remained below—found a safe and less arduous method of passing the treacherous pitches.

Thus was reached the narrow platform at the base of the thirty-foot wall, the highest point attained during the 1895 visit. While on this bench an interesting observation was made. In a corner of the ledge a large boulder rests, back of which a crack occurs from the top to the bottom of the thirty feet of wall. On each side of this fissure a regular series of holes had been artificially pecked for the reception of ladder-rungs; but they have been so worn away by the wash from above that they are now traceable only on close examination. Behind the boulder were found several freshly pointed oak sticks, placed there evidently by some one who had attempted to gain the summit through their agency, but had failed. Immediately afterward, almost beneath the boulder, several sherds of a modern Acoma vessel, together with an unfeathered prayer-stick, were discovered—a melancholy reminder of a votive offering made at the highest point of accessibility.

We now adjusted four of the six-foot sections of the ladder, believing that they would

reach the top of the sheer wall. But the height was deceptive, and another section was added. Yet it fell short of the mark; so the last length was fitted and locked, and when the structure was raised to an almost perpendicular position the ladder reached just above the cap of the wall. To keep the ladder from slipping outward and crashing down the chasm, a hole was pecked in the soft sandstone for each leg. Again a member of the party went ahead, the remaining three holding the bottom of the ladder with all their strength. The frail structure swayed and cracked and bent like a reed, but the top of the wall was gained in safety. A rope was secured to an upper rung, and attached to a giant boulder that had found lodgment in a corner of the platform. Then the baggage, wrapped in blankets, was hauled aloft, and the remainder of the party followed, a rope being placed around the chest of each as a measure of precaution. We turned and looked out through the lofty walls of the narrow cleft across the sunny valley to the rugged *peñol* of Acoma beyond, and the vista was one of peculiar beauty. Another perpendicular stretch of thirty feet, and the top was reached.

The passage from the deep shadow of the amphitheater, where two hours had been spent, to the sunlight of the summit, was like entering into a new world—a world like that the Acomas entered when, as half-formed beings, they emerged from the mystic Shipápu, and began to battle anew. And what a view our eyes beheld when they had grown accustomed to the glare of this new light! A thread of blue smoke curled lazily from distant Acoma, as if to remind us that the ancient town was weary from its yesterday's festivities. A moving speck of white across the valley green told of the departure of the last group of visitors. Away in the west, the great frowning Mesa Prieta, fringed with immense pines and skirted by the awful river of glistening black lava, overlooked the beautiful vale of Cebollita. Mount San Mateo (called Mount Taylor for the last fifty years by Americans, unaware that it had been christened a century before) loomed up in all its grandeur, the loftiest peak in New Mexico. The broken pink cliffs on every other side, at the feet of which miniature forests of piñon and cedar have served the Acomas for fuel during generations past, walled in the beautiful grama-carpeted valley, while the whole was ceiled by a dome of turquoise festooned with clouds of burnished silver.



A TRIAL OF SPEED—AT THE BASE OF KATZIMO.



The rocky floor of the mesa-top had been swept and carved and swept again by the storm-demons of centuries since the "ancients" of the fleeting forms we saw on the roofs in the moonlight of the night before had descended the ladder-trail in the early morn of that fateful day.

Although the afternoon was still young, I at once saw that the remaining hours of daylight would not suffice for a thorough examination of the summit. Directing the two Lagunas below to gather together our blankets, and a sufficient supply of provisions for a couple of meals, a reconnoissance was begun, and in a few moments a fragment of greatly weather-worn ancient pottery was picked up.

The storm of the previous day, which drove the Indians from their religious ceremonies, and gave birth to the glittering little pools in the verdant valley below, afforded facilities for observation on the summit that otherwise would not have been possible. Here and there in the rocky floor "pot-holes" had been eroded by wind and rain, and were now filled with water; but nowhere else on the entire summit had the rain found resting-place. Over the brink it had poured in scores of cata-racts, carrying with it stones and such earth as it managed to gather from the scanty store yet remaining. Like the mesa-dwelling Mokis of to-day, the inhabitants of Katzímo doubtless derived their water-supply from springs below—a source since hidden, either by the talus or by the Acomas, just as springs have been covered from sight by natives at El Morro, at Tabirá, and at many other abandoned dwelling-sites of old.

The great cisterns of rain-water at Acoma are unique; for nature built them in a manner far beyond native skill, and sheltered them from a thirsty sun by mighty walls of rock. Like the toiling women of Moki to-day, then the water-carriers of Katzímo, in all likelihood, bore their brimming *tinajas*¹ up the steep and rugged cleft, wearing deep the rocky trail of long ago.

The mesa-top was once covered with a fairly rich vegetation, piñons and cedars predominating; but most of these now stand gaunt and bare, or lie prone and decaying on the bleak surface, their means of subsistence having been long washed away. A few dozen more storms, and the others must inevitably perish. But

the examination of the surface of Katzímo was not essential to a determination of the fact that it was for-



A PRIMITIVE PUEBLO POTTER.

merly mantled with a thick stratum of earth; the talus had already told the story that on the very site of their village the inhabitants of Katzímo had an abundance of material with which to make the balls of adobe mud described by one of the Spanish chroniclers of the sixteenth century. The last remnants of their houses, together with the fragments of their household utensils, save such as we

¹ Spanish for a large earthen jar. Anglicized in the Southwest.

found, passed over the brink generations ago; but one may still find an abundance of the latter scattered through the detritus which in places is piled half-way up the mesa sides.

From Katzimo the pine-fringed Mesa Prieta is a fitting foreground to each dying sun. Black from every point of view, it is gloomier still in the light of the ruddy mesas over which it stands guard. The sun had

the unusual feeling that crept over us when we realized that our camp in the moonlight was pitched on the site of a honeycombed village fraught with life in the days before Columbus set sail, inspired sensations during our waking moments of the night that cannot be described. Before the red sun broke through the distant haze we were out of our blankets, and, after a hasty breakfast, each



THE HORSE TRAIL UP THE ACOMA MESA.

set, and already the moon was spreading its silvery sheen over the placid valley beneath. The smoke still curled from the drowsy village, and rose in phantom outline against the cool gray sky, the only thing of life within our range. The faint strains of a plaintive chant from the two Indians in the cedars at the foot of the great cliff increased the weirdness of our lofty camp, and almost made one wonder if it all were real. A flash of lightning made me aware of a bank of black clouds in the southwest, which sent a chilling breeze across the mesa-top. We built a huge fire around one of the gaunt specters that stood about us with outstretched arms; soon there was a mighty blaze, and a shout of approval reached us from the two Lagunas below.

The exertion of the previous afternoon,

was engaged in his chosen work. While aiding Major Pradt in making a survey of the mesa-top, I was not a little surprised to find three Acoma Indians among us. They were by no means friendly at first; for, having seen our fire the night before, they had come to the top by means of our ladders to learn the cause of this unusual burst of flame from their ancestral home site, and to oust the intruders from the height. The leader, who was the war chief of the tribe, and a medicine-man, asked us our business. We told him. The natives became interested, and said that their people had feared we were after their land. Being assured we had no desire to make our future home on their dry sand-dunes or drier mesas, but that we were merely looking for pottery fragments, the chief expressed serious doubt that any relics

could be found, inasmuch as many ages had passed since his people lived on the great table, and he believed all evidences of former occupancy had been swept or washed away. The interest of the three Indians was quite apparent when I showed them the fragment of pottery picked up by Major Pradt the evening before, and they manifested no unwillingness to search for other potsherds when I made the suggestion. They were engaged in this quest only a short while when they returned with several fragments of extremely ancient, greatly worn earthenware, a large projectile-point, a portion of a shell bracelet, and parts of two grooved stone axes, all lichen-flecked with age, and still moist from contact with the ground. Thoroughly satisfied with the outcome, I decided to bring the work to a close as soon as the survey, the photographic work, and the examination of the general features of the mesa's summit were concluded.

When I considered that the summit of Katzímo is, and long has been, absolutely inaccessible to the Indians; that it has been washed by rains and swept by winds for centuries, until scarcely any soil is left on its

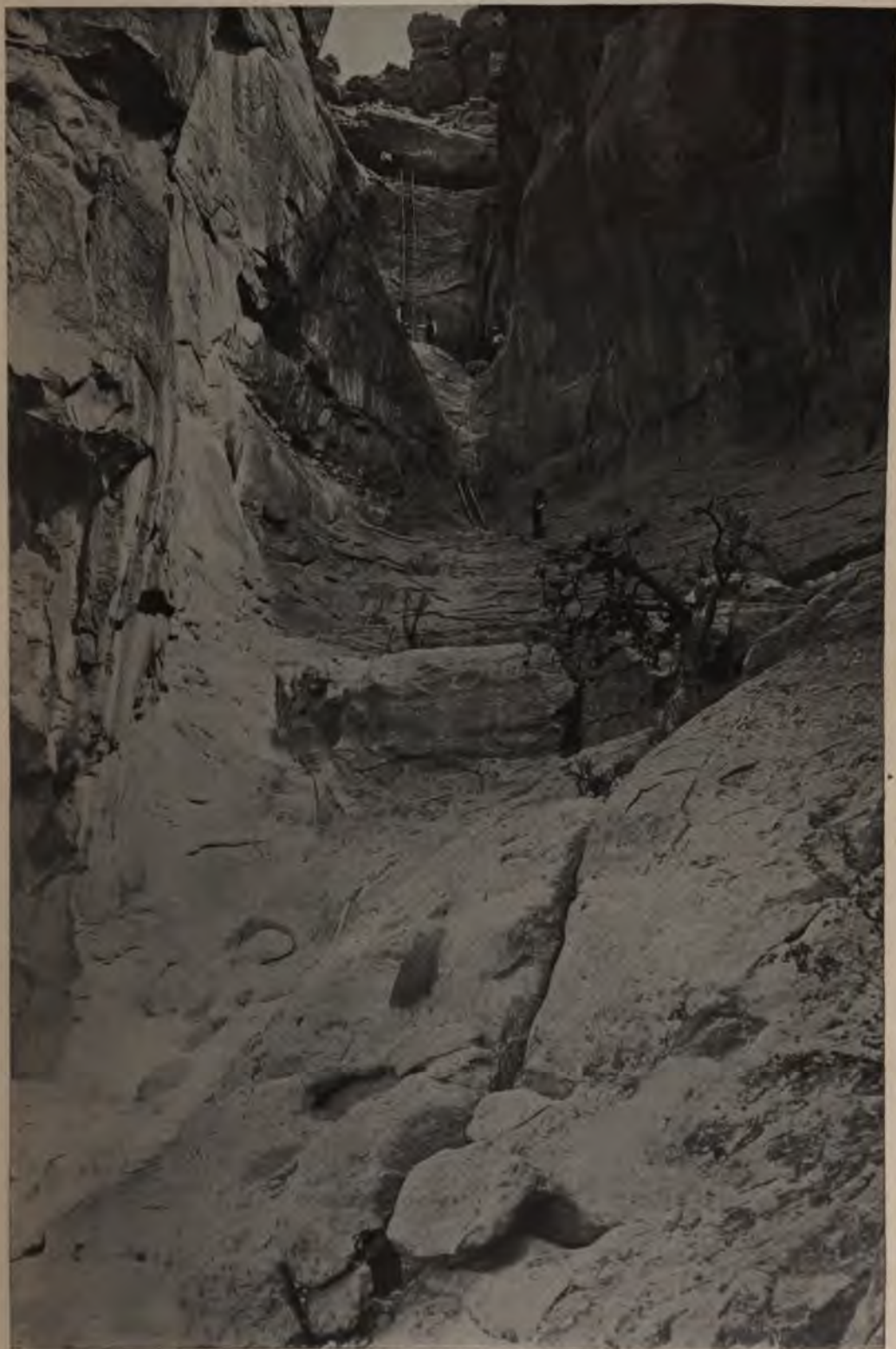
crest, as the bare trees plainly attest; that numberless blocks of soft sandstone, weighing hundreds of tons, have so recently fallen from the cliff that their edges have not had time to become rounded by erosion; that the topography of the summit is such that not a cupful of water now remains on the surface, save in a few eroded pot-holes in the sandstone, but that it rushes over the precipice on every side in a hundred cataracts; that well-defined traces of an ancient ladder-trail may still be seen, pecked in the rocky wall of the very cleft through which the traditional pathway wound its course; and, above all, the large numbers of very ancient potsherds in the earthy talus about the base of the mesa, which must have been washed from above—the conclusion was inevitable that the summit of la Mesa Encantada was inhabited prior to 1540, when the present Acoma was discovered by Coronado, and that the last vestige of the village itself has long been washed or blown over the cliff.

As we wended our way across the arroyo-scarred plain, I still looked in awe at the royal height, and wondered again at the Acomas of old.



AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. H. MAUDE & CO.

DANCE OF SAN ESTEVAN AT ACOMA.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. C. VROOMAN.

THE CLIMB UP THE GREAT CLEFT OF KATZÍMO.

NOTES ON OLD MESA LIFE.

BY THE ARTIST, FERNAND
LUNGREN.

THICKLY strewn over the face of the large area comprising the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona, and the southern parts of the States of Utah and Colorado, and indeed the northern portion of



NEARING THE TOP OF THE ENCHANTED MESA
(KATZÍMO).

Mexico, are innumerable remains of former human habitations, ranging from the cavate lodge, or "cave-dwelling," through the so-



called "cliff-dwellings,"—"sub-types," as Mindeleff calls them,—to the form common to the present "pueblo," or aggregation of house-groups. Perched on lofty and sheer-walled mesas, hanging seemingly to the cliff-sides or along the meager

water-courses, they are so numerous as to have given rise to the theory of a once teeming population in this region—a theory which the physical history of the country in no way substantiates. What date is to be fixed upon as having seen their beginnings, the best of research has not yet been carried far enough to say. That some are very ancient, and that others are of a more recent date, one is broadly permitted to state. Their number, at first bewildering, becomes, when better acquaintance with the traditions and customs of the present Indian inhabitants is obtained, together with the physical nature of the country, not so inexplicable. The construction and situation of the habitations were largely matters of topographic and geographic environment; and, in a country where the facilities for building are great, owing to the remarkably convenient lamina-

tion of the sandstone of which nearly all the dwellings are constructed, their abandonment for various causes was not so grave a matter as it would be in other regions. The failure of the water-supply,—the vital question in the Southwest,—pestilence, or preference for a more advantageous site, was sufficiently strong reason for moving from place to place, erecting at each stoppage dwellings to take the place of those abandoned. In a modified degree, the same state of affairs is in progress now, adding others to the already large number of remains that slowly crumble to decay. It would be fairly accurate to say that all of these remains were the work of the present Pueblo Indians and their ancestors. Another theory concerning the cave- and cliff-dwellers, allotting to them a separate and distinct existence, usually giving them another physical type and a mysterious extinction, must give way, in common with their supposed intimate connection with the Aztecs. In the Southwest all aboriginal development is loosely and cheerfully attributed to the latter people.

Careful and prolonged investigation and comparison have proved, without much doubt, the common racial characteristics connect-

ing in direct descent the pueblos with the older stages of life and habitation; presumably because authorities are somewhat undecided whether all three forms were not coexistent, in two localities at least such having been the case—in the Cañon de Chelly, in Arizona, and on one of the old sites of Cochiti, in New Mexico. Leaving the order of priority aside, some of all the forms are of great antiquity, and present most interesting problems in the field of archæology and ethnology. To-day probably there does not exist a more fertile and valuable domain in these sciences than this high plateau, upheaved from the inland sea, carrying with it the story of the world before man came, and now rich with the remains of his occupancy from the earliest to the present day.

In endeavoring to trace man backward or forward, to establish his relationship to this or that family type, or to sever it, the first and always most valuable means is through his arts; and of these the arts of building and the manufacture of necessary implements leave the most indelible impressions. Take the architecture of any of the ruins abounding in this region, no matter how old,—the



PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. C. VROMAN.

MR. HODGE'S PARTY ON THE MESA SUMMIT AT THE TOP OF THE OLD TRAIL.

cliff-dwellings, if you will,—and their resemblance to the present mode of building, such modifications as natural deviation demands being allowed, is at once apparent.

The people, then, who built the present pueblo towns are the descendants of those who built the abandoned and ruined ones; and to-day they live in house-groups, many of which are still crowning the summit of precipitous mesas, where they were built as places of defense when these house-building, agricultural Indians were a prey to the nomadic and predatory tribes overrunning the same country down to within a few years.

The high mesas or flat-topped ridges, great headlands and promontories jutting out into seas of level plains and shifting sands, were the natural places of vantage from which they could resist their enemies, and therefore a large number of ruined pueblos are found upon them.

The "seven cities of Cibola," when Coronado found them in 1540, were on the plain. After the Indian revolt of 1680, when the Indians feared the Spaniards' revenge and punishment, they fled, and lived for twelve years on the summit of Tâaaiyalnoa, commonly known as Thunder Mountain, a thousand feet in the air. Acoma, however, has occupied its present mesa site ever since it has been known to history.

Of the traditions of a great number of these abandoned sites nothing remains; of others, again, fairly accurate accounts are retained—and retained in a truthfulness possible only to a people having no written history, who by necessity have been conservative through hundreds of years, and to-day possess in purity traditions, folk-lore, and religious ceremonials virtually untouched by contact with outside influence.

When Mr. F. W. Hodge of the Bureau of American Ethnology succeeded in reaching the summit of Katzîmo (la Mesa Encantada, or the Enchanted Mesa), the perpendicular walls of which rise nearly four hundred and fifty feet above the valley, and found by the remains of trails and potsherds the more than probable evidence of a former occupancy, he proved the truth of the legend, and gratified the expectations of those knowing the Indian and therefore valuing his traditions and legends.

To reconstruct the life in such a pueblo as Katzîmo is not so very difficult when change from the old to the new life has been so gradual, and when are applied such valuable data as the researches of Bandelier and Hodge have given. It was undoubtedly, like

that of to-day, a story of constant struggle for existence where the conditions of life are, and always have been, hard.

Then, as to-day, when the men went down to the fields the pueblo was really in control of its rightful owners, the women. In these old communities the woman was the important partner in the household. She was the owner of the house and all it contained. She built it, and furnished it with its utensils of daily use. The children traced descent through the mother, and took her clan name. The man's position, other than mere provider, was that of an honored guest; and if he presumed disagreeably on his position, more likely than not he was sent back to his own home. Far from being the general slave and pack-animal that is her sister of the plains tribes, the Pueblo woman's duties were purely domestic; and if she ever worked in the field, it was for the common good, to save the scanty harvest in time of need.

The grinding of the many-colored corn for bread, the weaving, and the making of pottery were her principal occupations, and are to this day. The Pueblo Indians are, *par excellence*, the potters of the Southwest, and it will be confessed that they come fairly by the title, as an examination of some of the old-time ware will prove, although in this case, as in some others, the evolution has not been for the better.

In the small house-cell or in the white sunlight the potter sat, and, with scarcely any tools at all, fashioned such specimens of the potter's art as to challenge admiration from us, with all our appliances. The use of the potter's wheel was unknown, and the "throwing" of a shape by this means out of the question; but with a hollow bit of basket-ware or a piece of broken pot for a support, all the forms, from a simple food-bowl up to the largest and most elaborate water-jars, were built up by coil on coil of clay, smoothed or modeled in pattern as the vessel grew; and when one examines some of the ancient pieces, notably those excavated by Dr. Fewkes of the Smithsonian Institution, one can but marvel.

Then came the decorating; and in every case, from the simplest to the most elaborate and intricate symbolic design, one must confess that the Indian uses the truest inceptive and fundamental art principles. There never is any waste of energy in "effect"; the design always means a concrete thing which appeals to the understanding of the Indians for whose use the utensils are. Through these same pottery forms and their decoration runs one of the



PRIMITIVE PUEBLO WATER-CARRIERS.

strongest chains binding the old to the new. Near me are two *tinajas*, or water-jars. One is many generations, perhaps centuries, old, the other perhaps five years; and yet in shape and general decoration they are much alike, and if the newer one was properly "toned" they would pass as of the same period. Near the potter, gossiping with her neighbor, sits a woman weaving; and here a change is seen.

They had no wool then, cotton and skins being, with the yucca, the only textiles. Yucca was to the Indian what the bamboo is to the Asiatic. It gave them needles and thread, and cloth to use them on, and entered in a hundred ways into the economies of daily life.

Near by, young girls and old women hung over the "mealing-box" of stones, and with the rubbing-stone ground the bright red,

blue, and yellow corn into fine-grained, variegated meal upon the *metate*;¹ and others, mixing it to a paste, quickly spread it in thin layers on a broad, hot stone, and then, deftly picking it up, rolled or folded it into many-hued bundles of peekee (*matsu*), or "paper" bread. So the day wore on, and when the sun had melted his way into the mesas in the west, flooding all the valley with a golden glory, barred at the horizon by long lines of blue

religious ceremonials. The subject is of such magnitude and importance that it cannot be discussed here, even briefly. It is enough to say that the ceremonials called "dances," for want of a better term, are survivals of thought and religious training going back over an indefinite time until lost in tradition. The yearly celebration of the dance and fiesta of San Estevan at Acoma, while owning a Christian saint's name, has nothing Chris-



PHOTOGRAPHED BY WELLS M. SAWYER.

SOME CHARACTERISTIC POTSDHERDS FOUND BY MR. HODGE ON THE TALUS OF KATZÍMO.

and purple cliffs, up the trail, between great towering masses of rock, came the women from the springs at the base of the mesa, each with graceful carriage poising upon her head an *olla*, or *tinaja*, of water for her household's comfort. Then the still, blue night, hung with great calm, golden stars, came softly down, or the moon, large and full, witched the world to fairyland.

In no one particular can one look for a closer connection between the old and the modern life than is found in the celebration of

tian about it; it is absolutely pagan. It is a savage celebration of an event widely distributed among all peoples, in all times, being, in fact, a "harvest home," or thanksgiving, primarily, with growths accruing from environment and natural causes. In nearly all of the Rio Grande pueblos the principal pagan ceremonial was given the name of that saint in the calendar whose day fell the nearest to the beginning of the celebration. This is only one of the opportunities seized upon and made the most of by the missionary monks in an endeavor to ingraft the Christian upon the pagan religious expression, being a repetition of the methods

¹ Adapted from the Aztec *metatl*, a stone on which grain is ground by rubbing with a *mano*, or muller, held in the hands.

of the early Christian church. Pagan these Indians are, and so they will remain for many generations; and this fact it would be well to bear in mind in the attempt to "civilize" them.

Associated with the religious ceremonies, and usually occurring afterward, come sports and contests of skill and endurance, hardly less religious in their inception than those which went before; for probably the Pueblo Indian is one of the most thoroughly religious creatures to be found on the earth. The most apparently trivial action or undertaking has religious significance for him. Races and fleetness of foot have for all time, in common with other peoples, been esteemed and cultivated by the Indian. A form of foot-race to be witnessed among the Pueblos during such ceremonials is a species of relay races, and is of much antiquity. The contestants are two groups, selected often from the married and unmarried men respectively; and these are stationed in equal numbers at each goal, which is marked by members of each faction gathered about a religious emblem attached to an upright pole. If, for convenience, the two groups of racers be designated by the terms "red" and "black," then the start is made by a couple, one "red," the other "black," who, at a signal, dart upon the course, which is usually about three hundred yards in length. At the goal to which they are running await another couple with tense nerves and ready muscles. The instant the foremost runner reaches the mark, the waiting man of his own color springs away over the backward

course like a startled deer, while the loser's partner must await his arrival before he may try to overhaul the already started one, each finding at the goal another partner to take up the race. In this way the advantage fluctuates according to the speed of the contesting runners, as, cheered on by the adherents of the opposing sides, they put forth every effort to gain time for their side, or to cut down the opponent's advantage. It is a "time" race, and often is kept up for hours together, ending at an appointed hour. The record throughout is accurately kept, and there is no dispute with the umpires. In some of the races the "points" aimed at are the number of times each runner can touch the *pungo*, or cue, of a runner in advance of him or save his own from capture. To-day the Indians frequently make numerous wagers on the result, and at the conclusion victors and vanquished join good-naturedly in a feast, for they are "good losers." The level plain about the base of Katzimo, sparsely dotted with cedars, offered an ideal selection of courses; and on a bright day, the air quivering with light and stimulus, the opposing contestants from the mesa-top must often have gathered about their respective standards, and cheered on the runners, who, striving in the splendid symmetry of sinewy nakedness, put forth renewed efforts, or husbanded their strength, as the occasion demanded, and finally won or lost—the victors, by some especial burst of speed or "generalship" of endurance, receiving, in panting pride, names from which to fashion a totem.



THE BIRTH OF LOVE.

BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.

THIS joy to feel the spirit leap
 Angelic from its childhood sleep,
 Pure as a star, fair as a flower,
 Eager with youth's unblasted power;
 Where every sense gives soft consent,
 To burst into love's element;
 To be all touch, all eye, all ear,
 And pass into love's burning sphere.

(BEGUN IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.)

THE ADVENTURES OF FRANÇOIS,

FOUNDLING, THIEF, JUGGLER, AND FENCING-
MASTER DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D.,
Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Characteristics," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.



"HE STAGGERED TO LEFT, TO RIGHT, AND AT LAST TUMBLED IN A HEAP."

XIII.—*Citizen Amar, meeting the Marquis, is unlucky and vindictive.*

A FEAR vast and oppressive was upon the great city. The white cockades were gone. François burned all he could find. For a week no one came to fence in the morning. The afternoons were full, and there was much inquiry for Citizen Gamel. On the night of the 24th of this terrible January, 1793, François went out. Paris was recovering, and, as usual, forgetful, was eating and drinking and dancing, while all Europe was ringing with the news of this murder of a good man too weak for a mighty task.

When, later, François returned to the school of arms he smelt the odor of a pipe. "Ah!" he cried, "Toto, he has come. 'T is none too soon." Candles lighted dimly the large hall and the rooms beyond it. He heard no sounds, and, suddenly more uneasy, hastened to enter the little salon. It was empty, as were all the rooms. On the bedroom floor lay scattered clothes. A heap of scorched leaflets were fluttering like black crows over the ashes of a dying fire. They were fragments of burnt paper. An open desk was on the table, and everywhere were signs of haste.

François ran out to the kitchen, and called

their only servant, a shrewd old woman. She said: "I heard thee, citizen. I was coming to tell thee that Citizen Gamel has gone."

"Gone! *Mon Dieu!*"

"He has paid me, and well; and here is a box for thee, Citizen François. I hid it under the mattress. Oh, I have waited, but I am afraid."

François took the box and its key, and went to his room. The box contained some five hundred francs in gold, and as much more in assignats—the notes of the day, and really worth but little. In a folded paper package were a letter and other papers. One read:

"I am sorry to leave thee. A business affair has failed, and I go westward. I risk this to warn thee to fly. For two days thou art safe, but not longer. If a gentleman calls whom thou knowest, and asks for *Monsieur* Achille Gamel, tell him all. I inclose for thee a passport. No matter how I got it. It is good. Use it soon. I divide with thee my small store. Thou hast been honest; stay so. We may meet in better times."

François laughed. "We must go, Toto. Well, it has a good side; thou wilt get thinner." Then he read the passport. It described him well: Jean François, juggler ("Good!"), returning to Normandy; affairs of family; a father dying. "Good! Now I have one parent at least." It was in due order. "Thou hast no papers, Toto; but thy black head is secure."

At early morning on the 25th of January, he found a vender of antiquities, and quickly sold him, for two hundred francs, the antique arms in the fencing-room. He must remove them that coming night. Next he sought a maker of articles for the jugglers who were still to be found in every town; for neither at this time nor during the Terror did the people cease to amuse themselves. François bought a set of gaily tinted balls and the conjuring apparatus with which he was familiar. Once again in his room, he packed his clothes in a knapsack and his juggler's material in a bag that he could carry. A long cloak that his master had left he set aside to take, and, thus prepared, felt that on the whole he had better risk waiting until the dawn of the following day before he set out on his wintry journey. The old woman had already fled in alarm.

He made his own coffee, and at 9 A.M. went into the great hall to secure pistols and the fine Spanish rapier that Gamel had given him. Here he paused, and re-read the passport. A blank space had been left for the in-

sertion of the special locality to which the bearer might wish to go in Normandy.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that must do. I will go to Musillon. Perhaps I shall find Despard. He will help me to recover that desirable papa." He went back to Gamel's room, and carefully completed the passport by inserting the name of the village Musillon.

After this he returned to the hall, talking to the poodle as he went. "Toto, thou art uneasy," he said; "and I too, my friend. Remember to howl no more at Jacobins. Thou art of the Left, a dog of the Left. *Tiens!* the bell." He caught up his rapier, and opened the door. A powerful, broad-shouldered man entered. He was clad in gray, and wore the red bonnet these extremists affected, and which Robespierre so much despised.

"Ah, no one here. That is well. I trust Gamel has gone."

"Ah!" exclaimed François to himself. "'T is my confounded marquis. Now for ill luck."

"Is Monsieur Gamel at home? *Monsieur* Achille Gamel?" He emphasized the title. François understood, with no great amazement, that this was the man of whom Gamel's letter spoke. He replied, "This way, please, monsieur." The gentleman followed without a word.

"Read this," said François; "and, pardon me, but read it quickly. My head appears to me to be less securely attached to my body than common."

"*Dame!* you are as jolly as ever, my delightful thief."

"I beg that monsieur will read this letter, and at once. *Nom de ciel!* there is no time to be lost." And still he laughed. "We are in a trap, monsieur."

The marquis was not to be hurried; it was not his way. "St. Gris! you can laugh. I envy you. In France men grin, for they must; but laughter is dead. Ah!" and he fell to considering the letter. Then he folded it deliberately. "Burn it," he said. "So; that is well; and now, my good thief, I came to warn Gamel. He has wisely fled. Of course there was a plot, and, as usual, it failed. You, who are not in it, are like enough to pay other folk's debts. I have a certain mild interest in honest rascality. You are a marked man. No cabbage of the field is more sure of the knife. Go, and soon."

"I have heard from Gamel, monsieur. He assured me that I was safe here for a day or two—I know not how he knew that."

"I do; but I scarcely share his confidence. Go soon."

"I shall go at dawn to-morrow."

"No; go to-day—this evening."

"I will. Monsieur will pardon me if I ask if madame, monsieur's daughter, is well and safe? There are few who have been kind to me, and—"

"My child is well," said the marquis, "and in Normandy; but if safe or not, who can say, while these wolves destroy women and children? Safe! I would give my soul to be sure of that." His face showed the transient emotion he felt; and suddenly, as if annoyed at his own weakness, he drew himself up and said abruptly: "Go—and go quick! I shall leave at once—"

At this moment the bell rang violently.

"The devil!" cried the marquis. "Go and see, and do not shut the inner door; I must hear." With this he entered the pistol-gallery and waited. François obeyed, and, with the sheathed rapier still in his hand, crossed the hall. Again the bell rang.

"He is in a mischief of a hurry. No noise, Toto!"

As he opened the outer door, the man of the warped face broke in, and, passing him at once, walked across the little reception-room and into the great hall beyond. Again his height and massive build struck the fencing-master.

"Where is Gamel, citizen?—and no lies to me! Where is Gamel, I say?"

"He has gone away. Why, I do not know. Will the citizen search his rooms?"

"Search! Not I. I will call the municipals. What are those rooms over there? And arms! Why have they not been sent to the committee for our patriot children on the frontier?"

"Perhaps Citizen Amar would kindly inspect them, and then, if required, we can send them. Many have been already sent. Behold, citizen, a war-club of Ashantee, a matchlock, a headsman's sword. *Parbleu!* the guillotine is better."

"I see, citizen; I see. But now of Gamel. He was to be here to-day, I hear. I will return presently with the officers; and, friend citizen, it will be well for thee to assist, and heartily. This Gamel was in some plot to save the citizen Capet. Like master, like man. Have ready the lists of those aristocrats who fence here in the morning. Thou canst save thy head by making a clean breast of it. I shall return in half an hour. Have everything ready."

At this time the dreaded Jacobin, having looked over the arms and duly impressed the fencing-master, moved toward the door of exit. Should Amar leave the room, François

felt that his own fate was certain. He had been too much with Gamel. Less things every day cost the heads of men. There was death or life in the next five minutes. François was not one to hesitate. Preceding the Jacobin, he quietly set his back to the door, and, locking it, put the key in his pocket. This action was so dexterous and swift that for a moment the Jacobin did not perceive that he was trapped. He was thinking if there was anything more to be said. He looked up. "Well, open the door, citizen." As he spoke, the two strangest faces in Paris were set over against each other. Here was comedy, with long lean features, twinkling eyes above, and below the good humor of a capacious mouth set between preposterous ears. And there was tragedy, strong of jaw, long hair lying flat in black, leech-like flakes on a too prominent brow, and small eyes, deep-set, restless, threatening, seen like those of a wolf in cave shelters—a face no man trusted, a face on which all expressions grew into deformity; not a mere beast; a terribly intelligent bigot of the new creed, colossal, alert, unsparing, fearless, full of vanity.

When the citizen commissioner said, "Open," François replied:

"Not just yet, citizen."

"What is this?" shouted Amar. "Open, I say, in the name of the law!"

"Not I." And François, with a quick motion, threw off the sheath of the rapier. It fell with a great clatter on the far side of the room.

"Open, I say!"

At this moment Ste. Luce came across the hall.

"What the deuce is all this, François?"

Amar turned his square shoulders, and looked at the marquis.

"I presume thee, too, to be one of this rascal Gamel's band. If thou dost think I, Pierre Amar, am afraid of thee, thou art going to find out thy mistake. What is thy name?"

"Go to the devil!" cried the marquis. The Jacobin darted toward the window; but François was too quick for him, and instantly had him by the collar, the point of the rapier touching his back. "Move a step, and thou art a dead man." The face, crooked with passion, half turned over the shoulder.

"Misery! What a beauty! Didst thou think I valued my head so little as to trust thee, scum of the devil's dish-water?" For some reason this huge animal filled François with rage, and he poured out a flood of the abusive slang of the cité as the marquis came up.

"Drop that window-curtain!" said the thief. "And now, what to do, monsieur?"

The captured man showed the utmost courage, and no small lack of wisdom. "Dog of an aristocrat! I know thee. It was thou didst kill Jean Coutier, last month. I saw thee, coward! We knew not thy name. Now we shall take pay for that murder."

The marquis grew white to the eyes, with a certain twitching of the lips to be seen as François again asked:

"What shall we do with him? Shall we tie him?"

"No, kill him. What! you will not? Give me your rapier. 'T is but one wolf less."

François was more than unwilling. The intense hatred of the noble for the Jacobin he did not share; indeed, he liked the man's fearlessness, but, nevertheless, meant to provide for his own security. His conscience, such as it was, refused to sanction cold-blooded murder.

"I cannot. Go away! I will take care of this rascal."

"There is no time to lose," said the marquis. "Kill the brute."

"Not I," said François.

"Thou art coward enough to kill a man in cold blood!" cried Amar. "This is the fine honor you talk of. Better go. All thy kind are running; but, soon or late, the guillotine will get thy hog-head, as it did thy Jew-nosed king's."

"The face and the tongue are well matched," said Ste. Luce, quietly. "It will take a good ten minutes to tie and gag him. You will not kill him? Then give the fellow a blade, and—I will see to the rest. Are you man enough to take my offer? Quick, now!"

"Try me. I am no weakling, like poor Coutier."

"Find him a blade, François. I will watch him. Be quick!" He took the rapier, and stood by the motionless figure, whose uneasy eyes followed the thief as he went and came again.

"The blades are of a length, François? Yes. Lock the door. Ah, it is done. Good! Now, keep an eye on him, François. Take care of yourself if he has the luck to kill me. However, that is unlikely. Ah, you have a sword, François."

"The citizen talks a good deal," said Amar, trying his blade on the floor.

"Yes," said the marquis, negligently untying his cravat. "It is so rare, in these democratic days, that one has a chance to talk with one of you gentlemen."

"Bah!" cried the Jacobin, "we shall see

presently." As he spoke, he laid his sword on a chair and began to strip. As he took off his coat and waistcoat, he folded them with care, and laid them neatly on a bench.

The marquis also stripped to his waistcoat, but it was with more haste. He threw his coat to François, and took his place in the middle of the room, where he waited until his slower antagonist, in shirt and breeches, came forward to meet him. Both believed it to be a duel to the death, but neither face showed to François any sign of anxiety. The Jacobin said:

"The light is in thine eyes, citizen. If we were to move so as to engage across the room—"

"It is of no moment," returned the marquis. "Are you ready?"

"Yes."

François saw no better method of disposing of an awkward business. Nevertheless, he was uncomfortable. "What if this devil should kill the marquis?" He cried, "On guard, messieurs!" and stepped aside.

The marquis saluted with grave courtesy; but the Jacobin, obeying the fashion of the schools of fence, went through the formula of appearing to draw the sword, and certain other conventional motions supposed to be exacted by etiquette. The marquis smiled as Amar led off in this ceremonious fashion. These preliminaries of the *salle d'armes* were usually omitted or curtailed in serious combats. The seigneur, amused, and following Amar's lead, went through the whole performance. It was Amar's first duel. François looked the two men over, and was not ill pleased. This heavy fellow should prove no match for a practised duelist like Ste. Luce. He was soon undeceived.

Both men were plainly enough masters of their weapon, and for at least two minutes there was no advantage. Then Ste. Luce was touched in the left shoulder, and a distorted grimace of satisfaction ran over the face of the Jacobin. The marquis became more careful, and a minute or two later François saw with pleasure that Amar was breathing a trifle hard. He had half a mind to cry: "Wait! wait! He is feeling the strain." He held his peace, and, with Toto, looked on in silence. The marquis knew his business well, and noted the quickening chest movements of his adversary. He began to smile, and to make a series of inconceivably quick lunges. Now and then the point of either blade struck fair on the convex steel shell-like guard which protected the hand. When this chanced, a clear, sweet note as of a bell rang through the great hall. The Jacobin held his own, and

François, despite his anxiety, saw with the satisfaction of a master how lightly each rapier lay in the grasp of the duelist, and how dexterously the fingers alone were used to guide the blades.

Of a sudden the strange face was jerked as it were to left, and a savage lunge in tierce came perilously near to ending the affair. Ste. Luce threw himself back with the quickness of a boy. The point barely touched him. "St. Gris!" he called out gaily. "That was well meant. Now take care!"

"By St. Denis! 't is a master," muttered François. The marquis seemed of a sudden to have let loose a reserve of unlooked-for power. He was here and there about the massive and by no means unready bulk of Amar, swift and beautifully graceful.

Then of a sudden the marquis's blade went out as quick as lightning, and just at the limit of a nearly futile thrust caught Amar over the right eye. "*Dame!* I missed those lanterns of hell!"

The Jacobin brushed away the blood which, running down his face, made his right eye useless for the time.

The marquis fell back, and dropped his point. "The deuce! The man cannot see. Tie a handkerchief around his head."

The Jacobin was not sorry to have time to breathe.

"Thou art more than fair, citizen," said Amar, getting his breath.

"Thanks," returned the marquis, coldly. "Make haste, François."

François took up a lace handkerchief which lay beside Ste. Luce's coat on the seat where he had cast his clothes. While François bound the handkerchief around the head so as to stop the flow of blood, Amar turned to his foe.

"Citizen," said the Jacobin, "thou hast been a gallant man in this matter. My life was thine to take. Let it end here. Thou art a brave man and a good blade."

Ste. Luce looked at him with an expression of amused curiosity.

"What else?"

"I will not have thee pursued—on my honor."

"Tie it firmly, François. You have just heard, my François, of the last Parisian novelty—a Jacobin's honor! Be so good as to hurry, François."

Had the stern Jacobin felt some sudden impulse of pity or respect? In all his after days he was unsparing, and certainly it was not fear which now moved him.

"As pleases thee," he said simply. Ste.

Luce made no answer. Again their blades met. And now the marquis changed his game, facing his foe steadily, while François gazed in admiration. Ste. Luce's rapier was like a lizard's movements for quickness. Twice he touched the man's chest, and by degrees drove him back, panting, until he was against the door. Suddenly, seeming to recover strength, the Jacobin lunged in quarte, and would have caught the marquis fair in the breast-bone had he not thrown himself backward as he felt the prick. Instantly he struck the blade aside with his open left hand, and, as it went by his left side, drove his rapier savagely through Amar's right lung and into the panel of the door. It was over. Not ten minutes had passed.

"*Dame!*" he cried, withdrawing his rapier, and retreating a pace or two. "He was worth fighting."

The Jacobin's face moved convulsively. He coughed, spattering blood about him. His right arm moved in quick jerks. His sword dropped, and stuck upright in the floor, quivering.

"Dog of an aristocrat!" he cried. His distorted face twitched; he staggered to left, to right, and at last tumbled in a heap, a massive figure, of a sudden inert and harmless.

The marquis stood still and looked down at his foe.

"What the deuce to do with him?" said François.

"Take his head, and drag him into your room. We can talk then."

"Will monsieur take his feet?"

"What! I touch the dog? No, not I."

François did not like it; but making no reply, he dragged the Jacobin's helpless bulk after him, and, once in his room, pulled the mattress off the bed, and without roughness drew the man upon it.

Amar opened his eyes, and tried to speak. He could not; the flow of blood choked him. He shook his fist at Ste. Luce.

"Cursed brute," cried François, "be still! He will begin to howl presently. The sons of Satan are immortal."

"We must gag him, François."

"But he will die; he will choke. See how he breathes—how hard."

"*Diable!* it is he or I. Would he spare me, do you think? Don't talk nonsense. Do as I tell you."

François took up a towel. As he approached, Amar looked up at him. There was no plea in his savage face.

"Go on. What the deuce are you waiting for?" said Ste. Luce.

"I cannot do it," said François. "End it yourself."

"What! I? Strangle a dog! I! *Dame!* Let us go. What a fool you are!"

"Better go singly, then," said the thief. He had no mind to increase his own risks by the dangerous society of the nobleman.

Amar was silent. The handkerchief had fallen from his head, but the wound bled no longer.

"What shall I do with the handkerchief, monsieur?"

"Do? Burn it. Faugh!" François cast it on the still glowing embers. "Now my clothes and my cloak," said Ste. Luce; "and do not lose any time over that animal."

He washed off the little blood on his clothes, and dressed in haste, saying: "Lucky that his point struck on my breast-bone. 'T is of no moment. The fellow has left me a remembrance. I am sorry I did not have the luck to kill him. Good-by, François. May we meet in better days." He was gone.

François locked the door after him, and went back to his room. He sat down on the floor beside the mattress.

"Now listen, Master Amar. Canst thou hear me? Ah, yes. Well, I have saved thy life. Oh, thou wilt get well,—more 's the pity!—and do some mischief yet. Now if I should kill thee I would be pretty safe. If I go away, and send thee a doctor, I am a lost man. What is that thou art saying? Ah!" and he leaned down to hear the broken whisper. "So thou wilt have my head chopped off. Thou art less afraid than I would be, were I thee. What shall we do, Toto?" and he laughed; somehow the situation had for him its humorous side.

"I can't murder a man," he said. "If ever I kill a man, I trust it may be one who hath not thy eyes and thy one-sided grin. To be haunted by a ghost like thee! The deuce! Not I! *Sac à papier!* I will take my chance." He sat down, and wrote a short note to a surgeon on the farther side of Paris, one whom he knew to have been much commended to his pupils by Gamel.

"My unforgiving friend," he said, "I shall lock thee in. Thou art too weak to move, and to try will cause thee to bleed. This note will get thee a surgeon in about six hours. I must leave thee. Be quiet, and be good. Here is a flask of eau-de-vie. Art still of a mind to give thy preserver to the guillotine?" The grim head nodded as the red froth leaked out over the lips. "'Yes, yes,' thou sayest. Thou art in a fine state of penitence. I hope we have seen the last of each other.

One more chance. Promise me not to be my enemy. I will trust thee. Come, now."

But the Jacobin was past speech. As François knelt beside him, he beckoned feebly.

"What is it?" As he bent lower, a grim smile went over the one movable side of Amar's face, and, raising a feeble hand, he drew it across François's neck.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried he, recoiling, "thou art ripe for hell. Adieu, my forgiving friend; or, as thou hast no God, *au diable*, and may St. Satan look after thee—for love of thy looks. Come, doggie!" He put his pistols in the back of his belt, set his rapier in the belt-catch, threw his cloak over all, and picked up his bag and knapsack. He took one last look at Amar, and saying, "Bye bye, my angel," left him, locking both doors as he went out. François passed into the street, followed by the black poodle. In the Rue St. Honoré he paid the boy of a butcher with whom Gamel dealt to take his note when the midday meal should be over. And thus having eased his conscience and regulated the business of life, he set out to put between him and the Jacobin as many miles as his long legs could cover.

XIV.—*François escapes from Paris and goes in search of a father. He meets a man who has a wart on his nose, and who because of this is unlucky.*

HE had been fortunate. Not more than an hour and a quarter had gone by since Amar's entrance, and the mid-hour of breakfast had probably secured them from intrusion of foe or friend. François, who knew Paris as few men did, strode on through narrow streets and the dimly lighted passages which afforded opportunity to avoid the busier haunts of men. The barriers were carelessly guarded, and he passed unmolested into the country. Once outside of the city, he took the highroad to Evreux, down the Seine, simply because the passport of Jean François, juggler, pointed to Normandy as his destination. Naturally a man of forethinking sense, he had assumed that the village whence came Despard should be the home of that father who was ill. He knew from his former partner enough of the village to answer questions. It lay westward of Evreux. France was then less full of spies and less suspicious than it became in the Terror; and until he arrived at a small town on the north bank of the Seine, not far from Louviers, he had no trouble. He saw no couriers. The post

went only once a week. He was safe, and, to tell the truth, merry and well pleased again to wander. His money was sewed in his garments. He wore his rapier under his cloak, but with it he carried the conjurer's thin, supple blade, which, when he feigned to swallow it, a spring caused to coil into the large basket-hilt. His pistols were strapped behind him, and on his back he carried his knapsack and small bag of juggling apparatus. Thus, clad in sober gray, with the tricolor on his red cap and a like decoration on the poodle's collar, he was surely a quaint enough figure. Long, well built, and wiry, laughing large between his two wing-like ears, he held his way along the highroad on the bank of the winding Seine.

He avoided towns and people, camped in the woods, juggled and told fortunes at farm-houses for a dinner, and, as I have said, had no trouble until he came at midday to the hamlet of Île Rouge. Here, being tired, and Toto footsore, he thought he might venture to halt and sleep at the inn.

It was a little gray French town in the noonday quiet, scarce a soul in sight, and a warmer sun than January usually affords on street and steaming roof-tiles. Hostile dogs, appearing, seemed to consider Toto a royalist. François tucked him under his arm, and entered the stone-paved tap-room of the "Hen with Two Heads." He repented too late. The room was half full. One of the many commissioners who afterward swarmed through France was engaged with the mayor of the commune. François, putting on an air of humility, sought out the innkeeper, and asked meekly to have a room. As he did so, a fat, full-bearded man in the red bonnet of the Jacobins called out from the table where he sat, "Come here!"

François said, "Yes, citizen," and stood at the table where this truculent person was seated.

He was sharply questioned, and his papers and baggage were overhauled with small ceremony, while, apparently at his ease, he liberally distributed smiles and the kindly glances of large blue eyes. At last he was asked why he carried a sword; it was against the law. He made answer that he carried two tools of his trade—would the citizen see? And when he had swallowed two feet of his juggler's blade, to the wonder of the audience, nothing further was said of the rapier. At last, seeing that the commissioner still hesitated, he told, with great show of frankness, whither he was going, and named Despard as one who would answer for him. The mention of this

name seemed to annoy the questioner, who said Despard was a busy fellow, and was stirring up the citizens at Musillon. He, Grégoire, was on his way to see after him. He would like to make the acquaintance of that sick father, and, after all, François might be an *émigré*. He must wait, and go with the commissioner to Musillon.

François smiled his best; and, when the citizen commissioner had done with business, might he amuse him with a little juggling? Citizen Grégoire would see; let him sit yonder and wait. After a few minutes the great man's breakfast was set before him; the room was cleared, and the citizen ate, while François looked him over.

Grégoire was a short, stout man with long hair, a face round, red, chubby, and made expressionless by a button-like nose, which was decorated with a large rugose wart. The meal being over, he went out, leaving a soldier at the door, and taking no kind of note of his prisoner. François sat still. He was patient, but the afternoon was long. At dusk Citizen Grégoire reappeared, and, as François noted, was a little more amiable by reason of the vinous hospitality of the mayor. He sat down, and ordered dinner. When it came, François said tranquilly:

"Citizen Commissioner Grégoire, wouldst thou kindly consider the state of my stomach? Swallowing of swords sharpens the appetite."

The commissioner looked up from his meal. He was in the good-humored stage of drunkenness.

"Come and eat," he said, laughing.

"He hath the benevolence of the bottle," thought François. "Let us amuse him."

The commissioner took off his red bonnet, poured out a glass of wine, looked at a paper or two in his hand-bag, and set it on a seat near by, while the juggler humbly accepted the proffered place. Then the poodle was made to howl at the name of Citizen Capet, and to bark joyously at the mention of Jacobins. François told stories, played tricks, and drank freely. The commissioner drank yet more freely. François proposed to make a punch,—a juggler's punch,—and did make a drink of uncommon vigor. About nine the commissioner began to nod, and François, who had been closely studying his face, presently saw him drop into a deep slumber. The open bag looked tempting. He swiftly slipped a dexterous hand into its contents, and feeling a wallet of coin, transferred it to his own pocket. The temptation had been great, the yielding to it imprudent; but there was no one else about, except the careless

guard outside the door. François concluded to replace the wallet; but at this moment the great Grégoire of the committee woke up. "That was funny," he said. "I did not quite catch the end of it."

"No," said François; "the citizen slept a little."

Grégoire became angry.

"I—I asleep? I am on duty. I never sleep on duty." The citizen was very drunk. He got up, and, staggering, set a foot on Toto's tail. The poodle yelped, and the Jacobin kicked him. "*Sacrée bête!*" The poodle, unaccustomed to outrage, retorted by a nip at a fat calf. Then the great man asserted himself.

"Hallo, there! Curse you and your dog! Landlord! Landlord!" The host came in haste, and two soldiers. "Got a safe place? Lock up this sc-scoundrel, and k-kill his dog!" The landlord kindly suggested a disused wine-cellar. "Now, no delay. I'm Grégoire. Lock him up!" Having disposed of the juggler, the citizen contrived to get out of the room and to bed with loss of dignity and balance.

A few minutes sufficed to set François in a chilly cellar, the poodle at his heels; for no one took seriously the order to kill Toto. Of the two soldiers, one, who was young and much amused, brought an old blanket, and a lantern with a lighted candle set within it. Yes, the prisoner could have his knapsack and box—there were no orders; but he must give up his sword. It was so dark that when François promptly surrendered his juggler's blade it seemed to satisfy the soldiers; for who could dream that a man would carry two swords? With a laugh and a jest, François bade them to wake him early. He called to the young recruit, as they were leaving, that he would like to have a bottle of wine, and gave him sufficient small change to insure also a bottle for these good-humored jailers.

They took the whole affair as somewhat of a practical joke. All would be well in the morning. When Grégoire was drunk he arrested everybody. The young soldier would fetch the wine in an hour. Good night.

François was alone and with leisure to consider the situation.

"Attention, Toto!" he said. This putting of thought into an outspoken soliloquy, with the judicial silence of the poodle to aid him, was probably a real assistance; for to think aloud formulates conditions and conclusions in a way useful to one untrained to reason. To read one's own mind, and to hear one's own mind, are very different things.

"Toto," he said, "we are in a bad way. Why didst thou bite that fat beast's calf? It did thee no good, thou ill-tempered brute. 'T is not good diet; a pound of it would make thee drunk. I shall have to whip thee, little beast of an aristocrat, if thou dost take to nipping the calves of the republic."

Toto well knew that he was being scolded. He leaped up and licked the thief's face.

"Down, Citizen Toto! Where are thy manners? I like better Citizen Grégoire drunk than Citizen Grégoire sober. How about my poor papa? Oh, but I was an ass to name Despard. Didst thou observe that the commissioner's eyebrows meet? And, Toto, he has a great wart on his nose. 'T is a man will fetch ill luck. I knew a thief had a wart on his nose, and he was broken on the wheel at Rouen. Besides, there was the wallet. Toto, attention! Thou dost wander. It is all the doings of that *sacré* marquis. *À bas les aristocrates!* Let us inspect a little." Upon this he pried about every corner, tried the heavy oaken door, still gaily talking, and at last sat on an empty cask and considered the grated window and the limited landscape dimly visible between its four iron rods. The end of a woodpile, about four feet away, was all that he could see. This woodpile set him to thinking.

An hour later the young recruit returned with the wine. "I came to see if thou wert safe," he said. "Like as not Grégoire will forget all about thee to-morrow. Wine hath a short memory."

François laughed: "*Le bon Dieu* grant it. I can tell fortunes, but not my own." And should he tell the citizen soldier's fortune? With much laughter it was told, and the gifts of fateful time were showered on the soldier's future in opulent abundance. He would be with the army on the frontier soon. He would marry—*dame!*—a woman rich in looks and lands. He would be a general one day. And this, oddly enough, came true; for he became a general of division, and was killed the morning after at Eylau. Seeing that this young man had agreeable fashions, the thief ventured to express his thanks.

"Monsieur—" he began.

"Take care! *Mon Dieu!* thou must not say that; 'citizen,' please. The messieurs are as dead as the saints, and the devil, and the *bon Dieu*, and the rest."

As he did not seem displeased, François said:

"Oh, thou art no Jacobin. Hast a *de* to thy name?"

This recruit's manners appeared to Fran-

gois a good deal like those of the young nobles whom he had taught to fence.

"What I was is of no moment," replied the young fellow. "The 'De's' are as dead as the saints. I *am* a soldier. But, pardon me, the citizen may be as frank as suits his appetite for peril. I have had my belly-ful."

"Frank? *Dame!* why not? Up-stairs I was a Jacobin; down here I am a royalist. I was an aide in Gamel's fencing-school, and, *pardie!* I came away. Thou canst do me a little service."

"Can I help thee, and not hurt myself? We—my people—are grown scarce of late. I am the last; I take no risks."

"There will be none. Bring me a little steel fork and a good long bit of twine."

"A fork! What for?" He had a lad's curiosity.

"To eat with."

"But there is nothing to eat."

"Quite true. But it assists one's imagination; and, after all, there may be to-morrow, and to eat with decency a fork is needed. A citizen may use his bare paws, but a monsieur may not use the fingers of equality. Thou wilt observe how the thought of these tools of luxury reminds one of messieurs and the like."

The lad—he was hardly over twenty—laughed merrily. "Thou art a delightful companion. Gamel—thou didst say Gamel?"

"I did, monsieur. Gamel that was the master of arms in the Rue St. Honoré."

"My poor brother used to fence there. By St. Denis! thou must be François?"

"I am."

"Then thou shalt have the tool of luxury. But, good heavens! take care. Thou hast a tongue which—well, I have learned to bridle mine."

"My tongue never got me into trouble; like my legs, it is long, and, like them, it has got me out of a good many scrapes. I thank thee for the warning. One knows whom to talk to. I can be silent. Oh, you may laugh. I did not speak for a day after I first saw that juggler's tool, the guillotine, in the sun on the Place de la Révolution. *Dieu!* behold, there is a man that talks and laughs; and, presto, pass! there is eternal silence."

"*Âme de St. Denis!* thou art not gay," cried the soldier.

"*Tête de St. Denis* were better. He was a fellow for these times—a saint that could carry his head under his arm when it was chopped off."

The young recruit laughed, but more un-

easily. Not to laugh in some fashion was among the impossibilities of life when this face-quake of mirth broke out between these wing-like ears.

He would fetch the tools, and, in fact, did so in a few minutes. Then he bade François good night, and went away. As soon as he had gone, François retired to a corner with his lantern to inspect the wallet. There were three louis, a few sous, and no more. The risk was large, the profit small. In an inner pocket was a thin, folded paper. When opened it seemed to be a letter in due form, dated a month before, but never sent. It was addressed to Citizen de la Vicomterie of the Great Committee. François whistled. It was a furious attack on Robespierre and Couthon, and an effort to sum up the strength which an assault on the great leaders would command in the Convention—a rash document for those days. Clearly the writer, whose full signature of Pierre Grégoire was appended, had wisely hesitated to send it.

"It seems to have been forgotten. Was he drunk, Toto? Surely now we must get out and away. 'T is a letter of death; 't is a passport worth many louis, Toto." He pulled off a shoe, folded the paper neatly, and pulling up a tongue of leather on the inside sole, placed the letter underneath, and put on the shoe again. He took the louis, threw the wallet under a cask, and waited.

When the house was still he set to work. He had found behind a barrel a long staff used to measure the height of wine in casks. On the end of this he tied securely, cross-wise, the steel fork, and then began to inspect the thin rods of the window, which were but ill fitted to guard a man of resources.

"Art still too fat?" he said, as he lifted Toto and managed to squeeze him between the bars. After that he began to fish with his stick and fork for a small log which had fallen from the woodpile and was just a foot or two out of reach. Twice he had it, and twice it broke loose, but now Toto understood, and, seizing the log, dragged it nearer. At last François had the prize. The rest was easy. He set the log between the thin bars, and threw on this lever all the power of one of the strongest men in Paris. In place of breaking, the iron rod bent and drew out of its sockets. A second proved as easy, and at last the window space was free. It seemed large enough. He concluded to leave his bag; but the knapsack he set outside, and also his weapons and the conjuring-balls. Next he stripped off most of his clothes, and laid these too on the far side of the window. Finally

his legs were through, and his hips. But when it came to the shoulders he was in trouble. It seemed impossible. He felt the poor poodle pulling at his foot, and had hard work to restrain his laughter. "*Dame!* would

dawn he found a farm-house which seemed to be deserted—no rare thing in those days. He got in at a window, and stayed for two days, without other food than the crusts he had carried from the cellar. The night



"HE HELD HIS WAY ALONG THE HIGHROAD."

I grin at *Mère Guillotine*? Who knows? How to shrink?" He wriggled; he emptied his chest of air; he turned on his side; and, leaving some rags and a good bit of skin on the way, he was at last outside. Here, having reclothed himself, he broke up the wine-measurer and threw the fork over the wall. In a few minutes he was on the highway and running lightly at the top of his speed. At

after, weak and hungry, he walked till dawn; and being now a good ten leagues from that terrible commissioner, he ventured to buy a good dinner and to get himself set over the Seine. Somewhat reassured, he asked the way to Evreux, and, for once in his life perplexed and thoughtful, went along without a word to Toto.

He had been three weeks on his way, owing

to his need to hide or to make wide circuits in order to avoid the larger towns. It was now the February of northern France, and there was sometimes a little snow, but more often a drizzling rain. He had suffered much from cold; but as he strode along, with a mind more at ease, he took pleasure in the sunshine. A night wind from the north had dried the roads. It was calm, cold in the shadows, deliciously warm on the sunlit length of yellow highway. He had lost time,—quite too much,—but he still hoped to reach Musillon before that man with the wart arrived. If so, he would see Despard, warn him as to Grégoire, and, with this claim, and their old partnership, on which he counted less, he might get his passport altered, and lose himself somewhere. If he had to remain in the town, he must see, or be presumed to have seen, that sick father, and must be promptly adopted if by cruel circumstances

he became unable to journey far enough from Paris to feel secure. The distorted face of Amar haunted him—the man who, to save his own life, would not even make believe to forgive. He had no power within him to explain a man like Amar; and because the Jacobin was to him incomprehensible, he was more than humanly terrible. What possessed that devil of a marquis to turn up? And was he now at his château? And why had Achille Gamel set down Normandy in the passport? And why had he himself been fool enough to fill up the vacant place for the name of his destination with that of the only small town he could recall in that locality? He had been in haste, and now a net seemed to be gathering about him. He must go thither, or take perilous chances. He was moving toward a fateful hour.

"Toto," he said, "let us laugh; for I like not the face of to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

SUBMARINE PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY PROFESSOR LOUIS BOUTAN,

Lecturer on zoölogy at the Sorbonne.¹

THE FIRST ATTEMPTS.



VHEN one follows the line of the railway which runs from Paris to Barcelona, and has crossed the plains of Béziers and Narbonne, covered with vineyards, one catches sight, beyond Perpignan, of the Pyrenees, which bar the horizon. The train now penetrates the mountains, the lower slopes of which push into the sea, and one runs through their high walls by means of tunnels, so that the traveler is plunged at one moment into obscurity, to emerge the next into the brilliant sunshine of the Southern sky.

In this part of France the Pyrenees resemble a gigantic hand laid out flat on the surface of the earth, each finger of which, formed by a mountain-spur, dips its tips into the sea. Between these fingers lie isolated bays, with cities and villages on their shores. Such are Argelès, Collioure, Port Vendres, and Banyuls-sur-Mer.

¹ In response to an inquiry from us, Professor Boutan informs us that he was the first person to make submarine photographs. He was born in 1859, and is a doctor of sciences of the University of Paris. In 1880, at the time of the Melbourne Exposition, he was sent on a mission to Australia by the French government.

It is at the last-named place that Professor Henri de Lacaze-Duthiers founded the Arago Laboratory, which is now a part of the University of Paris. The laboratory is supported by the French government, and is well supplied with all necessary apparatus, including aquariums furnished with continual streams of sea-water, a steamboat, various sorts of fishing-craft, a workshop, etc.; and all these are placed gratuitously at the disposal of zoölogists, of whatever nationality they may be.

The director of the laboratory has long been in the habit of inviting naturalists to make use of the scaphander in order to study marine animals in their native element. Some years ago, acting on his advice, I familiarized myself little by little with the employment of this apparatus.

I soon found out that the bottom of the sea, especially near the coast, is not flat and monotonous, as one might imagine it to be. On the contrary, it is very uneven, and pre-

He was maître de conference at the University of Lille in 1886, and was sent on a mission to the Red Sea in 1890. He has published works upon gasteropods and on reptiles. In 1891 he was maître de conference at the University of Paris. The submarine views here presented were taken by Professor Boutan.—EDITOR.



PROFESSOR BOUTAN AND HIS APPARATUS FOR SUBMARINE PHOTOGRAPHY.

sents most picturesque and varied landscapes. If one happens to have descended on a sandy beach, one sees, as far as the eye can reach, a submarine meadow covered with long grasses, all bent over in the direction in which the current is running. Here and there deep ravines cut up the green surface, while farther away are noticed steep masses of rock formed by fallen blocks or stony precipices. Every boulder is covered with its dress of seaweed, and in the crevices between swarm a whole fauna of invertebrates.

The strangeness of these submarine landscapes made a very deep impression on me, and it seemed a lamentable fact that they could not be reproduced in any other way than in a description which, however exact, was necessarily imperfect. I was filled with the desire, therefore, to bring back from these submarine explorations a more tangible souvenir. But, however good a diver one may be, it is scarcely possible to make a drawing, or even a sketch, under water. I then resolved to try to see if I could not obtain a photograph of this hidden region. As it is not difficult to take a landscape in the open air, why, I asked myself, could I not succeed

in making a photograph at the bottom of the sea? Though it is quite certain that water is a much denser medium than air, still, as the eye can distinguish objects in the midst of water, there should be, I argued, no insuperable obstacle in the way of a photographic plate receiving an impression under the same conditions.

The idea of photographing what I saw under the sea came to me, therefore, quite naturally. But when I tried to pass from the dream to the reality I experienced some difficulties. I first had constructed a rather imperfect apparatus, composed of an ordinary photographic chamber inclosed in a metal case provided with glass and made water-tight. It was with this instrument that I tried my first experiments.

At the start the results obtained were not what I had hoped for; though I took advantage of the most favorable conditions, and observed the most minute care, my efforts were fruitless. When I developed the plates which had been exposed under water, I obtained only shapeless images, irregular undulations, which in no wise reproduced the landscape on which I had turned the objective. The plates, which were only slightly affected by the light coming from the submerged objects, were uniformly beclouded, as if the action of the light had been produced equally over their whole surface. On this account, the landscapes which I had



INTERIOR VIEW OF PROFESSOR BOUTAN'S APPARATUS.



THE DESCENT AT BANYULS-SUR-MER.

sought to reproduce presented an extremely vague outline that was unsatisfactory in every way. It was in vain that I varied the method employed. The length of time during which the plate was exposed was modified. I used the most sensitized plates, or those called "isochromatic." But the results obtained were always the same: a uniform cloudiness still enveloped the indistinct images.

I began to despair of overcoming this first difficulty, when the thought occurred to me to place colored glasses in front of the objective in the interior of the water-tight box. The use, in outdoor photography, of glass plates of various colors has long been tried, and excellent results have thus been obtained in certain cases. When, for example, a mass of deep-green foliage is to be reproduced, this foliage, instead of appearing on the negative as a dark heap of a uniform hue, is brightened by this means, the details come out more distinctly, and the whole presents even a certain relief.

It is found that the rays emitted by variously colored objects other than leaves are weakened in traversing the glass plate, while, on the contrary, those emitted by green

masses preserve in great part their intensity. Thus, by lengthening the exposure, you obtain, in the greens, a picture which is much better in its details. The knowledge of this fact suggested my first trying green-colored plates. By this means I hoped to obtain a clearer image of the seaweeds, which contain in abundance the green principle of chlorophyl. Although the result obtained was not so bad as before, it was not, however, entirely satisfactory. The outline of the objects was perceptibly clearer than in the previous experiments, but the cloudiness was still there. I then tried a whole series of other colors, and, as a physicist before whom I had laid the difficulty had theoretically predicted, it was the blue which produced the best results.

By interposing in front of the objective a perfectly homogeneous blue plate, I succeeded in producing a series of negatives, with the outline of objects clear-cut, and with great delicacy of detail. The cloudy appearance was quite eliminated, at least in the foreground. But there still lingers in the background of the proofs a slight mistiness, due to the medium being denser than air, which I have never been able completely to

remove. This peculiar cloudiness of the background, this sort of mist which settles over distant objects, seems to me to be the characteristic feature of submarine photography.

Almost all the photographs which accompany this article were taken in the little cove of Troc, on the coast near the laboratory. This bay, which is very much exposed to the north wind, is beaten and cleaned by the billows during a large part of the year. But when the south or southeast breezes set in, the water becomes perfectly calm throughout this little inlet, which then looks as if it were a lake. In France the most favorable time for taking these views is June, July, and August.

Here is the *modus operandi* of taking a

down into the water at the point chosen for the operations. Once at the bottom, and at the desired depth, I signal to the captain to send me down the different parts of the photographic apparatus. The iron stand is let down at the end of a rope, followed by the photographic box and a cast-iron weight for steadying the whole. Then I look about me in order to select the exact spot to be photographed, which having been done, I leisurely set up the stand, and place the box on it, waiting for the disturbed water to become clear. A new signal is now given to the captain by means of the safety-rope which he holds in his hand. This signal tells him that the exposure has begun. I now wait patiently till a return signal from above tells



MASS OF SPONGES. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT A DEPTH OF SIX AND A HALF FEET.

submarine photograph at the Troc cove. Our boat being solidly anchored to the bottom, and held in a fixed position by a number of hawsers fastened to the rocks on shore, I put on the diver's costume, and go

me that it is time to stop. It will be easily understood that it is quite impossible, or at least very difficult without some special arrangement, to carry in a diving-bell a watch which can give the length of an exposure.

PRESENT STATE OF THE QUESTION.

It would take too long to describe in detail the new apparatus which I used this last year; but a glance at the accompanying photographs of the model which gave me the best results will afford the reader a clearer idea of it than the most minute description.

After the different experiments made at

clear image, because the submarine landscape which one wishes to photograph, and the animal life which peoples it, are not still.

Submarine photographs may also be obtained by means of artificial light, magnesium or electricity. But the proofs so far obtained are not so clear as one would wish, which is evidently due to the imperfections of the apparatus employed.

In order to obtain a final and successful



INSTANTANEOUS SUBMARINE PHOTOGRAPH BY MAGNESIUM LIGHT DURING A STORM.
DEPTH, THIRTEEN FEET.

the Arago Laboratory at Banyuls-sur-Mer, it may now be safely affirmed that it is possible, with the aid of objectives specially constructed for that purpose, to obtain submarine photographs when the diver is several meters under water.

When no artificial light is used, submarine photographs require a rather long exposure, the time often extending to twenty-five minutes, and depending on the depth of the water. Under these conditions it is, unfortunately, impossible to obtain an absolutely

result in submarine photography, and to produce pictures as clear as those secured on land, it is necessary to find the exact formula of the objectives to be used in the water, a medium which is much denser than air, and the index of refraction of which is different. Another *sine qua non* is an exceedingly powerful light, capable of bringing out the smallest details of the object or landscape to be photographed.

But under no conditions will it ever be possible to photograph under water such a

wide extent of surface as on land, and the submarine horizon will always be limited to about one hundred meters. This is due to physical reasons against which we are powerless. When rays of light pass through too great a thickness of water they are absorbed by the liquid, so that they are extinguished before reaching the objective when they come from too distant an object. But, notwithstanding this grave imperfection, the future of scientific submarine photography is of considerable importance, as I shall now try to show.

can go down into them, as the tremendous pressure of the water renders this impossible. For a long time, therefore, it was imagined that the bottom of the sea was one vast extent of mud, without the presence of living things; but numerous scientific expeditions finally proved that such was not the case, and that a multitude of curious and even fantastic animals were to be found there.

The product of even a single catch, including many sharks, as made by us at the Arago laboratory, convinced me that at a depth of eight hundred meters the bottom



SLOPE COVERED WITH ALGAE. DEPTH, SIXTEEN AND A HALF FEET.

THE FUTURE OF SUBMARINE PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE extent of the surface of the earth covered by water is vast, since it far surpasses that of the dry land. What do we know of this part of the globe hidden by the seas and oceans? Very little, it must be admitted. Except along the immediate edge of these immense bowls which can be explored in diving-bells, the means which naturalists have at their disposal for examining these depths are most rudimentary. Nobody

of the ocean is full of life. All these big sharks (*Centrophorus ganulosus*) are carnivorous. In order to live, these animals must eat other animals; so there must be many other animals whence these come, although we know almost nothing about them.

As regards the sea, the naturalist is in much the same situation as would be an inhabitant of the moon who could live in ethereal space, but could not breathe the air which envelops our earth. Let us suppose that this voyager from the ethereal

regions should come in contact with our atmosphere. He would float above the highest strata without being able to penetrate them, separated from the earth by the gases which surround it. What must he do if he wishes to know something of what exists below the layers of cloud which hide our globe from his view? He would do as our naturalists have done—construct dredges and nets, and, having weighted them, would let

Up to the present our naturalists have done hardly more than this. Though it is quite true that the apparatus used is as perfect as possible, and that the most illustrious students of nature have displayed in their labors an ingenuity which I should never dream of calling into question, at bottom the proceeding is the same in both cases. They drag rudimentary instruments blindly through the depths of the seas.



VIEW OF ROCKS. DEPTH, SIXTEEN AND A HALF FEET.

them down like the anchor of a balloon, and try and pull them along the surface of the earth. Do you think that with such primitive instruments he would obtain very precise ideas of the terrestrial globe? Every agile animal would flee before the apparatus, which, if it did not get irretrievably caught in some oak, rock, or lofty factory chimney, might bring back, after having scraped for some time along the surface of the earth, bits of leaves, pebbles mingled with soil, etc., all of which, however, could give only a very vague idea concerning the constitution of the globe.

What a change will come over the situation the moment it becomes possible to let down to the bottom of the ocean a photographic apparatus provided with a powerful artificial light! Although this camera will not be able to bring back pictures of wide extent, may it not succeed in satisfactorily photographing one hundred square meters of space? And will not such photographs contain a most precious fund of information?

Everything leads one to believe that it will soon be possible to construct photographic apparatus which will accomplish its work successfully at any depth of water. But

without going so far as this, and without launching forth into hypotheses which have not yet been realized, it may be asserted that submarine photography can already produce useful results.

In the immediate vicinity of the coasts, the photographing of landscapes, the interiors of grottoes, animals caught in their medium, furnishes the student useful and precious in-

formation; and, from an industrial point of view, one may see how it can be employed practically. Suppose, for instance, a ship to be at the bottom of the sea. How are we to know its exact position, and to determine the extent of the damage which it has suffered? A good submarine photograph would be more valuable to the engineers than all the information which divers could furnish.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

HAS the Duke of Suffolk no friends? If an English duke is without friends, or what pass for such, who on this earth can expect to have any? An English duke is a very great personage—even to democracy on this side the water. Our most reluctant doors turn quickly on their hinges at his faintest knock. If he chance to occupy our guest-room for a night, a glamour hangs over the apartment forever. We sow bitterness in the heart of Mrs. Leo Hunter by incidentally remarking, "Yes; this is where we put the duke." Beauty strews the roses of her cheek, if one may say it, at his feet. A very great personage, indeed, with revenues (sometimes) that have their fountainhead in the immemorial past; the owner of half a dozen mossy villages, or perhaps a fat slice of London; a sojourner in spacious town houses and ancient castles stuffed with bric-à-brac and powdered lackeys. In his hand lie gifts and offices, and the mouth of the hungry placeman waters at sight of him; the hat of the poor curate out of situation lifts itself instinctively. His Grace is not merely a man of the moment, but a precious mosaic of august ancestors, a personality made almost sacred by precedent. He stands next to the throne, and if he but smile on the various human strata below him, who is not touched by his condescension?

Is it not a remarkable circumstance, then, or does it not at least seem remarkable, that the Duke of Suffolk, as I shall presently show, has no friends? Yet, however incredible it may appear on the surface, the matter is simple and rational enough at bottom; for I am speaking of that last Duke of Suffolk who, in Bloody Mary's time, was always getting himself into trouble, and finally lost his head

in more senses than one. Strangely enough, he is still extant, though in a much altered fashion. His revenues have taken wing; his retainers are scattered; and there is not a courtier or a dependent alive who cares a farthing whether my lord smiles or frowns. Were this poor, dismantled old duke to make even an excellent jest,—a thing he never did in the course of the sixteenth century,—there is not a sycophant of his left to applaud it. In all the broad realm of England there is none so poor to do him reverence. Spacious town houses and haughty castles with defective drainage know him no more. His name may not be found in the London directory, nor does it figure in any local guide-book that I have ever seen, excepting one. His Grace dwells obscurely in a dismal little shell of a church in the Minorities, alone and disregarded. From time to time, to be sure, some stray, irrepressible Yankee tourist, learning—the Lord knows how—that the duke is in town, drops in upon his solitude; but no one else, or nearly no one else. The tumultuous tide of London life surges and sweeps around him; but he is not of it.

On the 23d of February, in the year 1554, Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, the father of a nine days' queen, and the ingenious architect of his own calamity, was led from his chamber in the Tower to a spot on Tower Hill, and promptly decapitated, as a slight testimonial of the Queen's appreciation of the part he had played in Northumberland's conspiracy and some collateral enterprises. Thus, like Columbus, he got another world for his recompense.

This is known of all men, or nearly all men; but not one in a thousand of those who know it is cognizant of the fact that the head of the Duke of Suffolk, in an almost perfect state of preservation, can be seen to this day

in a shabby old church somewhere near the Thames, at the lower end of the city—the Church of Holy Trinity. It may be noted here, not irrelevantly, that an interview with his Grace costs from two shillings to three and sixpence per head—your own head, I mean.

It appears that shortly after the execution of the duke—on the night following, it is said—this fragment of him was secured by some faithful servant, and taken to a neighboring religious house in the Minories, where it was carefully packed in tannin, and where it lay hidden for many and many a year. The secret of its existence was not forgotten by the few who held it, and the authenticity of the relic is generally accepted, though there are iconoclasts who believe it to be the head of Edmund de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, who also passed by the way of Tower Hill, in 1513. But the Dantesque line of the nose and the arch of the eyebrow of the skull are duplicated in the duke's portrait in the National Portrait Gallery, and would seem to settle the question.

After the cruel fires of Smithfield and Oxford were burned out, and Protestantism, with Elizabeth, had come in again, and England awoke as from a nightmare—when this blessed day had dawned the head was brought forth from its sequestration, and became an item in the pious assets of the church in which it had found sanctuary. Just when the exhumation took place, and the circumstances attending it, are unrecorded.

It was only by chance, during a stay in London several years ago, that these details came into my possession; but they were no sooner mine than a desire seized me to look upon the countenance of a man who had died on Tower Hill nearly three hundred and fifty years ago. Surely a New Englander's hunger for antiquity could not leave such a morsel as that untouched.

Breakfasting one morning with an old London acquaintance, whom I will call Blount, I invited him to accompany me on my pilgrimage to the Minories. There was kindness in his ready acceptance; for the last thing to interest the average Londoner is that charm of historical association which makes London the Mecca of Americans. Blount is a most intelligent young fellow, though neither a bookman nor an antiquarian, and he confessed, with the characteristic candor of his island, that he had n't heard that the Duke of Suffolk was dead! "Only in a general way, don't you know," he added.

His views concerning the geography of the Minories were also lacking in positiveness.

"The cabby will know how to get us there," suggested Blount, optimistically.

But the driver of the hansom we picked up on Piccadilly did not seem so sanguine about it. "The Minories—the Minories," he repeated, smiling in a constrained, amused way, as if he thought that perhaps "the Minories" might be a kind of shell-fish. He somehow reminded me of the gentleman who asked: "What *are* Pericles?" The truth is, the London season was at its height, and the man did not care for so long a course, there being more shillings in the briefer trips.

However, as we had possession of the hansom, and as possession is nine points of the law, we directed him to take us to St. Paul's Churchyard, where we purposed to make further inquiries.

Our inquiries were destined to extend far beyond that limit, for there seemed to be a dearth of exact information as to where the Church of Holy Trinity was located. Yet the church, rebuilt in 1706, occupies the site of a once famous convent, founded in 1293 by Blanche, Queen of Navarre, for the sisterhood of "Poor Clares." It was from the Minories that the street took its name, and the street itself, according to Stow, was long celebrated for "divers fair and large storehouses for armour and habiliments of war, with divers workhouses to the same purpose." Mr. Pepys, in his diary, has frequent references to the Minories, and often went there on business. On March 24, 1663, he writes: "Thence Sir J. Minnes and I homewards, calling at Browne's, the mathematician in the Minnerys, with a design of buying White's ruler to measure wood with, but could not agree on the price. So home, and to dinner." Dear old Pepys! he always makes a picture of himself. One can almost see him in the dingy little shop, haggling with Browne over the price of White's ruler. It is still a street for shops in Browne's line of trade. Here, above the door of John Owen, dealer in nautical and astronomical instruments, may be observed the wooden image of the Little Midshipman, introduced to all the world by Mr. Dickens in the pages of "Domby and Son"—the Little Midshipman, with one leg still thrust forward, and the preposterous sextant at his eye, taking careful observations of nothing.

But to return to the church. Singularly enough, the ground upon which it stands is a portion of the handsome estate granted by Edward VI to the Duke of Suffolk in smoother

days. So, when all is said, there seems a sort of poetic fitness in his occupancy of the place. I wish it had been easier of access.

I do not intend to enumerate the difficulties we encountered in discovering the Duke's claustral abode. To mention half of them would be to give to my slight structure of narrative a portico vastly larger than the edifice itself.

After a tedious drive through a labyrinth of squalid streets and alleys—after much filling and backing and a seemingly fruitless expenditure of horse—we finally found ourselves knocking at a heavily clamped door of wrinkled oak, obviously belonging to an ancient building, though it looked no older than the surrounding despondent brickwork. There was a bit of south wall, however, not built within the memory or record of man.

The door presently swung back on its rheumatic hinges, and we were admitted into the vestibule by a man who made no question of our right to enter—the verger, apparently: a middle-aged person, slender and pallid, as if he were accustomed to dwell much in damp subterranean places. He had the fragile, waxen look of some vegetable that has eccentrically sprouted in a cellar. It was no strain on the imagination to fancy that he had been born in the crypt. Making a furtive motion of one hand to his forehead by way of salute, the man threw open a second door and ushered us into the church, a high-arched space filled with gloom that seemed to have soured and turned into a stale odor. The London idea of daylight drifted in through several tall, narrow windows of smoky glass set in lead, and blended genially with the pervading dust.

The church was scarcely larger than an ordinary chapel, and contained nothing of note. There were some poor monuments to the Dartmouth family, and a mural tablet here and there. The woodwork was black with age, and not noticeable for its carving. A registry kept here of those who died in the parish during the plague of 1665 scarcely stimulated curiosity; nor could the imagination be deeply impressed by the circumstance that the body of Sir Philip Sidney once lay in state in the chancel, while preparations were making in St. Paul's for national obsequies to the hero of Zutphen. The *pièce de résistance*—indeed, the sole dish of the banquet—was clearly that head which, three centuries and more ago, had had so little discretion as to get itself chopped off. I was beginning to query if the whole thing were

not a fable, when Blount, with an assumed air of sprightly interest, demanded to see the relic.

"Certingly, sir," said the man, stroking a fungus growth of grayish side-whiskers. "I wishes there was more gentlemen in your way of thinking; but 'ardly nobody cares for it nowadays, and it is a *most* hinteresting hobject. If it was in the British Museum, sir, there'd be no hend of ladies and gentlemen flocking to look at it. But this is n't the British Museum, sir."

It was not; but the twilight, and the silence, and the loneliness of the place, made it the more proper environment.

"You must have *some* visitors, however," I said.

"Mostly Hamericans, sir. Larst week, sir,"—and a wan light that would have been a smile on any other face glimmered through the man's pallor,—"*larst* week, sir, there was a gent 'ere as wanted to buy the dook."

I recognized my countryman!

"A descendant of the Greys, no doubt," I remarked brazenly.

"Begging your parding, sir, that branch of the family was hextinct in Mary Tudor's reign."

"Well," said Blount, "since you did n't sell his Grace, suppose you let us have a look at him."

Taking down a key suspended against the wall on a nail, the verger unlocked a cupboard, and drew forth from its pit-like darkness a tin box, perhaps eighteen inches in height and twelve inches square, containing the head. This he removed from the case, and carefully placed in my hands, a little to my surprise. A bodiless head, I am convinced, has dramatic qualities that somehow do not appertain in a like degree to a headless body. The dead duke in his entirety would not have caused me the same start. After an instant of wavering, I carried the relic into the light of one of the windows for closer inspection, Blount meanwhile looking over my shoulder.

"'E used to 'ave a very good 'ead of 'air," remarked the verger, "but not in my time; in my great-grandfather's, maybe."

A few spears of brittle hair, — not more than five or six at most, — now turned to a reddish brown, like the dried fibers of the cocoanut, still adhered to the cranium. At the base of the severed vertebra I noticed a deep indentation, showing that the executioner had faltered at first, and had been obliged to strike a second blow in order to complete his work. A thin integument, yellowed in the process of embalming, like that of a mummy,

completely covered the skull, which was in no manner repulsive. It might have been a piece of medieval carving in dark wood, found in some chantry choir, or an amiable gargoyle from a cathedral roof. Skulls have an unpleasant habit of looking sardonic. This retained a serene human expression such as I never saw in any other.

As I gazed upon the sharply cut features, they suddenly seemed familiar, and I had that odd feeling, which often comes to me in cathedral towns in England, and especially during my walks through the older sections of old London—the impression of having once been a part of it all, as perhaps I was in some remote period. At this instant, with my very touch upon a tangible something of that haunting Past—at this instant, I repeat, the dingy church, and Blount, and the verger, and all of the life that is, slipped away from me, and I was standing on Tower Hill with a throng of other men-at-arms, keeping back the motley London rabble at the point of our halberds—rude, ill-begot knaves, that ever rejoice at the downfall of their betters. It is a shrewish winter morning, and nipping airs creep up, unwanted, from the river; for we have been standing here these three hours, chilled to the bone, under the bend of that sullen sky. Fit weather for such work, say I. Scarcely a day, now, but a head falls. Within the fortnight my Lord Guilford, and the Lady Jane,—and she only in her fewers,—and others hastening on! 'T is best not be born too near the purple. Perhaps 't were better not be born at all. What times are these!—with the king's death, and the plottings, and the burnings, and the bodies of men hanging from gibbets everywhere, in Southwark and Westminster, at Temple Bar and Charing Cross—upward of twenty score of silly fellows that had no more brains than to dabble in sedition at mad Wyatt's bidding. Kings come and go, but Smithfield fires die not down. Now the Catholic burns, and now the heretic—and both for God's glory. Methinks the sum of evil done in this world through malice is small by side of the evil done with purblind good intent. 'Twixt fool and knave, the knave is the safer man. There 's no end to the foolishness of the fool, but the knave hath his limits. The very want of wit that stops the one keeps the other a-going. Ah, will it ever be merry England again, when a mortal may eat his crust and drink his pint without fear of halter or fagot? What with the cruel bishops, and the wild gospels,—crazy folk, all!—and this threatened

Spanish marriage, peace is not like to come. Why should English Mary be so set to wed with a black Spaniard! How got she such a bee in her bonnet to sting us all?

Hark! From somewhere in the Tower the sound of a tolling bell is blown to us across the open. At last! A gate is flung back, and through the archway advances a little group of men. The light sparkles on the breast-plates and morions of the guards in front. The rest are in sad-colored clothes. In that group, methinks, are two or three that need be in no hot haste to get here! On they come, slowly, solemnly, between the double lines of steel, the spearmen and the archers. Nearer and nearer, pausing not, nor hurrying. And now they reach the spot.

How pale my lord is, holding in his hand a lemon stuck with cloves for his refreshment! And yet he wears a brave front. In days that were not heavy like this day my lord knew me right well, for I have many a time ridden behind him to the Duke of Northumberland's country-seat, near Isleworth by the Thames. Perchance 't was even there, at Syon House, they spun the web that tripped them—and I not sniffing treason the while! My lord was not wise to mix himself in such dark matters. I pray he make a fair end of it, like to that angel his daughter, who, though no queen, poor soul! laid down her life in queenly fashion. These great folk, who have everything soft to make their beds of,—so they throw it not away,—have somehow learned to die as stoutly as any of the baser sort, who are accustomed. May it be so with my lord! . . . He motions as if he would speak to the multitude. Listen! Yes, thank God! he will die true Protestant; and so, stand back, Sir Priest! He hath no use for thy ghostly services. Stand back! (I breathe this only to myself, else were my neck not worth a ha'penny!) Thus did she wish it in her prayers, the Lady Jane; thus did she beg him to comport himself—she, at this hour a ten days' saint in heaven. Death shall not turn him from his faith, he says—and proves it. Ah, Master Luther, what a brave seed thou hast sown in Wyclif's furrow! . . . And now the headman kneels to beg my lord's forgiveness. "God forgive thee, as I do," he answers gently, and no tremble in the voice! I could weep, were I not a queen's man and under-officer, and dared do it.

And now he binds a handkerchief about his eyes, and now he kneels him to the block. Once more his lips move in speech. What

is it he saith? "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit!"—

"What you 'ear rattling, sir," observed the verger, "is a tooth that 's dropped hinside. I keeps it there for a curiosity. It seems to hadd to the hinterest."

The spell was broken. The spell was broken, but the rigid face that confronted me there in the dim light was a face I had known in a foregone age. The bitter morning on Tower Hill, the surging multitude, the headsman with his ax—it was not a dream; it was a memory!

I silently placed the relic in the verger's hands, and turned away, whispering to Blount to fee the man.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Blount, rejoicing meat the church door. Then he said thoughtfully—thoughtfully, that is, for him: "Do you suppose a fellow takes any interest in

himself after he is dead, or knows what 's going on in this world?"

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio Blount, than are dreamed of in our philosophy. Perhaps he does."

"Well, then, if a fellow does, that old boy can't be over and above pleased at being made a peep-show of, don't you know."

I agreed with Blount. And now that so many years have gone by—and especially as I have seen the thing myself!—it seems to me it would be a proper act for some hand gently to inurn the head of that luckless old nobleman with the rest of him, which lies, it is said, under the chancel pavement of St. Peter's, in the Tower, close by the dust of Anne Boleyn in her pitiful little elm-wood case originally used for holding arrows. This brings me back to my starting-point: Has the Duke of Suffolk no friends?¹

¹ Since this sketch was written, the Church of Holy Trinity has been demolished. His Grace the Duke has

consequently sought a domicile elsewhere; but the present writer is unable to say where.

HEART'S CONTENT.

BY WILLIAM YOUNG.

"A SAIL! a sail! Oh, whence away,
And whither, o'er the foam?
Good brother mariners, we pray,
God speed you safely home!"
"Now wish us not so foul a wind
Until the fair be spent;
For hearth and home we leave behind:
We sail for Heart's Content."

"For Heart's Content! And sail ye so,
With canvas flowing free?
But, pray you, tell us, if ye know,
Where may that harbor be?
For we that greet you, worn of time,
Wave-racked, and tempest-rent,
By sun and star, in ev'ry clime,
Have searched for Heart's Content—

"In ev'ry clime the world around,
The waste of waters o'er;
And El Dorado have we found,
That ne'er was found before.
The isles of spice, the lands of dawn,
Where East and West are blent—
All these our eyes have looked upon;
But where is Heart's Content?"

"Oh, turn again, while yet ye may,
And ere the hearths are cold,
And all the embers ashen-gray,
By which ye sat of old,
And dumb in death the loving lips
That mourned as forth ye went
To join the fleet of missing ships,
In quest of Heart's Content;


"And seek again the harbor-lights,
Which faithful fingers trim,
Ere yet alike the days and nights
Unto your eyes are dim!
For woe, alas! to those that roam
Till time and tide are spent,
And win no more the port of home—
The only Heart's Content!"

THE SECRET-LANGUAGE OF CHILDHOOD.

BY OSCAR CHRISMAN.

"WILLVUS youvus govus withvus meus?" To-night, as this sentence goes chasing across my brain, a thousand memories come flocking in: the old brick school-house on the hill; the branch back of my boyhood home, babbling, murmuring along, and almost lulling me to sleep; the river, with its night sounds, heard so often while fishing, singing songs of future greatness to the heart of a boy; the river-bottoms turning brown in the early frosts, and the wooded hills beyond, showing the beautiful tints of autumn that only the limestone region of the Hoosier State can show; the hushed memories of a father and mother gone. Thus the joys and pains of childhood come to all as the secret languages come trooping back from the almost forgotten past.

How these languages do cling to us! Many years may have passed, and yet come ringing out, as in joyous childhood, these sacred things. Some who read this article will at once rummage among their treasures, and out will come the faded brown paper with the hieroglyphics made by one sleeping amid the sougning pines of a Southern hill, or on a sloping side of Gettysburg, it may be in blue, it may be in gray; and the key will be hunted up, and the messages of childish days will be read again and again. By the side of a lock of hair or a faded ribbon will be a paper with

 or, 8 4 2, or, 4 7

or other devices, the paper having been laid aside to be finished in the morning; but when morning came the little fingers were no more for this work, for during the night the spirit had fled; and the mother, finding the bit of paper, lays it away religiously with the other things. Some one will slip away, and from the corner of a drawer will pull out a little package tied with a blue ribbon, and read again a little love-letter beginning

J O J F 3 J F <

and, looking across to the old gray-headed fellow nodding over his evening paper, wonder if in reality he was once a little, teasing,

mischievous boy of twelve who wrote such loving epistles.

Of nearly five hundred specimens of secret languages used in childhood, I know only one instance where the children obtained such from a book. A boy twelve years of age states that he got a language (cipher alphabet) from another boy, who found it in a book. At my request, he asked the name of the book, which is Lossing's "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution" (Vol. I, p. 320). Upon looking up this reference, and comparing the cipher given me by the twelve-year-old boy, I found it to be identical with that in Lossing; thus, even after two copyings, it had remained unchanged. All the other secret languages had been either handed down to the users or made up by them. In the great majority of the spoken languages they were given by somebody to the ones using them, while in the written languages a greater number were made by the users.

These languages are found everywhere. I have discovered some existing in widely separated localities. A homesick Boston boy in San Francisco may be made happy by a fellow-boy exclaiming, "Wigery yougery playgery wigery meger?" and from that moment they are friends. A little Chicago girl playing on the beach at Galveston is delighted by her Texas friend saying to her in the Tut language: "Tuthushisus isus nuncice susanundud." The Honolulu girl, just in from her long ride, must be reminded of home when her Nantucket friend, pointing toward a swell young man on the veranda of a watering hotel, says "in Berkshire gable," "Pippadolify."

This secret-language period is a thing of child nature. There are three distinct periods in language-learning by the child. The first is the acquiring of the mother-tongue. The second period comes shortly after the time of beginning to learn the mother-tongue, and is a language made up by children who, perhaps, find themselves unable to master the mother-tongue. Very few children have a complete language of this kind, but all children have a few words of such. Then comes the secret-language period. Although in a very few cases the learning of secret

languages began about the sixth year, and in some instances the period ran till after the eighteenth year, yet the vast majority of cases are covered by the period between the eighth and the fifteenth year, while the greatest use is between the tenth and the thirteenth year.

There are many reasons why children learn and use these languages. One lady confesses that she originated a language, and introduced it into a mysterious set of ten, in order to write notes in school; and she truly adds that had their teachers discovered the key, they would have learned many truths.

It can never be known whether these languages originated in the very first cases with children. The names would in many instances imply that children had to do with them, as they show things familiar to the child and loved by him. So in the secret languages we find animals playing an important part in the naming. The hog, dog, goose, pigeon, pig, fly, cat, and other animals, are attached to these languages. The child in the old-fashioned school, where all sat together, hearing the (to him) senseless and unknown Latin, would naturally attach the name to his language, and thus give birth to Hog Latin, Goose Latin, etc. Seeing or hearing a language, one letter may strike the child's fancy, as in one the letter *h* is "hash," and so Hash language is the result. In another "bub" (*b*) finds the funny spot in child nature, and so Bub talk comes forth. The child in former days, so frequently hearing of the a-b-c's, would, upon the construction of an alphabetic language, at once recur to such, and so name this the A-Bub-Cin-Dud language.

We are just beginning to learn that we do not know our children. In our school-work we find the learning of Latin and Greek and modern foreign languages is a great burden to many pupils; they are soon forgotten, and, if ever used, only in a very clumsy fashion. If we could know just how the child learns a language, much could be saved to us and to him. It is remarkable with what skill the secret languages are used. A boy trying to learn German seems to have hardly mind enough to open and close his mouth; but this same boy will use with skill a most intricate secret language. Nor is the secret easily learned. Many of these languages are to the ones not knowing them just as unintelligible as are foreign tongues. Yet the children will use them with a fluency as though born

with them. Also, in writing, the characters are almost, if not quite, as difficult to master as those in shorthand. Yet these young masters will write them off as rapidly as ordinary writing, and with much more ease. Nor are these languages open secrets; for many of them are so jealously guarded that only a very few know them, and they must be so familiar with them as to speak them so rapidly that no one will get the key. To test this, say over to some one these very simple sentences, as rapidly as does a child when using them, and see if they are easily acquired (add "fus" to each letter and "jig" to end of each word):

Ifustfusjig ifussfusjig rfusafusifusnfusifusnfusfusjig hfusafusrfusfusjig.

"It is raining hard."

Alullullie isus a bubadud gugirurlul.

"Allie is a bad girl."

Arwa oota elleha? (final *a* long).

"Are you well?"

Ohio, mon dieu; go wagon oak horse?

"Good morning, my dear; have you sweet plums?"

Although there are many varieties of these languages, they narrow down to a few classes. The most numerous class—the syllabic—add or prefix a syllable to a word, or insert it between syllables or letters in a word. This form is the most common, and the syllable most in use is *gery*, with variants of *gry*, *gary*, *gree*, *gerree*, as, Wigery yougery gogery wigery megery? Next in use is *rus*, with the variants *vers*, *ves*, and *vis*, as, Willvus youvus govus withvus mevus?

In the second class—the alphabetic—a very common alphabet is made by placing a short *u* between a consonant repeated, letting the vowels stand as they are; thus, *b* is *bub*, *c* is *cuc*, etc.

Cipher alphabets are common. Many are arbitrary, being made up by the children using them, while others have been early formed, and used in several generations. One cipher sentence is given so:

⊞ ⊞ + † † † † † † † †

"Are you going?"

An alphabet often met with is made thus:

a	b	c
d	e	f
g	h	i

j	k	l
m	n	o
p	q	r

s	t
u	v

w	x
y	z

A sentence is thus:

┌ ┐ ┌ ┐ ┌ ┐ ┌ ┐ ┌ ┐ ┌ ┐ ┌ ┐

"I am very tired."

Another cipher alphabet is formed in this most ingenious way:

	1	2	3	4	5
1	a	b	c	d	e
2	f	g	h	i	j
3	k	l	m	n	o
4	p	q	r	s	t
5	u	v	w	x	y
6	z				

42.54 42.44 11 43.42.31.51 41.11.55

"It is a nice day."

In the third kind of these languages—the sign language—the deaf-and-dumb alphabet is much in use. Some teacher who reads this may be able to know why the children were watching a boy's hands underneath his desk. He may now believe the boy told the truth when he said that he had "nothin'" in his hands; for he was only using the deaf-and-dumb language to make some pleasing re-

again used the two fingers, pointing upward, to signal to a boy at a distance to go swimming?

The fourth class—the vocabulary form—is not very full. There are not many cases where more than a few words are used. Yet most children have some nonsense words. Whether these are the remains of the vocabulary constructed while learning the mother-tongue, or whether made up at the secret-language period, remains to be ascertained. A few such words from a dozen obtained from a child are:

TUELO-TUELO. A jay-bird.

TRAMP-TRAMP. A man.

TIP-TIP. A lady.

PAT-PAT. A child.

WAH-WAH. A crying baby.

GOO-GOO. A good baby.

The following are from a paper containing twenty-five such, found by a lady among her childhood savings:

FOOL DEEL. I will kiss you.

SQUIGGLE. Yes.

MOSSY BANKS. I will go to supper with you.

SEAL. Oh, dear me!

A fifth form of these languages consists in the reversing of the letters of a word, and in some cases the entire sentence is reversed, as, Loohecs ta ti desu ew. Under this class comes mirror-writing, or backhand, as the young lady sending such designated it.

gmute wlt bnua wuap wuap lneep wlt lso wuee ed
gmul-wuap lneep bnua wuap wuap

TO READ THIS, HOLD IT BEFORE A MIRROR.

marks about his dear teacher. The Morse telegraphic characters are frequently used, some children becoming adept in writing and reading such, and in tapping and reading from taps. A boy tapping idly on his slate may not be such a numskull as the teacher may think; for, though he cannot get his grammar lesson, he has got something far more interesting to him, perhaps—a command of the telegraphic signals. Is there a boy living who has not again and

Besides the five classes named in the foregoing, there are several languages which cannot well be classified, and so such are put into an irregular class. In one such a slip of paper is prepared by cutting holes in it which fit over certain words on certain pages of a book, and thus make sentences. Another comes from that slip of paper mentioned as found among childhood's remains. On this paper are thirteen such characters as these three:



GOOD MORNING



NO.



HOW DO YOU DO?

One of the most remarkable things which I obtained in my collections is the "Berkshire gabble," both spoken and written, furnished by two young ladies eighteen years of age. What is given here is taken from a graduating essay of one of the young ladies, and from very full letters written by the other.

This is from the graduating essay:

I know two little girls who hit upon a device which to others, who could not understand it, sounded like an unintelligible cry for expression; but to them, besides giving all the relief afforded by a cry, it was the embodiment of their inmost life. They made up words or names for any appearance, quality, or feeling they could not express by means of the English language. Most of the words were made up by a purely mechanical process. For instance, one day, when these two girls and one other were together, they decided to make a word for "the feeling you have in the dark when you are sure you are going to bump into something." One shouted, "I choose first syllable"; another, "I choose second"; and the remaining child had to take the last one. Each thought to herself a syllable, and when all were ready they fitted them together in the order chosen; the result was *ku-or-bie*—*kuorbie*.

If the word sounded to them like the sensation, they left it as it was; if it did not, they changed it. A word so changed was one to describe the class of city girls who, when they go to the country in the summer, sit on the piazza, dressed up in fine clothes, doing fancy work; who can't climb, won't run, and are afraid of cows. The word at first was *raggadishy*, but finally became *rishdaggy*. They approved of the latter because in order to pronounce it they had to turn up their noses in reality, which mentally they always did at such people.

Another word of some picturesqueness is *pippadiffy*, which means young men who wear very stiff collars, newly laundered duck trousers, and walk as though afraid of creasing them or soiling their shoes.

Trando. The thing which first suggested it was a gate on a hilltop, sharply outlined against the sky. Beyond it they could see nothing except the blue heavens, stretching on, on, forever. But because there was a path to the gate, and paths always lead somewhere, there must be something beyond. What that something was no one could tell without seeing it. To the imagination it contained as many possibilities as the future. This feeling of the semi-transparency of vastness they called *trando*.

There was one thing that troubled one of these children very much: Where did utterly lost things go, such as the water which vanishes from a mud-puddle or the cloth which gradually disappears from the elbows of dresses? There must be some place apart from the earth for such things; so she made up a name for it—*Bomattle*. The idea of the place gradually grew. She realized that some of the things which went there came back, as the

water came back to the puddle in the form of rain. It came to embrace larger things as the child grew, and she has never outgrown it.

When one struck a match there was light; when the match was blown upon there was no longer light. Where did the light come from and go to, and where did the darkness it chased away go to and return from? That place must also be *Bomattle*.

The following, from the letters, is also about the "Berkshire gabble":

Our words did not make up a language, being mostly comprised of adjectives to express our "feelings which did not seem to be already expressed in English." I should say we were from ten to fourteen years old when we were most interested in building up our collection of words. Every new friend I met, I introduced to them. . . .

We went so far as to make a dictionary, which, I think, must contain over two hundred words. I am afraid I can explain most of the definitions to our words in anything but a lucid manner; but, as I have found our dictionary, I can at least give you the best ones, which, however, were not the ones, always, which we used the most.

I will begin alphabetically:

ANKERDIDDLE, adj. Weird and spectral and romantic feeling of a big, solitary house by moonlight.

BOGEWATSUS, adj. Fluttering, though determined, feeling before a high jump or dive (as in bathing).

BOZZOISH, adj. A person lacking individuality in his looks.

BUTTOR, adj. Peaceful summer Sunday morning feeling out of doors, with the hum of bees and the fluttering of butterflies.

CLONUX, adj. Grown up for one's age.

CREAMY, adj. Desire to squeeze a little fat cat or baby.

DINX, adj. Vulgar and "showy off."

DOVEY, adj. When one seems to resemble one's name.

This last is very hard to explain, as many of them are—*especially* in good English.

EVO, adj. Instinctive feeling that some one whom you do not see is in the room with you.

FAXSY, adj., is one of our best and most used words, and explained in our dictionary as "stuffy-parlorish," which means a close little country parlor, its water-lilies under glass domes, its dried pampas-grass in tall vases at each end of the mantelpiece, its shell and seaweed designs, its parlor organ, etc.

FOMO, adj. Nervousness about squeaking slate pencils, etc.

GOATY, adj. The kind of person who uses long words to express very ordinary emotions.

HALALA, adj. Exultant feeling, wild and inspiring, from the influence of being out in a wild wind-storm by the sea, etc.

HAMALET, adj. The indulgent cheeriness of mothers.

HAWFLOW, adj. Sinking feeling, as in a marsh.

- HEELY, *adj.*** Feeling of some one close behind you in the dark.
- KUAWBEE, *adj.*** Feeling, with one's eyes shut, as if running into something.
- LULLISH, *adj.*** Feeling, in going up or down stairs, that there is one more step (thinking there is, and taking it).
- MONIA, *adj.*** Presentiment that something is about to happen.
- MOUSY, *adj.*** Applied to your unfortunate companion who is not wanted, is in the way, and is staying in the hope of getting something by it.
- MUNCHY, *adj.*** Up-to-date in every way—dress, speech, manners, and ideas; that is, up-to-date in a worldly way rather than intellectually.
- NOTTLE, *adj.*** The kind of practical children who play dolls and "horse," etc., as a matter of course.
- OPPLE, *adj.*** Crackly and glimmering, as sheets of bright tin or copper.
- OWLY, *adj.*** Feeling one has when one has found anything.
- PALDY, *adj.*** Feeling of the world being like a theater.
- PATBOORAY, *proper n.*** was the name of a club about six of us had for anti-slang-using.
- PILTIS, *adj.*** Feeling when one has made something all alone, or bought something with one's own money.
- PUSSY, *adj.*** A child capable of making up funny faces.
- QUONO, *adj.*** Feeling of delicious sense of perfect rest—drowsy and luxurious.
- REWISH, *adj.*** Feeling numberless eyes on you as you are about to recite something, etc.
- SABBA, *adj.*** Individual house smell.
- SPAILY, *adj.*** Old-fashioned and awkward—I may almost say directly the reverse of "munchy."
- STOWISH (or STOISH), *adj.***, is one of our best, but one I really cannot possibly explain. Out of a large number of persons or things, there is always one that is stowish—and, considering all points, is the one *least conspicuous*. We used to differ as to what was stowish. It is a word which is wholly comparative, wholly relative. One thing alone can never be stowish; *i. e.*, from the alphabet, *d, k, n,* and *t* are considered most universally among us as *most stowish*. Thursday was the most "stowish" day in the week, and April and November of the months. This is very vague, but the best I can do.
- THUKS.** An unexplainable sensation about an old blue pump.
- VANDIES, *n.*** The "sillies."
- WILLISH, *adj.*** When a thing smells as something tastes (or taste reminding one of smell).
- ZONCE, *n.*** Terrible hatred.
- ZUMMY, *adj.*** A closely knit, neatly built, short-haired dog.

These are a small per cent. of all our words, and ill explained, and, as you see, for the most part very childish and foolish. I think, however, we derived more enjoyment out of them than the children whom I describe above in the definition of "nottle."

There are some important things to be considered in reference to this secret-language period of children. Its highest stage, coming between the ages of ten and thirteen, marks a very important time in the child's life. At this very period nature is secreting material preparatory to the changing of the boy into a man and the girl into a woman. Nature, acting thus on the physical part of the child, reacts on the mental part, and so makes his whole being secretive; hence the development at this period of secret means of communication. Pedagogically this period shows that, next to the mother-tongue period, it is the very best time for the learning of foreign languages. Thus a very strong argument is given for the beginning of the work in foreign languages in the lower grades of the school. A very important matter here has reference to the origin of linguistic stocks and varieties therein. Many are familiar with the late Mr. Horatio Hale's theory that "the origin of linguistic stocks is to be found in what may be termed the linguistic-making instincts of very young children" (the second language period of children). It appears to me that as good a theory may be woven out of the facts of the secret-language instincts of children. When, in an early community, the secret-language period came upon the children of a family, this strong and much-used language found a place among the weak parents, and was used by them, and then they moved away by themselves, and a new variety of language was formed. Thus, following Mr. Hale's theory, the linguistic stocks might arise from the second language period of children, and the varieties in the individual stocks might come from the third (secret) language period of children. If we should hold that the child passes through all the periods of the race,—an epitome of the race,—this secret-language period again becomes an important matter; for it may show that at a corresponding period in the race man had an instinct for secret-language-making. One family would have its own language, and another family its own language; these in time separating, and each family keeping up its language, would give to us the linguistic stocks or the varieties in the linguistic stocks.

Laying aside theories, we have a great fact here which must be accepted and acted upon—the great inventiveness, acquisitiveness, patience, and language-forming ability of children at this secret-language period.

THE SCRAMBLE FOR THE UPPER NILE.

BY R. DORSEY MOHUN.

Formerly United States Agent in the Kongo Free State.



WHEN General Gordon was murdered, and Khartum fell into the hands of the Mahdi, in January, 1885, the whole of the Egyptian Sudan was abandoned to the wild tribes and fanatical Mohammedans who people it. The only parts of Egypt's southern possessions left with any semblance of authority were the Equatorial Provinces, with Emin Pasha as governor. When Stanley brought Emin and Major Casati back to the east coast of Africa, Darfur and the Bahr-el-Ghazal were in consequence virtually given up to the tender mercies of raiding dervishes, who were intent upon obliterating from the minds of the population any good which may have resulted from the effects of civilized rule as represented by Christian officials of the Egyptian government.

Egypt made no attempt to recover this enormous territory until an expedition, under the command of Sir Herbert Kitchener, and composed of Egyptian, Sudanese, and British troops (the latter representing the army of occupation), was, without previous warning, suddenly despatched from Cairo, in March, 1896.

This campaign of recovery has been going on ever since, until now the Egyptian gunboats have reconnoitered the Nile as far south as Metemneh, one hundred miles north of Khartum.

Of Khartum, one of the greatest emporiums of trade in the whole of Africa, splendidly situated at the junction of the White and the Blue Nile, nothing now remains but ruins. Where civilization of the outer world stood boldly in relief against barbarity and savagery, there remain only a few half-starved natives begging succour from passing strangers. The buildings once occupied by the Egyptian officials, foreign consulates, missions, and European traders have all been razed to the ground, and now form the haunt of dogs and hyenas. The Mahdi's successor, commonly called the Khalifa, has moved the Sudan capital to Omdurman, on the left bank of the White Nile, three miles below.

Here reigns this African despot, a Mohammedan of the very worst type, a man born in a lowly state of life, and one absolutely unfitted to rule over his fellow-men. He has now been for years at the head of affairs; but his days are numbered, as numerous expeditions are hurrying forward to take possession of his southern states, and he will be driven out of the country, or will acknowledge the sovereignty of either England or France. These two nations represent the scramblers for the Upper Nile.

Egyptian and British troops are steadily pressing southward. British troops are slowly but surely advancing from Uganda. The road from Suakim to Berber, now effectively occupied by Egypt, is open to the Red Sea. Kassala, in Abyssinia, strongly fortified, and the only place kept intact by the Italians during their last disastrous war, has been turned over, with its full complement of arms, ammunition, artillery, food, etc., to an Egyptian garrison made up of Egyptian, English, and Indian troops.

The Emperor of Abyssinia has signed a treaty with the British government to the effect that he will assist it in every way, and will not, while hostilities last give any assistance to the Khalifa.

In the Kongo Free State, Baron Dhanis has a large expedition scattered over a vast area of country known as the Zone Arabe; but his best officers and men are in the Bahr-el-Ghazal, where every now and then they have a battle with the natives, who are more or less in sympathy with the dervish party. There seems to be not much doubt but that England and the Kongo Free State are acting together.

The expedition coming from Uganda, which started under command of Major Macdonald, and left Mombasa, on the East African coast, north of Zanzibar, some months ago, with the published intention of delimitating the southern boundary of Abyssinia, where it touches British East Africa, had absolutely no intention of doing any such thing, Major Macdonald had orders to march with all possible despatch to the Nile, proceed north, and occupy for Egypt, in the

name of Great Britain, the abandoned territory, thus thwarting Captain Marchand's French expedition, of which I shall speak hereafter. Unfortunately, when four hundred miles (one half the distance) up country, his soldiers, five hundred strong, mutinied, killing four officers, and deserting with rifles and ammunition. England, undismayed by this unlooked-for occurrence, immediately sent to his relief from 'Mombasa Captain Scott, and two hundred picked men from the Indian Contingent that were stationed at that town, and wired Bombay orders for the Twenty-seventh Bombay Light Infantry, eight hundred and fifty strong, to sail immediately, and proceed up country without delay.

I feel convinced that this regiment will also go to the Nile, and thus, by Major Macdonald's misfortune, England will get the splendid opportunity of reinforcing her African forces without exciting undue comment. These troops have been ostensibly sent to capture and punish the mutineers; and when this has been done, on they will go to the northwest.

We see now, by the above, what England is doing to regain for Egypt her lost provinces. Now we shall examine the proceedings of the French.

About eighteen months ago, the Marquis de Mores, well known in America, a French nobleman of a wildly adventurous turn of mind, conceived the mad idea of entering the Sahara desert from Tripoli, and of making his way to Omdurman, where he was to open negotiations with the Khalifa to get the latter to recognize a French protectorate over the Egyptian Sudan. However, M. de Mores was assassinated by Arabs two days after leaving Tripoli, and a certain portion of the French press began a fierce growl against England, saying that De Mores had been murdered by men in her pay. Of course this is arrant nonsense.

Captain Marchand left Loango last year with another French expedition composed of twenty-three officers and five hundred soldiers, and, by way of the Ubangi River in the French Kongo, arrived finally in the Darfur province, and is now believed to be at Kordofan. When there was talk of sending this expedition three years ago, broad hints were given in the French press that its objective point was the Nile; and these rumors seemed to have such good foundation that Sir Edward Grey, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, put in a most energetic protest to the French government, saying that if this was the intention of France, England would look upon it as an unfriendly act.

If the French have established themselves at Kordofan and claimed the country for France, the foundation for such a claim would rest upon the fact that it belongs to no power, having been abandoned by the Egyptian government when Hicks Pasha's army was slaughtered and Slatin Bey surrendered to the Mahdi, and also that the Egyptian government has never made an effort to reoccupy it. If this occupation is true, it remains to be seen whether England will permit it.

Prince Henry of Orléans has also left, or is on the point of leaving, the West African coast with another French expedition, with the same object in view as Captain Marchand. He expects to meet, near Kordofan, Colonel Leontieff, governor of southern Abyssinia. Last year M. de Bonchamps, another Frenchman, left Abyssinia, when the emperor of that country was being beset by foreign diplomatic missions, and headed for the Nile, to make a junction with Captain Marchand.

If these three French parties come together, England might sit tight, say nothing, and let the three commanding officers get into a row as to which is the representative of France; and when the row is at its height, slip in, take everything in sight, and politely request the others to leave, as her Majesty's government had occupied everything, and did not purpose to have foreign armed forces traveling through British territory and disturbing its peace.

Many will ask, Why this feverish haste to occupy this wretched country in the heart of Africa?

Reasons are many, and most of them are sound. First and foremost, the power which holds the southern countries through which the Upper Nile and its tributaries flow has the fate of Lower Egypt in her hands. It has been stated many times that it would be quite feasible to divert the course of some of these rivers, thus decreasing the annual rise, which means everything to the agriculturist of Lower Egypt. Without her agriculture there would be no future for the country; and unless the river overflowed its banks annually, and made its deposit of rich soil from hundreds of miles south, the situation would be absolutely desperate.

Secondly, the districts of Darfur and Bahr-el-Ghazal are rich in gum-rubber and ostrich feathers, and a certain amount of gold has also been found.

The Bahr-el-Ghazal abounds in elephants, and great stores of ivory are said to be held by native chiefs, only waiting for traders who

will deal honestly with them. The two districts of Dar-Senaar and Dar-el-Fungi are more or less agricultural countries, and before the fall of Khartum Greek planters had been successful there. Therefore, from an agricultural point of view the country is valuable.

Thirdly, the finest soldiers in the Egyptian army, commonly called the Sudanese, come from these southern provinces. These men are in demand as soldiers, not only in Egypt, but on the east and west coasts of Africa. The black battalions of the Egyptian army are composed of Sudanese, and are reckoned among the best soldiers to be found anywhere.

Who will be successful in this scramble for the Upper Nile? I say most emphatically, England, although France seems to have a temporary advantage in the occupation of Fashoda. This occupation England cannot, and will not, permit to remain permanent; and, following up the numerous protests made by Lord Rosebery's government, the present government must, in order that the prestige of England may be undimmed, give notice to France to leave Fashoda and return to her west-coast hinterland.

From the point of view of commerce and progress, it would be preferable for this vast territory to be under the indirect control of England. Her possessions are never encumbered with large numbers of military and civil officials, and she does everything in her power to foster and develop trade on strict lines of partiality to none. With England at the head of affairs in this benighted country, there can be no doubt but it will develop its resources in a comparatively short time, although there has been no semblance of authority of government there for thirteen years.

The French wish to retrieve their error of 1882, when the British fleet bombarded Alexandria, temporarily in possession of Arabi Pasha. Her Majesty's government offered France the opportunity of taking part in the bombardment of Alexandria; but the day before this took place, all Europe beheld with astonishment the French fleet putting to sea, leaving the English sole masters of the situation. In the face of this stupidity, how can France expect the sympathy of Continental powers in her effort to seize what is undoubtedly an Egyptian possession? If she had acted in concert with England in the beginning, we should see to-day, instead of England solely directing Egyptian affairs, a

dual control of the whole of Egypt from Alexandria to the Victoria Nyanza. By sending of these expeditions France will undoubtedly acquire new territory; but England will never allow a claim to any part near the Nile, or near the mouths of its larger western affluents.

If France should finally get possession of Darfur and Bahr-el-Ghazal, what would she do with them? By rude caravan roads trade could be carried on from Loango, on the west coast, and Djibuti, on the Gulf of Aden, with Fashoda as a central point. In order to make such a trade remunerative, hundreds of thousands of human beasts of burden would be required to bring in articles of commerce necessary to purchase the export commerce. No doubt the French would abandon the west-coast route, and, through the influence of Colonel Leontieff, extend the proposed Djibuti Railway to the eastern bank of the Nile; but in order to do this it would be necessary to seize another large district bordering on Abyssinia—Dar-el-Fungi. The probabilities are that France would do nothing to develop the country, but merely maintain a military occupation in order to have a thorn continually in the side of England.

Now, with the provinces under Egypt, what would the Egyptian, or rather the British, government do? Extend the Transcontinental Railway, now at Buluwayo, South Africa, to meet the Cairo Railway, being pushed south by Sir Herbert Kitchener; bring the Uganda Railway, being rapidly built by the British government, from Mombasa, East Africa, to the Victoria Nyanza, up to the Nile, and connect it with the South African system; run a branch line from Suakim to Berber on the Nile; and erect a system of telegraph-lines which would extend from Cairo to the Cape, Mombasa to the lake, and on to the Nile at Wadelai or Lado, and from there connect with the Kongo Free State system now being built from Boma. All the larger towns would be connected, and communication with Europe would be established; gunboats would patrol the river; and when the country had fully realized the benefits of good government, mounted police could be substituted for the military. England knows just how to do these things, and one can be absolutely certain that they would be done properly.

I believe England, and not France, will be mistress of the Upper Nile.

AN OUTLINE OF JAPANESE ART.

BY ERNEST F. FENOLLOSA

WITH UNIQUE AND UNPUBLISHED EXAMPLES.

WE cannot yet measure the value for the world of its progressive contact with Oriental culture. Already an introduction to Eastern art has transformed our theory and practice. It may be only the first revelation of a new order of ideals.

A nation's art is more than its technical methods, or an aggregate of its collections; it is the flower of its spiritual life—the breathing out upon its world the flavor of its inward conceptions of man and nature. Of the many great national arts that Asia has known through the last two millenniums, Japanese art has in a special sense become the heir.

JAPANESE ART.

IF our prevalent theory of the stagnation of Oriental culture were correct, the history of Japanese art would be simple. In fact, the torch has flamed high or low, clear or smoky, with the shock and ebb of many a spiritual crisis; and the color of the flame has changed with the new fuel of thought caught up in the contact of races. In this way Japanese art has risen to five successive and distinct heights of illumination. The outline of these is the outline of its history.

I.

PRIMITIVE JAPAN.

OF ancient continental ancestry, Indian, Chinese, and Korean, Japanese civilization and art were born late in the sixth century of our era. Before that date lay a Peruvian-like, barbaric age of unglazed pottery and angular stone images of a sparse and crudely agricultural people possessing no large cities or permanent buildings, and in a state of transition from clan organization to the village commune. Upon them lay lightly the bond of allegiance to a patriarchal house, a religious submission akin to the worship of those semi-human spirits with whom they peopled all nature, and before whose rustic shrine in each local deme they offered, in

purity of heart, the flowers and fruits of the fields blessed by its care. No Chinese hierarchy of court and ceremony, no Confucian formulation of social inequalities, interfered with their simple but free individualities. The peasants' language was one of poetry; they addressed one another in primitive verses glowing with a child's love of nature. The recent introduction of Chinese characters for written records had only whetted a passive wonder at the possible secrets of scholarship. The genius of this island race, perhaps already fusing together Tartar, Aino, and Malay elements, was waiting for some mental shock, some moral ideal, potent enough to kindle its latent energies into flame.

THE COMING OF BUDDHISM.

THE spark leaped from the neighboring peninsula of Corea. It bore the fervor of a gospel. It fell upon tinder. In this rich, secluded soil of gentle spiritualism were suddenly planted the new, vast, and continental institutes of northern Buddhism. With them came literature, the constructive arts, the self-examination of philosophy, the conviction of sin, moral aspiration, and the conception of the divinity and solidarity of human relationships.

THE FIRST CIVILIZATION.

IT was a revelation. The fresh, untried imagination of the race found worthy stimulus. New industries were introduced. An elaborate architecture on lofty scale for temples suggested more substantial palaces, the permanent character of which might induce an aggregation of city dwellings. Population, fed by Korean immigration, rapidly increased. By the eighth century, Nara, Japan's first capital, covered some thirty square miles with half a million dwellers. The patriarchal emperor, become the chief patron of the new religion, derived dignity and power from the alliance. The lyrical gift in Japanese speech now burst forth in conscious fullness. The

seventh and eighth centuries are the golden age of native poetry, and in the latter were compiled the first historical treatises.

a prophecy. The language of translation should be the beauty of pure form. Such was the art of the first period.

THE FIRST PERIOD OF ART.

BUT in art the awakened genius was most conspicuous. Imagination seemed inborn in the race. The new life was embowered in its tracery. The court encouraged the refinement of industries. The chant of the priests was mingled with the mallet's stroke, the furnace's roar, the loom's rattle, and the whir of the potter's wheel. Man looked into his soul, and beheld the images of transcendent faculties rising up like airy gods. It must have been the graceful symmetry of this virgin vision which focused the eye upon the primary beauty of form. Design was severe and architectural. The new faith proclaimed the creative power of spirit, the right of thoughts to become things, the value of the human symbol, the joy of sacred labor. Hence the first-born of imagination, as in Greece, was the art of sculpture.

RELIGIOUS SCULPTURE.

THE Buddhism which thus found its purest interpreter was a form of northern Buddhism, known as the Lesser Vehicle. It was a gentle, exoteric doctrine, which, while it insisted on the impermanence of earthly forms and hopes, inculcated a positive faith in man's spiritual capacities as deliverance from the illusions of sense. The world was no hopeless dream, as with the Hindu, but a storehouse of forms to be idealized. The ecstasy of its saintship readily absorbed the simpler aspirations of Shinto. Its temple altar-pieces were the personifications of all great forces in man which make for holiness—Reason, Pity, Charity, Fortitude, Beauty. Their worship consisted in offerings of flowers, and in prayer, in contemplation of their eternity and power, and in reverent thankfulness for their beneficence. These deities' majesty and purity of aspect should detach thought from its ordinary center in the lower self, and focus it upon transcendent values dimly imaged beyond. The noblest of problems was thus afforded to sculpture, the majestic expression of the religious ideal in human form. But, naturally, it could not, like Greek sculpture, aim to make its ideal immanent in the bare human personality. It aimed at a form suggested, indeed, by the human, but transfigured by the requirements of spiritual proportion. Man for it was no finality, but

INDIAN AND CHINESE PROTOTYPES.

THE source of this art in motive was, of course, India. The primitive Buddhist art of the cave-sculptures, of the gigantic monoliths, of the burial-mounds, elaborate and massive but meager in its spiritual iconography, was imported into the great empire of Han early in our era, but did not take deep root there until the partition of China in the third century by Tartar conquerors. Little but the figures of Buddha and a few of his attendant spirits was represented, and in these Chinese solidity supplanted Hindu sensitiveness. Primitive Chinese art had impressed on bronze a style of decoration which was apparently either derived, like the Celtic, from the interlacing of bands of cut leather, or, like the Egyptian, an intaglio of pictorial design related to the inscriptional nature of writing. The clinging, gauzy drapery of Indian Buddhas was now simplified to a system of a few concentric curves, more formally disposed, and more deeply cut into the substance of the wood which often supplanted stone. Thus arose a Chinese school of Buddhist sculpture, which prevailed from the third century to the sixth, heavy and square in its proportions, severe and restrained in its curvature, smooth and abstract in its treatment of nude portions, hollow-chested, and with something almost Semitic in its features.

COREAN IMPORTATIONS.

It was this Chinese type which inspired the young kingdoms of Korea in the fifth and sixth centuries. There can be no doubt that the special genius of their peninsular race was for modeling, especially in pottery and in bronze. Hence they softened the hardness of Chinese dignity with a feeling for a more mellow line, suggestive of spirit. Korean art thus forms an intermediate link between Chinese and Japanese. In images the lines become fewer, and reduced almost to the boundaries of essential masses. In decoration, as for scrollwork in low relief, or upon perforated screens and gilt coronets, it transforms the tough bands of early Chinese bronze into a light, flame-like spring of interlacing curves.

The finest known specimen of such Korean art, probably of the end of the sixth century,

was discovered by Mr. Okakura and me in 1886, sealed up in a shrine at Horiuji. The profile view here reproduced (Fig. 1) shows a most sensitive modeling of the sharp features, superior to early Chinese. It is beautifully human, yet at the same time superhumanly severe and benign. Though this statue, a little larger than life, is of wood, it preserves the simple, strong lines of drapery characteristic of early Korean bronzes. It was from this statue, chief among Korean exportations at the end of the sixth century, that the first Japanese sculptors derived their finest inspiration.

EARLIEST JAPANESE SCULPTURE.

By the year 600 of our era not only had the Japanese empress Suiko become the devoted patron of Buddhism, but Shotoku, the imperial prince, himself a priest, was expounding the new religion at court, and sending to Corea for architects, bronze-casters, weavers, and scholars, with whose help he designed to erect and maintain Japan's first great monastery, Horiuji. Still in existence, it is her finest art museum to-day, though few parts of its architecture date further back than the end of the seventh century. Japanese artists were associated with their Korean teachers in this work of years, and the temple's bronze altar-piece, a trinity of small statues on the Korean model, is said to have been designed and cast by Japan's first professional sculptor, Tori.

But the first great original Japanese statue was carved, nearly life-size, out of hard, dark wood, by the prince Shotoku himself. It represents the Spirit of Providence, seated in thoughtful attitude. (Fig. 2.) Severe and unornamented, without losing Chinese dignity, it adds to Korean spirituality a more human proportion and a more human charm of naïve sweetness. Nude from the waist up, its abstract beauty disdains, without offense, all suggestion of muscular detail; and, though it is almost clumsy in parts, its presence at the nunnery Chuguji is so powerful as almost to compel the obeisance of the beholder.

THE BRONZE STATUETTES.

AFTER this beginning, interest centers in the efforts of a school of bronze-casters who established themselves at the temple Iwabuchi, on a mountain slope later included in the city of Nara. Their work, consisting of bronze statuettes from six inches to three feet in height, supplied the demand for altar-pieces of the many temples founded throughout the

seventh century. The series of more than a hundred known to exist, while experiments in combining these several imported continental types, on the whole exhibit every stage of a steady advance from the awkwardness and severity of Indian, Chinese, and Korean models to an artistic conception of elegance and delicate modeling which is a new revelation in Buddhist art. It is as if the spirit of Japanese poetry had been poured with the gold-alloyed metal into the wax mold. Details of drapery and ornamentation are given a higher relief. A beauty almost Greek in its sensitiveness slowly emerges, which, carrying to perfection the hints in Korean design, is yet a pure product of native Japanese genius. The head of the finest specimen, a bronze Bodhisattwa three feet high, executed, we may conjecture, about the year 680, and now preserved at Horiuji, is here reproduced. (Fig. 3.)

THE TRINITY OF THE SCREEN.

BUT the triumph of the school—that to which its series logically leads—is a complete, though small, bronze altar-piece consisting of a trinity of statuettes in full relief upon lotus-flowers which rise from a base of waves, and backed, first by a detached openwork halo, and second by a screen the ornaments of which are treated in three degrees of relief. (Fig. 4.) This uniquely complex work, also preserved at Horiuji, while retaining the naïve charm of primitive art, unites its many systems of lines into a symphonic splendor which nothing in later art surpasses. The folds of the Buddha's drapery are few, but disposed like those of primitive Greek sculpture. The hands, strongly modeled, are organically related to these curves, down to the motions of the very fingers. The deities at the side, now draped in graceful girdles which cross the body from arm to arm, sway lightly at the hip, as their weight rests on one leg. Blending with these main themes, long, strenuous curves of angels' mantles, caught upward as in some ethereal draft, and mingled with lotus stems and leaves, which also spring like flames, play in accompaniment from the screen's low relief.

THE OPENWORK HALO.

THE most beautiful single feature of this group is the openwork halo. Every detail of its thin tracery is fully modeled. Its three organic parts, border, lotus, and interspace, are clearly differentiated by the color produced in the disposition of the patterns. The



FIG. 1. COREAN WOODEN SCULPTURE OF A BUDDHIST DEITY; SIXTH CENTURY; A LITTLE LARGER THAN LIFE.

First large work of sculpture brought to Japan. Preserved in Yumedono of Hōryūji, Japan's first Buddhist temple.

derived, through China, from that northern Indian school of sculpture which archæologists have called Greco-Buddhist. Leaving Yamato for a moment, let us glance at this new wave as it passes slowly across Asia from the Hellenic archipelago to the Japanese.

GRECO-BUDDHIST ART.

ATHENIAN sculpture of the fifth century B. C. had reached its climax in expressing the divine through the purely human. But in Asia Minor, Greek art, becoming frankly human, had lost ideality in heaviness, violence of action, and high-relief cutting, as in the dull features of Mausolus. This phase of it, carried to the heart of Asia in the wake of Alexander's conquests, remained for centuries the tradition of Seleucid and Cashmerian sculptors, the latter of whom, not far from the time of Christ, were privileged to

quality of the curvature in the border so combines wealth, power, and grace as to stand, more than almost any other work in the world's art, for a visible symbol of the nature of spirit. In casting, these exquisite surfaces came perfect from the mold, requiring no after-touch of file or chisel. It is hard to conceive to what excellences Japanese art can next advance.

THE SECOND STAGE OF SCULPTURE.

YET at this very close of the century two new influences are about to carry it to greater height: one is the discovery in Japan of the materials for bronze in quantities sufficient for works of colossal size; the other is the importation of new esthetic canons, derived,

interpret a new religion, Buddhism, which, pressing northward from the heart of India, was to adapt its needs to Asia's stronger races, even as St. Paul was to make Christianity Roman. Here was a second rich world of conceptions for Hellenic art to conquer. Instead of meager Indian Buddhas and confused composition, were now produced strong, dramatic groups, clad in highly modeled and graceful drapery, and massed upon the semi-classic architecture with decorative intention. This art in its purity did not reach China until the seventh century, when it worked a radical change in sacred sculpture. How finely the Chinese then came to model can be seen from the seated statue of a Buddha in rough clay,



FIG. 2. LIFE-SIZE WOODEN SCULPTURE OF THE BODHISATTVA KWANNON.

Japanese, early seventh century. The earliest creative work of Japanese art. At Hōryūji.



FIG. 3. HEAD OF A BODHISATTWA, IN BRONZE.
Japanese, end of seventh century. Statue three feet
in height. At Horiuji.

probably imported into Japan late in the seventh century, and still preserved at Ud-zumasa, near Kioto. (Fig. 5.) As the reproduction shows, it is essentially Greco-Buddhist work; and it became one of the clearest types of all later Japanese Buddhas.

CULMINATION OF BRONZE SCULPTURE.

THIS new Greco-Chinese art now poured into Japan, through Corea, in considerable masses. We have seen the triumph of Japan's primitive school, about the year 680, in the bronze Trinity of the Screen. In solving the problem of expansion to colossal scale, two features were to be united—the human dignity, proportion, and modeling of Greco-Buddhist art, and a refined, decorative beauty, purely Japanese, which had been evolved in the discipline of the statuette school. The first attempt, in 695, to cast a trinity of separate statues, twelve feet high, was a failure; but in 715 a far finer trinity, of larger proportion, was cast from a unique black bronze by Giogi, Ja-

pan's greatest sculptor, as an altar-piece at Yakushiji, near Nara. The gently swaying bodies, though smooth and abstract in their flesh surfaces, have the main muscular contours well marked. The grace of the lines, accentuated by the rich catenary loops of mantles and festooned jewels, is unsurpassed. Not only is this the culmination of Japanese bronze, but it is perhaps the finest embodiment in art of northern Buddhist ideals, in that it startles us with the adequate presence of a being like a man, but higher and purer. Hardly inferior artistically is the more decorative group, four feet high, of a dog and dragons supporting a bronze drum. (Fig. 7.)

SCULPTURE IN CLAY.

STILL another triumph of early eighth century sculpture was achieved in clay. This fine gray clay, found in Nara, and mixed with shredded vegetable fiber, hardened of itself without baking, and was then either left of its natural color, or was painted and gilded. The most beautiful remaining specimens are a pair of standing Bodhisattwa, larger than life, at Sangatsudo in Nara, so finely modeled on classic lines that they hold their own in exposition beside photographs of Greek sculpture. (Fig. 8.)



FIG. 4. BRONZE TRINITY, WITH SCREEN.
Japanese, end of seventh century. About five feet in width. At Horiuji.

SCULPTURE IN LACQUER COMPOSITION.

STILL a third material invented at this time by Japanese sculptors, and which for its lightness tended to supplant both bronze and clay, was thin lacquer, mixed with powdered bark, and spread in layers of progressive fineness over a model of coarse cloth, stiffened with glue upon a slight wooden frame. This could be modeled by the hand, receive a final polish, and dry as hard as stone. Such statues were sometimes left black, sometimes completely gilded, and sometimes painted.

THE THIRD STAGE OF SCULPTURE.

THE ripeness of Japan's first civilization was reached with the advent to his permanent capital, Nara, of the emperor Shomu, in 724. Self-established as head of the church, he united splendor of living to pomp of ritual. He built the Sun Buddha of gilded bronze, fifty feet high. At its dedication thousands of priests, chanting through the corridors, heaped its courts with flowers. Its hierarchs were the confidants of his palace. His empress, Komio, a beautiful woman, was herself worshiped as an incarnation of Kwannon, and is said to have stood for the model of Japan's most feminine statue, now at Hokeji (Fig. 9.) Like this, most of the sculpture of the day was in wood. From this time art suffers a progressive degeneration up to the year 765. At Shomu's death he bequeathed to the church the total contents of his palace, which still prove the splendor of his costume and environment.

CAUSES OF DEGENERATION.

IN all this there is a hint of a self-consciousness and luxury which must have clogged the first naïve impulse to create of a young race warmed by a new faith. The very familiarity of church and state was ominous of un-

spiritual abuses. The land-rights of the people were ignored by greedy aristocrats. The infiltration of Chinese forms more and more disturbed the purity of early ideals. It is clear that esthetic interest was rapidly passing from pure form to color. The wooden statues, growing fat and clumsy, were overloaded with the most gorgeous pigments and gold. Paintings began to usurp the precedence of statues for altarpieces. Also, when a sudden edict could compass the erection of temples in every province, demand for the cheap and hasty must have outrun the supply of native talent. From 765 to the end of the century almost complete stagnation supervened; no work of importance was produced. It seemed as if the first inspiration had died away, and the nation was waiting for a new prophetic voice.

Such a sudden rise and fall of civilization is no unique thing in history. Art is its most sensitive barometer. In this case the failure was the insufficiency of abstractions, the withering of delicate flowers in a soil

needing the fertilization of deeper experience.

II.

DIRECT CONTACT WITH CHINA.

BUT Japanese energy was not exhausted; it was lying fallow. It had to recover from the intoxication of a first vision. The rapid, thoughtless growth at Nara from patriarchalism to imperialism had outrun the strength of Japan's institutions. Thinkers foresaw the need in government of more complex organization, in religion of more practical experience, in education of riper literary training. For such reconstruction Japanese scholars at last penetrated into China, the pure fountainhead of Asiatic culture. Hereafter importation was direct. Hence, if we may call the first age the Korean Period, we may call the second the Chinese Period.



FIG. 5. CLAY SCULPTURE OF THE BUDDHA OF HEALING.

Chinese, late seventh century, showing the transmission of the Greek tradition. This became the model for all later Japanese Buddhas. About four feet high. At Udzumasa, near Kioto.

ESOTERIC BUDDHISM.

THE pioneers who came to Japan after an absence of many years were mostly Buddhist priests. They had studied at the great monastic universities of the Tang dynasty. If they were to reorganize civilization, it

from vague abstraction. The influence of the exoteric Nara faith had been mildly restraining—in fact, negative. It refused to recognize value in the transitory and the personal. It detached itself from activity of career, and, lost in its dreams of bliss and form, was incapable of corrupting abuses. Not such the



FIG. 6. THE BODHISATTWA OF THE SUN, FROM THE TRINITY AT KOFUKUJI IN NARA, WHICH IS THE CULMINATION OF THE ORIENTAL ART OF BRONZE SCULPTURE. Japanese, early eighth century. Black bronze. Side piece 14 feet in height.

was because they were primarily apostles. It was a new and more vital Buddhism which they taught—the mystical doctrine of Nagarjuna, which had transplanted into China, during the seventh century, its centers of spiritual teaching. Though professing the loftiest idealism, it was the furthest removed

esoteric Buddhism of the second period. It sought for positive, concrete powers. Its contemplation was not passive, but creative and masterful. It professed to penetrate to the spiritual law which underlies the healthiness of change. Its precept was, not to eschew the world as illusion, but from within



FIG. 7. JAPANESE DECORATED BRONZE DRUM SUPPORTED BY DRAGONS.

Early eighth century. Four feet high. At Kasuga Temple, Nara.

to purify the world of its illusion—to evolve the kingdom of spirit out of the kingdom of matter. For this reaction the civilized social state is the normal alembic. The reagent is severe monastic discipline and psychical exaltation. Its monks conceived the visible world as two front ranks of warring hosts, whose vast alliance of spiritual cohorts is clouded out for the fleshly eye. So far from deadening interest in human affairs, such spiritual knighthood spurred them on to the founding of colleges, libraries, hospitals, fine-art academies, and schools of statesmanship.

THE SECOND CIVILIZATION.

It was no narrow sectarian triumph which the Japanese prophets planned on their return to Nara. They had studied Chinese institutions throughout. They knew the splendid record of Chinese civil administration, based on educational proficiency. China was at the height of her political and intellectual power. Dengio and Kobo, the founders of the new era, designed nothing less for their land than a complete social and intel-

lectual renaissance. Continental literature should be bodily imported. Japan should become the paradise of a cultivated and devout aristocracy of officialdom. The conflict in China between Confucianism and Buddhism was wisely excluded from their importations; these two authorities should come only as coöperating friends; and thus Japan was fortunately spared the mortal crisis of Chinese history.

REMOVAL OF THE CAPITAL TO KIOTO.

In 794 the great priest Dengio persuaded the Emperor Kwammu to remove the capital from Nara to the present site of Kioto. Nara was walled in with monasteries of the older, more shadowy faith. Its nobles were sunk in luxury, ignorance, and sloth. He felt the necessity for a complete break with local associations. He must rebuild from the



FIG. 8. BODHISATTWA IN UNPAINTED CLAY.

Japanese, early eighth century. Eight feet high. At Sangatsudo of Nara.

foundation. His own apostolic temple he founded on Mount Hiei, overlooking the new city; and thus began that double imperialism of church and civil authority which is so characteristic of the second period, and which reminds us of a somewhat similar European alliance in the Holy Roman Empire.

THE PERIOD OF ARISTOCRACY.

FROM the personal imperialism of Nara, where Shomu was at once king, judge, general, and lay hierarch of religion, and whose functionaries were but his household officers, it was a great step to the conception of administration as the carefully defined coöperation of state ministers and minutely subdivided ranks of officials. Chinese law, civil, court, criminal, and military, imposed itself upon the semi-democratic patriarchalism and the village organization. The inheritance of ranks and professions intensified both the good and the bad in this deliberate centralization. The founders of civil houses schooled their successors in the complex literary and artistic education of the day. The tradition of fine living became as hereditary as the rank. Thus a new and numerous class, a cultivated aristocracy, was slowly built up between the emperor and his subjects. And since, of the many rival families, the Fujiwara succeeded, after several generations, in monopolizing most of the offices, and even in marrying its daughters to the emperor, we may call this age the period of the Fujiwara aristocracy.

SOCIAL CULTURE.

UNDER such conditions urban society was rapidly transformed. Caste, ceremony, learning, delicate living, and patronage of art

well-nigh bred a new race. Kioto became a nest of palaces. Elaborate architectural interiors were sometimes decorated in black lacquer, inlaid with ivory, pearl, and polished silver, and brightened with plates of gold. Ladies wore many silk robes at once, the edges of the linings of which showed a gradation of color. A school of fiction, reflecting the polished manners of contemporary life, ranked many women among its famous authors. The intercourse of ladies and gentlemen was upon the basis of freedom and equality, as with us in the West to-day. Clubs and parties were frequent, where the latest work in literature and art was discussed, and extemporizing and sketching were indulged in. Thus the courts of the emperors Uda and Daigo at the beginning of the tenth century are in some respects like Henry VIII.'s at London. Noble ladies drank deep of Chinese classics, as Lady Jane Grey of Greek. Michizane, who was the prodigy of his day, critic, poet, historian, and legislator, was able to promote the new ideals as prime minister. The new poetry was purely Chinese, and was based upon the severest continental models, and utterly unlike the Japanese lyrical verse of the seventh century. Like Sir Thomas More, whose career his some-



FIG. 9. LIFE-SIZE WOODEN STATUE OF THE BODHISATTVA KWANNON.

Japanese, middle of the eighth century. The empress is said to have stood as model for this. At Hokeji of Nara.

what resembles, he suffered martyrdom.

THE SECOND PERIOD OF ART.

BUT amid all this secular wealth must not be forgotten the dominance of Buddhist idealism. The new aristocracy was, above all things, devout. Those of its members who did not aspire to office found an equally honorable and influential calling in the priesthood. The largest monasteries were ruled by imperial princes. Even emperors abdicated

to become monks. Thus palace life, instead of degenerating into mere material splendor, was for a while kept pure by profound faith. One of the noblest instruments of this faith was art. What to the inward eye was visible of that shining spiritual hierarchy which guarded man should be externalized in his environment. Altars were no longer, as in Nara, open for public congregations; shrines and altar-pieces, whether in temple or palace, gave secluded sanctuary for the private devotee. This daily exaltation was the incense of personal life. Bodhisattwa and men might mingle together as one. Hence representation could be no longer confined to the colossal image, but had to employ the wealth and universality of painting. If the art of the first period was religious sculpture, we can say that the chief art of the second period was religious painting.

RELIGIOUS PAINTING.

THE subjects of this art were most unlike the abstractions of the Nara illumination. It was now the spiritual drama of the universe—Miltonic forms enthroned in gold and glory, or whirled into the flaming path of action. Now it is the transfiguration or the magical beneficence of saints in the flesh; now hosts of ethereal beings descending like clouds across a background of mountains, elemental imps of wind and wave, archangels of sword and fire, the whole iridescent hierarchy of heaven. Painting alone could have filled in the wealth of landscape background, atmospheric phenomenon, and spiritual suggestion of color demanded by such subjects. Such color was by no means the overloaded decoration of the later Nara period, running to a riot of scarlet and violet pattern. Rather was it the more solid coloring of sky, rock, wave, tree, and cloud,

and the undecorated masses of robes flashing against these.

CHINESE PAINTING.

THE dominance of painting in Japan's second period of art was derived from Chinese practice.

If the genius of primitive Corea was sculptural, that of China was primarily inscriptional. Only secondarily have the Chinese been modelers. Theirs is the art of the supple brush, the same facile pen which objectifies thought to the eye in written characters. Hence, the primary feature of such art is not color, but line—a free and flexible outline, drawn mostly in ink by an unwavering stroke, and as firm as the lead-lines in our stained-glass windows. The majesty of such line-work was brought to perfection in the eighth century by Godoshi, the Polygnotus of Chinese art. But Ririomin, its Apelles, in the eleventh brought out such harmony and rhythmic flow in his complicated systems of curves as to challenge comparison, in this regard, with Parthenon types. In the picture of one of his saints, while we are hardly able to expect anatomical correctness, we can feel a majesty in the "lead-lining" from which our modern art has much to learn. This quality is seen again in his saint with a snake entranced upon the water.



FIG. 10. KANAWOKA'S PORTRAIT OF PRINCE SHOTOKU.

At Ninnaji, near Kioto.

THE SCHOOL OF KOBO DAISHI.

THIS art was transplanted to Japan by Kobo Daishi, the founder of the Shingon sect of Buddhism, only a few years after Dengio had removed the capital. It was Kobo who had been in China a most diligent student of painting and calligraphy. He rose to mastery in the grand style of the Tang. He is

the paragon of Japan's writers, and one of the greatest of her artists. His work has great simplicity, but enormous power. The lines in his remaining portraits of priests and deities are few, thick, and severe, the filling of colors flat and undecorated.

THE SCHOOL OF KOSE KANAWOKA.

The whole ninth century was a progressive experiment in grafting the new culture. But

THE SCHOOL OF YEISHIN SOZU.

By the beginning of the eleventh century still a third creative movement prolonged the life of this second school. Its founder, Yeishin, was a priest, who may be called the Fra Angelico of Japan. In his meditations he saw the whole heavenly host descending to him across Mount Hiyei, as he dreamed by the shores of Lake Biwa. So dazzling were they that only gold pigment could in-



FIG. 11. KEION'S "FLIGHT OF THE COURT."

by the beginning of the tenth the plant grew in its own soil, and was strong enough to re-absorb something of the delicacy of the first period, without losing its Chinese force. In art, Kanawoka, the founder of the first lay family of professional painters, and the contemporary of Michizané, was the master of the movement. He has been called the Godoshi of Japan. With him Japanese landscape backgrounds for deities sometimes supplanted Chinese backgrounds. The power of his conception, combined with grace, is shown in his standing portrait of Prince Shotoku, in which the colors of flesh and robe fill up the pure lines with a glowing tone that is almost Venetian. This rare work is kept in Ninnaji, near Kioto. (Fig. 10.)

dicating their splendor. Hence he introduced a new style of painting the lead-lines in thick gold, and the interstices with fine hair-tracery of exquisite gold pattern. Behind lay a background of dark blue, cut with clouds or mountain-peaks.

DECAY OF THE SECOND PERIOD.

SEVERAL other professional families of artists followed one or another of the styles indicated. The most famous is the Kasuga, whose founder, Motomitsu, was the contemporary and rival of Yeishin, and whose descendants, under the name of Tosa, were to become the leaders of a succeeding age. Yet, on the whole, during the eleventh century and the first part of the twelfth there

is a progressive decay in art as in civilization. The Fujiwara aristocracy had abused its privileges, and was neglecting the state in the personal rivalries of its members. The drift of things was toward an oligarchic tyranny. In religion, form and ritual tended to supplant insight. In art, line became weak, proportions abnormal, composition spotty. The professors of mystic illumination found themselves heirs of a prescribed iconography. In literature little was produced. In politics the emperor had become the plaything of his ambitious ministers. But of the second period as a whole we may say that it embodied the first complete national civilization, rich in the products of a profound faith.

III.

JAPAN'S ISOLATION.

ANOTHER cause of decay was the virtual isolation of Japan from China after the fall of Tang in the tenth century. This was partly due to the Fujiwara themselves, who punished students for trying to go to Sung in the eleventh. Japan was thus ignorant of the contemporary crisis in Chinese civilization. No new idea could come to her from without or from within. Her repressed mental energies could concentrate only upon physical revolt.

CIVIL WAR.

VENGEANCE fell on the Fujiwara at the hands of the hereditary generals of the northern and southern armies, which, never disbanded, had to live upon the soil won from barbarian enemies. It was only a matter of time when these military lords, tired of allegiance to the pampered aristocracy of Kioto, should lead thither picked troops, take sides in its quarrels, and supplant it by dictating their own appointment as executives.

Again it was only a matter of time when these rivals, Minamoto and Taira, the Cæsar and Pompey of the twelfth century, should begin a mortal duel. Thirty years of the most ferocious civil war left Yoritomo, the head of the northern clan, master of the land. These wars had bred a new race of Japanese, hardy, fearless, cruel. The polite culture of centuries had disappeared in a holocaust of burning palaces. Chinese learning was forgotten. The only faith left was that in self-provess. The new element that now leaped to the front was Japanese character.

THE FEUDAL SYSTEM.

IN 1192 Yoritomo was invested by the helpless emperor with the title of shogun and

full executive functions. Wary of the narcotics of Kioto, he built a new capital for himself far to the east, at Kamakura, whence he governed the land with his own ministry. Kioto was left to the mikado and his dwindled aristocracy, a court of high-sounding titles, but without function or revenue. The real wealth of the country, its soil, Yoritomo parceled out among his victorious generals and captains. Centralization of the civil service was greatly weakened. Each locality was largely left to its own devices. And thus the ancient and carefully erected institutions of the realm were overlaid, at a blow, with the ruder logic of a feudal system. So began a third and distinct civilization in Japan. The germs of the preceding two had been derived from Corea and China respectively. This was a product of revolution from within. We may, therefore, call it the first Japanese Period, or, from its capital, the Kamakura Period.

THE THIRD CIVILIZATION.

THE thought of this as the first purely Japanese age is an important one. It is opposed to prevalent Western estimates of it as the break-up of Japanese culture. On the contrary, I believe this to be the freeing of native genius. Had Japan then known Sung, she would have become only a brilliant echo of China. Barbarian before the advent of letters from Corea, the Japanese race had since experimented with two continental civilizations. But now, cut off from Asia without by the rise of the Mongols, and from tradition within by revolution, pure Japanese character was forced to face the problems of self-expression and self-government. Now arose that spirit of intense romantic, military loyalty the latest outburst of which we witness among the heroes of Ping Yang and the Yalu; now became self-conscious the dauntless freedom of the Japanese soul.

INDIVIDUALITY.

THE history of the race attests its ever-youthful power of recreation. Remove the pressure of tradition, and its latent tension carries it forward with vital spring. Thirty years of civil war on a national scale had bred vigor in the tissue and decision in the nerve. The head was all the clearer for a little blood-letting. Personal forces supplanted religion and state with a keener, if a narrower, ideal. The courts of baronial castles, built at every important center, dispersed throughout the country a tincture of such culture as remained from the monopoly of

Kioto. The rivalry of turbulent captains intensified the individuality of each group. The military nobles were nearer to the people than were the civil. They had themselves been farmers in the north. It is, relatively speaking, a democratic age. The village commune tends to become again the social unit, the self-government of which guarantees freedom and justice. Temperament, too, becomes genial and imaginative. Knight-errantry and romance are as wide-spread as they were in medieval France. Manners are franker and more simple. Literature takes a new turn, poetry a wild, romantic freedom. Historical epics in prose are improvised and sung through the country by troubadours. A little later, the adventures of heroes take on the inconsequent form of fairy-tales.

DEMOCRATIC BUDDHISM.

BUT the true meaning of this movement might be gathered by scholars from the course of religion. This, the most conservative of human institutions, could have evolved no new forms in an age of decay. It is an eloquent fact that the only two purely Japanese sects of Buddhism were then originated. Shinran and Nichiren, the Luther and the Calvin of their day, sought to reconstruct the church on a more popular basis. Ignoring abstruse Indian philosophy, the mysticism of the esoteric bishops, and the impersonal socialism of China, they adapted creed and right to the intelligence of the common people. These had been, for the most part, excluded from aristocratic ceremonies. Now public preaching and personal exhortation succeeded secluded reverie as the business of monk and priest. Mendicant orders carried grace to every home. Child-like faith and simple prayer were inculcated. The populous hierarchy of supernatural beings was discarded, and their images were swept from the temples. Amida Buddha was invested with much of the direct Fatherhood of the Christian God. Heaven was to be sought as his semi-materialized paradise.

THE THIRD PERIOD OF ART.

BUT though such iconoclasm left temples bare and undecorated, art, turning its attention to the secular, remained, as ever, the supreme expression of the age. In it a new and a purely Japanese world opens to the eye. Its finest work is still pictorial, but now of purely human conceptions. The great deeds of the age in which it is born are its dramatic subjects. Thus, in contradistinction to reli-

gious sculpture and religious painting, we may speak of it as historical painting.

THE WORTH OF MAN.

IN this new pictorial art Japanese society is reduced to its ultimate elements. Man stands for just what he is and what he can do. Whether it be in the heat of combat, the private interview, arbitration of village disputes, the passion of the troubadour's song, or amid the pageantry of courts and the sports of the populace,—cock-fights, horse-races, street fairs and brawls,—all pretense, all form and adventitious value, are laid aside, and the direct worth of man's service to man is the only thing that counts. Japan is for the first time face to face with her own true self, vigorous, keen, objective, generous, and daring. Farmers, artisans, peddlers, even beggars, become as interesting to court and emperor as to knights and to themselves. Nothing is mean or low or unpoetic in this clear illumination. All facts stand out with equal intensity.

THE MAKIMONO.

FOR such representation a new form of panoramic composition, the makimono, had to be invented. What Italian painters threw in fresco over endless mural surfaces, the Tosa artists drew rapidly over narrow paper scrolls, to be opened laterally upon the floor. The few that remain after seven hundred years of friction and neglect teem with life and fun. Landscape is reduced to the vaguest background; the whole attention is centered on the dramatic human interest.

DRAWING.

FOR this draftsmanship a new technic had to be found. The figures are seldom more than six inches in height, yet they are rendered alive with character by the rapid, free strokes of a soft brush. The muscles and turns of limb are given with force; and, in the best, the faces are all individual studies—living types which one sees on the streets to-day. Animal life, too, is drawn with great power. Indeed, the ideal of this school of art is action. In this it differs from most other Eastern, as from much of Western, art. Both the sculpture and the painting of preceding periods had been reposeful. Here there is no dignity; no one figure stands forth to be posed; there are no large primary lines. Each man is an atom of force and action, swept into masses whose unity lies in their totality of motion. Line has to be short, crisp, supple, and minutely expressive, like

the cursive characters in which their poetry is written. In this piled composition, the spotting of dark and light, and of rich local color, supplants much of the unifying function of form. Modern French cavalry charges, with all their instantaneously photographed action, seem to have less "go." The Japanese has seen that this impression must lie in the total structure and sweep of the mass.

THE FOUR GREAT MASTERS.

THOUGH the great artists of this age may be numbered by the hundred, we must confine our notice to the works of four among the greatest.

Of these, the first in time was Toba Sojo, a priest who flourished during the civil war. His drawing is mostly in outline, and of terrific force. He is the arch-impressionist of motion by line alone. The action of his animals is finely exemplified in his "Battle of the Bulls." (Fig. 12.)

The second, Kasuga Mitsunaga, whose son for the first time takes the name of Tosa, lived at the end of the twelfth century, the center of the feverish individuality which followed the wars. It is significant that some twenty of the greatest artists of Japan were his contemporaries. The "Illustrated Diary of Kioto," in sixty rolls, was his greatest work.

Keion, Mitsunaga's brother, is the third. He is the greatest draftsman of the military

pageants. As we unfold his panoramas of the civil wars, we see first the flight of a noble's court before some unseen enemy. Warriors, princes, pages, chariots, bulls, and horses are swept on in one terrified mass, parts of which, turning, are broken and trampled. Each face is a portrait. Fig. 11 shows the body of this fleeing mass. The unity is given by the placing of the black-lacquered chariots.

The fourth is Nobuzané, a dethroned Fujiwara, who has the greatest imaginative genius of the four. He is probably Japan's greatest colorist. He has left us a humorous picture of his own poverty.

DECAY OF THE PERIOD.

I SHALL not stop here to trace in detail the slow degeneration of this art. In brief, the cause was the weakness of feudalism as a basis for civilization. Though freeing individuality, it could hardly preserve it without furnishing a reconstructive principle. Could scholarship then have rediscovered the tradition of Shinto, Japan might have spiritualized her energies. As it was, an attempt to revive the sole sovereignty of the mikado caused the fourteenth century to become a new theater of prolonged civil war, in which culture was well-nigh buried beneath the ruins of castles. From this second baptism of blood emerged the Ashikaga shogunate.



FIG. 12. TOBA SOJO'S "BATTLE OF THE BULLS."

THE CANAL-DWELLERS.

BY JULIA SCHAYER.



IT was a cheerless evening. According to the calendar, it was spring; according to the almanac, it was a moonlight night; according to facts, the moon had taken a night off, and winter was lingering in the lap of spring.

As a gust of wind shook the shutters viciously, Reginald Torrey looked up from his writing to remark casually to his wife: "What a beast of a night!" after which he resumed his pen with an increased sense of comfort.

They looked very happy, those two, in the modest luxury of their surroundings. The room, a composite affair, dining-room by day, library in the evening, and living-room at all times, contained a roomy fireplace, where oak logs of promising size blazed cheerfully. There was a shaded lamp on the oval dining-table, and a pretty Japanese tea-service, clustered about a brass tea-lamp, reflected the fire-light gaily from its bizarre and delicate figures.

Mrs. Torrey, a brown little woman with warm, dark eyes and a determined chin, sat before the fire in a low chair, busy with the formation of a small white garment which

she held up from time to time for inspection, baby's first short frocks being matters of great importance to all normally constituted women. Mr. Torrey's remark on the weather elicited only a dreamy "Awful!"

After which there was again silence, except for the snapping of the fire, the lashing of the storm, and the soft swish of Mrs. Torrey's gown as she rocked to and fro.

All at once Mr. Torrey ceased writing, and looked up. Mrs. Torrey stopped rocking, and did likewise. It came again, faint, but unmistakable—the tinkle of the front-door bell.

"Some one from the office," said Mr. Torrey, with a little show of impatience; and, both servants being out, he himself answered the bell.

Mrs. Torrey heard the rush of the rain and wind through the open door, and mingled with it a voice, seemingly a child's. In a moment her husband came back, a blank look on his face.

"You 'll have to come, Cassie," he said helplessly. "It's children—two of them. I cannot understand—"

"Don't they speak English?" interrupted Mrs. Torrey, rising, and hurriedly disposing of her lapful of lawn and lace.

"Oh, a sort of English—yes. But, all the same, I do not understand. It is too much to ask of a *man*. Do go, Cassie!"

Mrs. Torrey hastened to the vestibule. There in the open door stood two small girls, holding their rain-drenched outer garments together with raw-looking fingers, water oozing plentifully from their ragged shoes and dripping in streams from the shapeless brims of their queer head-gear. The elder of the two, from her size, might have been eleven or twelve, though her face had a look of shrewdness and experience belonging to a riper age. The other girl was a stolid innocent of seven or eight.

With an exclamation of dismay, Mrs. Torrey drew the two children into the vestibule, and shut out the storm. Before she could frame a question, the elder girl started off in a sort of monologue, delivered in the soft, drawling patois of the Maryland "poor white" class, her pale-colored eyes wandering greed-

ily over the details of Mrs. Torrey's pretty tea-gown, and the tasteful furnishing of the hall.

It was a curiously jumbled recital, but certain facts stood out of it that sent shivers through the listener. She knew now what it was that her husband could not understand. A family of seven, the youngest child a baby two weeks old, crowded into the tiny cabin of a condemned canal-boat,—their home,—a float on the turbid waters of Rock Creek; the father too ill to work; nothing to eat; etc.

Without a word, Mrs. Torrey ushered in the dripping waifs, and placed them on low seats by the fire. Mr. Torrey, not altogether pleased by the interruption, yet already lost in calculations as to its possible value as material, heard himself summoned to the kitchen, which in this modest establishment adjoined the room described.

"Reginald, what shall I do?" was the question that confronted him, as he obediently followed. He looked at his wife, realizing that she was in what he had denominated one of her "eleemosynary frenzies." Her cheeks burned, her eyes blazed through tears, her mouth quivered. "What shall I do, Reginald?" she repeated, with some asperity.

"Do?" responded Torrey. "Why, give them something, and let them go—as soon as possible," he added, sniffing the unfragrant steam that rose from their sodden garments and penetrated even to the kitchen.

"What? Not let them dry themselves? I am ashamed of you, Reginald!"

"Why *dry* themselves," persisted Mr. Torrey, "since they must inevitably get wet as soon as they go out? Besides, if, as they say, they live in an old canal-boat on Rock Creek, moisture must be their normal condition. You remember the frog-mother in the story who warns her offspring not to get their feet dry? Why, Cassie, you are recklessly exposing those children's lives at this moment! I am surprised at you!"

"Oh, *do* be serious!" wailed Mrs. Torrey.

"I never was more so! And then, who knows if this story is true?"

"Of course I shall investigate the matter right away, though I believe every word," maintained Mrs. Torrey. "Meantime—"

"Meantime I shall watch the spoons!" interrupted her husband; and, returning to his desk, he made an effort to resume his work.

The two girls sat quietly by the fire, their eyes wandering furtively about the room. Now and then one would nudge the other

with a sharp elbow, and point one scarlet finger at some object, after which they would exchange glances of amusement or approbation.

Mr. Torrey, turning an occasional glance upon them, observed in these bits of social flotsam a physical well-being and a spiritual placidity quite upsetting. In accordance with recognized laws, these children should have been pale, pinched, and piteous of aspect. In fact they were fat, red, and contented-looking. The elder girl wore her unspeakable hat with a jauntiness not to be conquered by such trifles as soiled ribbons and soaked feathers; her tow-colored braid was tied with a bit of red silk; a tawdry breastpin fastened her adult jacket; her mud-incrusted shoes had pointed tips and French heels, and were crossed "dancing-school fashion" upon the fender; and her eyes encountered Mr. Torrey's with a boldness disconcerting to a man of retiring manners.

"I feel positively wicked, Reginald," said Mrs. Torrey, when the darkness had swallowed up her visitors and the well-filled basket with which they had been dismissed.

"And I feel positively nauseated!" retorted her husband. He had already opened a window on the least exposed side of the house. There was evident irritation in his manner, until, turning, he met his wife's reproachful eyes.

"I can't help it, Cassie!" he exclaimed. "You ought to remember that the area of human misery is not diminished by bringing it into our own household."

"I remember that, Reginald," said his wife, softly; "and I remember something else, too: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these—'"

Her husband smiled—a shamefaced sort of smile. "You are right, dear. They were a pitiful pair of kids, and you had to take them in, of course," he said good-humoredly.

That night the Torreys stood longer than usual by the side of their sleeping babies; and as the wind howled, and the rain shuddered and sobbed at the windows, their eyes met in a long look of perfect understanding. "You are the truest and sweetest woman in the world, and I am utterly unworthy of you," whispered Torrey, penitently.

The morning dawned brightly, and, true to her resolve, Mrs. Torrey started out immediately after breakfast in search of the Frissels. Retta, the elder of her two visitors, had been cleverer in her directions than is generally the case, and she had no difficulty

in finding the place indicated. She had only to follow one of the streets that lead down from Georgetown Heights, where the Torreys resided, to the main thoroughfare of the ancient burg, and turn a little way to the left, to find herself on one of the two bridges that span the creek at this point. Here, midway of the structure, she paused, and, leaning on the low parapet, took a survey of the scene.

About fifty feet below rolled the sluggish yellow creek, deepened and broadened by the dam erected by the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company where the stream empties itself into the Potomac. The banks on each side showed an unsightly array of the rear ends of buildings, of tall chimneys, of lime-kilns, gas-houses, and other malodorous establishments, interspersed with refuse-heaps of immemorial origin. In one place great blocks of reddish stone lay strewn about like the ruins of a forgotten city. Off in the distance the low green hills of Virginia undulated along the horizon, and the flag at Fort Myer showed itself against the sky. Down near the water there were patches of grass, and some gnarled old willows were flinging scant yellow-green tresses to the breeze. Just below the bridge, where the lock leading to the canal was situated, two canal-boats lay moored, a narrow plank connecting them with the bank. Black and moldering hulks, with grass and weeds growing from their crevices, they looked hardly capable of holding together; yet the smoke issuing from the bit of stove-pipe that protruded from each cabin, and the lines stretched across the decks, and hung with fluttering garments, gave proof of human occupancy, and among the children playing along the bank Mrs. Torrey easily recognized Retta and her sister.

Crossing the bridge, and following along the high board fence which then separated the bank of the creek from the world outside, Mrs. Torrey found and opened a narrow door, and, following one of the paths that zigzagged down to the water, was smilingly received by Retta and a following of children of all sizes and every degree of patchiness.

At the same time a woman came out of the cabin of the nearest boat, and, tripping like a goat along the narrow strip of deck at its side, paused, and directed at Mrs. Torrey a cordial, though toothless, smile from the depths of a slat-bonnet of great size.

"Won't ye come in, lady?" said a soft, drawling voice issuing from the same source.

Mrs. Torrey looked at the narrow, wet

plank, and the turbid water beneath it. "No, I thank you," she answered promptly; and a moment of embarrassment followed—an embarrassment entirely on Mrs. Torrey's side, however; nothing could have been more entirely self-possessed than Mrs. Frissel's manner.

She was a small, lean woman, straight as the rudder-post which still asserted itself quite superfluously at the stern of the boat. Prematurely aged and faded, she had preserved an infantile guilelessness of expression, curiously accentuated by her toothless and very nearly hairless condition. Such wisps of hair as remained were of a whity-brown color, and drawn smoothly away from her narrow forehead. One long, wiry arm held against her shoulder a very small bundle; the other was raised as a further shade to the china-blue, white-fringed eyes that continued to blink with mild curiosity and welcome upon her visitor.

"Ye better come in, lady," she repeated. "Ye need n't be afeard. Here, you Retty, take the baby, an' I'll help the lady acrost."

But a dismal cough from the interior of the cabin strengthened Mrs. Torrey's resolution not to go farther, and Mrs. Frissel therefore glided across the plank to the shore.

"You have the baby there?" Mrs. Torrey asked.

The woman smiled, and parting the blanket's folds, exposed a pink dot of a face singularly like her own. The children drew nearer, joined now by a yellow dog, very doubtful as to breed, but very genial as to tail.

"How old is it?" asked Mrs. Torrey, feeling herself now on familiar ground.

"She's a-goin' on two weeks," was the smiling answer.

"Two weeks! And these others—are they all yours?" asked Mrs. Torrey; whereupon there was much giggling and nudging among the children.

"Naw, lady," Mrs. Frissel answered with a deprecating smile; and, after a vigorous shoving and pulling about with the disengaged arm, she added proudly:

"Thar! Them four is mine. Them others belongs to the lady that lives on t'other boat."

In point of fact, there was, to the casual eye, no marked differentiation among the children, all being alike tow-headed, smudgy, and unabashed; but Retta and her sisters having drawn aside with an exclusive air and the yellow dog, the left-over children also withdrew a short distance, permitting their resentment to find expression in turnings-up

of the nose at the young Frissels, accompanied by remarks of a subdued, but distinctly derisive character.

Meantime "the lady who lived on the other boat" came out, and seated herself flat on the deck, with her knees drawn up and her back against the cabin wall where the sun shone warmest. She was of the same type as Mrs. Frissel, but her print dress and slat-bonnet were newer and gayer in tone. She had brought out with her a dilapidated masculine garment, toward which, if one might judge by the brass thimble conspicuous on one hand, she cherished beneficent intentions; but at present the charm of *dolce far niente* evidently held her in its grasp. A Venetian beggar might be more picturesque, but not more suggestive of that delicious vagabond idleness which belongs to the state of having absolutely nothing and being perfectly satisfied with it.

What with the warm sunshine, and the deep-blue sky, and the yellow waters where the black hulks rocked so gently, and the green grass and tossing willows and singing birds, and the placid-faced children with their hands full of dandelions, Mrs. Torrey began to feel that she had been dropped suddenly into some sunny, sleepy, old-world nook, where stress and strain and haste are unknown. The New England blood in her veins grew warmer and ran more slowly. After all, there were worse things than being poor and shiftless and ignorant, and living in a canal-boat! With no responsibilities to society, no ambitions, no aspirations, with nothing to do, and a long, sunny day to do it in, how restful and dreamful and easy life might be!

She began to feel in a vague sort of way that her visit was an intrusion, her intentions superfluous, if not insulting. What had she to offer these people who seemed, in having nothing, to have everything worth possessing?

Then there came from the cabin a hollow cough. The visitor shivered and looked at Mrs. Frissel. The woman's vapid face clouded slightly.

"You Retty! run an' give your pappy his drops," she said indifferently.

"How is your husband to-day?" Mrs. Torrey asked.

The woman shifted the squirming bundle from one shoulder to the other. There was not much feeling in her voice as she answered:

"Oh, he 's po'ly, lady; mighty po'ly!"

"Has he been ill a long time?"

"Ma'am?"

"Has he been sick long?"

"Oh, yes 'm, lady; he 's been sick a right smart time. He used to work fur the comp'ny, but they ain't been no boatin' to mention fur goin' on two year; an' Chawley he was a night-hawk,—drivin' hacks, ye know, lady, all night,—an' he tuk col', an' never could seem to git shed of it. It 's brown-keeters, ma'am—brownkeeters in his throat; an' he 's been a-gittin' worse ever sence the ole boat keeled over. I reckon Retty tole ye 'bout it. Naw? Wall, 't was yis'day three weeks, right after the big rain. The crick had been a-raisin' an' a-raisin'; but we-all did n't think nothin' of it, 'cause it 's allers a-raisin' an' a-goin' down ev'y time it do rain. But that night me an' him an' the chil'n was all in bed an' asleep, an all to oncet I woked up, an' thar was the things a-fallin' off the stove an' out o' the cubbord, an' 'fore I could say a word the ole boat jes keeled over on her side, an' thar was him an' me an' the chil'n in a heap on the flo', an' the water jes a-pourin' in! Skeert? Wall, I reckon we was skeert! The chil'n jes whooped; an' Chawley he jumped out into the water up to his armpits, an' hollered; an' some men come along an' hauled we-all out, an' arter a while they got the ole boat righted. Ye see, she had kinder floated up onto the bank, like; an' when the crick begun to go down she jes natchly keeled over. Oh, she 's all right now; but it did n't do Chawley no good, stan'in' up to his middle in water all night. Naw, indeed, lady!"

"And of course everything in the cabin was wet," said Mrs. Torrey, in dismay.

"My lan', lady! Ev'rythin' jes floated! We had to set roun' the stove in t' other boat the endurin' night, a-dryin' of our clo'es."

"And the wet beds? You have not been sleeping on those beds?"

"Naw, lady," tranquilly explained Mrs. Frissel. "Them 's the matrisses layin' up thar on the rocks. It ain't stopped rainin' long enough for 'em to get dry yit."

"But how have you managed without beds?" asked Mrs. Torrey, a sinking sensation in her breast.

"Oh, me an' him an' the two youngest chil'n has been sleepin' on some quilts laid on the bed-slats, an' the res' o' the chil'n has been sleepin' over in t' other boat."

Mrs. Torrey looked from the group of children, now amicably engaged in a game of "follow my lady tippy-toes," to the tiny cabin, recalling the miserable infant who, having emptied the contents of its Noah's ark upon the floor, undertakes to put them back again, a result to be achieved only

by a resort to the most ruthless decapitation and dismemberment.

The sun still shone ardently, the boats swayed gently, willows waved, and birds warbled, but the spell was broken.

"You must not be another night without beds," Mrs. Torrey said at last. "I will see that you are provided with them."

"Yes 'm, lady. Thank ye, ma'am!" the woman responded, but without effusion. It was apparently the sort of thing that, in her world, might be expected to happen.

"And you have no means of support since your husband stopped work? How have you managed?"

"Oh, wall," Mrs. Frissel answered cheerfully, "we don't pay no rent, an' the Mission Chapel ladies sends us coal an' wood sometimes, an' I does some washin' fur the men round here when I kin; an' Retty an' Cora Belle they picks up a good deal. I do' know what I *would* do ef 't war n't fur Retty an' Cora Belle."

Retty smiled,—a smile full of knowingness.

"Yes, Retty seems very intelligent," Mrs. Torrey admitted; "but it is a pity for children to go about in that way."

Retta scowled behind her mother's back. Mrs. Frissel, too, stared at Mrs. Torrey with something like annoyance.

"There is the 'Associated Charities,' a society formed for the relief of such cases as yours. Have you applied there for help?"

Mrs. Frissel's face turned a dull red; her eyes darkened.

"Naw, lady, I ain't," she answered, dandling the baby with energy; "an' I ain't a-goin' to, nuther! Some lady whar Retty went sent a man from that thar s'ciety down here; an' he ast a powerful lot o' questions, an' writ somep'n' down in a book, an' went off, an' I ain't seen nuthin' on him sence. An'," she continued with unexpected fire, "I don't want to, nuther! We ain't no beggars, ef we are po'!"

Mrs. Torrey was silent for the moment. The distinctions drawn by Mrs. Frissel were too subtle to be immediately comprehended. It was she who took up the conversation again, in a slightly softened tone.

"I 'm mighty partickler whar Retty an' Cora Belle goes, lady. They ain't 'lowed to go to no stores, nor common people's houses, like niggers; an' they 'most allers goes after dark, an' rings the front-door bells. Ye ain't never been to no *back* doors, hev ye, Retty?" she added, with severity.

"No, indeedy!" answered the girl.

"Naw, indeedy, lady," went on Mrs. Frissel, with a dignity that not even a slat-bonnet of red calico could impair. "My chil'n has been raised keerful. They ain't never been 'lowed to steal, nor play with niggers. An' nobody ain't got no call ter think we-all is beggars jes 'cause the chil'n goes to nice ladies' houses an asks little favors, like."

There was an embarrassed silence, broken by a more violent coughing spell from the invalid in the cabin.

"I am keeping you from your husband—" began Mrs. Torrey.

"Naw, indeed, lady. You Retty, go an' give yer pap his tea."

The girl slowly departed, casting suspicious looks backward. Mrs. Torrey improved her opportunity.

"I am glad to know that you have a feeling of pride about your children, Mrs. Frissel," she said cleverly; "and I hope you will now be assisted so that you will not need to send them out again. There are always people ready to help if they know help is needed, and you certainly need a great deal. And, first of all, you ought to have a different place to live in. That boat must be fearfully damp!"

Mrs. Frissel smiled.

"Naw, indeed, lady! *She* ain't damp! We keeps her pumped out, an' a fire a-goin' night an' day. *She* ain't damp!"

"But for your husband's bronchitis—so near the water must be bad for him. And so small a room, too. I could easily arrange for him to be taken to a hospital, where he would have every care and comfort."

Mrs. Frissel's face turned scarlet, and then pale. A scared, rebellious look came into her eyes.

"Naw, lady; Chawley ain't a-goin' to no horspittle!" she said firmly. "He tried it oncet. The doctor worried him tell he give in, an' they took him to Providence Horspittle. He stayed about two days, ma'am, an' then he jes runned away an' walked all the way home! Not that he had no fault to find, ma'am; but says Chawley: 'I cayn't die tell my time comes, nohow; an' I ain't a-goin' to die in no horspittle,' says he, 'as long as I 've got a home to die in.' An' he 's right! Ef you 've got a home, says I, be thankful *fur* it, an' *stay* in it, an' *die* in it, if it 's the Lord's will ye *should* die, as Chawley says."

The fire faded from her face, leaving it vague and placid as before.

After some further cautious questions, Mrs. Torrey took her leave, and climbed thoughtfully up the steep path to the street.

As she crossed the bridge, she stopped for a moment to look down into the valley she had just left, which seemed already so far away.

Mrs. Frissel stood on the deck, baby in arms, the other children ranged in a row by her side; the yellow dog, his tail in excited motion, completed the group. The lady on the other boat had at last brought herself to the point of carrying out her plans regarding the dilapidated garment, and was slowly sewing, the brass thimble flashing in the sunshine. And the yellow water rolled sluggishly on, rocking gently upon its bosom its burden of humanity.

"Reginald," said Mrs. Torrey to her husband, that evening, "I am a female Columbus. I have discovered a new world!"

"And are you going to try to carry this new world on your shoulders, Cassie? My dear—"

"Not alone, Reginald," interrupted his wife, with dignity. "There are plenty to help me."

"I see that I am to be left out, at least," Mr. Torrey said, laughing; "for which I am duly grateful. And I suppose I shall have to let you wrestle with this problem, as with others of the same sort. Your nature seems to require these experiences. So that you make sure that your interesting amphibia have nothing to impart in the way of contagious diseases, and will promise not to tamper with my Sunday clothes, you may go on with your thankless task, accompanied by my blessing and my worst hat."

Mrs. Torrey went into the work she had undertaken with all the enthusiasm and energy to be expected of a woman with her eyes and chin. It was not difficult to find in her own circle a number of warm-hearted coadjutors, and the result was that before forty-eight hours had passed the sick man had been provided with every comfort, and the tiny cabin was converted into a veritable cornucopia overflowing with all the necessities and many of the luxuries of life.

Mrs. Torrey was happy, yet not entirely so. It was something of a trial to a woman endowed with rather more than the average amount of common sense when one of her associates plied the young Frissels with sweets until they became unpleasantly ill, and hardly less so when a lady of more wealth than brains sent as her contribution a tattered ball-dress and a white silk parasol; and the appearance of Retta, soon after a contribution of money for a special purpose, in a new spring hat, elaborate hair-ribbons of pale-blue satin, ear-rings of startling gor-

geousness, and the white parasol, was a little disheartening. But these things faded into nothingness in the presence of certain other facts that gradually came to light.

Mrs. Torrey made the discovery that always amazes the neophyte in charitable work—the discovery that every class of human beings has its code of morals and manners, which its members are ready to suffer and die for rather than relinquish. So, while the Frissels showed themselves receptive of tangible contributions to the last degree, accepting anything and everything offered with cheerful alacrity,—though, it must be admitted, without that vulgar effusion of gratitude which some people insist upon,—any proposition to remove them to *terra firma* was stoutly resisted.

"Deed, lady, I reckon we would n't know how to live in a house," almost tearfully protested Mrs. Frissel. "I was borned an' raised on a boat, an' so was all the chil'n; an' 't would n't never seem like home—livin' in a house would n't!"

With equal firmness did Mrs. Frissel resist any suggestions as to the ventilation of the well-scrubbed but stifling cabin.

"The air," she insisted, "set Chawley to coughin' fit to kill hisself, the minute it struck him."

And after five minutes in the atmosphere of the tiny room Mrs. Torrey did not wonder. The change to the outer air was sufficient of a shock to produce almost any result. As for sleeping in his clothes,—which, to her unspeakable horror, Mrs. Torrey discovered was the invalid's habit,—that also Mrs. Frissel sought to justify.

"Why," she protested, "ef Chawley was to take off his *clo'es*, or put a drop o' water on his *body*, them brownkeeters would choke him to death in no time! It's that kin' of a disease, ye know, lady. Ye cayn't fool with it!"

Against stupidity "the very gods themselves contend in vain"; and, there being no law that would reach the case, the conditions that surrounded the invalid were left virtually unchanged.

One good had been effected. Though it was impossible to induce Mrs. Frissel to send the older girls to school, they no longer needed to go about "asking favors"; and, indeed, what with the washing, and the baby, and the sick husband, their services were needed at home, and the self-constituted band of workers decided to insist upon no further changes at present.

Mrs. Torrey did not so much wonder at

the poor woman's preference for her floating shelter. Compared with the streets and alleys where the city's poor usually congregate, the valley of the creek at this season certainly offered some advantages. There was space and sunshine all about the boat, if not within it; the breezes that fanned it, if not always laden with the odors of Araby, were better than no breezes at all; and the grassy banks where the children gambled in company with the exuberant yellow dog (called "Poodle"—probably because that was the only strain not present in his composition) afforded a more desirable playground than the swarming gutters of the town.

As the days lengthened and grew warm, the sick man, lank, hectic, unshaven, and stupefied with drugs, began crawling out into the open air, and lay stretched his length upon the hot planks, his head protected by the white sunshade, which his wife contrived to prop over him. Mrs. Frissel took her washing out to the bank; and the whole family, Poodle included, seemed to revel in their slipshod, out-at-elbows existence.

The days went on growing in length and warmth, making existence under almost any circumstances a delight. Then, in the middle of May, a long, cold rain set in, that in spite of her bravery of green made the face of nature desolate, and worked great havoc among the ill and delicate.

It was near the end of this unfavorable spell of weather that Retta appeared at Mrs. Torrey's door, clothed with importance as with a garment.

"Pap is mighty low," she announced. "The doctor says he can't last more 'n till ter-morrer. He's got the cravin'."

"The—er—what?" inquired Mrs. Torrey, a creeping horror in her veins.

"The cravin'," repeated the girl, with a stare. "What people has jest before they die—cravin' for things to eat."

Mrs. Torrey breathed a faint "Oh!"

"Yes 'm," continued Retta. "An' pap says, will you please, ma'am, send him a green-apple pie?"

Mrs. Torrey sank upon the nearest chair. The words 'green-apple pie' awoke vague memories of mingled pleasure and pain. The Torreys were New Englanders. They had survived an infancy largely nourished upon pie, green-apple and otherwise, but the customs of their youth had long since been abandoned. No pie had ever crossed their threshold; indeed, pie may be said to have ceased to exist for them, except when, as now, in some reminiscent moment it

would flit across memory's mirror. And Mrs. Torrey found herself suddenly confronted with the fact that there were still people who not only ate pie, but with whom it amounted to a ruling passion, strong in death.

"Mammy says, if ye ain't got no pies in the house, a baker's pie would do," the girl said presently.

Mrs. Torrey was grateful for the suggestion, yet—

"Does your mother think that your father ought to eat pie?" she could not help asking. "Is there not something else more wholesome—more—"

Retta shook her head.

"Dyin' people has to have what they want!" she said firmly.

And Mrs. Torrey, after furnishing Retta with the means of purchasing the desired delicacy, tried to shift the burden from her conscience.

It was Cora Belle who appeared the next morning, soon after breakfast,—Retta having been sent elsewhere,—to announce the death of her father, and to state that the funeral arrangements had been taken in charge by the Mission Chapel ladies.

"And," added Cora Belle, with stolid assurance, "mammy says, will you please, ma'am, send her a black dress an' veil an' bunnit to wear to the funeral?"

The black dress was forthcoming, and a neighbor, herself a widow, pledged herself to send the "veil an' bunnit," and Cora Belle departed in a state of great complacency.

A few days later Mrs. Torrey paid a visit of condolence to the widow. Mrs. Frissel was seated in state on the only chair in the cabin, slowly rocking the baby; but as Mrs. Torrey entered she rose, looking, in her skimp black gown, very much like an exclamation-point, resigned the chair to her, and dropped on to the edge of the bed.

Mrs. Torrey's gentle condolences were received without any great outburst of grief.

"Yes 'm, thank ye, ma'am, he's gone—po' Chawley's gone! He was a good man, lady; he cert'nly was. Though he *was* a sinner, you'd never 'a' knowed it. He never cussed, nor nothin'. I ain't a-goin' to say as he never come home *full*, but he never hit me, nor made a mite o' fuss; he jes laid hisself down, an' slep' it off like a lamb. 'N' him an' me tuk right smart o' comfort together—'deed we did, lady! He'd come home arter he'd got through for the night, an' I'd git up, 'n' we'd take a bite o' sump'n't eat, an' a good

smoke together. Lordy, lady"—scant tears oozing slowly from the lack-luster eyes at recollection of these lost delights—"Lordy, lady, a woman ain't nothin' 'ithout her man! 'Deed she ain't!" After a pause she added: "People has been mighty kind, lady! One lady sent me a whole suit o' black—down to stockin's. The veil jes sweeps the groun'!"

The loving fondness with which her gaze rested upon the "suit o' black," suspended on a nail behind the bed, showed that Mrs. Frissel was deriving rather more than the average amount of consolation from her sable insignia.

It hardly need be stated that all efforts to induce the widow to move to terra firma failed. Not even the promise that removal expenses should be paid, the house-rent for a year guaranteed, and all the washing she could do secured for her, could shake Mrs. Frissel's resolution in the slightest. As one argument after another was presented her countenance grew more obstinate, her pale eyes glancing from one face to another sharply, suspiciously, entreatingly, like those of a hunted rabbit cowering in a corner.

"No, indeed, ma'am, ladies!" she repeated, clutching the baby as if with the design of using it as a projectile against her enemies. "No, indeedy! I could n't live in no house. 'T would n't never seem like home; an'" — with a helpless terror growing in her face — "I 'm goin' to buy her" (referring to the boat), "an' have a home o' my own! The compny 'll sell her to me for fifteen dollars, an' lemme pay in washin' fur the men. An' I could n't buy no house fur fifteen dollars—now, could I, please, ma'am, Mis' Torrey?"

This clinched matters, and the subject was dropped. Some minor points being settled, the ladies departed, and soon after dispersed to various parts of the globe for the summer.

That was a summer made memorable by disasters at which the world looked on aghast. Heavy rains, succeeded by inundations,—first in date and magnitude the unforgettable Johnstown flood,—caused widespread destruction and horror.

The Potomac River and its tributaries overflowed their banks; the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal was virtually destroyed; and Rock Creek became, after two days of heavy, incessant rain, a foaming, turbulent torrent. Gnawing hungrily at its banks, swallowing trees, rocks, everything, in its devouring maw, it spread over meadows and farms, and swept on toward the dam, bearing on its

seething bosom all manner of debris, which, lodging against that frail structure, threatened it, too, with destruction.

For several days a curious crowd hung over the parapet of the bridge which spans the creek just above the dam, intent upon two things—the almost certain giving way of the dam, and the absolutely certain fate of the two canal-boats, which, firmly attached to the bank, had so far withstood the continuous assault of the waters and their burden of uprooted trees, shattered buildings, carcasses of animals, and the like.

It was a self-evident fact that the boats must go,—it was merely a question of time,—and the sentiments of the crowd as to the foolhardiness and stupidity of their inhabitants in refusing to leave their imperiled shelters were freely expressed.

From time to time, as the boats were seen to strain at their moorings, a shout of mingled alarm and encouragement arose from the crowd. At intervals a policeman standing on the bank would hail the dwellers in the boats; and from one cabin a frowsy man, from the other a slender woman in a black gown and slat-bonnet, would come out, and enter into conversation with the policeman, the conversation ending, in each instance, in a shake of the head on both sides. Then the man and the woman would disappear, and the policeman saunter off, and things would resume their previous aspect.

This little drama, several times repeated, always had a stimulating effect upon the crowd.

"Ef the blamed lunatics ain't got sense enough to see what 's goin' to happen, let 'em be drowned!" grumbled one morose-looking man.

"Them canal people ain't like nobody else, nohow!" remarked another. "But there 's children on them boats, man! An' it 's the duty o' them police to save 'em. An' I 'll be doggoned if I 'm a-goin' to stan' here an' see 'em drowned. I 'm a-goin' to see somethin' done! Some o' you fellers come along, an' we 'll git them women an' children off them boats, anyhow. Ef that blamed old chuckle-head of a *man* wants to be drowned, he kin stay, an' welcome; an' no loss to nobody!"

Apparently some such heroic treatment was demanded, for it was only a matter of a few minutes for the speaker to collect a sufficient number of helpers; and a little later the crowd had the satisfaction of seeing a boat, manned by two strong fellows, push out from the bank to each canal-boat.

After some parley, success seemed to crown their efforts, so far as the frowsy old man was concerned; and the removal of himself, his family, and the most of their worldly goods was safely accomplished.

The occupants of the other boat seemed to be less persuadable. The little woman in black had looked imperturbably on at the rescue of her neighbors, the yellow dog barking excitedly at her feet. A young girl had joined her,—a girl in a gay pink gown and fluttering hair-ribbons,—and seemed to be adding her entreaties to those of the rescuers, meeting with the same resolute shake of the slat-bonnet, the same obstinate planting of her back against the cabin.

Two children came crying from the cabin, being immediately hustled back again by the girl in the pink gown, who followed them, after a coquettish fling of the head at some one on the bank.

There was a moment of irresolution on the part of the men; then one of them, with a shrug of his broad shoulders, planted his pole, and began pushing off to the shore. But at that instant a wild yell arose from the crowd on the bridge, a chorus of cries and warnings from those on the bank, and the boat just abandoned was seen whirling along the current toward its doom. Shout after shout arose. The man who had begun to push off turned back. The woman had started at the first shout. For a moment she gazed at the whirling boat; then she was seen to throw up both arms, and to dart into the cabin. In a moment she returned, baby in arms, and followed by four panic-stricken children; and as quickly as possible all were transferred to the little boat. It was not an instant too soon. As the last screaming child had been taken on board, followed by the woman with the baby,—before even the unhappy yellow dog, who continued to yelp defiance at the rescuers, could be reached,—the strained rope parted, and the second boat whirled away, like the other, to destruction.

The excitement of the spectators on the bridge had now reached a climax. Yells, shouts, and laughter followed the dazed woman and her homeless brood as they landed and passed through the crowd, to be placed under municipal care.

"Them canal people ain't got no sense!" was the unanimous verdict. "Could n't git that there little woman to stir a peg till the other boat went; and then, great Jehoshaphat! did n't she holler! And never saved a derned thing!"

THE Torreys, far away in their quiet Northern retreat, read an account of the flood and its accompanying incidents in the Washington papers, some days later. Mrs. Torrey was naturally touched and interested; but, as she justly observed, there was one good thing to be derived from the disaster: "The Frissels will have to live on dry land now, in spite of themselves; and there will be some hope of having the children grow up like Christians."

"Which is to say that Christianity is not an aquatic plant," observed Mr. Torrey.

Mrs. Torrey chose to ignore this levity on the part of her husband.

"Poor things!" she continued, "I must hunt them up the moment I get home."

And, indeed, before a trunk was unpacked, Mrs. Torrey started out on this errand. As she came near the bridge overlooking the familiar scene, she saw a woman, all in black, leaning over the parapet. It was Mrs. Frissel.

At sight of Mrs. Torrey a faint smile appeared in the depths of the slat-bonnet, and one hand—the parboiled hand of the washerwoman—came out from under the little black shawl.

"You heard about it?" she began in funereal tones. "Yes, ma'am, Mis' Torrey; we lost her. She went to pieces ag'in' the dam; that's a piece on her stickin' out o' the dam yonder—that blue piece; it's one o' the cabin window-shutters, lady. She struck an' went to pieces in no time—in no time at all! I would n't 'a' believed it! No time at all, lady!"

Her voice sank to a whisper, and again her wistful gaze fixed itself on the distance.

"I read an account of the flood in the papers," said Mrs. Torrey; "and I was much concerned about you. You ran a great risk in staying on the boat as you did; you were lucky to escape at all."

"Yes, ma'am; I reckon," assented the woman, absently.

"And you did not save anything at all?"

"No, ma'am, Mis' Torrey; I did n't. Not a stitch, cep'n' jes the clo'es we hed on. Not an airthly thing!"

"But you must have known," Mrs. Torrey urged, "that you would be obliged to leave the boat, and you had plenty of time to save everything."

Mrs. Frissel turned a slow, weak-eyed gaze on the speaker, and smiled deprecatingly.

"Yes, ma'am," she assented impassively; "I reckon I might." Then, with some feeling, she added: "Ye see, lady, the crick hez allers been a-raisin' an' a-goin' down, an'

a-raisin' an' a-goin' down ag'in, ev'y time it rained, an' I jes natchelly kep' on a-thinkin' 't war n't nothin'. An' I never believed she'd go tell I saw t' other boat go; an' then thar war n't no time to git nothin' together. My land, Mis' Torrey! They jes barely snatched we-all off 'm her, an' away she went! An' Poodle—you heared about Poodle, lady? Yes, ma'am; Poodle went with her, po' creeter! Ye could hear him a-yelpin' an' a-ca'yin' on tell she struck. Po' Poodle!"

She stopped a moment to clear her voice, then went on gloomily: "I lost ev'y las' stitch o' black I hed, 'cep'n' what I hed on. A nice bombyzine dress, 'n' bunnit, 'n' veil—that veil, Mis' Torrey, jes swep' the groun'!"

No words can express the utter desolation of tone that accompanied these words, nor

the unspeakable mournfulness of the gaze that fastened itself upon the cruel water which had devoured "every last stitch" of the "black" that had afforded such consolation to the bereaved widow.

"They tell me you have a nice little house," Mrs. Torrey said cheerfully; "and that you have been made very comfortable again."

Mrs. Frissel smiled—doubtfully. The slat-bonnet wagged slowly to and fro.

"Yes, ma'am, Mis' Torrey; people cert'n'y hez bin mighty kin'. An' it's a mighty nice little house; it's got four rooms, an' a door-bell, an' water in the yard. But"—with a long, yearning look toward the creek, now lapping the muddy bank with treacherous gentleness—"t won't never seem like *home*!"



ENGRAVED BY A. WALDEYER.

"THERE 'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

AN EFFORT TO RESCUE JEFFERSON DAVIS.¹

BY JOSEPH WHEELER,

Formerly Lieutenant-General, C. S. A.



ON the twenty-seventh day of April, 1865,—I think that was the date,—I arrived in Charlotte, North Carolina, where Mr. Davis had summoned me. This was about a fortnight after

Appomattox, and the President, accompanied by officers of his staff and by several members of his cabinet, with a number of other officers of government and many clerks of department, had recently reached this point, traveling by rail to Greensboro', thence in the

saddle. While he saw the necessity of further retreat, he did not yet realize the completeness of our undoing. He still hoped that the tide of calamity might be turned. Around him was preserved the semblance of power and routine of government, and on the day of my arrival I remember that a young cadet underwent a regular form of examination for promotion to the office of lieutenant.

One of the first questions put to me by Mr. Davis was how many men I could bring from my command to serve as a guard for him in the execution of new plans. He was surprised and disappointed when, speaking preparation. I have, however, rewritten much of it, and the entire article has received my final revision. J. W.

¹ I desire to say that Mr. Cleveland Moffett suggested this article, and in the first instance assisted me in its

with the authority of one just come from the army, I told him it was very evident that our soldiers regarded the war as over, and their allegiance to the Confederate government as no longer binding. I think I was the first officer to bring him authentic news of the situation. He had supposed that our army was in better shape.

We had with us at this time General Wade Hampton, who had also been summoned for counsel, and he was not less disconcerted by my words than President Davis. The general had left with the army two Virginia brigades, but, having been absent from his command for some days, was not well informed as to what had happened. I told him that only the day before I had passed through the camps of these brigades, and had found the artillery dismantled and many of the men gone.

"I can do this, Mr. President," I suggested; "that is, gather from my command a body of new men who will stand by you in a new enterprise." At this he brightened up, and said he wished I would do so. It then became a question whether I should get him a large or a small force, my own preference being for the latter, provided they were picked men. Mr. Davis, however, preferred a more considerable number, and I proceeded to carry out his wishes to the best of my power.

That night General Hampton and I left President Davis, and, riding all night in a box-car, reached Greensboro' the next morning. There I said good-by to General Hampton, who set out for his command to see what forces he could muster. My troops, numbering about three thousand men, were encamped at Company's Shops, a little place some distance east of Greensboro'; and immediately on my arrival I gathered them about me, and in a short speech told them plainly that I wanted volunteers for a desperate venture—men who would be willing to stand by Jefferson Davis to the death. They listened with solemn faces, and there was no cheering to speak of, but about six hundred men came forward and agreed to cast their lot with me.

There was not an hour to waste, and before noon we had started southward, our objective point at first being Cokesboro', South Carolina, where Mr. Davis had instructed me to join him, and where he had ordered supplies sent.

In my interview with Mr. Davis at Charlotte, I had explained to him that General Stoneman was then in the western part of North Carolina with a large cavalry force, which would make the establishment of a

rendezvous at Cokesboro' of very doubtful expediency; and very soon after leaving Mr. Davis I received instructions from him to change my course, and march to Washington, Georgia, where it was expected I would meet him.

On Sunday evening, May 1, I reached Yorkville, and went at once to pay my respects to Mrs. Hampton, the general's wife, with whom I took tea. She was naturally much worried about her husband, and asked me many anxious questions. That night, after I had left her and joined my men, I received a note from her, sent in haste, saying that General Hampton had arrived, and asking me to call in the morning. I did so, and was shocked at the broken appearance of my fellow-officer. He was harassed in mind, and worn in body; and the story of his march from Greensboro' made it plain to us all how sadly our fortunes had fallen. General Hampton, who was as fine a cavalry officer and as brave and gallant a soldier as there was in the country, had started south with his staff and escort, about thirty men in all. One by one they had fallen away, some begging off on account of their families, others alleging that their horses could go no farther. Their spirit was gone; they felt that the expedition was without a purpose or hope. Their heart was not in what they were doing, and, seeing this, and realizing that all efforts were vain, the general had let them go, officers and men, each day of the march seeing his little band dwindle until there remained only his chief of staff, Major McClellan, a most excellent officer, who had bravely fought many battles by the side of his chieftain.

These two had pushed on until they reached the river Peedee, when McClellan expressed the fear that his horse could not swim the river, and spoke of his wife and child, who were waiting for him at home. Seeing how it was, General Hampton acquiesced, and bade him good-by. McClellan turned back and rode away; and then, all alone, without a single one of the men who had set out with him, General Hampton drove his horse down into the water, and swam the Peedee River. Now he was home, and Mrs. Hampton insisted that in his condition, worn as he was by arduous service, he ought not to attempt to overtake Mr. Davis. I fully concurred in this. He had a family, and his vast business interests, which had been left to others for four years, demanded his attention. I explained that it was very different with me, as I had no such obligations. He finally yielded, and giving me a letter for

Mr. Davis, asked me to tell the President that if, in the future, there should appear any way in which he could serve him, he would do so to the last.

Continuing our march toward Washington, Georgia, I soon realized that I could not keep a large body of Confederate soldiers together without encountering and becoming engaged with Federal troops; therefore, soon after crossing the Savannah River, I adopted a plan which Mr. Davis and myself had agreed upon in view of such an emergency, this being to divide my force into small detached and compact bodies, which I directed to move rapidly upon different routes.

It was my hope that these numerous detached bodies of cavalry would facilitate Mr. Davis's escape by putting the pursuers on a false scent. I placed the various detachments, as far as possible, under the command of discreet officers, informing them of the purpose sought to be attained. I detailed several of my staff-officers for this important duty, retaining with me only Lieutenant-Colonel Hudson, Captain Rawls, Lieutenant Ryan, and some seven or eight soldiers, brave and determined men, all armed with two or more pistols, and the soldiers also carrying repeating rifles.

There were bodies of Federal troops all around us, and we were informed by citizens that they were eager to capture the fleeing President, and win the large reward which had been put upon his head. We also learned from citizens and newspapers that the feeling against him throughout the North was very bitter, popular clamor going even to the length of demanding his death.

Finally we reached Washington, Georgia, and found it full of Federal troops. I learned that Mr. Davis had arrived there some twelve hours before, with a force of seven or eight hundred, part of the command of General Dibrell and General Duke, who were both with him. Being informed of the near presence of a large body of Federals, Mr. Davis had decided to disband his following, and had done so before leaving Washington. He realized that to keep so many men around him would be to precipitate a battle; and his high sense of honor made him feel that it would be wrong, now that the war was practically over, to imperil the lives of so many. So his force had broken up, scattering in small groups, each to look after itself as best it could, and to choose its own destination. In this way they faced no special danger, since, by the terms of Sherman and Johnston's agreement, the privilege of returning home

on parole was extended to all Confederate soldiers who reported or surrendered to any Federal officer east of the Chattahoochee River.

Having bade his men farewell, retaining only a few men to act as scouts for himself and his personal party, Mr. Davis, some twelve hours before my arrival in Washington, had started on a rapid march toward southern Georgia. His wife and children—Winnie, then a baby less than a year old, and the elder daughter (now Mrs. Hayes), and two boys—had gone ahead. With them was also Mrs. Davis's sister, Miss Howell. The ladies and children rode in light army ambulances; the members of their escort were mounted; their baggage-tents and supplies were in the wagons. As far as practicable, they kept to the main road, making all possible speed; but after some days they were overtaken by Mr. Davis and his party. We supposed it was Mr. Davis's purpose or hope to attain safety among the large body of troops still in arms west of the Mississippi. We fancied he also put some faint trust in rumors then circulating, namely, that France or England might do something to revive the chances of the Confederacy. At any rate, he pushed on as bravely as might be; he never despaired.

You may well believe I did not linger long near Washington, where capture would have been inevitable, but started westward through the woods, bent chiefly now on escape. As we went along we were joined by other soldiers and officers, the remnants of Dibrell and Duke's force, who had all been under my command, and who, seeing me now, tried to attach themselves, influenced by the old feeling of loyalty, and also, doubtless, by the hope that with me they would get better rations. We met so many of these stragglers that, in their interest and my own, I was obliged to say frequently: "Gentlemen, we must break up again; we are too large a body."

One evening, toward dark, we were suddenly overtaken by a force of about forty Federal soldiers, who galloped down the road, firing upon us as they approached. I stopped at the first favorable point, and with a gallant private soldier, M. A. Whaley, fired upon and checked the advancing Federals. It was soon dark, and we turned off the road and sought the cover of a thick pine undergrowth. The Federals knew we were in the woods, and halted in the main road directly opposite us. I sent two men back to find out, if possible, what these Union soldiers were doing. My men saw no better way of obtaining this information than by sauntering up to them

coolly, as if they were Confederate stragglers going home. One of the first remarks they heard was this: "They had fine equipments and bouncing horses; it must be Davis and his men." I myself had meantime crept up close enough to hear them talking, and overheard similar words. There was no doubt that we would be hotly pursued.

I immediately went back to the men in the woods, and waited anxiously for the return of my two scouts. Presently they came, their appearance showing that they had been in trouble. They brought with them two Federal guns, which they had captured in a curious way. It seems that the officers, becoming suspicious, had placed them under arrest, and sent them, guarded by two soldiers, to a neighboring house for supper. Arrived there, the guards had stood their guns in a corner, and fallen to at a tempting meal, in the midst of which my men had sprung up suddenly, seized the guns of their captors, and made them prisoners. Then, cautioning them not to leave the house on pain of being shot, they had made their escape and rejoined me.

I saw at once the danger that menaced us, and, calling my men to the saddles, told them we could not remain a moment where we were. I again divided my force, retaining with me but three officers, our two negro servants, and three or four privates. We rode all that night, taking by-paths when possible, and frequently riding through the woods in the hope that the enemy would lose our trail and cease their pursuit. About sunrise we drew rein in an open space, and, seeing a negro, gave him money to bring us food. He went away, and presently returned with dishes and cups containing a steaming breakfast. Having eaten, we wrapped ourselves in blankets, and lay down on the ground for a few hours of the sleep we so much needed. The negro, meantime, in taking back the plates, knives, and forks, had been intercepted by the Federal soldiers, who had been pursuing us more closely than we knew. They had followed our tracks along the road, and found the point where we had entered the woods. After that they had a plain trail before them.

The negro's appearance aroused their suspicions, and they were not long in frightening him into betraying our presence. Advancing stealthily to the place where we were sleeping, they came upon us quickly, and, before we could resist, were standing around us, guns in hand. The chase was up; we were captured; the spot being, as

I learned afterward, a few miles east of Atlanta. The Federal soldiers did not fire upon us; there was no need of that, for we were at their mercy; but some of them took aside our negro servants, and I could see them pointing to me and asking questions. Presently an officer approached me, and, talking about various things, kept looking sharply at the collar of my coat. Some time before, as a precaution, I had removed the three stars of a general; but the cloth underneath showed a different color from the rest, so that the marks of the stars could be seen quite plainly. I saw that our captors had discovered our identity, and, after taking counsel with my officers, I asked the Federal leader if he was aware of the agreement that had been arrived at between Sherman and Johnston regarding the parole of Confederate soldiers. He said he was. "Then, sir," said I, "as we are in the territory covered by that agreement, being east of the Chattahoochee River, I wish to take advantage of its provisions, and will declare to you the true names of these gentlemen and myself."

This I did; but the officer, in some doubt, replied that he did not feel justified in setting us free, but must insist on our going with them until he could consult with his superiors. Accordingly, we took to the saddle again, and were taken as prisoners to Conyers, Georgia; and from there we were taken, also on horseback, to Athens, where I was given the freedom of the town on parole. Although comfortable quarters were offered me for the night, I preferred to sleep out with my men during the two days we remained in Athens.

Having been brought by rail to Augusta, we were placed on a tug. We here found ourselves fellow-prisoners with a most distinguished company; for there were on board Jefferson Davis and his family, who, as I learned, had been captured by Lieutenant-Colonel Pritchard and a squad of about sixty men; Alexander H. Stephens; C. C. Clay, who had been a United States senator from Alabama, and Mrs. Clay, one of the most brilliant women in the South; Colonel Lubbock of Texas; Colonel Burton Harrison, the President's secretary, whose distinguished record suggests that of his talented wife; Postmaster-General Reagan; and Colonel William Preston Johnston, now president of Tulane University, then an aide to President Davis.

We soon started down the river, and upon reaching Savannah were transferred to a large river steamboat, which conveyed us to Hilton Head. At this point Mrs. Davis sent her negro servants ashore with a letter to

General Rufus Saxton, United States army, asking him to see that they were treated kindly and given any advantages which their new condition warranted. This left Mrs. Davis without servants, and I remember spending many an hour of the voyage walking the deck with little baby Winnie in my arms.

We were guarded on the steamboat by men of Colonel Pritchard's force, who, as I said, numbered about sixty, and were in high spirits over the knowledge that the reward of one hundred thousand dollars for the President's capture would be theirs, as indeed it was, after some trouble in the division. I think their elation of mind contributed to render them less strict in performing their ordinary duties than they should have been, and they were more disposed for enjoyment now than for serious work. At any rate, there happened, on the first morning out, an incident which nearly rendered possible our escape in a way that would have been in the highest degree dramatic.

I was at this time a young man of intensely active, energetic disposition, and the free, fierce life of the battle-field which I had been leading for four years had developed in me a certain enjoyment of adventure. I also felt that as Mr. Davis had specially selected me at Charlotte to devote myself to preparations for his escape, it was my privilege, as well as my duty, to seize upon any possible opportunity which might be presented. The intense feeling we had heard expressed against Mr. Davis, and the great anxiety felt and expressed by his friends, furnished an additional incentive, and I earnestly sought to devise some means of escape.

Soon after leaving Savannah I discovered an opportunity which seemed to me the best we could hope for. The steamboat was a large three-decker, not unlike the big excursion boats that ply about New York. On the upper deck were stationed our guard of soldiers, with their guns; but when breakfast-time came I saw that they would have to go below. I supposed that they would go down in sections, relieving one another; but it turned out differently, a simple incident contributing to what seemed an act of negligence. For some reason, we prisoners were sent down to breakfast first, before the soldiers, who were grumbling and hungry.

Finally we came up, in great good humor, for the meal had been an excellent one, and the soldiers went tumbling down below to take their turn, leaving their guns stacked on the upper deck, and only two sentinels to guard them. Then I saw our chance, and,

calling Preston Johnston, pointed to the stairway, narrow and steep, that led up to where the guns were. In quick words I showed him how easy it would be for us to rush upon the two sentinels, overpower them, take possession of the guns, and then of the boat. There were ten of us, able-bodied men, and, with the other soldiers all below, and the guns in our hands, we would soon be masters of the situation.

We discussed a plan in a hurried consultation. "What will we do with the boat when we have got her?" was suggested.

"Sail to the Florida coast, the Bahamas, and finally to Cuba, if necessary," I replied.

"We have not got fuel enough."

"We can burn the decks," I replied.

"Would it not be an act of piracy?" was asked.

I contended that it would not. A state of war still existed; our armies west of Georgia were intact, and were opposed by large Federal armies. We were prisoners of war, guarded by Federal soldiers, and the life of our President was vehemently demanded; and no more sacred duty devolved upon us than to exercise every effort to assist in his escape and insure his safety.

I contended that people who would regard this as piracy were those who had for all these years regarded us as very much in that light, and I insisted that right-thinking, chivalrous people, even including Federal officers, could not but commend the spirit by which we were actuated.

Word was brought Mr. Davis, who was in his cabin, but he did not seem to give approval; and while we were arguing and discussing, the time of our opportunity passed, and the soldiers came back upon the deck. It was too late, and nothing came of all my fine imagining. But I have often wondered what would have happened, and how it would all have turned out, if those sentinels had been seized, and the President and Vice-President of the Confederacy had sailed away for a neutral port on a captured steamboat. It would surely have been the joke of the season.

Arrived at Hilton Head, we were all transferred to the steamer *Clyde*, and on her steamed away for Fort Monroe, guarded by the gunboat *Tuscarora*. The voyage from Augusta occupied seven or eight days, and we were given entire freedom of movement on the vessel.

I saw a good deal of Alexander H. Stephens while on the steamer, for we occupied a state-room together; and I was surprised to

find the Vice-President so apprehensive of the future. He seemed to expect that the gravest consequences would follow his arrest. I remember reasoning with him to prove that he was in no such danger as he thought. I spoke of his many friends all over the United States, referring to his Savannah speech and his well-known conservative views, and ventured the opinion that people in the North would be rather disposed to make a hero of him than to treat him harshly.

"No, my young friend," he replied, with an emphasis I cannot forget; "I look forward to a long, if not a perpetual, confinement."

"But if you feel that way about yourself," said I, "what do you think will happen to President Davis?"

Mr. Stephens answered in great agitation: "My young friend, don't speak of that—don't speak of that." I think he feared, as many others did, that Mr. Davis would be executed.

As for President Davis himself, he showed not the slightest trepidation, but reviewed the situation as calmly as if he had no personal interest in it. He discussed the war, its men and its incidents, in the same dispassionate way that a traveler might speak of scenes and incidents in some foreign land.

He was affable and dignified, as usual; and if he felt any fear, he certainly showed none. Nor would his fine sense of honor and propriety allow him to take advantage of another plan that we made for his escape from the tug while en route from Augusta to Savannah. This plan, which could doubtless have been carried out successfully had Mr. Davis approved of it, was as follows:

Two sentinels were on guard day and night at the rear end of the vessel, which was approached by two companionways; and it was our purpose to have Mr. Davis walk to the rear at night, at a certain moment when Preston Johnston and I would have concealed ourselves near the sentinels. Then, choosing his moment, Mr. Davis was to leap overboard, throwing his hat from his head at the same moment, so as to have two black objects in the river, the purpose of this being to deceive the sentinels should they succeed in firing. But it was our purpose to prevent them from using their guns, by throwing ourselves upon them suddenly, and either wresting the weapons from them or managing to discharge them in the air.

I dare say President Davis was influenced in his refusal to approve this plan by the realization that his escape would serve no useful purpose, since the Confederacy had vir-

tually ceased to exist and his personal efforts could be of no further benefit to the cause. And perhaps he took a certain inward satisfaction in the knowledge that by refusing to escape he would cause the Federal government more embarrassment than if he did so. He had perhaps heard of Lincoln's remark to a member of his cabinet: "If Mr. Davis could only escape unbeknown to us, it would be a very good thing."

On reaching Fort Monroe, we were taken off the vessel, Mr. Davis and Senator Clay being held as prisoners in the fort, under General Miles, then a volunteer general; Mr. Reagan and Mr. Stephens being transferred to the gunboat *Tuscarora*, under Captain Farley, and carried to Fort Warren; Mr. Harrison being sent in a man-of-war to Washington City; while the rest of us were put aboard the steamer *Maumee*, and brought to Fort Delaware, where we were placed in strict confinement. Here I remained for about a month, our party having as a guard an officer, a sergeant, three corporals, and thirty-six men. Two sentinels stood in front of my open door day and night; nor was I permitted to speak, read, or write. For breakfast I received a piece of bread and a piece of meat on a tin plate. For dinner they gave me a piece of bread, and a tin cup of soup with a small chunk of meat in it. For supper I had a piece of bread and a cup of water. I considered this very good prison fare, and did not complain.

On the first or second night of my imprisonment I heard some one speaking to me from the door, and found it was a sentinel, one of my old soldiers, who had served in the First Dragoons. He wished to serve me now.

"I'll get you out of here, general," he said. "The talk is that they are going to treat you roughly. All you have to do is to go to the sinks, drop down into the river, and swim ashore."

I saw that the plan could be easily carried out, but I refused to take advantage of it. I did not see what good to the cause could come through my escaping; I was not alarmed about myself; and I knew the soldier would be subjected to most serious punishment. So I thanked the sentinel, and told him I would stay where I was. He was evidently disappointed.

"Is n't there something I can do for you, general?" he said.

"Nothing, unless it is to get me a newspaper." The next day one of the latest Philadelphia papers was thrown into my room.

On about the thirtieth day of my confinement a messenger came up to say that General Schoepf, who was in command of the fort, wanted to see me. The corporal's guard formed at once, and I fell in, as prisoners do, between two soldiers. Then we marched away; but had gone only a few rods when the messenger, who had forgotten part of his instructions, came running after us, and said: "General Schoepf says he must come without a guard."

Rather surprised at this, I walked in the direction indicated, and soon found myself in the presence of the commanding officer, who said very politely: "I suppose, general, you think I've been rather harsh with you." I told him that, on the contrary, I had appreciated several acts of kindness extended to me, doubtless by his orders. After some talk about his original instructions regarding myself, and explaining to me that he had been ordered to treat me with no less severity than would have been shown Jefferson Davis himself, he held up a paper, saying: "Read that." It was an order from Washington for my release, on signing the same parole as had been given to Lee's and Johnston's armies. As nearly as I remember, the words of the parole were: "I promise, on my honor, that I will not take up arms again until I have been exchanged." As there were at this time no prisoners to be exchanged, this was equivalent to a pledge to remain at peace.

Having put my name to the paper, I was a free man; and General Schoepf at once,

with great cordiality, invited me to dine with him. I declined with thanks, saying that I preferred to spend the few hours before I should leave in the prison with my friends, who would have messages for me to take.

Some time before the boat started that was to take me across the river, word was brought me that two ladies desired to see me. It turned out that they were devoted women who for months had done untold good to the Southern cause by their sympathy and personal ministrations to prisoners. Every day it had been their habit to make the journey to Fort Delaware from Philadelphia, two hours each way, bringing flowers and baskets of food and delicacies for prisoners, some of them in the hospitals, and doing everything in their power to brighten the lot of the poor fellows who were languishing there. They kindly insisted that I should accompany them to their home in Philadelphia, where they gave me the first good meal I had had in many a day, and a comfortable bed to sleep in, and then saw me safely on my journey to New York the next morning. They were noble women, and the South had thousands like them.

My own troubles were now over, for I had plenty of friends in New York to assist me. It is unnecessary for me to go into the further details of Jefferson Davis's imprisonment, which is a matter of history. He was held at Fort Monroe for about two years, and then released. Mrs. Davis and her children had been sent back to Georgia shortly after our arrival at Fort Monroe.

THE POOL OF SLEEP.

BY ARLO BATES.

I DRAGGED my body to the pool of sleep,
 Longing to drink; but ere my thirst-seared lip
 From the cool flood one Dives-drop might sip,
 The wave sank fluctuant to some unknown deep.
 With aching eyes too hot and dry to weep
 I saw the dark, deluding water slip
 Down, down, and down; the weeds and mosses drip
 With maddening waste. I watched the water creep
 A little higher, but to fall more fast.
 Fevered and wounded in the strife of men,
 I burned with anguish till, endurance past,
 The pool crept upward, sank, then rose again,
 Swelled slowly, slowly, slowly, till at last
 My parched lips met the heavenly wave—and then . . .

RAILWAY CROSSINGS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

BY FRANKLIN B. LOCKE.

IMPORTANCE AND SIGNIFICANCE OF THE SUBJECT.



One more vexed question presents itself in many of our American cities to-day than that of grade-crossings. The vast property interests, both private and corporate, which are affected by any proposed change; the extensive systems of competing railroads, with their established terminals; the interests of the public as represented by the municipality, are all elements that enter into the problem, and must all be considered in any attempt at a solution of the difficulties involved.

The abolition of the grade-crossings means, properly, the separation of street and railway grades; the adoption of such arrangements at stations as will prevent, as far as possible, the crossing of the tracks by passengers; and also the prevention of all persons, except those connected with the railways, from entering upon the tracks, or crossing them, except at certain prescribed places where crossings are allowed. These are the principles which underlie the practice in Great Britain and Germany, and all legislation upon the subject has in view the attainment of these results, as far as possible. In a large measure the same may be said of other European countries, although Great Britain and Germany stand easily first in these matters.

IMPROVED CROSSINGS GIVE BETTER SERVICE.

THE traveler from the West who journeys throughout England by rail does not realize the degree of perfection which has been attained there in these particulars. While he is annoyed by the lack of certain conveniences to which he has been accustomed, he fails to notice the high and very uniform rate of speed at which his train travels through innumerable cities and to the very heart of London, and always apparently regardless of the network of streets and other railways which cross and recross the line upon which he is traveling. The system by which the city traffic is admirably separated from the railways in Liverpool or Birmingham or Lon-

don does not particularly interest our tourist from America while he is complaining of the cold and the lack of freedom that he is compelled to endure.

An average of the fast express-train time on these roads for fifty-four trains daily, up to and down from London, is about forty-six miles per hour. This showing cannot be equaled by the service rendered by the railways of any other country in the world.

The facility and rapidity with which trains are handled and business is despatched in the many cities throughout Great Britain and Germany, where grade-crossings do not exist, should be mentioned as largely compensating for the expenditures involved. In the case of the Great Eastern Station in London, seven to eight hundred trains a day are successfully handled, and the facilities have been recently increased to provide for a thousand trains in twenty-four hours. The number of passengers transported yearly to and from this station is about fifty-five millions, which is more than equal to the passenger business of all the roads entering the city of Boston. The Great Eastern passes under Shoreditch and other important streets in the immediate vicinity of the station, and, farther away, passes to an elevated system. What is true of the Great Eastern is true of other great stations in London. At Cannon street, not to choose an extreme case, the trains average about one every minute for several hours in the morning and for several hours in the evening.

HYDRAULIC POWER IN GREAT BRITAIN.

HYDRAULIC power is a very important factor in the operation of the railroad terminals in Great Britain. In the passenger stations, for the handling of express and baggage, its use is very common; but in its application to the handling of freight it has a most important bearing upon our subject. It affords the one practicable means of loading and unloading and shifting in the depressed and elevated terminals. The cars must be raised or lowered from the regular track-level to the street-level, and this is accomplished by means of car-lifts operated by hydraulic power. At the street-level the cars are loaded and unloaded by hydraulic cranes, and

are then sent to the proper level, and despatched to their destinations. By an arrangement of capstans, turn-tables, and transfer-tables, all run by the same power, all shifting and making up of cars is successfully and very economically performed. About eleven years ago the writer inspected the systems at the stations of Glasgow, Liverpool, London, and Paris; and these same plants are still doing duty in a satisfactory manner. The ends accomplished by their adoption are threefold: it solves the difficulties of the double-level stations; it affords the means for doing a very large amount of business within a small space; and it is also claimed that the cost of handling goods is less than half the cost of handling the same amount of business at our surface terminals in America. A considerable portion of this difference of cost, however, is certainly chargeable to the difference in the cost of labor.

QUESTIONS OF ECONOMY AND COMPETITION.

IN connection with the question of economy, it may be proper to note that in both Great Britain and Germany the estimated average returns upon the capital invested in railways is greater than is the case in America. A direct comparison is, of course, almost impossible, owing to the different methods of handling the railway finances in the different countries. It is nevertheless significant that in these countries, where the returns upon invested capital are necessarily small, there should still appear to be an advantage in their favor; and this fact should lead us to inquire whether their large expenditures have not been wise from a financial standpoint, and whether, to any considerable extent, the same principles should apply in our own cities.

The policy of the foreign companies, which has led them to provide every facility for handling their suburban traffic with the greatest possible despatch, also to push their lines as near to the centers of business as possible, has discouraged the construction of competing lines of street-railroads, and has otherwise, of course, tended to increase largely the traffic of the steam-lines. That the opposite policy has been pursued by many American companies, under the belief that the first cost of providing the improved facilities was too great, has undoubtedly retarded the growth of business, and encouraged the wholesale construction of electric and other species of street-railroads, which attempt to give the rapid

transit that should be given by the steam-roads. We have, therefore, in the street-railroad system a phase of grade-crossing difficulties destined to increase in annoyance as the traffic increases.

A COMPARISON OF CASUALTIES.

WITH the casualties that are properly classified as due to grade-crossings are generally included accidents to trespassers—that is, to persons who attempt to cross or walk at grade upon the lines between the prescribed crossings. This class of accidents forms a large factor in the sum total of deaths and injuries, and great care is taken by the foreign companies to protect the public in this particular. Fully one third of all the accidents to persons on the English roads belong to this class; and while it is generally regarded that these accidents are the result of carelessness on the part of those who take the risks of entering upon the lines, it is nevertheless noticeable that no reasonable precautions are neglected. In America, as a whole, scarcely any provision is made for preventing this class of accidents. In the State of Massachusetts alone there are about half as many deaths from this cause as in the whole of Great Britain and Ireland; and during the last fifteen years nearly one half of all the fatalities upon the railways in that State have been of this class. By averaging the fatalities occurring in Great Britain and Germany, and comparing with the average for Massachusetts and Connecticut, the proportion is about as seven to one in favor of the foreign countries. Certain classes of accidents are now almost unknown in Germany. Accidents to pedestrians at road-crossings, or to passengers from crossing the tracks at stations, are hardly possible at the present time. Any one attempting to walk upon the track is sure to be stopped, and very severe penalties are imposed for any defiance of the orders of an employee.

In this connection, a few broad comparisons are very significant. In the city of Buffalo, for instance, it was reported, a few years ago, that sixty-one fatalities occurred at grade-crossings in eighteen months, being two more than the number reported for the whole of Germany for the previous five years. Again, in the report of the Terminal Commission to the Mayor and Common Council of Chicago, it was stated that over two hundred people lost their lives at the grade-crossings in that city in 1891. This is nearly as many fatalities as occurred in the whole

of Great Britain and Ireland from the same cause during the succeeding five years. These figures seem to indicate that these two cities afford from three to five times as many fatalities of this class as the whole of Great Britain and Ireland and Germany combined.

PRECAUTIONS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

GENERALLY speaking, the objections to grade-crossings were clearly foreseen in England, and the remedies were applied in the cities when the railways were established. In the country districts there are still a considerable number of grade-crossings. They are by no means so numerous, however, as on the Continental lines. Under the regulation of Railways Acts, 1868 and 1871, a penalty of forty shillings is provided for the offense of entering or being upon a railway, except for the purpose of crossing the same at some authorized crossing. It is provided, however, that the offending party shall first have been warned by the agents of the company. This latter fact somewhat reduces the efficiency of the regulation, as it is often difficult to give satisfactory proof of warning. The Board of Trade have made regulations and recommendations as to the arrangements at stations, and regarding the protection of grade-crossings where they exist. Platforms are to be not less than three feet above rail-level, except in rare instances. Each passenger track is to have its separate platform, and stress is laid upon the principle that passengers should find it difficult, and always unnecessary, to descend upon the tracks. The character of gates, and the manner of operating them, are prescribed. Private road-crossings are also provided with gates; and under the law of 1845 a penalty is provided for persons who neglect to close them after passing through, and persons using them enter upon the track at their own risk. The comparative freedom from accidents of all classes on the English roads is due to much investigation by parliamentary commissions, many of the reports by these commissions being very suggestive and valuable. Among other tangible results of these investigations has been a wise extension, in 1871, of the powers of the Railway Department of the Board of Trade. Since that time, and largely through the efforts of the board, there has been a marked decrease in railway casualties throughout Great Britain, as indicated by the statistics covering these matters.

THE EXPERIENCE OF GERMANY.

IN Germany grade-crossings were originally permitted. There was an average of something over one and a half grade-crossings per mile of standard-gage railway in Germany in 1892. Under the direction of the government, the changes that have been undertaken in remedying these conditions have revolutionized the railway systems in nearly all the cities of Germany. New stations and viaducts are among the most important works that have been carried out in the empire during the last fifteen years. Owing to the fact that many of the details of original railway construction in Germany were widely different from the practice in Great Britain, different conditions had subsequently to be met, and a broad policy was undertaken by the German government in meeting and overcoming the features that were considered unfavorable. The railways in Germany have been gradually absorbed by the government, until now only a small proportion of them are operated by private corporations. In a general way, the conditions to be met there relative to grade-crossings were similar to the conditions existing in America at the present time. Their station arrangements were similar. Passengers were frequently obliged to cross the tracks in order to reach their trains. They have the low platform, about ten inches above the top of the rail, rendering it an easy matter to descend to the tracks. And formerly there existed a prejudice against the adoption of elevated stations, subways, and overhead bridges. It is therefore interesting to know that, as necessity has required the introduction of these features, public sentiment has veered round and recognizes their desirability. The various accidents which occurred at stations, etc., contributed to this end. These were naturally of more frequent occurrence under the old system, and culminated in a calamity at Steglitz, near Berlin, where a crowd, while crossing the tracks in attempting to board a local train for Berlin, was run down by an express, resulting in the death of thirty-seven persons. Before the accident, a petition for the reconstruction of this station, providing for undergrade crossings by means of subways, had been rejected in the House of Deputies, on the ground of expense and the objections to tunnels, etc. After the accident, the work of reconstruction was executed substantially as originally planned, with subway and with suitable platforms provided with a strong fence between the main tracks.

The street near the station, which formerly crossed the tracks at grade, was at the same time carried under the tracks.

The larger portion of the expenditures which have been incurred in Germany in abolishing the grade-crossings has been in the cities. Modern stations and elevated tracks are to be found throughout the empire. It is there well understood that any attempt to deal with the subject by providing for the isolated crossings and leaving the city streets untouched, simply perpetuates the worst phase of the difficulty. The expenditures have, accordingly, been large, and the results proportionately so. The magnitude of the work at Cologne may be suggested by the fact that \$5,900,000 were voted for this purpose by the Prussian House of Deputies as long ago as 1883. Construction began in 1885, and the cost as originally estimated was increased to about \$7,600,000. In the execution of this work the street grade-crossings are avoided by the elevation of the tracks, although this requirement was in some instances carried out with much difficulty. The six tracks of that portion of the line which lies within the old fortifications are carried upon a viaduct, while beyond them the tracks are upon embankments. The magnificent main station building is located upon the site of the old building, close to the cathedral. In this station are embodied the most approved features of the modern station. The principles that passengers must not be allowed to cross the tracks, and also that baggage and mail shall not be handled by crossing the tracks, or through the same passageways that are devoted to passengers, are all we can note in this connection. The expense of these large constructions has generally been borne by the government, while in England the expense incurred in avoiding or abolishing grade-crossings is generally borne by the railway company. The cities have very rarely shared in the expense, and are held only to the same share in the maintenance as before the change took place. It will be seen that the foreign roads, in their various stages of development, have been held very strictly to an observance of the rights of the public. If there is any discrimination, it is in favor of the public.

FACTS FROM OTHER COUNTRIES.

WHAT has been said relative to the railways of Great Britain and Germany applies in a measure to France and other Continental countries. There are, however, not the same inducements in some of these countries for

making great changes, in the way of modernizing the railway systems, that there are in those countries which we have been especially considering. The increase in population, and consequent growth of cities, is not so great; there is not the same effort to attain high speeds; and the traffic is in most cases comparatively light. There is always, however, very thorough construction. Grade-crossings in the larger cities are rare, and the guarding and policing of the railway properties are excellent. In the mountain districts of Switzerland, France, and Italy the writer found that the regulations were not so rigidly enforced. The trains, however, were comparatively few and of low speed. A considerable portion of the St. Gotthard line was examined, as were also portions of the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway in the mountain districts, and generally no difficulty was encountered. In central Italy, and in other localities where trains are more frequent and the population living adjacent to the lines more numerous, permits were necessary in order to enter upon the railway-lines. Any attempt to do so without authority was always met with a prompt, though courteous, reminder that such a proceeding was in violation of the rules.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF SUBURBAN TRAFFIC.

AMERICAN corporations have been very enterprising in extending their lines into new districts—often, it must be added, where there was little business to warrant such extensions. Without questioning the wisdom of these enterprises, it may nevertheless be said that there has been, in most instances, a failure on the part of these corporations to secure to themselves the enormous local and suburban business which has grown up in and around our great cities. A great number of cases can be cited where this business is handled successfully and profitably on a large scale by the steam-roads of Europe, establishing beyond question the desirability of the service that can be secured in this way. American managers, however, have not only disregarded this business, but have actually discouraged it; and it is only within a few years that a proper appreciation of its importance and value has been shown by even a very few of the leading companies. There is, on the other hand, an almost total lack, on the part of the public, of any proper appreciation of the part which the existing lines terminating in or passing through the great cities should take in the development of this local and suburban traffic. Corpora-

tions have been allowed, and even encouraged, to withdraw their freight and passenger stations to points farther from the business centers; and, with very few exceptions, there has never been any effort, on the part of either city or State governments, to take such action as would lead to any development in the line above suggested.

INTERDEPENDENCE OF CITIES AND RAILWAYS.

THE principle that the cities and the railroads are dependent upon each other should never be lost sight of. In our modern civilization each is equally dependent upon the other for its existence, and there is every reason for coöperation between the railroad companies and the cities upon all questions wherein they have common interests. It seems safe to say that their interests are identical in numerous instances where there seems to exist only antagonism. Nearly every large city in the United States, in its efforts to obtain transit facilities, has been ready to give away valuable franchises to street-railroad corporations, at the same time neglecting the fact that coöperation with the existing roads may, in many instances, be the means of providing, in the very highest degree, the service which is really worthy the name of rapid transit.

RAPID TRANSIT IN BOSTON.

IN the city of Boston the indifference of the steam-roads to the suburban traffic during past years has turned that business largely into other channels. In the year 1896 the street railways of Boston handled above one hundred and sixty-six million passengers, or more than three times the number of both through and local passengers handled by all the steam-roads together. From 1881 to 1891 the steam-roads increased the number of passengers handled from about twenty-five millions to fifty-one millions. During the years from 1891 to 1897 the increase was only about two millions, while there was actually a decrease of about three millions from 1893 to 1897. The street railways, during the five years following 1891, increased their traffic by about thirty millions, showing an enormous increase of traffic for these railways, while the steam-railroads have in this particular made no progress, or have actually retrograded.

It has been held that a wise development of the steam-roads, extending them into the suburban territory and to the business centers,—providing, moreover, the rapid local service which the situation warrants,—would

in a large measure have preserved the suburban business to the controlling companies. Such a system, together with the service that would still be performed by the surface cars, would provide Boston with an almost ideal system of rapid transit. The attempt by the street railways to handle this enormous traffic resulted in a congested condition of the business regions so great that action on the part of the municipality was finally compelled. As a result, the Boston Transit Commission, acting under legislative acts of 1894 and subsequent years, has nearly completed the Boston subway. When this work is finished, it will remove the difficulties due to congested railway traffic from those portions of Tremont, Boylston, Hanover, and other streets under which the subway passes. This very notable work is the pioneer of its class in this country, and certainly solves for Boston, throughout its length of nearly two miles, a very vexatious phase of grade-crossing difficulties.

It does not necessarily follow that where railroads are carried into or through the thickly settled portions of cities the same power shall be used within city and suburban limits for local service as for other portions of the lines. The use of electricity under such circumstances is not regarded as difficult of attainment. Even with steam as a motive power, it is possible to reduce the smoke nuisance materially by means of devices now in use. Such a system, involving the present railroads, is not only what the city of Boston needs, but it is the fundamental necessity of every large city. In the absence of some such development of the steam-roads, other systems are destined to flourish, not only within the city and suburban limits, but for paralleling the present lines in all directions.

STATE ACTION CONCERNING GRADE-CROSSINGS.

SEVERAL of the States have passed laws facilitating the elimination of grade-crossings; but generally the railroads have been left to the exercise of their own judgment in these matters. The Massachusetts legislature in 1888 passed an act by which a commission was appointed by the governor to investigate and report upon the subject of the gradual abolition of the crossing of highways by railroads at grade. As a result of the report made by this commission, and of the general agitation, the law to promote the abolition of grade-crossings was enacted. This law (Chapter 428, Acts of 1890) provides, together with its amendments, that upon the

petition of the authorities of a town or city in which a public way and a railroad cross at grade, or of the directors of the railroad company, or of the attorney-general of the commonwealth, acting upon instructions of the governor and council, the superior court may appoint a commission of three disinterested persons. The members of this commission are empowered to decide if action is necessary to prescribe the manner of making the

be established without the consent of the railroad commissioners. Their consent, or the consent of a special commission, must also be obtained for the crossing at grade of electric and steam roads. In these particulars the board has of late years strenuously opposed the creation of new grade-crossings in the commonwealth.

In other States these subjects have received much attention; and it is to be



Drawn by E. POTTHAST.

VIADUCT OF THE LONDON AND SOUTHWESTERN RAILWAY OVER THE WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON.

alterations, and may also determine which party shall do the work. The act provides that the railroad companies shall pay sixty-five per cent. of the total actual cost of the alterations. The remaining thirty-five per cent. of the cost the commissioners are to apportion between the town or city and the commonwealth. Not more than ten per cent. of such cost can be apportioned to the city or town. The commission returns its finding into the superior court, and, if confirmed by the court, it becomes final. Further provision is made for the taking of land, the maintenance of the crossings after completion, and also that the amount to be paid by the commonwealth during any one year shall not exceed five hundred thousand dollars, and the total amount to be paid by the commonwealth shall not exceed five million dollars. In the case of new construction, no grade-crossings of public roads and railroads can

be regretted that in some cases the failure to pass laws facilitating these operations is due to the opposition of some of the strongest railroad corporations in the country. In the State of Connecticut much has been done in the way of favorable legislation. The State of Michigan has a law, enacted in 1893, whereby is established a board, entitled the Railroad and Street-crossing Board, consisting of two members appointed by the governor, together with the railroad commissioner, who constitutes the third member. The New York State Board of Railroad Commissioners secured in 1897 the passage of an act promoting the prevention of new grade-crossings, and the gradual abolition of those then existing. This act, similar in many respects to the Massachusetts law, constitutes the Railroad Commissioners as the board of appeal. As such their powers are similar to those of the special commis-



DRAWN BY E. FOTTHAST.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY VIADUCT, BIRMINGHAM.

sioners in Massachusetts. Owing to the opposition of leading railroads the desired legislation in the state of New York was long delayed. The proposed assessment against the corporations of sixty-five per centum of the costs of abolition was held to be too much, and, as the law now stands, one half the total cost is borne by the railroad and one half is equally divided between the municipality or town and the state.

IMPROVEMENTS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

SEVERAL of the corporations operating lines within the State of Massachusetts speedily availed themselves of the law of 1890, and along the main lines the improvements are numerous, and the character of the construction is of a high order. On the fifty-four-mile section of the Boston and Albany

Railroad, between the cities of Worcester and Springfield, along which are located several thriving and important towns, the grades of the highways and the railroads have all been separated, and the work of elimination is being prosecuted along other portions of the line. These improvements have, in some cases, been executed in connection with the reconstruction of stations and the extension of other facilities. This company has not adopted the principle of preventing passengers from crossing its tracks at its more important stations, and this fact has been unfavorably commented upon by the State commissioners, and regretted by others who desire to see the introduction upon the railroads of the commonwealth of all ideas conducive in any way to safety, or to a higher uniform rate of speed for express-train service.

Outside of the work that has been done under the law of 1890, there have been several special acts passed by the Massachusetts legislature, under which extensive works of improvement have been undertaken. For instance, on the Boston and Providence division of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad the tracks have been elevated, in Boston, between Chester Park (now Massachusetts Avenue) and Mount Hope Station, a distance of about four and a half miles, thereby freeing of all grade-crossings a section of about eleven miles in length, extending southerly from the Park Square Station in Boston. In the case of this improvement, which is estimated to cost about two million dollars, the State pays thirty-one and a half per cent., the city thirteen and a half per cent., and the

Haven, and Hartford Railroad is of great importance, and the beneficial results are to be recognized in improved service and in greater safety. To these improvements is due, in a large measure, the fact that this line affords the fastest long run in New England. The time between New York and Boston is now five hours, or about 46.6 miles per hour, including stops at Providence, New London, and New Haven. This compares favorably with the fast trains in America or in England; and as the projected improvements are carried out, not only as to the abolition of highway grade-crossings, but as to modernizing the stations and reducing grades and curvature, this company will be abundantly able to render service of a very high order between the two cities. The very notable work recently completed in New York



DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY, BATH, ENGLAND. PASSING THROUGH THE SYDNEY GARDENS.

railroad fifty-five per cent., of the total cost. The cities of Brockton, upon the same system, and Newton, on the Boston and Albany, have also secured, through the passage of special acts, the abolition of the grade-crossings in each of those cities. More or less work has been done upon nearly all the other lines in the State.

THE NEW VIADUCT IN NEW YORK CITY.

IN Connecticut and New York the work done upon the line of the New York, New

city contributes materially to this end. The improvement consists of the elevation of the four tracks along Fourth Avenue, between 110th street and the Harlem River, by means of a steel viaduct; then over the river by means of a new four-track bridge; and finally descending from the north end of the bridge by viaduct and embankment to the former grade at Mott Haven Junction at 149th street. This section accommodates the traffic of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, the New York, New Haven, and Hart-

ford Railroad, and the New York and Harlem Railroad as it passes to and from the Grand Central Station at 42d street. This traffic constitutes above five hundred train-movements in twenty-four hours, and is handled with facility and increased rapidity since the completion of the new work. Moreover, about a mile of Fourth Avenue south of the Harlem is given its full width of one hundred and ten feet, and, the new bridge being twenty-four feet above high-tide water, the delays at the draw are far less frequent than was the case with the old low-level bridge.

IMPROVEMENTS IN OTHER STATES.

OTHER lines terminating in New York have made equal advances, the elevated terminals at Jersey City and at Philadelphia being models of elevated stations and terminal lines which at once settle the question of the adaptability of these methods for American cities. At Detroit, the Canadian Pacific, the Flint and Père Marquette, the Wabash, and the Detroit, Lansing, and Northern railroads, all obtain entrance over an elevated structure to the new Fort Street Union Depot. This depot is conveniently located near the principal business center, and is a fair ex-

ample of those cases where terminals have been brought from remote to more central locations. At this station is a hydraulic plant for handling the city freight; there is one at Cincinnati, and another at the Pennsylvania Railroad terminal at Philadelphia. These constitute the principal examples of this system thus far established in America. In Philadelphia the business of the Pennsylvania Company over its elevated terminal increased from 7,801,525 passengers in 1884 to 17,277,891 in 1892. During the year 1893 the new Reading terminal was opened, the extension of the tracks to 12th and Market streets being upon an elevated structure of the most substantial character, by means of which the Reading lines are brought virtually to the center of the city.

AN INSTANCE FROM THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION.

IN this connection, the work of the Illinois Central Company in raising its tracks and providing improved facilities in Chicago is particularly interesting. It is the general policy of this company to prevent passengers from entering upon its tracks at stations, highway crossings, or upon the right of way, wherever it is practicable to do so. While



DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

FOOT-BRIDGE, MIDLAND RAILWAY, SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD.



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

CEINTURE RAILWAY, AT THE BOULEVARD VICTOR, PARIS.

there are a large number of highways and other railroads crossing their lines at grade, the creation of new crossings is now strenuously opposed in the case of new lines or of new highways.

The terminal lines of the Illinois Central, in the city of Chicago, north of Grand Crossing, for a distance of 9.56 miles consist of eight tracks: two tracks for local suburban service, with stations approximately one half-mile apart, two tracks for through passenger service, two tracks for through freight service, and two tracks for high-speed express suburban service.

During 1892 these eight tracks were elevated from 47th street to 71st street, so as to admit of all the streets in this district, which were the approaches to Jackson Park (at which point the World's Columbian Exposition was located), being carried under the tracks. Inside the city and suburban limits, express, suburban, and through trains run at speeds varying from forty to fifty miles an hour with perfect safety. The line is fenced, turnstiles are used to prevent trespassing upon the tracks, and high platforms, level

with the floors of the coaches, facilitate the movements of passengers.

By the elimination of grade-crossings on the Illinois Central terminal, that company was enabled to handle during the six months of the Exposition nineteen and a half millions of people, without the loss of a life.

In this case there was a keen appreciation of the importance of the suburban traffic, and of the fact that this business properly belongs to the roads the franchises of which have been given for the purpose of accomplishing this work in the manner that shall be most satisfactory to the public. No commentary is necessary to show how these improvements have been of the utmost advantage, not only to the Illinois Central Company, but also to the city of Chicago. The city, however, had no share in the expense of building the eight-track structure, the burden falling principally upon the railroad. About twenty per cent. of the cost (the total being approximately four hundred thousand dollars per mile) was borne by the Columbian Exposition Company, the elevation of these tracks being of vital importance to the success of the Fair; and



LITHOGRAPHED BY T. PICKEN, FROM DRAWING BY C. BOSSOLI, DAY & SON, LONDON.

BRIDGE OVER THE SCRIVIA, ITALY.

about four per cent. of the total cost was paid by the surface cable line, that company being interested to extend its line on 63d street under the elevated tracks of the Illinois Central Road, avoiding in that way a crossing at grade.

THE QUESTION OF EXPENSE IN CHICAGO.

A HISTORY of the agitation in the city of Chicago engendered by the attempts to compel the railroads to elevate their tracks or otherwise abolish the grade-crossings, would be very voluminous. Investigations of a very comprehensive nature have been made, and repeated ordinances have been passed by the city government ordering the roads to take action in the matter. Arrests of railroad officials have repeatedly been made upon the occasion of accidents at the crossings, the city seeking to place the responsibility for these accidents upon the corporations. It has until recently been the position of the city that the railroads should pay the entire expense of elevating the tracks, including the depression of the streets, and damages to abutters along the railroad lines, etc. More recently, however, the city has undertaken, for a consideration of one hundred thousand dollars, to pay the damages to abutters on the lines of the Rock Island and Lake Shore roads, which are now elevated

in compliance with city ordinances. Other lines are making serious preparations to follow the example of the Illinois Central and the Rock Island and Lake Shore systems. The attempt of the municipal authorities of Chicago to compel the wholesale elevation of all the railroads in the city, at the sole expense of the corporations operating them, led these corporations seriously to consider the advisability of moving their terminal stations outside of the city. Such a course would have shown how vitally the interests of the city and the railroads are united. Even the possibility of such a proceeding induced the city authorities to pursue a less radical course.

A THREE-LEVEL CROSSING.

ON the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad many stations have been built, outside the large terminals, upon modern principles. Owing to their methods of operating a four-track system (the two outside tracks being for passenger-trains, and the two inside for freight-trains), they are enabled, in many cases, to provide against the necessity of passengers crossing the tracks at all, without the use of intermediate platforms, or spreading the tracks at the stations.

At Elizabeth, New Jersey, an important and very interesting piece of track and street

separation was accomplished. At the crossing of Broad street, North Broad street, East Broad street, and Morris Avenue, or rather at the junction of these several streets, occurs also the crossing of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Central Railroad of New Jersey. These railroads and streets formerly all crossed at the same grade. It all constituted one of the worst and most dangerous crossings in the United States. The street traffic was heavy, and that on the railroads consisted of between five and six hundred trains per day. In the solution of this case the streets were depressed, and now pass under the Central Railroad of New Jersey, which remains at its former grade, while the Pennsylvania tracks were raised sufficiently to pass over both the streets and the Central Railroad, thus making a three-level crossing at this point—a rare thing in this country, though common in England. Several other grade-crossings were abolished at the same time, the Pennsylvania tracks being elevated for the entire distance through the settled portion of the city. New stations are to accommodate the passenger business, and these are of the modern type, thereby effectually doing away with the crossings on the tracks at the stations, as well as on the streets. These

cases that have been mentioned are only samples of a considerable number of important works which have been carried out in America, all tending to show the adaptability of these principles to our general conditions.

ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

As a result of a careful study of what has been done in Europe, and of our own system, one is compelled to believe, so far as the subjects under discussion are concerned, that the principles upon which most of our roads were originally constructed are unsatisfactory and soon to be discredited. No systematic attempt was made originally so to build the lines, even in the larger cities, that the streets should not be obstructed by the railroads, or *vice versa*. We have innumerable grade-crossings in both cities and country, a large proportion of which are not protected at all; and, moreover, there exists an utter lack of police or other regulation calculated to inspire in the public a proper respect for the property rights of the railroads, or for the dangers incident to the reckless trespassing so common throughout the United States. We have no adequate system for protecting grade-crossings, the ordinary gate, consisting of a single bar, which is lowered at each side of the tracks upon the approach of



LITHOGRAPHED BY T. PICKER, FROM DRAWING BY C. BOSSOLI. DAY & SON, LONDON.

VIADUCT NEAR GENOA.

trains, being in many cases insufficient to prevent accident. Massachusetts, for instance, has between twenty-one and twenty-two hundred grade-crossings of highways and railroads. Of these about one half are protected by gates, flagmen, or bells, and one half are unprotected. The fatalities, however, at the protected crossings are nearly half of all the casualties occurring at both protected and unprotected crossings.

By far the most objectionable feature that marks our system in this connection, and is now being perpetuated to a greater extent than ever before, is the multiplication of the crossings of the steam-roads by the various forms of street-railroads, the growth of which is now so rapidly on the increase. A highway grade-crossing becomes a far greater source of danger the moment an electric or other form of street-railroad becomes a fixture in the street and crosses the railroad at grade.

WILL THE ABOLITION OF GRADE-CROSSINGS PAY ?

A REVIEW of foreign practice as regards grade-crossings compels the encouraging belief that the expense of the works of improvement is not so great as to imperil the

sound financial condition of the railways, but has rather added to their prosperity by adding to their facilities for handling larger volumes of business, and with greater economy. The railways of Great Britain have cost about \$114,000 per thousand of population, while those of the State of Massachusetts, for instance, have cost about \$70,000 per thousand of population. Should the principal highway grade-crossings in that State be abolished, basing the cost upon the estimate of the Grade-Crossing Commission appointed in 1888, which amounted to \$40,766,000, the expenditure upon the railways of the State would still be inside of \$90,000 per thousand of population. Judging from these figures, it is only fair to conclude that the population and wealth of at least the more thickly settled of the Eastern States will warrant the expenditure of considerable money in the interest of desired improvements. That abroad there are no difficulties in the way of handling freight and passenger business, on either an elevated or a depressed system, in a manner that has proved satisfactory to the most exacting public demands, naturally inspires the hope that equal success may be achieved



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

CENTURE RAILWAY OF PARIS, NEAR THE AUTEUIL STATION.



Drawn by E. POTTHAST.

NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILWAY AT 125TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

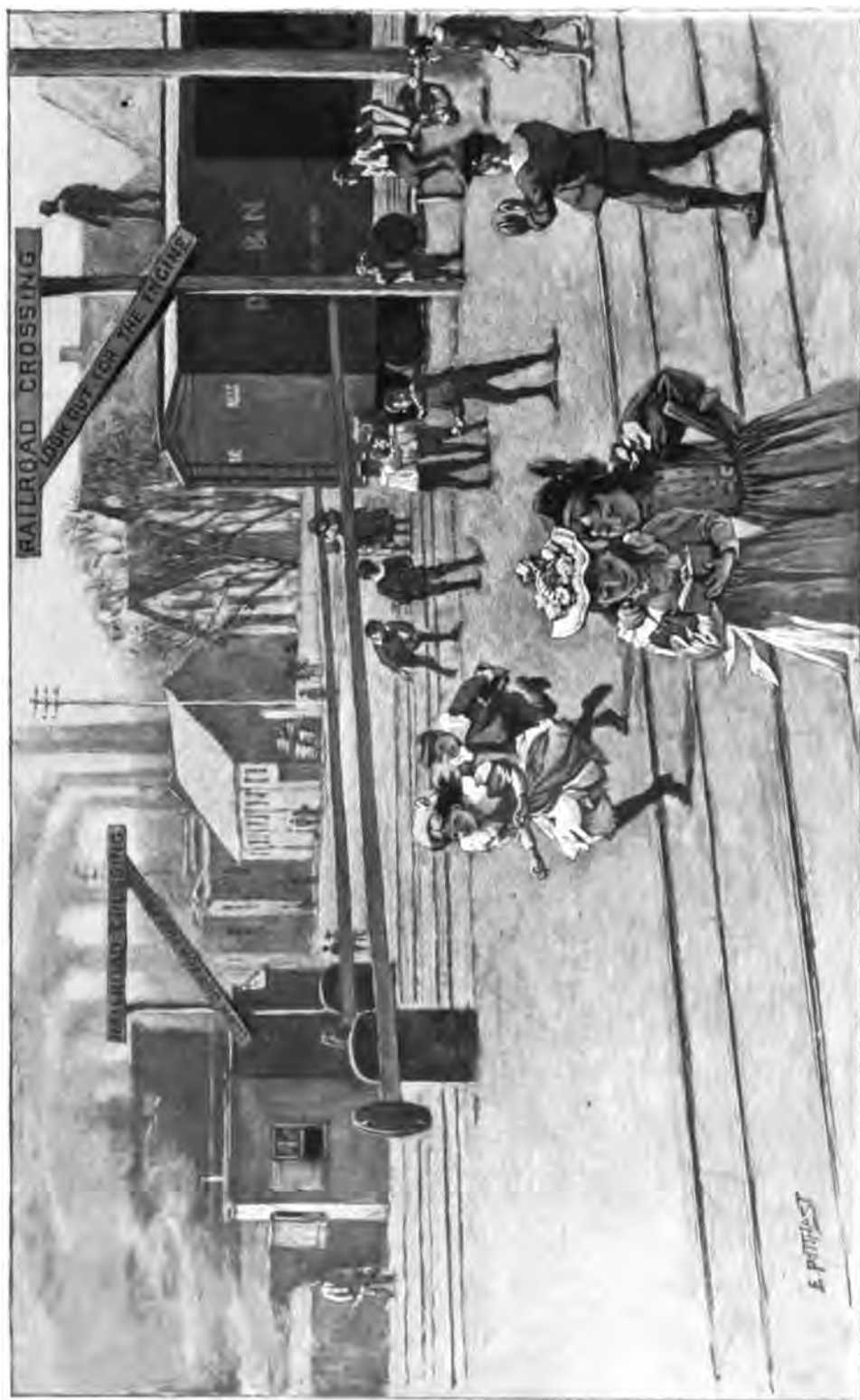
here, and that the advantages following the adoption of these systems may become the rule rather than the exception. That we are now suffering from the disadvantages of a system which must be eventually discredited, there seems to be no lack of evidence. For several years we have boasted of having the fastest train in the world; but if we compare the average time of the twenty-six fastest trains to and from New York on all of its twenty-six important roads, we get only about forty miles an hour, against the average, as we have already noted, of forty-six miles an hour for fifty-four trains running to and from London. If we examine the New England roads, it appears that of the twenty-four fast trains running to and from Boston the average speed is thirty-two miles an hour.

There is no reason to suppose that the English roads could attain a higher average speed for their express-trains than would be the case with us, were our conditions as favorable. Our comparatively low average is due, not to any failure to equip trains for high speeds, but to those features of the permanent way which place the limit at which trains can be run with reasonable safety. So long as those features are retained we lose in a measure the benefit of other refinements for the attainment of high speeds. It is interesting to notice that the

American roads which have been most successful in giving the best express-train service are the roads that have, of their own volition, made large expenditures in remodeling their stations, and in raising or depressing their tracks.

Those roads that have been foremost in their efforts to provide the fast service demanded by the public have been the first to see the necessity of improved facilities, and they have moved in advance of the public and in advance of any compelling legislation.

The very large expenditure necessarily involved in the reconstruction of the roads and terminals within the limits of our various cities renders the subject of the largest importance from a financial point of view. In the case of the foreign cities, the expenses were largely for extensions that would have had to be made anyhow, without regard to the question of crossings. The crossings and terminals and the extensions have all been considered together, upon the broadest principles. All the railways entering a city have generally been considered in all the cases where extensive changes were contemplated. Piecemeal work is to be avoided, and when extensions of railway terminals or large constructions are contemplated, the question of the effect of such proposed works upon a



DRAWN BY E. POTTER.

GARDEN STREET CROSSING, WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

city's streets, and upon the city at large, is of the greatest importance.

In America the theory of "hardship upon the railways" is accepted as a reason for delay in carrying out desired improvements; but if we can judge from the policy of the foreign companies, improvements of the nature that we are discussing are a benefit rather than a hardship, and it is perhaps not too much to believe that the American companies will show the same readiness in carrying out these improvements that we have remarked in the case of the foreign companies. The American people, while surpassing the world in the matter of accepting with complacency the facilities, good or bad, which the railroads see fit to give them, are nevertheless in many localities expressing themselves so clearly that their indifference or objection to proposed changes cannot be urged as an excuse for delay. It is to be hoped that as the sentiment of the public changes, a change of policy on the part of the companies will follow, and that our railroads will fast begin to rank as equal to any in the world in these particulars, as they already do in most other essential features.



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

MAIN STREET ARCH, SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.¹

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER.

WITH A PICTURE BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

THE GREAT PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

OF all the structures included in any of the lists of the Seven Wonders, the Pyramids of Gizeh are the only ones left standing in our day. They are, too, of all by far the oldest. At the date when tradition assigns Moses to the service of Pharaoh they were already monuments of a hoary past. Fifty generations of men, perhaps a hundred, had already passed beneath their shadow. Already they belonged to a past and forgotten world, another Egypt, of which they were the lonely monuments.

Standing as they do to-day, the only living samples of the ancient wonders, they constitute a measure of the ancient marveling, and it is significant that they are as much a wonder now as they have ever been. They still rank with the most colossal monuments ever reared by the hand of man; but that is

¹ See previous article in *THE CENTURY* for April, 1898.

not all. Never have speculation and fancy, the handmaids of wonder, busied themselves so much and so variously with the problems of their construction and their purpose as in these latter days. Within the present century they have been interpreted, now as parts of a system of barriers against the shifting desert sands, now as parts of a mechanism for filtering the Nile water, or as monuments to the deluge, or means of rescuing by embodying in stone the mathematical and mystical lore of the world from an impending deluge, or as an embodiment of such measures as the distance of the sun, the circumference of the earth, the sacred cubit, or the planetary distances. An Oxford professor of Newton's time even wrote a book to demonstrate the antiquity of the English weights and measures from their agreement with the standards used in the construction of the Pyramids. To others they have served as monuments to primitive monotheism,



THE GREAT PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

types of Christ and his church, vindication, through their use of the number seven, of the Sabbath law, or even as a sign of the Second Advent, pointing definitely, in terms of inches, to the year 1882. One man finds that they contain in their proportions a record of their own latitude, or in their orientation a record of their age; another interprets them as vast sun-dials to measure with their shadows the progress of the seasons; another makes them an attempt to demonstrate the quadrature of the circle. Leibnitz's theory that their respective sizes testify to the length of their builders' reigns, in that each kept on building as long as he lived, has suffered badly under recent criticism. That they constitute in some way a composite record of the resources, as well as the length, of each reign might be easier to maintain.

A tradition, reaching down from the middle ages almost to the present day, represents them as the granaries of Joseph. Pliny says that some in his day regarded them as devices invented by ancient kings to avoid leaving their money to their successors, and so to check all undue desire for an early demise; while others thought them a mere autocrat's device for employing labor and preventing discontent. This latter is also Aristotle's idea. Herodotus, however, reckons with no other purpose in their construction than that which modern scholarship approves, namely, the provision of a burial-place for a king. He visited them, and has left us an entirely intelligible account of what he saw. The causeway by which the building-stone was raised from the level of the plain to that of the plateau was still in existence, and he estimated it, with its five-stade length, its width of sixty feet, and its elevation in places of fifty feet, as a work scarcely less wonderful than the Pyramids themselves. The method of building the Pyramids and of raising the great stones to their places by means of rollers, a step at a time, he describes in a reasonable way; but whether it was his own surmise, or a part of the lore of his guide, no man can tell. He seems to have had implicit confidence in the guide; for when the latter interpreted for him an inscription which stood "in Egyptian characters" upon the side of the Cheops (Khufu) Pyramid, he does not hesitate to report for our edification how it extolled the greatness of the work in terms of the radishes and garlic and onions consumed by the laborers; "which the interpreter, as I well remember, reading the inscription, told me cost one thousand six hundred talents of silver."

In Herodotus's day the surfaces of the Pyramids were not jagged with steps as now; for the prismatic stones which served as casing, and which the sacrilege of modern quarrymen has torn away, were still in place, giving to the whole structure, at a little distance, the appearance of a single block. So they remained until about the fourteenth century of our era. A French pilgrim in the year 1395 found the work of dismantling Cheops well under way. Ciriaco of Ancona was able, when he visited it in 1440, to mount over the bared steps to the top. As late as 1638 the casing of the Khafra Pyramid was still partly intact. On these casings inscriptions and *graffiti* of all the later ages had collected, so that an Arabian writer of the thirteenth century says that, if copied, they would fill ten thousand pages. All these, however, except a few copied by early pilgrims, have disappeared.

Petrie's exact measurements of the Great Pyramid yielded a height of $481\frac{1}{2}$ feet, a width of each side at the base of $755\frac{3}{8}$ feet — *i. e.*, height 280 cubits, base 440 cubits. One geometrical theory is therefore sound: the height is a radius of the circle equaling the perimeter of the base. Herodotus gives the width as 8 plethra (800 feet), and the height as the same, and Pliny the height as 725 feet. Both evidently measure the oblique altitude from one of the corners.

On the hem of the desert, just where the measureless regions of death make their sharp frontier on the green, fresh life of the Nile plain, the ancient people of Memphis built the cities and homes of the dead, and kings their pyramids. From Gizeh to Dahshur, the ruins still stand by the edge of the sandy plateau and in relief against the evening sky. The Egyptian heaven was always in the west, as the Greek Hades was across a river. The ancient Egyptian, in his solicitude to find his body a secure home, that his soul might lead a secure life, sought a grave beyond the reach of the river waters, and, before the days of perfect embalming, sought to guarantee the preservation of the body by finding it a housing in the desert and in the firmest habitation his means could provide. A permanent and peaceful civilization, dealing in continuity of life, developed the strongest sense for an assured and continuous future life. The Great Pyramid of Cheops may have few mystical secrets embalmed within its lines and mass, but it stands as an unfaltering witness to the power of an ancient state and the strength of an early faith.



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CONSTANTINE POBEDONOSTZEFF.

A STATESMAN OF RUSSIA.

CONSTANTINE POBEDONOSTZEFF.

BY ANDREW D. WHITE,

United States Ambassador at Berlin, and formerly Minister to Russia.

ON arriving in St. Petersburg in November, 1892, there was one Russian whom I more desired to meet than any other—Constantine Pobedonostzeff. For some years I had seen his name in various English and American reviews, coupled with charges of bigotry, cruelty, hypocrisy—indeed, of the most hateful qualities which a human being can possess. But the fact remained that he was generally admitted to be the most influential personage in the Russian Empire under Alexander III, and that, though bearing the distinctive title of "Procurator-General of the Most Holy Synod," he was evidently no less powerful in civil than in ecclesiastical affairs.

As to his history, it was understood to be as follows: When the Grand Duke Nicholas, the eldest son of Alexander II, a young man of gentle and kindly characteristics, greatly resembling his father, died upon the Riviera, the next heir to the throne was the Grand Duke Alexander, a stalwart, taciturn guardsman, respected by all who knew him for the honesty, simplicity, and directness of his character, but one who, having never looked forward to a throne, had been brought up simply as a soldier, with few of the gifts and graces traditional among the heirs of the Russian monarchy since the days of the great Catharine.

Therefore it was that it became necessary to extemporize for this soldier a training which should fit him for the manifold duties of the position so unexpectedly opened to him; and the man chosen as his tutor was a professor at Moscow distinguished as a jurist and theologian—a man of remarkable force of character, and devoted to Russian ideas as distinguished from those of western Europe.

During the dark and stormy days toward the end of his career, Alexander II had called in as his main adviser General Loris-Melikoff, a man of Armenian descent, in whom was mingled with the shrewd characteristics of his race a sincere desire to give to Russia

a policy and development in accordance with modern ideas.

The result is well known to the world. The Emperor, having taken the advice of this and other counselors,—of deeply patriotic men like Miloutine, Samarin, and Tcherkasky,—had freed the serfs within his empire (forty millions in all), had given his sanction to a vast scheme by which they were to arrive at the possession of landed property, had established local self-government in the various provinces and districts of his empire, had improved the courts of law, had introduced Western ideas into legal procedure, had greatly mitigated the severities formerly exercised toward the Jews, and had virtually sanctioned a constitution which, in all probability, would have been promulgated at his approaching birthday.

But this did not satisfy the nihilistic sect. What more they wanted, it is hard to say. It is very doubtful whether Russia even then had arrived at a stage of civilization when the institutions which Alexander II had conceded could be received by her wholly with profit. But, with their vague longings for fruit on the day the tree was planted, the leaders of the anarchist movement decreed the death of the Emperor, the greatest benefactor that Russia has ever known, and one of the greatest that humanity has known, and his assassination followed. It was perhaps the most fearful blow ever struck at liberty, for it blasted the hopes and aspirations of over a hundred millions of people, doubtless for many generations.

At his death the sturdy young guardsman became the Emperor Alexander III. It is related by men conversant with Russian affairs that at the first meeting of the imperial councilors, Loris-Melikoff, believing that the young sovereign would be led by filial reverence to continue the liberal policy to which the father had devoted his life, made a speech taking this for granted, and that the majority of the councilors seemed fully in accord with him, when suddenly



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

FATHER IVAN OF CRONSTADT. (SEE PAGE 117.)

there arose in the council this tall, gaunt, scholarly man, who, at first very simply, but finally with burning eloquence, presented a different view. According to the chroniclers of the period, Pobedonostzeff told the Emperor that all so-called liberal measures, including the constitution, were a delusion; that, however such things might be suited to western Europe, they were not suited to Russia; that the constitution of that empire had been from time immemorial the will of the autocrat, directed by his own sense of responsibility to the Almighty; that no other constitution was possible in Russia; that this alone was fitted to the traditions, the laws,

the ideas of the hundred millions of various races under the sway of the Russian scepter; that in other parts of the world constitutional liberty, so called, had already shown itself an absurdity—socialism, with its plots and bombs, appearing in all quarters, attempts making against rulers of nations everywhere, and the best of presidents having been assassinated in the very country where free institutions were supposed to have taken the most complete hold. He insisted that the principle of authority in human government was to be saved, and that this principle existed as an effective force only in Russia.

This speech is said to have carried all be-

fore it. As its immediate result came the retirement of Loris-Melikoff, followed by his death, not long afterward, upon the Riviera; the entrance of Pobedonostzeff among the most cherished councilors of the Emperor; and, as the consequence of this, the suppression of the constitution, the discouragement of every liberal tendency, and that complete reaction which is in full force at the present hour.

This was the man whom I especially desired to see and to understand, and therefore it was that I was very glad to receive from our State Department instructions to consult with him regarding some rather delicate matters needing adjustment between the Greek Church and our authorities in Alaska, and also in relation to the representation of Russia at the approaching Chicago Exposition.

I found him, as one of the great ministers of the crown, residing in a ministerial palace, but still retaining in large measure his old quality of professor. About him was a beautiful library, with every evidence of a love for art and literature. I had gone into his presence with many feelings of doubt. Against no one in Russia had charges so bitter been made in my hearing. It was universally insisted that he was mainly responsible for the persecution of the Roman Catholics in Poland, of the Lutherans in the Baltic provinces and in Finland, of the Stundists in central Russia, and of the dissenting sects everywhere. He had been spoken of in the English reviews as "the Torquemada of the nineteenth century," and this epithet seemed to be generally accepted as correctly describing him.

He was to all appearance a scholarly, kindly man, ready to discuss the business which I brought before him, and showing a wide interest in public affairs. There were indeed few doctrines, either political or theological, which we held in common; but he seemed inclined to meet the wishes of our government as fully and fairly as he could, and thus was begun one of the most interesting acquaintances I have ever made. His usual time of receiving his friends was on Sunday evenings, between nine and twelve; and very many such evenings I passed with him in his study, discussing, over glasses of fragrant Russian tea, every sort of question with the utmost freedom.

I soon found that his reasons for that course of action to which the world so generally objects are not so superficial as they are usually thought. The repressive policy which he has so earnestly adopted is based

not merely upon his views as a theologian, but upon his convictions as a statesman. While as a Russo-Greek churchman he regards the established church of the empire as the most primitive and the purest form of Christianity now extant, and while with his esthetic nature he sees in its ritual, in its art, and in all the characteristics of its worship, the nearest approach to his ideals, he looks at it also from the point of view of a statesman—as the great cementing power of the vast empire through which it is spread.

This being the case, he naturally opposes all other religious bodies in Russia as not merely inflicting injury upon Christianity, but as tending to the political disintegration of the empire. Never, in any of our conversations, did I hear him speak a harsh word of any other church, or of any religious ideas opposed to his own; but it was clear that he regarded Protestants, and dissident sects generally, as only agents in the progress of disintegration which in western Europe seemed approaching a crisis, and that he considered the Roman Catholic Church in Poland as virtually a political machine in deadly hostility to the Russian Empire and to Russian influence generally.

In discussing his own church, he never hesitated to speak plainly of its shortcomings. Unquestionably, one of the wishes nearest his heart is to reform the abuses which have grown up among its clergy, especially in their personal habits. Here, too, is a reason for any repressive policy which he may have exercised against other religious bodies in the empire. Everything that detracts from the established Russo-Greek Church detracts from the revenues of its clergy, and, as these are already pitifully small, aids to keep the priests and their families in the low condition from which he is so earnestly endeavoring to raise them. As regards the severe policy instituted by Alexander III against the Jews of the empire, and which Pobedonostzeff, more than any other man, is supposed to have inspired, he seemed to have no harsh feelings against Israelites as such, but his conduct seemed based upon a theory which, though I thought it mistaken, and in various conversations combatted it, he presented with much force; namely, that Russia, having within its borders more Jews than exist in all the world beside, and having suffered greatly from these as from an organization really incapable of assimilation with the body politic, must pursue a repressive policy toward them, and isolate them, in order to protect its racial population.

While he was very civil in his expressions regarding the United States, he clearly considered all Western civilization a failure. He seemed to anticipate before long a collapse in the systems and institutions of western Europe. To him socialism and anarchism, with all that they imply, were but symptoms of a wide-spread political and social disease, indications of an approaching catastrophe destined to end a civilization which, having rejected orthodoxy, had cast aside Heaven-born authority, given the force of law to the whimsies of illiterate majorities, and accepted the voice of unthinking mobs, utterly ignorant of their own highest good, and, indeed, of their own simplest material interests, as the voice of God. It was evident that he regarded Russia as representing among the nations the idea of Heaven-given and church-anointed authority—as the empire destined to save the principle of divine right and the rule of the fittest.

Revolutionary efforts in Russia he discussed calmly. Referring to Loris-Melikoff, the representative of principles most strongly opposed to his own, no word of censure escaped him. The only evidence of deep feeling on this subject that he ever showed in my presence was when he referred to the writings of a well-known Russian refugee in London, and said, "He is an escaped murderer."

As to education in the empire, he evidently held to the idea so thoroughly carried out in Russia, namely, that the upper class, which is to discharge the duties of the state, should be highly educated for those duties; but that the great mass of the people need no education beyond what will keep them contented in the humble station to which it has pleased God to call them. A very curious example of his conservatism I noted in his remarks regarding the droshkies of St. Petersburg. The droshky-drivers are Russian peasants, simple and as a rule pious, never failing to make the sign of the cross on passing a church or shrine, or at any other moment which seems to them solemn. They are perhaps picturesque, but certainly dirty in their clothing and in all their surroundings. A conveyance more wretched than the ordinary street droshky of a Russian city could hardly be conceived. Measures had been proposed for improving this system, but he could see no use in them. The existing system was thoroughly Russian, and that was enough. It appealed to his sense of conservatism, and the droshky-drivers, with their Russian caps, their long hair and beards, their picturesque

castans, and their kindly, deferential demeanor, satisfied his esthetic sense.

What seemed to me a clash between his orthodox conservatism on one side and his Russian pride on the other, I discovered on returning from a visit to Moscow in which I had had sundry walks and talks with Tolstoi. On my referring to this, he showed some interest. It was clear that he was separated by a whole orb of thought from the great novelist, yet it was none the less evident that he took pride in him. He naturally considered Tolstoi as hopelessly wrong in all his fundamental ideas, and yet was himself too much a man of letters not to recognize in his brilliant countryman one of the glories of Russia in the present epoch.

But the most curious—indeed, the most amazing—revelation of the man I found in his love for American literature. He is a wide reader, and in the whole breadth of his reading American authors were evidently among those he preferred. Of these, Hawthorne, Lowell, and, above all, Emerson were his favorites. Curious, indeed, was it to learn that this "arch-persecutor," this "Torquemada of the nineteenth century," this man whose hand is especially heavy upon Catholics and Protestants and dissenters throughout the empire, whose name is spoken with abhorrence by millions, within the empire and without it, still reads as his favorite author the philosopher of Concord! He told me that the first book which he ever translated into Russian was Thomas a Kempis's "Imitation of Christ"; and of that he gave me the Latin original from which he had made his translation, with a copy of the translation itself. He also told me that the next book which he translated was a volume of Emerson's essays; and he added that for years there had always lain open upon his study table a volume of Emerson's writings.

There is thus clearly a relation of his mind to the literature of the Western world very foreign to his feelings regarding Western religious ideas. This can be accounted for, perhaps, by his own character as a man of letters. That he has a distinct literary gift is certain. I have in my possession articles of his, and especially a poem, in manuscript, which show deep poetic feeling and remarkable power of expression.

It is a curious fact that, though so fond of English and American literature, reading it with accuracy and ease, he utterly refuses to converse in English. His medium of communication with foreigners is always French. On my asking him why he would not use our

language in conversation, he answered that he had learned it from books, and that his pronunciation of it would expose him to ridicule.

In various circles in St. Petersburg I heard him spoken of as a hypocrite; but a simple sense of justice compels me to declare this accusation unjust. He, indeed, retires into a convent for a portion of every year, to join the monks in their austerities and religious exercises; but this practice is, I believe, the outgrowth of a deep religious feeling. On returning from one of these visits to the monastery, he brought me a large Easter egg of lacquered work, exquisitely illuminated. I have examined, in various parts of Europe, beautiful specimens of the best periods of medieval art; but in no one of them have I found anything in the way of illumination more perfect than this which he brought me from his monkish brethren. In nothing did he seem to unbend more than in his unfeigned love for religious art as it exists in Russia. He discussed with me one evening some photographs of the new religious paintings in the Cathedral of Kieff in a spirit which showed that this feeling for religious art is one of the deepest characteristics of his nature.

He was evidently equally sensitive to the beauties of religious literature. Giving me various books containing the services of the Orthodox Church, he dwelt upon the beauty of the Slavonic version of the Psalms, and upon the church hymnology especially, as embodying worthily the most elevated thoughts and aspirations.

The same esthetic side of his nature was shown at various great church ceremonies. It has happened to me to see Pius IX celebrate mass, both at the high altar of St. Peter's and in the Sistine Chapel, and to witness the ceremonies of Holy Week and of Easter at the Roman basilicas, and at the time it was hard to conceive anything of the kind more impressive; but I have never seen any other church function, on the whole, so imposing as the funeral services of the Emperor Nicholas during my first visit to Russia, nor have I ever heard any other music so beautiful as that of the three great church choirs which took part in them, and at various great imperial weddings, funerals, name-days, and the like, during my second visit. On such occasions Pobedonostzeff frequently came over from his position among the high ministers of the crown to explain to us the significance of this or that feature in the ritual or in the music. It was plain to see that these

things touched what was deepest in him, and that, whatever else may be said of him, it must be confessed that in his attachment to the church he is sincere.

Nor were these impressions made by him peculiar to me. It fell to my lot to present to him one of the most eminent journalists our country has ever produced, the late Nestor of the American press—one who could discuss on even terms with any European statesman all the leading modern questions. This countryman of mine had been brought into close contact with many great men, but it was plain to see—that he afterward acknowledged to me—that he too was most deeply impressed by this eminent Russian. The talk of two such men threw new light upon the characteristics of Pobedonostzeff, and strengthened my impression of his strong intellectual qualities and of his sincerity.

In regard to the relation of the Russo-Greek Church to other churches I spoke to him at various times, and found in him no personal feeling of dislike to them. The nearest approach to such a feeling appeared, greatly to my surprise, in certain references to the Greek Church as it exists in Greece. In these he showed a spirit much like that which used to be common among High-church Episcopalians in speaking of Low-churchmen. Mindful of the earnest efforts made by the Anglican communion to come into closer relations with the Russian branch of the Eastern Church, I at various times broached that subject, and the glimpses I obtained of his feeling regarding it surprised me. Previous to these interviews I had supposed that the main difficulty as to friendly relations between these two branches of the Church Universal had its origin in the Filioque clause of the Nicene Creed. As is well known, the Eastern Church adheres to that creed in its original form,—the form in which the Holy Ghost is represented as “proceeding from the Father,”—whereas the Western Church adopts the additional words “and from the Son.” That the Russo-Greek Church is very tenacious of its position in this respect, and regards the action of the Western Church, Catholic and Protestant, in this matter as savoring of blasphemy, is well known, and there was a curious evidence of this during my stay in Russia. Twice during that time I heard the “Missa Solennis” of Beethoven. It was first given by a splendid choir in the hall of the University of Helsingfors. That being in Finland, which is mainly Lutheran, the creed

was sung in its Western form. Naturally, on going to hear it given by a great choir at St. Petersburg, I was curious to know how this famous clause would be dealt with. In various parts of the audience were priests of the Russo-Greek faith, yet there were very many Lutherans and Calvinists; and I watched with some interest the approach of the passage containing the disputed words. But when we reached this, it was wholly omitted—any allusion to the “procession” was evidently forbidden. Great, therefore, was my surprise when, on asking Pobedonostzeff, as the representative of the Emperor in the Synod of the Empire, the highest body in the church, and he the most influential man in it, really controlling archbishops and bishops throughout the empire, whether the Filioque clause is the insurmountable obstacle to union, he replied: “Not at all; that is simply a question of dialectics. But with whom are we to unite? Shall it be with the High-churchmen, the Broad-churchmen, or the Low-churchmen? These are three different bodies, with distinctly different ideas of church order—indeed, with distinctly different creeds. Which of these is the Orthodox Church to regard as the representative of the Anglican communion?” I endeavored to show him that the union, if it took place at all, must be based on ideas and beliefs that underlie all these distinctions; but he still returned to his original proposition, which was that union is impossible until a more distinct basis than any now attainable could be arrived at.

I suggested to him a visit to Great Britain, and his making the acquaintance of leading Englishmen; but to this he answered that at his time of life he had no leisure for such a recreation; that his duties absolutely forbade any such indulgence.

In regard to relations with the Russo-Greek Church on our own continent, he seemed to speak with great pleasure of the treatment that Russian bishops had received in our country. He read me letters from a member of the Russo-Greek hierarchy, full of the kindest expressions toward Americans, and especially acknowledging their friendly reception of him and of his ministrations. Both the archbishop and Pobedonostzeff himself were very much amused over one fact mentioned in this letter, which was that the Americans, after extending various other courtesies to the archbishop, “offered cigars.”

He discussed the possibility of introducing the “Holy Orthodox Church” into the United States, but—disclaimed zeal in reli-

gious propagandism, saying that the church authorities had quite enough work to do in extending and fortifying the church throughout the Russian Empire. He said that the pagan tribes of the imperial dominions in Asia seemed more inclined to Mohammedanism than to Christianity, and gave as the probable reason the fact that the former faith is much the more simple of the two. He was evidently unable to grasp the idea of the Congress of Religions at the Chicago Exposition, and seemed inclined to take a mildly humorous view of it as one of the droll inventions of the time.

He appeared to hold our nation as a problem apart, and was perhaps too civil, in his conversations with me, to include it in the same condemnation with the nations of western Europe, which had, in his opinion, gone hopelessly wrong. He also seemed drawn to us by his admiration for Emerson, Hawthorne, and Lowell. When Professor Norton's edition of Lowell's letters came out, I at once took it to him, and it evidently gave him great pleasure, perhaps because it revealed to him a civilization, life, and personality very different from anything to which he had been accustomed. Still, America seemed to be to him a sort of dreamland; he constantly returned to Russian affairs as to the great realities of the world. Discussing, as we often did, the condition and future of the wild tribes and nations within the Asiatic limits of the empire, he betrayed no desire either for crusades or intrigues to convert them; he simply spoke of the legitimate influence of the church in civilizing them.

I recall a brilliant but denunciatory article, published in one of the reviews some time since by a well-known nihilist, which contained, in the midst of various bitter charges against the Russian statesman, a description of his smile, which was characterized as forbidding and even ghastly. I watched for this famous smile with much interest, but it never came. A smile upon his face I have often seen, but it was a gentle, kindly smile, with no trace of anything ghastly or cruel in it.

He seemed to take pleasure in the society of his old professorial friends, and one of them he once brought to my table. This was a professor of history, deeply conversant with the affairs of the empire, and we discussed the character and career of Catharine II. The two men together brought out a mass of curious information, throwing a strange light upon transactions which only the most recent historians are beginning to understand. At one of Pobedonostzeff's visits I

tested his knowledge in regard to a matter of special interest, and obtained a new insight upon his theory of the universe. There is at present on the island of Cronstadt, at the mouth of the Neva, a Russo-Greek priest, Father Ivan, who enjoys throughout the empire a vast reputation as a saintly worker of miracles. This priest has a very spiritual and kindly face. He is known to receive vast sums for the poor, which he distributes among them, while he himself remains impoverished. I was assured by persons of the highest character, and those not only Russo-Greek churchmen, but Roman Catholics and Anglicans, that there could be no doubt as to the reality of the miracles, and various examples were given me. So great is Father Ivan's reputation in this respect that he is in constant demand in all parts of the empire, and was even summoned to Livadia during the last illness of the late Emperor. Whenever he appears in public great crowds surround him, only hoping to touch the hem of his garment. His picture is to be seen, with the portraits of the saints, in vast numbers of Russian homes, from the palaces of the highest nobles to the cottages of the lowliest peasants.

I may be pardoned for repeating here an experience, which I have related elsewhere, which throws light on the ideas of the Russian statesman.

On my arrival in St. Petersburg, my attention was at once aroused by the portraits of Father Ivan. They ranged from photographs absolutely true to life, which revealed a plain, shrewd, kindly face, to those which were idealized until they bore a near resemblance to the conventional representations of Jesus of Nazareth.

One day, in one of the most brilliant reception-rooms of the northern capital, the subject of Father Ivan's miracles having been introduced, a gentleman of very high social position, and entirely trustworthy, spoke as follows: "There is something very surprising about these miracles. I am slow to believe in them, but I know the following to be a fact. The late Metropolitan Archbishop of St. Petersburg loved quiet, and was very averse to anything which could possibly cause scandal. Hearing of the wonders wrought by Father Ivan, he summoned him to his presence, and solemnly commanded him to abstain from all the things which had given rise to these reported miracles, as sure to create scandal, and with this injunction dismissed him. Hardly had the priest left the room when the archbishop was struck

with blindness; and he remained in this condition until the priest returned, and restored his sight by intercessory prayers." When the present writer asked the person giving this account if he directly knew these facts, he replied that he was, of course, not present when the miracle was wrought, but that he had the facts immediately from persons who knew the parties concerned, and were cognizant directly of the circumstances of the case.

Some time afterward the present writer, being at an afternoon reception of one of the greater embassies, the same subject was touched upon, when a distinguished general spoke as follows: "I am not inclined to believe in miracles, in fact, am rather skeptical; but the proofs of those wrought by Father Ivan are overwhelming." He then went on to say that the late Metropolitan Archbishop was a man who loved quiet and disliked scandal; that on this account he had summoned Father Ivan to his palace and ordered him to put an end to the conduct which had caused the reports concerning his miraculous powers, and then, with a wave of his arm, had dismissed him. The priest left the room; and from that moment the archbishop's arm was paralyzed, and it remained so until the penitent prelate again summoned the priest, by whose prayers the arm was restored to its former usefulness. There was present at the time another person besides the writer who had heard the previous statement as to the blindness of the archbishop; and on our both questioning the general if he were sure that the archbishop's arm was paralyzed, as stated, he declared that he could not doubt it, as he had it directly from persons, entirely trustworthy, who were cognizant of all the facts.

Some time later, meeting M. Pobedonostzeff, I asked him which of these stories was correct. He answered immediately: "Neither. In the discharge of my duties, I saw the archbishop constantly down to the last hours of his life, and no such event ever occurred. He was never paralyzed, and never blind." But the great statesman and churchman then went on to say that, although this story was untrue, there were a multitude of others, quite as remarkable, in which he believed; and he then went on to give me a number of legends showing that Father Ivan possesses supernatural knowledge and miraculous powers. These he unfolded to me with much detail, and with such a real accent of conviction that we seemed surrounded by a medieval atmosphere, in

which signs and wonders were the most natural things in the world.

Acting in accordance with his views of duty, Pobedonostzeff has, of course, aroused bitterenemies. Personages of great influence and of every belief have for years labored to discredit him with the Emperor, and to bring about his downfall. At various times during my stay reports came that these efforts had been successful, that he had been treated with coolness at the Winter Palace, and that his sway was ending. But in every case these reports were soon seen to embody hope rather than fact; and on one of these occasions, when the report of his downfall was even more circumstantial than usual, one of his most bitter enemies, a lady moving in the highest court circles, said to me: "Look out now for some new monstrosity in the shape of persecution. I have always noted that a report of his disgrace is only the prelude to some new and ingenious form of

outrage against his religious or political opponents."

Such is the man who, during the reign of Alexander III, exercised vast power throughout the Russian Empire, the statesman who stood nearest the throne then, and who apparently stands nearest the throne now. He is indeed a study. The descriptive epithet which seems to cling to him, "the Torquemada of the nineteenth century," he once discussed with me in no unkindly spirit—indeed, in as gentle a spirit as can well be conceived. His life furnishes a most interesting study in churchmanship, in statesmanship, and in human nature, and shows how some of the men most severely condemned by modern historians—great persecutors, inquisitors, and the like—may have based their actions on theories the world has little understood, and may have had as little innate ferocity as their more tolerant neighbors.



AFTER-DINNER ORATORY.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.



FRIEND of mine considers it to be a most curious coincidence that the rise of after-dinner oratory in New York was almost simultaneous with the decline of negro minstrelsy. He is ready enough to admit that the banquet-hall is not the fit arena for the perfervid magniloquence of Patrick Henry, but he holds also that it should not be a mere circus-ring for the idle capering of Joe Miller. He tells me that even at the reunions of the alumni of his college, where those present may be supposed to be every one a gentleman and a scholar, he is annoyed to discover that not a few of the speakers vie with one another in stringing together cheap anecdotes wholly unrelated to the topic in hand; and he declares that this is no better than the competitive grinning through a horse-collar which used to be an attraction in the country fairs of Merry England. He

wishes absolutely to banish the anecdote from the festive board, on the ground that the man who is invited to address him has no right to substitute for the expected speech the recital of a leaf from an old jest-book.

And here it seems to me that my justly irritated friend goes too far. Like many reformers, he urges total abstinence where all that is needed is moderation in use. The anecdote should be ancillary always; it is a handmaiden to be summoned only when wanted. The comic story is a good servant, but a bad master. Only too true is it that some postprandial addresses are so thin in theme, and so thick with jokes, that they resemble the peanut candy, where you cannot see the candy for the peanuts, or (to put it only a little differently) where you cannot catch the thought for the chestnuts. The man who habitually makes a speech of this sort is wont to think of himself as a wit; but, as *Olivia* says in Wycherley's play: "He a

Wit! hang him; he 's only an Adopter of straggling Jests and fatherless Lampoons: by the Credit of which he eats at good Tables, and so, like the barren Beggar-woman, lives by borrowed Children!"

But in its proper place the anecdote is excellent. Indeed, I once heard Lowell, that most expert and easy of speakers, declare that a good after-dinner speech ought to contain a platitude, a quotation, and an anecdote. He slyly admitted that no speaker need put himself out in seeking for a platitude, as, in all probability, that could be achieved without taking thought. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, with his customary ingenuity, has shown us how any one who has equipped himself with one apt and adequate quotation is thrice armed, and ready for any cause. The author of the "Ingham Papers" suggested the carrying about in the memory of a line or two of resonant Latin verse; and he explained how this could be fitted to half a dozen different occasions by artfully varied translations. Perhaps a scrap of verse in the vernacular, a couplet in our native tongue, might be made to serve as well, so long as it were doubtfully vague and loftily sonorous.

Effective as the quotation may be when sustained and relieved by its accompanying platitude, its force is less than that of the anecdote adroitly chosen, unexpected in its unfolding, and having concealed in it a pungent pertinence revealing itself only at the very end. A single story, and one only, can thus affect the listeners; to add another would be to spoil this. Every parlor magician knows how disastrous it is to attempt the same trick twice. Unity of purpose lends weight to the words of the speaker who is willing to compact his thought. We are told that the five-minute speeches with which Judge Hoar has year after year delighted the Harvard chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa contain "but one original idea, clearly stated, and but one fresh story, well told."

This is indeed a model to be admired of all men; yet how few of us will take the trouble of copying it! Concision is not a free gift; it is to be won only by strenuous effort and resolute self-conquest. To ramble and amble along for half an hour, saying nothing in particular, is so much easier for most of us than it is to deliver a pregnant message in five or ten minutes. And if we have no message—why, then there is no need for us to stand and deliver. Utterly without excuse is he who, having nothing to say, insists on saying it at great length. We have all suffered helplessly under a speech that is

three quarters of an hour passing a given point. Even the vanity of those guilty of these things ought not to blind them to the inattention of their hearers, the restlessness, the weariness. We Americans are too good-natured at times, too tolerant, else would a tedious speech meet with a swift and condign punishment. The British are less courteous. They interrupt promptly; they badger and they catcall. We sit silent, and writhe without shrieking, and at worst we steal away without protest; but this is a last resort. He was obviously a novice who declared how it was that he knew his maiden lecture to be successful—"because more stayed in than went out."

Wearisome as this vapid dribble of words can be, it is not so offensive to some of us as the equally empty speech which is merely a mosaic of stories supposed to be laughter-provoking. Judge Hoar made his point, and drove it home, because he had one thought and one anecdote; but what wonder is it that they make no impression who have twenty anecdotes and no thought? A hodgepodge of jests of all ages and of all countries, illustrating no theme, thrown together fortuitously, with the infelicity of a chance page of the patent-medicine almanac—what is this but the crackling of thorns under a pot? Yet more than one man of genuine ability has of late descended thus to play the clown, going about from dinner to dinner, ready to exchange reputation for notoriety if only he can "set the table in a roar." It was a fit punishment that befell one of them, a winter or two ago, who came late to a banquet, and was grieved to find that every jest of his fell flat. When he had made an end of speaking, he sorrowfully asked the man next to him what the matter might be, and whether his stories were not good stories. "Ye-es," was the answer; "they were good enough, I suppose; but then, you see, the earlier speakers had told them all."

The speaker who rambles and ambles along, saying nothing, and his fellow, the speaker who links jest to jest, saying little more, are both of them unabashed in the presence of an audience. They are devoid of all shyness. They are well aware that they have "the gift of the gab"; they rejoice in its possession; they lie in wait for occasions to display it. They have helped to give foreigners the impression that every American is an oratorical revolver, ready with a few remarks whenever any chairman may choose to pull the trigger. And yet there are Americans not a few to whom the making

of an after-dinner speech is a most painful ordeal. When the public dinner was given to Charles Dickens in New York, on his first visit to America, Washington Irving was obviously the predestined presiding officer. Curtis tells us that Irving went about muttering: "I shall certainly break down; I know I shall break down." When the dinner was eaten, and Irving arose to propose the health of Dickens, he began pleasantly and smoothly in two or three sentences; then hesitated, stammered, smiled, and stopped; tried in vain to begin again; then gracefully gave it up, announced the toast, "Charles Dickens, the guest of the nation," and sank into his chair amid immense applause, whispering to his neighbor: "There! I told you I should break down, and I've done it."

When Thackeray came, later, Irving "consented to preside at a dinner, if speeches were absolutely forbidden; the condition was faithfully observed" (so Curtis records), "but it was the most extraordinary instance of American self-command on record." Thackeray himself had no fondness for after-dinner speaking, nor any great skill in the art. He used to complain humorously that he never could remember all the good things he had thought of in the cab; and in "Philip" he went so far as to express a hope that "a day will soon arrive (but I own, mind you, that I do not carve well) when we shall have the speeches done by a skilled waiter at a side-table, as we now have the carving."

Hawthorne was as uncomfortable on his feet as were Thackeray and Irving; but his resolute will steeled him for the trial. When he dined with the Mayor of Liverpool, he was called upon after the toast of the United States. "Being at bay, and with no alternative, I got upon my legs and made a response," he wrote in his note-book, appending this comment: "Anybody may make an after-dinner speech who will be content to talk onward without saying anything. My speech was not more than two or three inches long; . . . but, being once started, I felt no embarrassment, and went through it as coolly as if I were going to be hanged."

He also notes that his little speech was quite successful, "considering that I did not know a soul there, except the Mayor himself, and that I am wholly unpractised in all sorts of oratory, and that I had nothing to say." To each of these three considerations of Hawthorne's it would be instructive to add a comment, for he spoke under a triple dis-

advantage. A speech cannot really be successful when the speaker has nothing to say. It is rarely successful unless he knows the tastes and the temper of those he is addressing. It can be successful only casually unless he has had some practice in the simpler sort of oratory.

As to this last, Hawthorne himself records that he had difficulty in fitting his voice to the size of the room. Perhaps no American consul should be allowed to go to England until he had passed a non-competitive examination in public speaking, since that is likely to be one of his chief tasks. Ambassadors are no longer sent abroad to lie for the benefit of their country, but to make speeches; and consuls do their part also. Some sort of training-school might be attached to the State Department to impart instruction in this art; and the government should issue its credentials to no one who had not mastered the rudiments, even if the full course were not taken. A well-known British novelist told me once, in London, that his youngsters had recently come back from dancing-school in great excitement, since several of the Queen's grandchildren had just entered. "The little royalties take everything," it was explained; "not merely dancing, and deportment, and how to enter a room—but how to lay a corner-stone, and how to turn round and bow to the people!"

Our ambassadors to the court of St. James should take everything; but the consuls might be let off if they qualified simply as after-dinner speakers. At least they ought to have imparted to them the final secret of after-dinner speaking—a secret to be divined, indeed, from an analysis of the triple drawback of which Hawthorne declared himself to be aware. Assuming that the man who is called to his feet after dinner can so control his voice as to be heard and understood, the secret of certain success lies in his having something to say which he wants to say to that audience, and which that audience wants to hear from him.

If the speaker has something to say that he really wants to say, then his interest in the subject will prove contagious. If he also has the tact to say this simply, briefly, brightly, unaffectedly, and to stop promptly when he has said it, then he cannot fail. If, further; what he has to say happens to be something that his hearers are anxious to be told, then his success is assured. If, at last, with all these advantages he has the added good fortune of hitting the temper of the audience, then what awaits him is little

less than a triumph. There is an electrical contact instantly; the circuit of sympathy is complete; and they laugh at his lightest jest, and thrill at his hint of an appeal to their higher feelings.

Here is where popularity is profitable; for any gathering is glad to see a well-known man, and eager to listen to him. When Lowell made a speech in England, every one wanted to hear him, and he had always something he wanted to say—something that should bring out the kinship of England and America, while at the same time emphasizing the independence, the equality, and the dignity of the United States. For example, when the Incorporated Society of Authors gave a dinner to him and to the other American men of letters then in London, he took care to explain that the bitterness against the British which Tocqueville had perceived in the United States in 1828, and which had been referred to by Mr. Bryce (who presided), was due to the impressment of American seamen, some fifteen hundred of whom were serving on board English ships when at last they were delivered. "These things should be remembered, not with resentment, but for enlightenment," said Lowell. "There may still be difficulties between the two countries that are serious, although none, I think, that good sense and good feeling cannot settle. I have been told often enough to remember that my countrymen are apt to think that they are always in the right—that they are apt to look at their own side of the question only. Now, this characteristic conduces certainly to peace of mind and imperturbability of judgment, whatever other merits it may have." Then he paused a moment, and dryly added: "I am sure I don't know where we got it—do you?" And in a moment the laughing applause proved to him that the shaft had gone home—a most felicitous example, also, of the value of adroit understatement. It was an illustration, furthermore, of the truth that, useful as humor may be, good humor is even more useful.

The pleasant impression which a public dinner should leave in the memories of those who have attended it will be due in part, no doubt, to the wit and the eloquence of the several speakers; but I think it is even more dependent upon the judgment of the committee in charge, and upon the decision of character possessed by the presiding officer. It matters little how good the speeches are, if they are too many and too long. At a dinner in New York, a year or

two ago, a senator of the United States spoke for two hours. At another dinner in New York, a little later, there were fourteen toasts announced; and the inexperienced chairman rashly allowed two unexpected guests of distinction to talk each for half an hour.

Five toasts, or six at the most—this is the limit of enjoyment; and every one who is asked to respond to a toast should be requested not to exceed fifteen minutes—with a leaning on the side of mercy. A program like this makes possible an intercalary address from a distinguished man discovered at one of the tables. If there are six speakers, and each takes the full limit of time allotted to him, and the presiding officer has risen sharply at nine o'clock, then the party can break up at eleven, amused and enlightened, it may be, but certainly not bored beyond bearing.

While Irving and Thackeray and Hawthorne were among those who dreaded the public dinner, Scott enjoyed such feasts, and made a good figure at them, not as a speaker only, but in the more exalted and arduous position of presiding officer. It was at a theatrical dinner which was given in Edinburgh in 1827, and over which he presided, that he first formally acknowledged the authorship of the Waverley Novels. In his "Journal" Scott records his agreement to act as chairman at this banquet, and he adds that to preside was

a situation in which I have been rather felicitous, not by much superiority of art or wisdom, far less of eloquence; but by two or three simple rules:

1st. Always hurry the bottle round for five or six rounds, without prosing yourself or permitting others to prose. . . .

2nd. Push on, keep moving, as Young Rapid says. Do not think of saying fine things. . . . You will find people satisfied with wonderfully indifferent jokes, if you can but hit the taste of the company, which depends much on its character. . . .

3rdly. When you have drunk a few glasses to play the good-fellow and banish modesty (if you are unlucky enough to have such a troublesome companion), then beware of the cup too much. . . .

Lastly. Always speak short. . . .

For the more sober taste of to-day Scott's rules are a little too redolent of the rollicking conviviality of "t is seventy years since"; but they are otherwise as sound as when he set them down, and they bear witness still to the shrewd common sense which was ever one of his most marked characteristics. Be brief yourself, and lively, and see

to it that the others are at least brief—here is the whole duty of the presiding officer. Strictly to limit the number of the speakers, and to choose them judiciously, that their several styles of speaking may contrast agreeably—this is the part of the committee. If the speakers, one and all, happen also to possess the real secret of after-dinner speaking, as hereinbefore set forth,—if they have

each something they want to say, which the diners wish to hear,—then, and then only, will the feast linger in the memories of all present as a complete and satisfying work of art. The precepts to be followed before this consummate result can be achieved may be trifles, each of them; but, as Michelangelo said, "Trifles make perfection—and perfection is not a trifle."

CLUB AND SALON. I.

BY AMELIA GERE MASON,

Author of "Women of the French Salons."

IT is not too much to say that the entire present generation of women is going to school. Infancy cultivates its mind in the kindergarten, while the woman of threescore seeks consolation and diversion in clubs or a university course, instead of resigning herself to seclusion and prayers, or the chimney-corner and knitting, after the manner of her ancestors. Even our amusements carry instruction in solution. Childhood takes in knowledge through its toys and games; the débutante discusses Plato or Henry Irving in the intervals of the waltz; youth and maturity alike find their pleasure in papers, talks, plays, music, and recitations. In these social menus everything is included, from a Greek drama or an Oriental faith to Wagner and the latest theory of economics. We have Browning at breakfast, Ibsen or Maeterlinck at luncheon, and the new Utopia at dinner; while Homer classes and Dante classes alternate with lectures on the Impressionists or the Decadents. In this rage for knowledge, science and philosophy are not forgotten. Fashion ranges the field from occultism to agnosticism, from the qualities of a microbe to the origin of man. To-day it searches the problems of this world, to-morrow the mysteries of the next. There is nothing too large or too abstruse for the eager, questioning spirit that seeks to know all things, or at least to skim the surface of all things.

Nor is this energetic pursuit of intelligence confined to towns or cities. Go into the remote village or hamlet, and you will find the inevitable club, where the merits of the last novel, the love-affairs of Swift, the political situation, the silver question, the Armenian

troubles, and the state of the universe generally, are canvassed by a circle of women as freely, and with as keen a zest, as the virtues and shortcomings of their neighbors were talked over by their grandmothers—possibly may be still by a few of their benighted contemporaries.

In its extent this mania for things of the intellect is phenomenal. One might imagine that we were rapidly becoming a generation of pedants. Perhaps we are saved from it by the perpetual change that gives nothing time to crystallize. The central points of all this movement are the women's clubs of which the social element is a conspicuous feature, and we take our learning so comfortably diluted and pleasantly varied that it ceases to be formidable, though on the side of learning it may leave much to be desired.

But it is notably in this mingling of literature and life that women have always found their greatest intellectual influence, and the club is not likely to prove an exception. The rapidity of its growth is equaled only by the extent of its range. Of women's clubs there is literally no end, and they are yet in their vigorous youth. We have literary clubs, and art clubs, and musical clubs; clubs for science, and clubs for philanthropy; parliamentary clubs, and suffrage clubs, and anti-suffrage clubs—clubs of every variety and every grade, from the luncheon club, with its dilettante menu, and the more pretentious chartered club, that aims at mastering a scheme of the world, to the simple working-girls' club, which is content with something less; and all in the sacred name of culture. They multiply, federate, hold conventions,

organize congresses, and really form a vast educational system that is fast changing old ideals and opening possibilities of which no prophetic eye can see the end. That they have marvelously raised the average standard of intelligence cannot be questioned, nor that they have brought out a large number of able and interesting women who have generously taken upon themselves not only their own share of the work of the world, but a great deal more.

One can hardly overrate the value of an institution which has given light and an upward impulse to so many lives, and changed the complexion of society so distinctly for the better. But it may be worth while to ask if the women of to-day, with their splendid initiative and boundless aspirations, are not going a little too fast, getting entangled in too much machinery, losing their individuality in masses, assuming more responsibility than they can well carry. Why is it that lines too deep for harmonious thought are so early writing themselves on the strong, tense, mobile, and delicate faces of American women? Why is it that the pure joy of life seems to be lost in the restless and insatiable passion for multitudes, so often thinly disguised as love for knowledge, which is not seldom little more than the shell and husk of things? Is the pursuit of culture degenerating into a pursuit of clubs, and are we taking for ourselves new task-masters more pitiless than the old? "The emancipation of woman is fast becoming her slavery," said one who was caught in the whirl of the social machinery and could find no point of repose. We pride ourselves on our liberty; but the true value of liberty is to leave people free from a pressure that prevents their fullest growth. What do we gain if we simply exchange one tyranny for another? Apart from the fact that the finest flowers of culture do not spring from a soil that is constantly turned, any more than they do from a soil that is not turned at all, it is a question of human limitations, of living so as to continue to live, of growing so as to continue to grow. Nor is it simply a matter of individuals. Societies, too, exhaust themselves; and those which reach an exaggerated growth in a day are apt to perish in a day. It is not the first time in the history of the world that there has been a brilliant reign of intelligence among women, though perhaps there was never one so widely spread as now. Why have they ended in more or less violent reactions? We may not be able

to answer the question satisfactorily, but it gives us food for reflection.

THE most remarkable, though by no means the only, precedent we have for a social organization planned by women on a basis of the intellect was the French literary salon of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These women had relatively as much intelligence as we have, and more power. It must be taken into consideration that they were remote from us by race, religion, and political régime, as well as by several generations of time, and that their spirit, aims, and methods were as unlike ours as their points of view. But that which they did on traditional lines and a small scale we are doing on new lines and a very large scale. Their intellectual life found its outlet in the salon, as ours does in the club. These equally represent the active influence of women in their respective ages. Both have resulted in a mania for knowledge, a change of ideals, a radical revolution in social life, and an unprecedented increase in the authority of women. As they have certain tendencies and dangers in common, it may be of interest to trace a few points of resemblance and contrast between them; also to glance at the elements which have gone into the club and are making it so considerable a factor in American life.

The salon, like the club, was founded and led by clever women in the interests of culture, both literary and social; but, unlike the club, it was devoted to bringing into relief the talents of men. The difference, so far as manners are concerned, is a fundamental one. It would never have occurred to the women of that age to band together for self-improvement. If they had given the matter a thought, it would not have seemed to them likely to come in that way; still less would it have occurred to them that this mode of doing things could be of any service in bettering the world or their own position. Rousseau, who wrote so many fine phrases about liberty, and left women none at all, not even the small privilege of protesting against injustice, said that they were "made to please men"; and it is safe to say that the Frenchwomen had no scheme of life apart from men until they were ready to go into seclusion for prayer and penance and preparation for the next world. They accepted the fact that men had the ordering of affairs, and that they could make their own influence felt only by acting through them. "What is the difference whether women rule, or the rulers are guided by

women?" said Aristotle. "If the power is in their hands, the result is the same." It was simply a question of the best way of ruling the rulers. In this case the rulers were of a race that has not only a great liking for women in the concrete, but a great admiration for woman in the abstract. So long as her gifts are consecrated to his interest and pleasure, the Frenchman never objects to them—indeed, he is disposed to pay much homage to them. In the interest of some one else, or even in her own, it is another matter. They might be inconvenient. But in this new kingdom of the salon he was quite willing to accord her the supremacy, since she gave him the place of honor, and furnished an effective background for his talents without too much parading her own. He had only to shine and be applauded. What more could he desire?

Naturally, under such conditions, among the first of her arts was that of making things agreeable. If she had any fine moral lessons to inculcate, she gave them in the form of sugared pills that were pleasant to take. In her category of virtues the social ones were uppermost; but they were the means to an end, and this end must not be lost sight of. Her special mission was to correct coarse manners and bad morals, as well as to secure due recognition for talent; but she went about it in her own way. It may be said that, as a rule, the Frenchwoman is much less interested in *what* is done than in *how* it is done. In the early days of the salons she concerned herself little, if at all, with theories and grave social problems; but she did concern herself very much with questions of taste and manners, the refinements of language and literature, the subtleties of sentiment, the dignity of converse between men and women. Nor did she bring to these questions an untrained mind. If she did not make so much of a business of improving it as we do, she did not neglect private study and the reading of the best books, which, though few, were undiluted. "It gives dull colors to the mind to have no taste for solid reading," said Mme. de Sévigné, who delighted in Montaigne and Pascal, Tacitus and Vergil, with various other classics which are not exactly the food for frivolity. These women did not always spell correctly, and would have declined altogether to write a paper on the "Science of Government" or the "Philosophy of Confucius,"—subjects which the school-girls of to-day feel quite competent to treat,—but they showed surprising clearness and penetration in their

criticisms of literature and manners. The coteries which formed an audience for Corneille, sympathized with the exalted thought of Pascal and Arnauld, helped to modify and polish the maxims of La Rochefoucauld, as those which, a century or so later, discussed the tragedies of Voltaire or the philosophy of Rousseau with men of genius who would have had small patience with platitudes, needed no lowering of levels to suit their taste or comprehension. They were held firmly to fine literary ideals. All they asked was simplicity of statement, and this was made a fashion, to the lasting benefit of French literature.

It is true that the movement of the salon was in the direction of a brilliant social as well as a brilliant intellectual life; but to fuse such varied materials, to unite men of action and men of letters, nobles and philosophers, statesmen and poets, people within the pale and people outside of it, in a harmonious society, presided over by women who set up new standards and new codes of manners, meant more than intelligence, more than social charm. It involved diplomacy of a high order, which implies flexibility, penetration, and the subtler qualities of the intellect, as well as tact, sympathy, and knowledge of men. This was notably an outgrowth of the salon, where women owed much of their influence to a quick perception of the fine shades of temperament, genius, interest, and passion through which the world is swayed. The result of such training was a mind singularly lucid, great administrative ability, and a character full of the intangible quality that we call charm. If it was a trifle weak as to moral fiber, this may be largely laid to the standards of the time, which were not ours. Mme. du Deffand put the philosophy of her age and race into an epigram when she said that "the virtues are superior to the sentiments, but not so agreeable." Both temperament and education led these women toward Hellenic ideals. The latter-day woman is inclined to look upon their methods as trivial and their attitude as humiliating; but, whatever we may think of their point of view, we must admit their masterly ability in making vital changes for the better, and attaining a position of influence which we have hardly yet secured for ourselves. They did much more than form society, create a code of manners, and set the fashions, which we are apt to look upon as their special province. They refined the language, stimulated talent, gave fresh life to literature, exacted a new respect for

women, and held political as well as social and academic honors in their hands.

If they sometimes dipped into affairs of state in support of their friends, and with a too incidental reference to the interests of the state, I am not sure that even the men of our own time are absolutely free from a personal tinge of the same sort, without the saving grace of altruism. At all events, in the pursuit of a better order of things, they took the pleasant path round the mountain rather than the doubtful and untrodden path over it, which, since they could not go over it if they tried, was, to my thinking, the wiser way.

BUT other times, other conditions and other methods. It was a long step from these fine ladies in rouge and ruffles to the earnest American women of high aims and simpler lives who, less than thirty years ago, began seriously to group themselves in clubs for mutual help and mental culture. The difference is equally marked, now that these gatherings are numbered by thousands. It is more vital than a variation in manners, as it lies in the character of the two races.

The club had no prestige of a class behind it, and concerned itself little with traditions. It was a far more radical departure from the old order than the salon, which, though it established a new social basis, did it through delicate compromises that left the aristocratic spirit intact. It was only in its later days that the iconoclasts invaded it, to some extent, and made it a sort of hotbed for the propagation of democratic theories which seemed quite harmless until, one day, a spark set them ablaze, and the generation that had played with them was swept to destruction. The club was democratic from the foundation. It did not revolve round men of letters, or men of any class. There was no man, or influence of man, behind it—no man in the vista. It does not aim to bring into relief the talents of men, but the talents of women who had come, perhaps, to wish a little glory of another kind. There was no longer an outlet for their activities in the salon, which belonged neither to the genius of the age nor the genius of the race. The Anglo-Saxon man is not preëminently a social being, and though he has not been entirely neglected in the matter of vanity or personal susceptibility, he has rather less of either than his Gallic compeers. Nor is he so amenable, either by temperament or training, to the delicate arts that make social life agreeable. Half a century or so ago, the

American, in whose chivalrous regard for women we take so much pride, was in the habit of saying many fine things about them in what he was pleased to call the sphere God had assigned them; indeed, he went so far as to offer a great deal of theoretical incense to them as household divinities, with special and very human limitations as to privileges. But he frowned distinctly upon any intellectual tastes or aspirations. His attitude was tersely and modestly expressed in Tennyson's couplet:

She knows but matters of the house,
And he, he knows a thousand things.

This master of diverse knowledge would have smiled at the notion of finding either profit or amusement in meeting women for the purpose of conversation on the plane of the intellect. The few rare exceptions only emphasize this fact. "A woman, if she have the misfortune of knowing anything, should conceal it as well as she can," said Jane Austen. We are far from that time; but men of affairs even now find literary talks in the drawing-room tiresome, and persistently stay away. Thoughts, too, had become a commodity with a market value, and men of letters no longer found their pleasure or interest in wasting them on limited coteries. They preferred sending them out to a larger audience, at so much a page, while they smoked and chatted more at their ease among themselves at their clubs. Whether they did not find women inspiring,—which, under such conditions, is quite possible,—or did not care to be inspired in that way, the rôle of inspirer was clearly ended. The few efforts to take up the fallen scepter of the salon proved futile in intellectual prestige, though they may have served to while away some pleasant hours. A society based upon wealth without the traditions of culture is apt to smother in accessories the delicacy of insight and the *esprit* which were the life of the salons. On the other hand, those who pose as apostles of plain living and high thinking make the mistake of ignoring the imagination altogether, and too often serve their feasts of reason without any sauces at all, even of a literary sort, which fact should probably be laid to the account of the race that takes its diversion as seriously as its work. After all, one cannot say "let us have *esprit*," and have it, any more than one can say, "Let us have charm," and put it on like a garment. Neither comes in that way.

But the women of forty or fifty years ago

lacked much more than a social outlet for their talents and aspirations. They had no outlet of any sort beyond charity and the fireside. The Frenchwomen had little, if any, more real freedom, possibly not so much in some directions: but rank brought them deference and consideration; the age of chivalry had put them on a pedestal. It may have been a bit theoretical, but an illusory power is better than none at all, as it has a certain prestige. If they were queens without a very substantial kingdom, they had, at least, the privileges, as well as the responsibilities, of high positions, and shone with something more than reflected glory. Then their talents were too valuable to be ignored, as they were the best of purveyors to Gallic ambitions. The Roman Church, too, was far-seeing when it provided an outlet for their surplus energies and emotions. If they had no fireside of their own, or the world pressed heavily upon them, they could retire from it, and hope for places of influence, even of power, in some of the various religious orders. In any case, there were peace and a dignified refuge. But it is a noteworthy fact that the Reformation left to women all the sacrifices of their religion, and none of its outward honors or consolations. If the philosophers had no message of freedom for them, still less was it found on Puritan soil. "Women are frail, impatient, feeble, and foolish," said John Knox, who was far from being a model of patience himself, and seems to have been singularly swayed by these weak, inconsequent creatures, above whom he asserts that man is placed "as God is above the angels." Milton has left us in no doubt as to his position regarding them:

My author and dispenser, what thou bidst
Unargued I obey: so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine; to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.

Such was the Puritan gospel of liberty as applied to women. John Knox and Milton joined in the chorus that glorified their vassalage, while Calvin added a cordial refrain, with a prudent reservation as to queens and princesses.

It is needless to dwell upon this phase of a past the ideals of which are as dead to us as the goddesses of Greece and the heroines of the Nibelungenlied. It has been sufficiently emphasized already, and concerns us here only as it shows us the spirit under which our grandmothers were born and bred. It cannot be denied that they were a wise, strong race, rearing thinkers and statesmen

who have left few worthy successors, though they did not spend much time in discussing the best methods of training children, were better versed in domestic than social economics, and doubtless had misty ideas about Buddhism and the ultimate destiny of Woman. It may be superfluous, also, to say that many of them had occasion to think little of their restrictions, and would have resented the suggestion that they had any which were not good for them, if not positively desirable. Limitations, even hardships, do not necessarily imply misery. People are curiously flexible, and get a sort of happiness from trying to fit themselves to conditions which, though unpleasant, are inevitable. Then, conditions are not always hard, because they have unlimited possibilities in that direction. One may even wear a chain and ball quite comfortably so long as one stands still, or if the chain be a silken one and the ball cast in pleasant places. The difficulty is that one does not always wish to stand still; nor is it always possible, whatever the inclination may be. The march of events is irresistible, and one is often forced to a change of position to escape being trampled upon. Besides, in a society that is based upon the right of people to do as they choose within certain very flexible limits, one half is not likely to continue to do, without a protest, what the other half says it ought to do when it is compelled to take its full share of burdens and rather more than its full share of sacrifices, without any choice as to cakes and ale. These daughters of liberty held no longer the places of honor accorded to rank, and were not only without visible dignities of any kind, except as the palest of satellites, but were largely, if not altogether, excluded from the intellectual life of their husbands. They were told to be content with the dignity of maternity, while they were virtually shut out from the things that consecrate maternity. It was under such conditions that the woman's club was born. Men had already set up clubs of their own, and women had no choice but to do the same thing, or drift into the hopeless position of their respectable Athenian sisters of the classic age, who lived in fashionable but ignorant seclusion, while their brilliant husbands sought more congenial companionship elsewhere.

But women did not plan a club for amusement, as men have usually done: they planned it for mental improvement. It was not without a prophecy of the coming time that the characters of our grandmothers were trained in so severe a school. They were the reverse

of pleasure-loving, and took even their diversions seriously. The central point of their lives was an inexorable sense of duty. Its twin trait was energy. With a radical change of ideals their daughters did not lose these traits. A religious devotion to one set of aims was simply transferred to another. The road to their new Utopia was knowledge. All things would come in its train—culture, independence, happiness, the power to help a suffering world. It was this leaven of Puritan traditions which gave the club an element that was not found in the salon. The American woman may lack a little of that elusive quality, half sensibility, half wit, which makes so much of the Frenchwoman's charm; she may lack, too, her perfection of tact, her inborn genius for form and measure: but she has what the Frenchwoman has not—something that belongs to a race in which the ethical overshadows the artistic. It is devotion to principles rather than to persons, to essentials rather than to forms. Her pursuit of knowledge may often be superficial, from the immensity of the field she lays out for herself; but her aims are serious, and lead her toward moral and sociological questions, rather than sentiments and tastes.

The woman's club is not a school of manners, and concerns itself little with the fine art of living. It claims to instruct, not to amuse—or, rather, it seeks amusement in that way; and it is more interested in doing things than in the modes of doing them. It does not rely upon diplomacy to gain its ends, but upon the wisdom and justice of the ends, appealing to the reason instead of the imagination. It also deals more with masses than with individuals. No doubt, the necessity of going outside the realm of personal feeling in

managing public or semi-public affairs helps to give the poise and self-command which go far toward offsetting the intensity of temperament that has always made the discussion of vital questions so perilous in gatherings of women, though we have occasion enough to know that wisdom and sanity do not invariably preside at gatherings of men, even supposably wise ones. The qualities fostered by the club are energy, earnestness, independence, versatility, and—not exactly intellectual conscience, which implies traditional standards, but a sense of intellectual duty that is not quite the same thing. All this is remote from the spirit of the salon, with its social codes and conventions, its graceful amenities, its sparkling wit, its play of sentiment, its diplomatic reserves, and its clear intelligence working through endless private channels toward a new order of things. It points to the club, not as a conservator of social traditions, or a creator of social standards, or a tribunal of criticism, but as a literary and political training-school, a maker of citizens with a broader outlook into the world of affairs, a powerful engine of moral force. Perhaps its greatest direct value at present lies in this moral force, which is the outgrowth of centuries of sternly moral heritage, and runs not only through philanthropic channels, but through all the avenues of life.

Of scarcely less importance are the impulse and direction the club has given to the administrative talents of women—talents which mark their special strength, and are far too valuable to be ignored at a time when all the wisdom of the world is needed, in private as well as in public affairs, to guide it safely through its threatening storms.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

TO THE OTTAWA.

BY W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.

OUT of the northern wastes, lands of winter and death,
Regions of ruin and age, spaces of solitude lost,
You wash and thunder and sweep, and dream and sparkle and creep,
Turbulent, luminous, large, scion of thunder and frost.

Down past woodland and waste, lone as the haunting of even,
Of shriveled and wind-moaning night, when winter hath wizened the world—
Down past hamlet and town, by marshes, by forests that frown,
Brimming their desolate banks, your tides to the ocean are hurled.

WHAT ARE THE X-RAYS?

BY JOHN TROWBRIDGE,

Rumford Professor of the Application of Science to the Useful Arts, Harvard University.



It is now three years since Röntgen, professor of physics at Würzburg, published an account of his discovery of the so-called X-rays. The scientific journals of the world were immediately flooded with articles describing investigations of the remarkable phenomenon. In the year 1895-96 there were at least one thousand of these articles. During the past year this number had dwindled to less than one hundred; and the leading scientific periodical in Germany, Wiedemann's "Annalen der Physik und Chemie," has just published Röntgen's original article, as if in irony of the futile attempts of the army of investigators to extend the work of the original discoverer. Röntgen seems, indeed, to have anticipated subsequent workers in many points. He found that the so-called rays could not be bent or refracted like ordinary light-rays in passing from air to a denser medium; and, apparently with the firm conviction that he had discovered a new manifestation of light-radiation, and since he could not discover reflection and refraction of these rays, he asks: "Are these rays an evidence of longitudinal vibrations of the ether?"

Now, we know that the light-waves move up and down in the ether of space with a motion which is transverse to the direction of their propagation. This transverse motion is like the rise and fall of the waves of the sea. A ship rises and falls with such transverse motion, and does not move to and fro in the direction of propagation of the waves. Such a to-and-fro or longitudinal movement has never been discovered in the case of light, and the suggestion of Röntgen immediately awakened the utmost interest among scientific men. If the X-rays are due to a longitudinal movement in the ether, their absence of reflective and refractive power can be explained. No advance, however, has been made in connecting the mysterious phenomenon with longitudinal movements in the ether, and the general trend of scientific opinion is toward the belief that the X-rays are extremely short waves of ultra-violet light, less than one hundred-

thousandth of an inch in length; and no microscope now made could show such waves to the eye; for it is barely possible to separate lines which are one hundred-thousandth of an inch apart. I have said that the general belief is that the X-rays are due to a wave motion in the ether. The experiments, however, which I am about to describe lead me to believe that in the X-ray phenomena we have really two classes, so to speak, of phenomena—one an electrical polarization of matter in space, and another a manifestation of light at surfaces where the electrical polarization is converted into ordinary fluorescent and phosphorescent light. According to this electrical hypothesis, one should not expect to observe reflection and refraction of the electrical rays in the ordinary sense, and one should expect to treat the light observed where the X-rays strike just as one treats ordinary fluorescent and phosphorescent light.

Let us first consider what we mean by electrical polarization, electrical induction, phosphorescence, and fluorescence. In the magnetic needle we have a body which possesses two poles—a south pole and a north pole. The needle is thus said to be polarized. If we had an infinite number of such needles, without sensible weight, we could stretch a chain from the earth to the sun, and we could call this a polarized chain of particles the subtle vibration of which, under certain conditions, could form a medium of physical communication between a distant body and the earth. Such a polarized chain can also be formed by electrical polarization and induction. If we suppose that the earth and the sun are both electrified, then an infinite number of pith-balls, without sensible weight, existing in space between the earth and the sun, would arrange themselves by electrical polarization and induction, also in invisible polarized chains, between these bodies, and the direction of these chains would constitute invisible lines of electric force. The slightest quiver in these chains or lines of force would constitute an interchange of energy through illimitable space. When these lines of force become sufficiently in-

tense, and when they undergo a rapid change at the surface of certain substances, these substances exhibit fluorescent or phosphorescent light. We are familiar with phosphorescence in the case of the brimstone match, and we can perceive fluorescence in kerosene oil by looking at the surface of this oil obliquely.



FIG. 1.

The principal difference between fluorescence and phosphorescence resides in this: phosphorescent bodies glow in the dark after having been exposed to light (even a piece of ordinary paper is phosphorescent), while fluorescent substances in general cease to exhibit light in the dark.

Now the X-rays excite both fluorescence and phosphorescence very powerfully, and when they were discovered many investigators endeavored to discover them in ordinary sunlight, and in the electric light, which also excites these states. These attempts were failures. Nevertheless, many believe that ordinary sunlight is due to the conversion of the electrical energy of the sun, transmitted across the ninety millions of miles of space by electrical polarization or induction, into intense fluorescent and phosphorescent light, by an agency similar to that of the X-rays.

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I mention this bold hypothesis to show how far-reaching the mysterious phenomena of these rays appear to many minds. These rays are produced by electrical currents, and the question also arises, Are they given off from our telegraph- and telephone-wires when messages fly over these wires—not sensibly, but even in a minute degree? The experiments which I am about to describe were instituted for the purpose of studying the effect of the X-rays on the electrical polarization of matter which I have endeavored to describe. If we could stretch a telegraph-wire between the earth and the sun, and send powerful currents of electricity over it, could we fill the extremely rarefied space around the wire with X-rays? Would they be given off from every element of such a conductor when the electrical charge in the conductor was made to fluctuate? Since it is impossible to realize such an experiment, I resolved to imitate the conditions as nearly as possible in the laboratory. To do this required the expenditure of enormous electrical force. Instead of stretching a wire from the earth to the sun, I narrowed, so to speak, the distance between these bodies to six inches, and, inclosing a wire of this length in a glass vessel, I imitated the vast region of rarefied space by pumping out the air from this vessel. This was the form of vessel in which I studied the manifestation of the X-rays. The electrical apparatus used for the production of the intense electrical forces is probably the most powerful that has ever been used to study these rays. Electric discharges varying in length from one inch to eight feet can be studied by its means. The source of the electricity consists of ten thousand storage-batteries; and the effect of this battery is so heightened that an electric force of over two million volts can be obtained. The ordinary electric-arc street-lamp is generated by means of an electric pressure of less than one thousand volts. The energy in the X-rays, however, does not manifest itself by a dazzling light. Its light-manifestation is a weird yellow glow which barely enables one to obtain a photograph of the tube in which it is generated. Its energy is shown by the extraordinary activity which is given to small particles of matter. By means of the electric discharge of high pressure or electromotive force one can see through timbers a foot thick, and also see the beating of the human heart through the flesh.

Immediately on sending such powerful discharges through the form of vessel I have

described, I discovered that the rays were generated from every point of the six inches of wire. They made the walls of the tube gleam with a weird, fluorescent light, and, penetrating to the outer air, enabled me to detect their presence by photography. Our flight of imagination in picturing a telegraph-wire stretching from the earth to the sun, giving forth mysterious rays into space, has therefore a basis of fact.

The continuous wire tube may have various forms. One of the most interesting, from a scientific point of view, is a spherical bulb through the center of which runs a straight, continuous wire at the center of which is a little mirror of aluminum. When a powerful electric discharge is sent along this wire at a certain stage of the vacuum in the tube, the mirror reflects a beam like a search-light to the walls of the tube, and the point where this beam strikes glows with a phosphorescent light and emits the X-rays. Moreover, if one should stand on an insulated stool (Fig. 1), and touch with the finger this spot

on the outside of the bulb, one could reflect back another search-light of X-rays to the opposite side of the bulb, and throw a shadow of the mirror and the wire on the inside of the bulb. This shadow can be thrown to one side or the other, according to the position of the touching finger. These so-called search-lights contain the X-rays, for they show all the manifestations of the latter, such as their power to pass through thin sheets of aluminum, to produce light in fluorescent substances, and to exhibit the skeleton of the hands. Now these effects can be produced by making the continuous wire either positive or negative—that is, by making it either an anode, the way in, or a cathode, the way out. We have hitherto thought of the cathode rays as a phenomenon of the cathode—that is, of the terminal in a Crookes tube by means of which the

discharge is conducted out of the tube; and we have never spoken of anode rays. My experiments show conclusively that the term "cathode rays," which are accompanied by the X-rays,—the latter probably being a heightened manifestation of the former,—is only a limited name for a more general phenomenon which I am tempted to call electrostatic rays. The anode rays have all the qualities of the cathode rays; they are not, however, so powerful.

It is highly important that the investigator of the phenomena of the X-rays should himself exhaust the Crookes tubes, and should study their manifestations at different

stages of the rarefied medium in which they are produced. The effects produced by electricity in such tubes as the air is gradually withdrawn are very beautiful. At first there is a bright pink glow which fills the entire tube; then there are cloud-like masses of white light, which float like feathers through the tube; then comes a yellow fluorescent light which makes the whole interior of the tube lu-



FIG. 2.

minous. This last effect is produced by the cathode and anode and X-rays, or by what I prefer to call the electrostatic rays. For a time there was a long discussion in regard to the source of the X-rays. Some maintained that they came only from the cathode, others that they proceeded from the anode, and others that they emanated from any surface where the cathode rays struck. My experiments show that the contestants were like those who are said to have disputed whether a shield was gold or silver. Each contestant saw only one side of the shield. In truth, one side of it was gold and the other silver. There are anode rays as well as cathode rays, and either produce by electrical induction a manifestation in any desired direction. This inductive effect is shown by touching the Crookes bulb containing the continuous conductor with

the insulated finger or with an insulated piece of metal.

The continuous wire tube has shown that lines of electric force radiate from the surface of a conductor in a rarefied medium, and produce the X-rays at every point of this conductor. This is true whichever way the electric current flows in the conductor; with such a tube the distinction of cathode rays disappears, and we have a more general manifestation of X-rays.

While trying a great variety of forms of tube, I came across many interesting manifestations of electrification outside the tubes. One of these is of practical interest to surgeons and physicians; for I obtained what is called the X-ray burn by electrification when there were no X-rays which could be detected. I say by electrification, for the burn was evidently produced by the impinging of the electrostatic lines of force on the skin of the hand.

The latter was exposed to the neighborhood of a tube containing a continuous conductor such as is shown in Fig. 2. At a certain stage in the vacuum, before the X-rays could be distinguished, peculiar forked brush discharges proceeded from the tube; and these discharges, impinging on the skin, produced the peculiar so-called X-ray burn, which often results from exposure to the X-rays. The skin shows a peculiar red tint, especially after exposure to the cold; it is extremely irritable, and after about three weeks the surface peels. The effect is like that of a severe sunburn. These forked brush discharges can pass through sheets of glass half an inch thick, and leave their impression on photographic plates which are

carefully insulated from the ground, and which are shielded from all light in plate-holders. When these photographic impressions (Fig. 3) are examined they resemble in a striking manner the centers of disturbance on the burnt hand when the latter are examined with a microscope. The photographs resulted from minute electrical discharges on the surface of the plate, and the burn was also in this case, and probably in all cases, due to similar discharges on the skin.

There is another remarkable phenomenon shown by the X-rays, which further supports my belief that these rays are a manifestation of an electrical disturbance in space. It is well known that an ordinary electrical current cannot pass through a vacuum. At a certain degree of extreme tenuity of the air or any gas the so-called vacuum stops electrical discharges, just as if a piece of glass should be interposed in an electrical circuit. If the X-



FIG. 3.

rays illuminate such a vacuum, however, an electrical current can be made to pass with extreme ease over spaces which had completely stopped its flow. No effect of ultra-violet light with which I have been able to experiment can produce a similar effect. The phenomenon is an electrical one.

The phosphorescent effects produced by the X-rays also support the electrical theory. Whenever such rays strike certain crystals, the latter shine vividly in the dark. The X-rays can lead one to the spot where there is a Crookes tube entirely concealed from view behind a thick door, or behind timbers a foot thick. All that is necessary to discover such rays is a diamond ring and a darkened room.

As one approaches the hidden tube the diamond emits a lambent flame.

The phosphorescent effects produced by the X-rays can also, in certain notable instances, be produced by directly electrifying the phosphorescent bodies, even when the most intense ultra-violet light fails to produce any trace of phosphorescence.

Have we, then, answered the question, What are the X-rays? I believe that the experiments which I have described support the theory that there are really two classes of phenomena—one an electrical disturbance in a medium, another the conversion of this electrical disturbance into fluorescent and

phosphorescent light at the surfaces of suitable screens or in the body of suitable crystals. My experiments certainly show that there are anode rays as well as cathode rays, and that both are subject to the well-known laws of electrical induction. One should not expect, therefore, that the electrical rays or lines of force should be reflected and refracted like waves of light. I believe that when we have answered the question, What are the X-rays? we shall be able to state more exactly than at present the relations between light and electricity. The question, therefore, has become one of the most important in physical science.

GALLOPS.

BY DAVID GRAY.

HIS FIRST RACE.



YOUNG Hatfield sat up in bed, and began groping for matches and the candle. He struck a light, and looked at his watch. It was half-past five. He drew a long breath, and tried to recall the nightmare from which he had just escaped. He had been riding somewhere over jumps. It was all vague and disordered at first. Then as he galloped faster and faster toward the fence, it grew clear and real—frightfully real. He was awake, but the crash of breaking rails still jarred in his ears. His heart was thumping with the dream-horror that had come as his horse's head and withers sank under him. He was breathing hard, and his knees felt weak. He had believed that he was dead.

He slipped out of bed, and threw open the shutters. The pines about the Oakdale clubhouse were sighing. Down the valley a southwest wind was herding successive ranks of low, wet clouds. In the first glimmerings of dawn the distant hills were only a darker shadow across the horizon. The gray fields in front of the club sloped dimly, and were lost in the mists on the bottom-lands. Hatfield stretched his arm out, and opened his hand to the wind.

"They'll race," he muttered; "there's no frost." He cuddled his hands in his pajama sleeves, and shivered. Then he closed the window, and jumped into bed.

Hatfield had left Forbes's dinner about two o'clock; therefore he needed sleep, but he knew that it was out of the question. His brain was in that stage of nervous alertness which results from champagne and much coffee, followed by an evening of Scotch and soda. His dream weighed upon him; there was a prophetic vividness about it which he could not shake off. He argued that the horse he was going to ride had run many steeplechases, and had never hurt any one. Forbes had told him that when he offered him the mount. Then an inner voice suggested that this was the more reason for avoiding that horse. Every horse will fall some day. His mind brought up instances of men killed in the hunting-field when mounted on their best. He had known an Englishman killed in that way the winter before. At the end of an hour he recognized the certainty that he was going to be killed, or at least badly hurt. He was not superstitious, but presentiments nowadays have a scientific recognition. He imagined how he would look in his coffin, and he wondered whether his mother would come over, or whether they would send him to her. His mother lived in Europe. Then he fell to thinking about the Girl who, at that moment, was asleep at the Alden Adamases', a mile up the road. He wondered if by any freak of thought-transference his dream had come to her.

Suddenly it occurred to him that he was not obliged to ride. He might be taken ill, and afterward give up hunting altogether. He was ashamed and angry, but he could not put the idea out of his mind. It came back, tempting him with plausible excuses. A little before seven he got up and dressed. Then he took a writing-case from his trunk, and wrote three short notes. Two of these he sealed with his ring. One was addressed to his mother, the second to the Girl who was stopping at the Adamses'. The third was open, and addressed to Forbes. The possibility that, after all, he might be making an ass of himself had occurred to him, and what he wrote was bald and matter-of-fact. He hoped against conviction that he was making an ass of himself. He had much to live for. He had planned things which it was hard to imagine he was not going to fulfil. He put the envelopes in his writing-case, and went down-stairs to wait for breakfast.

Hatfield was twenty-three, and was spoken of as a boy who might amount to a good deal if a comfortable income and half a dozen other pitfalls of youth did not destroy him. Horses were a new fad. As a child he had ridden his pony, but going 'cross country was a fresh experience. When the Girl went to the Alden Adamses' for November, Hatfield had got a couple of hunters and gone down to Oakdale. He had been out four or five times with the hounds, and the game had ensnared him. His views of life forthwith changed. It seemed only worth while to be known as a "hunting man." He pinned his stock the way Braybrooke pinned his; he affected Galloway's practice of carrying a cutting-whip instead of a crop; he copied Forbes's seat—that is, until Whitney Corlies came down: after that he modeled himself upon Corlies. He realized that he was a beginner, and was discreet in his opinions; but he was impatient to acquire a standing. If Corlies had suggested flying the river, Hatfield would have gone at it without hesitation. When Forbes had offered him the mount for the steeplechase, the night before at dinner, he felt that his chance had come.

Forbes knew that Hatfield was green, but he had observed that he rode with his heart in it; and, moreover, there was no one else to put up who could make the weight. He had written to Carty Carteret, offering him the mount, and the day before had received a telegram of regret. Carteret wired that he knew the Rajah, that his accident policy had expired, and that he owed it to

his beloved parents to decline. This nettled Forbes, because he was sure the horse could win. There were only eight other gentlemen at Oakdale each with similar views about his own horse.

When Hatfield went into the breakfast-room he found Corlies there.

"He 's around awfully early," thought Hatfield. But Corlies's ways were not as other men's. Neither did people ask him personal questions. He nodded to the boy.

"Better take your coffee with me," he said.

"I'd like to," Hatfield answered as calmly as he could. It was a distinction to breakfast with Whitney Corlies. What Corlies did not know about horses, and what he could not do with them, were not things of consequence. He was a lean, finely proportioned man of forty-five. Everything he did he did well and easily. All his life the world had run after him. What he thought about it no one knew, for he rarely spoke. Men as well as women thought him handsome. Meissonier might have painted him as a colonel of cavalry. He was unmarried, and there was a romantic and rather wild story about him. Once Hatfield had asked Mrs. Innis about it. She looked surprised, and told him that she did n't know the details.

"So you're riding the Rajah," said Corlies, as the boy sat down.

"Yes," said Hatfield. "I've never been on his back, and I've never ridden a race before. I'm afraid I shall make rather a mess of it."

"He's a brute at times," observed Corlies. He spread out his paper, and proceeded to take the top off his egg. Presently he spoke again:

"It's going to be wet. Have you got a braided rein?"

"No," replied Hatfield. "Perhaps Forbes has, though."

"He does n't believe in them," said Corlies. "I'll have one sent down for you. Your horse bores. I rode him once." The Rajah was an English horse. When he was six years old, and sound, Corlies had ridden him in the Grand National.

"Thank you for the rein," said Hatfield. "It was very good of you to think about it." He was pleased, because he knew that Corlies paid few attentions to men. Besides, he had experienced the difficulty of bringing a bolter's head around with an ordinary wet bridle-rein. What he had heard about the Rajah was not assuring. A horse that bored was likely to get his head down,

and run into a jump without rising. He knew of a man who had been hopelessly crippled by such an accident. Presently Corlies rose.

"Here 's the paper," he said. He pushed the sheets over the table. "You 'd better find out whether Forbes has had the horse sharp-shod. He's careless about such things." He nodded, and moved off.

MOST of the men who were going to ride, and a number who were n't, lunched at the club that day. They made a party around the big center-table. It was noticeable that those who were going to look on seemed to be having the best time. They talked most and ate most. Willie Colfax, who sat next to Hatfield, was lunching mainly upon a magnum of Bass.

"Better have some," he suggested politely, for the fourth time.

"No," said Hatfield; "I don't think I 'll drink anything. To tell the truth, I don't feel like eating much, either."

Colfax grinned.

"Don't feel much like gorging, myself," he remarked confidentially. "That 's why I 've got this." He nodded toward the magnum.

"Are you really feeling that way, too?" Hatfield asked. Colfax had ridden many steeplechases.

"Why, of course," he replied. "It 's nothing to be ashamed of. It 's just excitement. None of them are really feeding," he went on, waving his hand toward the men who were dressed to ride. "They 're just putting up a bluff—that is, all except Corlies. He 's colder than ammonia-pipes. I say, Charles," he remarked to Galloway, "have some gamepie. It 's hearty, you know. You 're short of weight."

Galloway laughed.

"Pass it to Hatfield," he said. "If he 's riding the Rajah, it 'll be his last meal on earth; he ought to make the most of it."

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Forbes. "You 've tried to buy the Rajah often enough."

"For the hounds," said Galloway, sweetly. "Why don't you ride him yourself? Why are you always looking for foolhardy boys?"

Forbes declined to reply.

"Don't pay any attention to him," he said to Hatfield. "He knows we have the legs of the lot, with the possible exception of Corlies's mare. We 're going to win."

"Do you really think so?" asked Hatfield.

The chaffing went on, and he fell to watching the faces of the men he was going to ride against. They were discouragingly uncon-

cerned. He felt drawn to Colfax, who admitted that food had no fascinations. Yet, if these men were free from apprehension, there could be no real risk. Three of them were married and had families; they were not indifferent about existence. This was a logical argument, but it carried no conviction.

"When you 've finished," said Forbes, "we might start along. The Rajah 's at the stables. I thought you might like to walk him down to the course, and get your legs bent over him."

"Thanks," said Hatfield; "I should." He had dressed before lunch, and had a morning-coat over his racing-jacket. Forbes's colors were very gaudy—scarlet and black hoops. As they reached the stables a coach-horn sounded, and Hatfield looked back. The Alden Adamsses' drag was swinging through the grounds. Already the court before the *porte cochère* was filled with traps and with men on hacks who were stopping at the club to see the list of starters. The horn sounded again, and the "four" rumbled past. Hatfield caught a glimpse of the Girl, buttoned up to the chin in a man's mackintosh. She did n't see him. She was sitting between two loquacious young men. The party was extremely jolly. The Rajah was led out, and Hatfield clambered into the saddle.

"Take him quietly," said Forbes. "He 's feeling a bit beany, and he may bolt. Your stirrups seem about right. I 'll see you at the post. I 'm going to drive down. There 's a boy waiting for you on the course."

Hatfield followed the path around the stables, and turned into the lane that led down to the great meadow where the steeplechase course was laid. Ahead of him was a dotted line of traps and hooded and blanketed horses moving slowly toward the track. A Hempstead cart with a lively pony dashed by, and the Rajah shied into the fence. Hatfield lost a stirrup, and the young man in the cart snickered. Hatfield felt that he must be making himself ridiculous. One vehicle after another passed, and he knew that each time the occupants were commenting upon his inexperience. As he reached the meadow he heard the coach-horn again, and turned out. The drag swept by at a canter. The Girl saw him this time, and bowed.

"You 're dining with us, you know!" Adams yelled from the box.

Hatfield nodded. "If I 'm dining anywhere," he murmured. He followed the drag with his eyes. The people on it were having a very good time. It struck him as a

queer misnomer to call riding steeplechases an amusement. He bowed to Galloway, who drove by with the Braybrookes. Mrs. Galloway would n't come when her husband rode. Galloway was joking with Mrs. Braybrooke. He seemed actually gay. Those familiar with his habits, however, knew that after lunch he usually smoked a cigar; now he was sucking his lungs full of cigarette smoke. Hatfield rode toward the judges' stand, where the scales were, and one of Corlies's grooms came up to him.

"Here 's the racing-rein, sir," said the man. "Mr. Corlies told me I was to put it on the Rajah. You 'll be likely to need it, sir." A little squall burst from the south, driving a fine drizzle across the plain.

"I 'll weigh out while you 're putting it on," said Hatfield. He took the saddle and breastplate, and went to the scales.

"A hundred and sixty-nine," the clerk said. He was four pounds over, but overweight was allowed. He borrowed a pair of lighter stirrup-irons from a boy on a pony, got his number, and went back to his horse. Forbes's man came along with a bucket, and began to sponge out the Rajah's mouth. Presently Forbes appeared.

"They 're about ready," he said. "You know the course. It's the hurdle, the mound, the brush, and the liverpool of the regular course, and then a two-mile flagged loop over natural fences, back on to the course, over the water and the hurdle, and finish down the regular stretch. That 's about four miles, or a little more. The Rajah will last, and jump strong. Don't hurry him, but don't bother him by trying to lay too far back. Let him rate along and make the pace, if he wants to. The only mean place is in the loop, coming back, where there 's something of a drop on the other side of the hedge fence. Get him well in hand there, and don't try to fly it, or you may come to grief. The committee should n't put such a thing in the course. But I 've put a boy there, in case you have a spill. Keep your whip till the stretch. Hello!" he added, "where did you get that rein?"

"Corlies lent it to me," said Hatfield.

Forbes glanced up curiously.

"Corlies?" he repeated. He looked the rein over, and tested its strength. "It's all right," he muttered. "That 's queer for Corlies, though. Give me your coat."

Hatfield stripped it off, and rode away shivering in his colors to the place where the parade was forming. The bugle sounded, and they filed past the line of spectators to

the post. He fixed his eyes on his horse's neck, but he felt the gaze of the crowd. His head began to swim. He clutched the saddle with his knees, and coaxed the fretful Rajah into line. Suddenly some one said, "Go!" and the race had begun.

The sudden speed took his breath away, and he hung back. He saw that the field were going at the first jump, in two lines. He put his weight on the Rajah's mouth, and fell back into the second. He recognized Corlies as he rose to the hurdle ahead. Corlies sat back leisurely. Over they went, horse and man like a single creature. The rest he saw only as a confused line of bobbing figures. The next instant his own horse, with a rush, sprang into the air, landed, and was bolting after the leaders. He pulled him in as he came up on Galloway's off side. Then his strength seemed to ooze out, and he was panting. A horse's head crept up on his right. He glanced around, and saw Corlies, who forged up. They galloped, with their knees almost brushing.

"Steady," said Corlies, quietly; "there 's four miles." The boy shut his lips tight, and nodded.

"Will I last four miles?" he asked himself. They approached the bank, and the three took it together. He felt the Rajah's knees rub the top sods, but he gained half a length on Galloway in the leap. He realized what they meant when they called the horse a "close jumper." A warm glow broke over him, and his breath came more easily. The speed no longer frightened him. It was getting into his blood. He felt a mad exhilaration. "I 'm going to win!" he muttered. Then he suddenly understood why men ride steeplechases. He settled comfortably into the saddle, and took an easier hold on his horse's head. The Rajah was working under him like a steel machine. He flew the brush as if shot from a mortar. A wild thrill went through Hatfield, and he caught himself laughing hysterically. He turned in the saddle, and looked back at the field. Galloway was pounding along on his left, a length behind. Braybrooke was lapping Galloway, still farther out. Directly in the rear was Colfax, and behind him came the rest in a bunch. On his right, and galloping neck and neck, was Corlies. As they neared the liverpool he became aware that Galloway was drawing up. Corlies called sharply:

"Don't let him head you here!"

Afterward Hatfield found out what that advice meant. He glanced back anxiously, and felt for the cutting-whip, tucked under

his leg. But the Rajah was holding Galloway stride for stride, and they flew the liverpool three abreast. The course bore to the right, and led over a board fence into a corn-field. The going grew heavy, and he felt his mount struggling ankle-deep. Instinctively he checked him to a hand gallop. He knew that he had done right when he saw Corlies take in his rein and keep by his side. With a whoop Galloway went by, Braybrooke followed, and Colfax came alongside. A clod of mud from Braybrooke's horse plastered Hatfield's cheek. In a moment they rose to the next fence, and were on good turf again. He heard a crash, and, twisting around, saw some one fall. "Some one's down!" he said to Corlies. Corlies nodded. They began to overtake Braybrooke and Galloway. He saw Galloway clap in his heels, and again he felt nervously for his whip. Another rain-squall broke down the valley, and met them in the face. The water filled his eyes, and he lost track of distance and direction. He saw two blurred figures ahead, and followed them. Looking down, the earth seemed a brown-green tide that rushed by. Suddenly to the right he made out the flags on the fence he was nearing, and realized that he was out of the course. The Rajah put his head down, and bored still farther to the left. He leaned forward, took the rein up short, and swung him back, barely in time to go over the rails inside the streamer. He lost his stirrups in landing, and groped for the swinging irons. He was half-way across the field before he got them. His thigh muscles were limp, and he was rocking in the saddle. "It must be half over," he thought. They were nearing a hedge faced with a board fence. The Rajah rose, and that instant Hatfield saw the drop on the farther side. He had forgotten Forbes's instructions to shorten his pace. He hunched his shoulders for a fall; but the old horse collected himself, and landed with his fore legs well away. Hatfield went up on his neck, but scrambled back and got his stirrups again. Braybrooke and Galloway were dropping back. Corlies was still on his quarter, to the right. They rounded the loop, and with the next jump turned on to the steeplechase course again. If the horse lasted, he knew now that it lay between him and Corlies. He gritted his teeth, and tried to steady his seat. But inch by inch Corlies drew up and forged past. Hatfield took the water two lengths behind him, and the Rajah was beginning to lean upon the bit. The spring had gone out of his stride, but he kept to his work. He was

four lengths behind when Corlies went at the last hurdle. It was built solidly of new rails. Suddenly Hatfield knew that Corlies's mare had taken off too soon. She seemed to hang a moment, and then she shot heels over head directly in his path. He put his weight on the Rajah's mouth, and swung him close to the wing on the left. The checked horse floundered into the hurdle, and bucked weakly over. As he landed, Hatfield saw Corlies's mare roll across her rider and scramble up. Corlies lay on his side in front of the middle of the jump. Hatfield heard Galloway and Braybrooke galloping up. He flung himself to the ground beside the unconscious man.

"Look out!" Galloway yelled. He was taking off on the other side. Braybrooke was beside him. The boy caught Corlies under the armpits, and staggered back, as the two horses landed. He saw the Rajah and the mare go off with them down the stretch. Then he bent over Corlies, and tore open his racing-jacket. Underneath, Corlies wore a flannel waistcoat. Hatfield unbuttoned it and felt for the heart. Some papers in an elastic band slipped out of the inside pocket. The heart was beating, and Hatfield sat down with the man's head in his lap. He himself was "done." He saw Colfax come over the hurdle, then another and another. Then a man rode around the jump to where he was, and dismounted. It was Varick.

"Is he bad?" he panted.

"I don't know," said Hatfield. Presently some men rode up on ponies, and a farmer came with a wagon. They lifted Corlies in, and went off toward the finish. Hatfield slipped Corlies's papers into his hip pocket, and walked slowly after them with Varick, who was leading his horse.

"You pulled him out, did n't you?" asked Varick. "He had a close call."

Hatfield nodded.

"St. Lawrence seems pumped," he said, glancing at Varick's dripping horse.

Varick grinned dismally.

"He's had enough. That was an awful corn-field."

They went on in silence to the crowd which had gathered about the wagon, and met Colfax on the edge of it.

"Charley Galloway won," he said. He looked at Hatfield. "You gave it away."

"How's Whitney?" asked Varick.

"All right," Colfax answered. "He's come to. The wind was rolled out of him, and a couple of ribs cracked. You can't kill him. Good race, was n't it? I wish I had n't drunk

so much ale," he added to Hatfield. "I feel rotten."

Then Forbes came up.

"I lost the race for you," said Hatfield. "I'm sorry."

"It's all in the game," said Forbes. "One's got to learn. He carried you well, did n't he? Here are your coats."

The vehicles were beginning to scatter, and Hatfield got into Varick's trap and drove home. As they turned into the club grounds, Adams's horn sounded, and the drag went by.

"Dinner at eight!" Adams shouted.

THE men gathered in the club, but Hatfield went to his room. He lighted the fire, and rang for his tub and hot water. Then he took the three letters from his writing-case, and burned them. He was tired, but his nerves were pleurably drowsy. He sat down and watched the blazing sticks. He had a curious sense of having suddenly grown older, and it pleased him. The evening came on, and he was getting ready for dinner, when a servant knocked and told him that Corlies would like to see him. He recollected the papers in his breeches' pocket, got them, and went to the injured man's room. Corlies lay in bed. The doctor had cleaned him up and bandaged his ribs. His left arm was sprained, and it lay across his breast in a sling.

"I'm all right," he said. "Sore, though. You could have won, you know. They told me about your stopping."

The boy laughed. "I should n't have deserved it, if I had," he said. "I was in a horrible funk before the race. I had a letter all written to my mother. By the way, I opened your shirt when you were down, and these things got loose. I forgot to send them in."

"Thanks," said Corlies. He stretched out his well arm and took the papers. He worked the rubber off with his fingers, glanced over the envelopes, and laid them on the bed-clothes.

"You rode a good race," he said, looking up. "You kept your head."

The boy flushed with pleasure.

"It was my first," he said. "I hope next time I won't be so rattled."

"I thought it was my last," said Corlies. "I felt the mare was coming over on me. But you will ride well," he added. "You know, a man can even be afraid and ride well." He smiled curiously. "I've carried an addressed letter in every race I've ridden for twenty years." He reached weakly for the papers in front of him, and sent them sliding down the coverlet off the bed. Hatfield bent to pick them up, and a familiar name on a worn linen envelop caught his eye. He started. It was the name of a very well known woman. She was married, and she was a relative of his. He glanced inquiringly at Corlies, but the sick man's face was expressionless. He took the papers.

"Yes," he said slowly; "I thought this time it was all up." He stopped, and turned his eyes to the ceiling. "It's a good way to go," he said presently, "is n't it?—quick, and without any fuss."

"That's true," said Hatfield. His dinner at the Adamses' came into his mind. "That is, if one wants to go. I'm not ready yet. Is there anything I can do for you? I'm dining out, and I'm afraid my trap's waiting. I'll look in when I come back."

There was no answer. Corlies had closed his eyes, and seemed to be falling into a doze. Hatfield drew the shade around the candle, and tiptoed out.

TO THE UNKNOWN.

BY GRAHAM HORNE.

WE thank thee, God, for all the mysteries
That thou hast hid beyond our reason's range;
That 'midst the onward rushing of our lives
We still may pause to muse on something strange.

We thank thee that we may, of hating sick,
Of loving, hoping, wearied more and more,
Dropping the old, old burdens of the light,
Turn to the dark to wonder and adore.

THE MOTHER CITY OF GREATER NEW YORK.

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER.



HE sum of sixty guilders (about twenty-four dollars) was not a big one to pay for so big an island as Manhattan, thirteen miles in length from north to south and for the greater part two miles broad. But it satisfied "the lord Sachems of the Manhathes," and Peter Minuit did not hand it over in useless cash. He gave its "equivalent" when, in 1626, he arrived as the first formally accredited director or governor of New Netherland, commissioned by the Dutch West India Company which owned and ruled and was trying to people the province; and the nature of his moneys may be guessed from a list of the articles paid, seven years later, for a large piece of land in the Connecticut Valley: "One piece of duffels, 27 ells long; six axes, six kettles, eighteen knives, one sword-blade, one shears, and some toys." Moreover, land was the Indians' only plentiful possession; and, again, we need not think of the Manhathes as immediately deprived of their island, but merely as pledged, like tenants at will, to give up tract after tract as it might be wanted.

In 1628 the white people on Manhattan numbered "270 souls, including Men, Women and Children," a good many more than could be counted at Plymouth, while Boston had not then been born. They "remained as yet without the Fort in no fear as the Natives live peaceably with them." Wassenaer, the first historian of New Netherland, tells us this, and adds:

These strangers for the most part occupy their farms. Whatever they require is supplied by the directors.¹ The winter grain has turned out well there, but the summer grain, which ripened before it was half grown in consequence of the excessive heat, was very light. The cattle sent thither have had good increase, and everything promises better as soon as the land is improved, which is very poor and scrubby.

Of the nascent town of New Amsterdam itself Wassenaer writes:

¹ The "directors" or "masters" to whom the records and letters of New Netherland constantly refer as the arbitrators of its fate were the officers of the West India Company in Holland. The Koopman was the sec-

The counting house there is kept in a stone building thatched with reed; the other houses are of the bark of trees. Each has his own house. The Director and Koopman live together; there are thirty ordinary houses on the east side of the river which runs nearly north and south. The Honorable Peter Minuit is Director there at present; Jan Lampo Schout; Sebastian Jansz Crol and Jan Huyck, Comforters of the Sick who, while awaiting a clergyman, read to the Commonalty there on Sundays from texts of Scripture with the comment. François Molemaecker is busy building a horse-mill over which shall be constructed a spacious room sufficient to accommodate a large congregation, and then a tower is to be erected where the bells brought from Porto Rico will be hung. . . . Men work there as in Holland; one trades upwards, southwards and northwards; another builds houses, the third farms. Each farmer has his farm and the cows on the land purchased by the Company; but the milk remains to the profit of the Boor; he sells it to those of the people who receive their wages for work every week. The houses of the Hollanders now stand without the fort, but when it is completed they will all repair within, so as to garrison it and be secure from sudden attack.

A more personal description is preserved in a letter written from Manhattan, in August, 1628, by the Rev. Jonas Michaelius to a friend in Amsterdam. He tells that he had established a congregation, and at the first service of the Lord's Supper had had "fully fifty communicants, Walloons and Dutch." He mentions the death of his wife, and then he says:

I find myself by the loss of my good and helping partner very much hindered and distressed, — for my two little daughters are yet small; maid servants are not here to be had, at least none whom they advise me to take; and the Angola slaves are thievish, lazy, and useless trash. . . . The promise which the Lords Masters of the Company had made me of some acres or surveyed lands for me to make myself a home, instead of a free table which otherwise belonged to me, is wholly of no avail. For their Honors well know that there are no horses, cows, nor laborers to be obtained here for money. . . . So I will be compelled to pass through the winter without butter and other necessities which

retary for the province; the Schout, or Schout-Fiscal, combined the duties of sheriff and attorney-general; and both of these, like the governor or director-general, were appointed by the Company.

the ships did not bring with them to be sold here. The rations which are given out and charged for high enough are all hard, stale food as they are used to on board ship; and frequently this is not very good and there cannot be obtained as much of it as may be desired. . . . The summer yields something, but what of that for any one who has no strength? The Indians also bring some things, but one who has no wares, such as knives, beads and the like, or Seewan, cannot have any good of them. . . . I have now ordered from Holland almost all necessities: but expect to pass through the winter with hard and scanty food. The country yields many good things for the support of life, but they are all to be gathered in an uncultivated and wild state. . . . They fell much wood here to carry to Fatherland, but the vessels are too few to take much of it. They are making a windmill to saw the wood and we have also a gristmill. . . . The country is good and pleasant and the climate is healthy notwithstanding the sudden changes of cold and heat. The sun is very warm; the winter strong and severe and continues full as long as in our country. The best remedy is not to spare the wood—of which there is enough—and to cover oneself well with rough skins which can also easily be obtained. The harvest—God be praised—is in the barns, and is better gathered than ever before. The ground is fertile enough to reward labor, but they must clear it well and manure and cultivate it the same as our lands require. It has hitherto happened much worse because many of the people are not very laborious or could not obtain their proper necessities for want of bread. But it now begins to go on better, and it would be entirely different now if the Masters would only send good laborers and make regulations of all matters, in order, with what the land itself produces, to do for the best.

These are very simple accounts of a very poor and humble frontier village. There is no talk of personal independence, for the white men, like the red, are as yet the Company's tenants at will. There is no talk, as there always was in New England, of founding a new commonwealth, or of propagating "pure" forms of faith. The chief structure is a house of trade, and the house of God is an accessory part of one devoted to the nurture of the body. Nevertheless, there is a care for the soul. Fifty communicants are a goodly number to be drawn from a population of less than three hundred persons of all ages, and "Comforters of the Sick" has a more gently Christian sound than most of the ecclesiastical terms of the time. A touch of picturesqueness is bestowed by the mention of church bells which are military trophies taken in hot fight from Spain. And the kinship of the frontier village with the big modern town on Manhattan is amusingly suggested by the complaints about inefficient servants and sudden shifts of temperature.

THE second governor, Wouter Van Twiller, who arrived in 1632, was a weak and bibulous gentleman, caring much for his own interests, little for those of the Company or its colonists. Yet he improved the town to some extent. Fort Amsterdam had fallen out of repair before it was finished. He rebuilt it with earthen walls, red-cedar palisades, and corner-points of stone. He also built the first church—a little one of wood, near the fort, on the Broad street of to-day, with a house and a stable for the clergyman, Domine Bogardus. He put up a small bake-house, a dwelling for the midwife, others for such functionaries as the cooper, the smith, and the corporal, and a stable for some goats which the governor of Virginia had sent him as a gift—forefathers of the progeny which trouble Manhattan even unto this modern day. He directed that a suitable mansion be built for himself on "the Plantation," and other structures on the Company's other farms, and ordered various buildings at Pavonia, on the Jersey shore, and also on the Delaware River, and at Fort Orange "an elegant large house with balustrades and eight small dwellings for the people." In this way he spent the Company's money, or proposed to spend it, much more freely than the Company liked. Meanwhile he was feathering a cozy private nest. For himself he bought, without the Company's sanction, wide lands on Long Island, two of the larger islands in the East River, and the largest of those in the harbor—Nut Island, now called Governor's; and these farms he tilled more diligently than his masters'.

Captain David Pietersen de Vries was often on Manhattan in the time of Van Twiller and his successor, Governor Kieft. He was a noted Dutch soldier, navigator, and colonist. He left a voluminous journal, which has more than once been printed; and, among many other interesting things, he tells of the building of New Amsterdam's first substantial church. It was begun some years after the arrival of Kieft, who came in 1636. De Vries narrates:

As I was every day with Commander Kieft, . . . he told me one day that he had built a fine tavern of stone for the English who, passing continually there with their vessels, in going from New England to Virginia, occasioned him much inconvenience, and could now take lodgings there. I told him this was excellent for travellers, but that we wanted very sadly a church for our people. It was a shame when the English passed there and saw only a mean barn in which we performed our worship. In New England, on the contrary, the first

thing they did when they had built some dwellings was to erect a fine church. We ought to do the same; it being supposed that the West India Company were very zealous in protecting the reformed church against the Spanish tyranny; that we had good materials for it; fine oak-wood; fine building stone; good lime made of oyster shells, being better than our lime in Holland.

Therefore New Amsterdam's "first consistory" was formed, Kieft and De Vries being two of its members. Kieft obtained much money by passing around his subscription-list at a wedding-party in the house of Domine Bogardus, when his own head was steady and other heads were light, and by holding the signers to their pledges, although on the following day some of them "well repented it." The church, which we see in so many old prints, with its "walls of rock-stone" and high-pitched twin roofs shingled with "oak tiles," was promptly begun within the shelter of the fort. It was dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the town, and with the voice of the town bell—the proud old bell from Porto Rico—it regulated all the townsfolk's works and ways.

The fort commanded the southern end of the island, overlooking the reef of rocks afterward filled in and extended to form the Battery. It stood between the Bridge, Whitehall, and State streets of to-day, facing the Bowling Green. This was an unadorned open space, then called the Plain, used for the people's sports, for military exercises, and for public gatherings, and long the focus of civic life. For its own use the West India Company had reserved six large farms, or bouweries, four stretching along the southeastern and two along the western shore—the Bossen Bouwerie, or Farm in the Forest, covering the site where Greenwich Village sprang up in later days.

Kieft was a more active governor than Van Twiller, and did much for his town before he ruined it by bringing on an Indian war. He imported horses, cattle, negroes, and salt, and bought from the Indians more lands on Long Island, which he rented as fast as he could. He took a keen interest in horticulture; and on Staten Island he set up, for his own profit, the first brandy-still that the colony had seen. "Staple rights" had been granted to Manhattan—all passing vessels were obliged to unload at its wharf, or to pay a toll instead. Small bodies of settlers arrived; private planters went to work in earnest; the Company's farms were improved; and statutes were passed to regulate tobacco culture, now become a prominent industry.

The earlier streets had followed the water-front, then formed by the line of Pearl street, to the eastward of the fort. Here stood the new city inn, facing the East River, but on a site which is well away from the shore of the widened city of to-day, near the head of Coenties Slip. Broadway was begun in 1643, on the site of its present No. 9, opposite the Bowling Green; and here for many years stood Krigier's Tavern. At first the people had been mere squatters, putting their houses where they chose and facing them as they chose, without personal titles to the land. Now some attention was paid to street-lines, and the land was surveyed, and sold in small parcels. The first lot of which the sale is recorded brought \$9.60; and in 1643 a house, with several acres of ground, not far from the fort, was bought for \$640. Most of the houses were of wood and very small. Cornelis Van Tienhoven, who had been in the Company's employ for a number of years and was now Koopman or secretary, lived in one that was thirty feet in length and twenty in width, on a spot that was afterward famous as Golden Hill. But the Company's warehouses were of stone, and the governor's residence, within the fort, was of brick. Kieft ordered for himself another dwelling, one hundred feet in length and partly of stone; and on the outlying bouweries the farmers built substantially. Jonas Bronck, a Dane, whose farm lay beyond the Harlem, where Bronx Park lies to-day, lived within stone walls, under a tiled roof. And his wife had substantial possessions—forty books, eleven pictures, various silver bowls, tankards, and spoons, thirty pewter plates, and much clothing of cloth and of satin as well as of program.

Many of the names known in New Amsterdam or its neighborhood by the year 1643 are still very well known in New York, although some of them have changed their spelling a little or narrowed it down to one of the varying forms that usage then allowed. Among the Dutch and Flemish and Huguenot names we read, for instance, Opdyke, Verplanck, Hardenberg, Hendricks, Bogardus, De Forest, De Witt, Duryea, Provost, Rapelje, Van Dyck, Wynkoop, De Kay, Snedeker, Meserole, Coster, Colfax, Cowenhoven, Wendell, and Kip; and among the English, Ogden, Belcher, and Lawrence. Some of their bearers were men of education, and a few had had social standing in Holland; but most of the immigrants had been described as wholly "without means," and our best genealogies run back pretty much as do those of the

Englishmen who once were Normans—not always to knights, or even to squires.

In the autumn of 1626 the ship which took home the news of the purchase of Manhattan had carried a cargo of 7246 beaver-skins, and more than a thousand peltries of other kinds, valued at over forty-five thousand guilders (nearly \$19,000), "together with a considerable quantity of oak-timber and of nut-wood"—the valuable hickory wood which grew in America only; and in this year the imports to Manhattan were estimated at nearly \$8500. During the next few years its exports increased, but not very fast; and therefore, perceiving that "considerable trade and goods, and many commodities, might be obtained from there," but that "the land in many places, being full of weeds and wild productions, could not be properly cultivated in consequence of the scantiness of the population"—therefore, in 1629, the government of Holland ratified a new scheme of colonization which the West India Company had evolved, and which resembled the schemes essayed by the French in Canada and the Portuguese in Brazil. A Charter of Freedoms and Exemptions was granted to "all such as shall plant colonies in New Netherland."

Under this charter great estates, known as "patroonships," or lordships, were established in various parts of the wide province which extended from the mouth of the Delaware to that Northern wilderness where the long struggle between France and England for the possession of the continent was to begin in the latter part of the century. The first "patroon" purchased his lands along the Delaware, naming them Swaanendael. But soon one of the Company's most influential directors, Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, claimed by proxy a great tract near Fort Orange (now Albany), while another, Michael Paauw, bought the district "called Hoboken-Hacking, situate opposite New Amsterdam on the west shore of River Mauritius"—a Dutch name for the Hudson. These were the chief patroonships. Pavonia¹ soon spread southward over the site of Jersey City and embraced the whole of Staten Island also, and by the year 1646 Rensselaerswyck covered an area of nearly twelve hundred square miles.

Feudal rights and privileges were granted to the owners of these estates. The example thus set by the Dutch was followed by the English when New Netherland became New York, and in this way a powerful landed

aristocracy was founded and fostered. During Dutch times it did not develop; indeed, Rensselaerswyck was the only surviving patroonship when the Duke of York's ships arrived in 1664. Yet, from the first, rivalry in the fur trade engendered constant and bitter disputes between the officials of the Company and the patroons whom it had created. For many years the prosperity of New Amsterdam was impaired by the jealousy of the up-river settlers, while they were exasperated by the Company's desire to favor the island which bore the chief town and which it had reserved for its own colonists.

To the modern New-Yorker, however, the general characteristics of the Dutch as contrasted with the English settlers of North America are more interesting than the quarrels of the Dutch among themselves. None is more striking or more admirable than the Dutchman's broad-mindedness in matters of conscience and opinion.

In the statute-books of New Amsterdam certain pages were honorably blank which in those of Boston were closely inscribed, sometimes in letters of blood. New Amsterdam, for instance, had no undemocratic sumptuary laws distinguishing between the permissible attire of the richer and the less rich. It did not fight against the joys of "tobacco-taking." It did not forbid "unprofitable fowling, dancing, card-playing," and other possibly innocent forms of amusement, but only said they should not be pursued during service time on the Sabbath. It did not believe in witches; and it left the affairs of a man with his God to be settled by God and the man.

Religious liberty and equality, in our modern and American sense, did not exist even in Holland, the one existing republic of the seventeenth century. But the generous religious tolerance which did exist there was so phenomenal that it brought out scorn and wrath from every other land, and from men of every sect—from the English Protestants, who profited greatly by it, as well as from continental Catholics and Lutherans. And the temper of New Netherland was the temper of its fatherland.

Every one knows that a government like that of early Massachusetts, integrally uniting Church and State, could have been built on none but a stiff sectarian basis. But it should be remembered that this government was the outcome, not the cause, of Puritan intolerance. The differing spirit of New

¹ Pavonia is a Latinized form of Paauw's name, and this is also preserved in the name of Communipaw.

Netherland was not rooted in its differing form of government. It ran back of this to the spirit of Dutch Protestantism at home. If the Dutch of the New World had been allowed to rule themselves, as were the men of Massachusetts Bay, they would have planted no theocracies; and it hardly needs to be said that the workings of New England theocracies were hateful in their eyes. Holland's large-heartedness excited Puritan rage; but Puritan narrow-mindedness provoked New Netherland's wonder and contempt. Loud Dutch laughter must have greeted the report of ordinances such as that which empowered the Massachusetts General Court to proceed against all holders of erroneous or unsafe opinions, carefully tabulated to the number of eighty-two; and we can guess what Dutch common sense and Dutch hospitality thought about the case of the respectable "gentlemen" who, as Governor Winthrop recounts, came to Boston's doors in 1630, but were "turned away" because they could produce no ecclesiastical "credentials."

The "spirit of the age" has been a little exaggerated for the explaining of the Puritan. The Dutchman who lived in the same age has been pushed a little too far out of sight. Of course the spirit of the age, in all its Protestant avatars, disliked and dreaded the Catholic; but it spoke with different tongues in this place and in that. In the year 1647 the General Court at Boston ordered that "no Jesuit or ecclesiastical person ordained by the authority of the pope" should come within its jurisdiction, and that, if brought there by shipwreck or accident, such person should depart at once. And in Plymouth, as in Boston, the people more than sustained the views of their rulers; for when their rulers were courteous and kind in their treatment of ecclesiastical persons who came officially from Canada, they questioned whether it were proper thus to receive "idolatrous Papists." But in the year 1642, when a party of Canadian French had been captured by the Mohawks, Arendt Van Corlaer of Rensselaerswyck took great trouble, and incurred great danger, to save them from immediate death. One of them, Father Jogues,—the famous Jesuit missionary, the first of his kind who worked and suffered within the borders of our State,—was soon kidnapped by the Dutch at much risk to themselves, secured by the payment of a great ransom, sent down to Manhattan, hospitably entertained there, and given "black clothes and all things necessary,"

and a free passage to Europe. And in 1644, when another Jesuit was likewise rescued, Governor Kieft issued a formal proclamation commending him to the Christian charity of all Dutch officials. This was the voice of an "age of intolerance," speaking through the mouths of men whose sufferings at the hand of Rome had been tenfold fiercer than those of any English sect.

In New Netherland the official theory was that only the State Church, the Reformed Church of Holland, should be supported or definitely countenanced by the government, and that, if the government should see fit to forbid any other forms of public worship, they should be held unlawful. But in practice complete toleration was allowed. No prohibitions of any sort were formulated until Governor Stuyvesant got the chance; then he was not supported by his own people, and was rebuked and restrained by his superiors in Holland; and in New Netherland the question of orthodoxy never complicated the question of political liberty, as it did in Massachusetts and New Haven.

. In the time of Governor Kieft New Amsterdam and the neighboring settlements gladly received as permanent residents all the heretics who were forced or who chose to fly from Massachusetts — those who had openly assailed the sacro-sanctity of its government, as well as those who had confined themselves to transcendental theorizings. Governor Winthrop says that many people left Massachusetts at this time because of hard material conditions. But he also names the Anabaptist heresy as a reason why many accepted the "fair offers" of Governor Kieft; and a Dutch historian writes that they came "in numbers, nay, whole towns," to enjoy "freedom of conscience and escape from the intolerable government of New England." Like the Huguenot victims of Catholic intolerance, some of whom they met on New Netherland's soil, these victims of the Puritans' narrower tests were in the main good people, and among them were very prominent figures.

Isaac Allerton, who had been conspicuous among the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth and a pioneer at Marblehead, soon ranked among New Amsterdam's best citizens; and John Underhill, the great Indian-fighter, took service in Kieft's little army. Governor Winthrop has recorded Underhill's "wicked course" in Boston, and the way in which, with much "blubbing," he made public confession of his sins,— "his adultery, his hypocrisy, his persecution of God's people

here, and especially his pride, as the root of all . . . and contempt of the magistrates." But, being interpreted, his persecution of the saints and contempt for their rulers meant a bold love of free speech and equal political rights. This was more offensive than his real iniquities, and therefore, in spite of his penitences, Boston could not long contain him. In his new home he seems to have drunk as much as the Dutch, and he certainly roistered more; but he proved invaluable in their Indian wars.

In these wars perished the famous Anne Hutchinson, who had come from Boston by way of Rhode Island to find rest for her transcendental soul, and work for her philanthropic hands, at Pelham Neck; and until the ruinous conflict began, the Rev. Mr. Throgmorton, coming from Salem with thirty-five Anabaptist families, found a land of peace indeed in the region now known as Westchester, but then as Vreedeland. The Rev. Mr. Doughty came from Cohasset to Long Island, so that he might "in conformity with the Dutch Reformation have freedom of conscience which, contrary to his expectations, he missed in New England"; and Lady Deborah Moody, another Anabaptist, established a colony of forty persons at Gravesend. Each and all of these, and many another, received a brotherly welcome and a brother's share of right and privilege; and an interesting proof of tolerance is embalmed in Lady Moody's patent. Whatsoever form of worship she might choose to supply for her people was to be "without molestation or distruction from any madgistrate or madgistrates, or other ecclesiastical ministers that may p'tend to jurisdiction over them." This was at the time when even Winslow of Plymouth saw fit to speak of the mere wish for toleration as "that carrion."

The mixture of nationalities as well as the mixture of faiths in Kieft's town must have seemed strange indeed to a visitor from Winthrop's; for Boston tried to keep itself as pure in blood as in belief. Father Jogues recorded that eighteen languages might be heard in New Amsterdam. But in Boston, a few years later, a man was fined for bringing Irishmen on shore, and ordered to send them at once "out of this jurisdiction"; a woman was permitted to keep two Irish children only by taking oath that their parents had been English; and Scotch soldiers, captured in Cromwell's wars and sent out as indented servants, were classed with negroes and Indians in militia regulations. Of course, with many good people, bad ones from all

the colonies came as refugees to New Netherland, and its growing contingent of English was to add to its political troubles and to aid in its eventual downfall.

EXCEPT in regard to the Indian wars, which dreadfully illumine the last years of Governor Kieft's term of rule, few facts are remembered about him or his predecessor, Van Twiller. This is because what professes to be a picture of their times is painted in Irving's Knickerbocker history. An amusing book, our fathers thought it. No more mendacious one was ever written. It is not a caricature of real persons and real events. It is a fantasy which radically misrepresents the character and condition of place and people. It has, therefore, done more than to confuse the popular mind in respect to matters of detail. It has so distorted its point of view that veracious accounts of early New Amsterdam seem to it as fables.

Van Twiller was a bibulous and self-seeking merchant's clerk, intrusted with tasks entirely beyond his strength. But he had certain good qualities: he dealt prudently with his aggressive English neighbors, and wisely and kindly with the Indians. Of course the comic-opera background which Irving and his imitators set behind his figure has no relation to the real New Amsterdam in its early days; and one thought of what his fellow-countrymen had been at home proves that in the New World many of them cannot have been buffoons, or even men as feeble and foolish as Van Twiller himself.

With all their faults, the Puritans were the finest product of seventeenth-century England. John Milton spoke of their emigration to New England as "the departure of so many of the best"; and even their adversaries in State and Church realized what the motherland was losing when they sailed in such numbers, and tried to restrict the swelling tide. If Holland had likewise sent its very best, and by the tens of thousands, New Netherland might have outstripped New England in material and in intellectual ways; for the best Hollanders of that time had most of the virtues of the Puritan without his deep defects. But Hollanders were nowhere planting colonies for the sake of founding new commonwealths, or for the sake of the colonies themselves—only for the sake of the profit to be derived from them. And those who emigrated were not going in throngs because of political or religious discontent. They were being sent abroad in very small bands because of the service they

might render to Holland's commerce, and, through this, to its growing jealousy of England and its long-cherished hate of Spain; and it was hard to find any who would consent to go. Ready enough for adventurous trade or war, the Dutch of the first half of the seventeenth century were not ready for colonization. Those who liked a settled life were perfectly satisfied at home. Just at the time when the wonderful waves of willing immigration began to sweep into Massachusetts Bay, the West India Company at Amsterdam said of New Netherland:

The colonizing of such wild and uncultivated countries demands more inhabitants than we can well supply; not so much through lack of population in which our provinces abound, as from the fact that all who are inclined to do any sort of work here procure enough to eat without any trouble and are therefore unwilling to go so far from home on an uncertainty.

Having enough to eat was a very minor concern with the English Puritans of the time. Political and religious discontent drove them westward. These spurs did not touch the Hollander, and therefore New Netherland grew very slowly in comparison with New England. But, on the other hand, it was not peopled, like Virginia, with a mixture of all kinds and classes, from hot-brained adventurers and dispirited cavaliers to indented servants who had been paupers and criminals at home. It contained many adventurers, but of a commercial, not a military, sort—peddlers and petty traders who were loudly complained of because they brought nothing into the colony, and did nothing for it, but "having skimmed a little fat off the pot, could take to their heels again." Outcasts and social failures of various sorts may be supposed, but they were not sent over in bands. At the other extreme, its "aristocratic" element would not have been allowed the name in an English colony, for even the most notable patroons had been merchants at home. Traders of a much humbler kind—shopkeepers, sailors, farmers, and artisans—made up the population of New Amsterdam, with a sprinkling of well-born, well-educated burghers, and, as time went on, of those who brought some substance with them.

But Wouter Van Twiller's town was not even a well-organized town of humble burgher folk. It was still a frontier village, a trading-post just growing into civic life. Of course it put less restraint upon sins, and especially upon the great Dutch sin of drunkenness, than the real towns of the fatherland. Prob-

bly it was in some respects a bad little place. But many excuses may be made for it, if we read what Governor Winthrop writes in regard to the morals of early Boston. It insisted that many sins which we now call private ones were crimes to be officially prevented; and this meant a measure of conscience and decorum which may instructively be compared with the spirit of the isolated mining-camps and trading-stations of our modern day. If sometimes it witnessed deeds of violence, it never needed vigilantes, and, in fact, it seems to have hardly needed police regulations. It felt so little fear of white ruffians or of red that it set no watchmen at night.

Moreover, while pioneer life almost always bears its own peculiar crop of evils, the softer sins of civilization cannot flourish in its wild soil. Early Manhattan cannot have been a place where fools or cowards were many, and it certainly was not a place where plethoric citizens habitually smoked and dozed and boozed in chimney-corners—this poor, cold, stunted, harassed, and often half-starved little outpost in the wilderness, with an unfamiliar climate, uncleared lands, and ever-possible Indian foes to fight, dependent upon a trust of tradesmen for sustenance and defense, and upon these tradesmen's employees for guidance. There was not much humor in a situation like this. There can have been nothing feebly comic about the major part of the people who bore with it. And there is nothing shameful, if nothing very heroic, in the true tales of the coming of the English ship *William* and the contest for the Connecticut River—pegs though they have been made for the support of contumelious caricatures.

VAN TWILLER'S real faults were shown, not on the borders of his province, but in its little capital. He could not keep its unruly elements in order, and sometimes, falling into his cups, he led the disorderliness himself. But his people did not laugh at his "pranks," as we have been taught to do. Captain de Vries indignantly described them. Van Dincklagen, a "learned doctor of laws," who was now the Schout, protested so vigorously that Van Twiller brought counter-charges against him and shipped him back to Holland. Domine Bogardus reproached the governor for his loose ways of life, calling him a "child of the devil, a consummate villain," and assailed him violently from the pulpit; and the governor's friends retorted that the domine thus demeaned himself in ways "unbecomingly

a heathen, much less a Christian, letting alone a preacher of the gospel."

Governor Kieft's faults were of a different kind. Able and industrious as a commercial administrator, he was passionate and cruel, and intolerant of opposition and advice. After helping his colony potently for some years, he ruined it by his treatment of the Indian neighbors who had hitherto been its friends and allies.

By nature the Dutch were more gentle and tolerant than the English, and they were also more inclined by their special needs to a policy of friendship with the natives. The Puritans did not long depend upon the fur trade as a main resource. Tilling their fields and fishing their seas, they soon prized the Indian's absence more than any wares that he could bring. But the New-Netherlanders craved nothing so much as the skins of wild creatures, and could more easily obtain them by bartering with wild hunters than by shooting and trapping on their own account in tangled forests and deep and rapid streams. So they conciliated the Indians as middlemen between themselves and the beaver, and also as the only men who in times of dearth could furnish them with food. The West India Company in Europe, and almost all its colonists in America, were fair and honorable in their attitude toward the savage, buying his lands, respecting his customs and beliefs, keeping the treaties they made with him, and, as Mr. Fernow writes,¹ regarding him "as a man with rights of life, liberty, opinion, and property like their own." To this policy, wisely followed by the English when they became the owners of New Netherland, "we owe," says the same historian, "the existence of the United States." That is, we owe our national existence to the fact that, generation after generation, the powerful Iroquois tribes formed a steady bulwark against the aggressions of the Canadian French, enabling the English to retain New York, the "pivot province," and eventually to win in the great conflict which ended on the Plains of Abraham and under the walls of Montreal—the conflict which made the continent English, and, at the same time, so drew the colonies together that they could combine to throw off England's yoke.

In Kieft's days the people of New Amsterdam had not changed their attitude toward the Indians; but the Indians, freely frequenting the town, with maize, tobacco, and furs to sell, and working as servants indoors and

out, had lost their awe of the white man, developed their passion for his drinks, and grown so covetous of his firearms that the prices they offered could hardly be refused, despite the strict laws against such traffic. The liberty to trade with the savages, which the West India Company had gradually granted its colonists, was beneficial in many ways; but it scattered them unduly and tempted many of them deep into the wilderness, while near the town the farmers let their cattle stray abroad, to the injury of the Indians' crops. Familiarity bred its usual result. Individual crimes naturally followed, and even a wise governor could scarcely have prevented local outbreaks. But Kieft's rashness and severity, and his contempt for the Indians' customary methods of apology and reparation, provoked them more and more. He was not supported in his course by the better or the major part of his people, but only by a few of his employees and cronies, and by the lawless element which, in a frontier town, naturally existed. The fears which the New-Amsterdammers felt when they first realized what his feelings toward the Indians were, their anger when these feelings grew into brutal deeds, and their remorse at the way in which the red men had been treated and their own good fame had thereby been disgraced—all these things are fully set forth in the journal of Captain de Vries, and in many letters and formal documents sent over to Holland. But these easily accessible records are so seldom read, even by the professed historian, that the Dutch of New Amsterdam are still generally condemned for the sins of their governor. Even so careful and just a writer as Parkman declares that Kieft's Indian wars were brought on by the "besotted cruelty" of the Dutch.

One good thing these wars accomplished: Kieft soon grew frightened at the results of his own besotted cruelty, and ordered the people to select twelve of their number to consult with him in the government. The "Twelve Men" thus appointed immediately turned their attention to other than Indian affairs, and demanded municipal freedoms for their fellow-citizens. Kieft dissolved their body, but was soon driven to sanction the forming of another, similar in kind, which was called the "Eight Men." These delegates repeated the demand of their predecessors, and thus the first political struggle on Manhattan was begun—a struggle for municipal liberty which, in Peter Stuyvesant's time, resulted in a victory for the people.

But meanwhile New Amsterdam was al-

¹ In "Winsor's Narrative and Critical History of America."

most wiped out. After describing how, by Kieft's orders, many innocent Indians were massacred at Pavonia and at Corlaer's Hook (that easternmost point of Manhattan where the children of its poorest poor now play about in a peaceful waterside park), one of the old reports tells how eleven tribes of Indians flew to arms, and adds:

The consequence was that about 1000 of these and many soldiers and colonists belonging to us were killed. Almost all the bouweries were also destroyed, so that only three remained on the Manhattes and two on Staten Island, and the greater part of the cattle were also destroyed. Whatever remained of these had to be kept in a very small enclosure, except in the Rensselaer's Colonie, lying on the North River in the neighborhood of Fort Orange, which experienced no trouble and enjoyed peace because they continued to sell firearms and powder to the Indians even during the war against our people.

Roger Williams, who took ship from New Amsterdam at this time, declared:

Before we weighed anchor mine eyes saw the flames of their towns, and the flights and hurries of men, women, and children, and the present removal of all that could for Holland.

And a memorial of the Eight Men to the States-General in Holland, dated in November, 1643, describes the condition of the colony:

Almost every place is abandoned. We, wretched people, must skulk, with wives and little ones that still survive, in poverty together, in and around the fort at the Manahatas where we are not safe even for an hour; whilst the Indians daily threaten to overwhelm us with it. Very little can be planted this autumn and much less in the spring; so that it will come to pass that all of us who will yet save our lives must of necessity perish next year of hunger and sorrow unless our God have pity on us. We are all here, from the smallest to the greatest, devoid of counsel and means, wholly powerless. The enemy meets with scarce any resistance. The garrison consists of but fifty @ sixty soldiers unprovided with ammunition. Fort

Amsterdam, utterly defenceless, stands open to the enemy night and day. The Company hath few or no effects here (as the Director hath informed us); were it not for this, there would have been still time to receive assistance from the English at the East (ere all had gone to ruin). . . . In fine, we experience here the greatest misery which must astonish a Christian heart to see or to hear.

Before the year 1643 the *gemeende*, or commonalty, of New Amsterdam included five hundred men, so that a total population of at least twenty-five hundred souls may be supposed. By the end of this year the Eight Men, in a memorial sent to the West India Company, with the one addressed to the States-General, declared:

The fort is defenceless and entirely out of order and resembles (with submission) rather a molehill than a fort against an enemy. . . . The population is composed mainly of women and children; the freemen (exclusive of the English) are about 200 strong, who must protect by force their families now skulking in straw huts outside the fort. . . . Cattle destroyed, houses burnt; the mouths of women and children must remain shut. We speak not now of other necessities, such as clothing, shirts, shoes and stockings.

Many colonists had been slain, many had emigrated, the rest were in despair, and no one could look to William Kieft to build up the perishing little place. Under the rule of Peter Stuyvesant it was built up again, it flourished, and it gained a measure of self-government. Although in 1664, when the English captured it, it was not as populous as it had been in 1642, it was a much more civilized, contented, and wealthy little place. But the chief credit for its rebirth is due, not to Peter Stuyvesant, who opposed its desire for an increase of liberty, and not to the West India Company, which alternately neglected and oppressed it, but to its own merchants, artisans, and farmers—to those industrious, energetic, hospitable, and kindly men and women whom Irving and his imitators portray as a set of sleepy, cowardly, drunken triflers and buffoons.



AT SEVEN RIVERS.

BY WALTER JUAN DAVIS.

NEVER in his lifetime had the redbird on Tilly Nimp's bonnet cocked his natural eye upon anything half so bright and fresh and berry-like as Tilly Nimp's little rosy cheek, which his merely mechanical eye now contemplated, from out his crimson chrysalis, with staring, steadfast admiration. And a good thing to be seen, whether of bird or beast or man, was Tilly Nimp, with her youth and her more than comeliness, her perfect health, and her bounding, graceful way of walking, and, above all, her goodness of heart, which shone out of her brown eyes and was as distinct and warming to the world as was the big, beaming sun, which had but just looked over the hills into his westerly possessions, and was smiling the chill off a crisp March morning.

Yet, as Tilly trotted along, dressed in a faded calico gown, with her hair flying all about and behind her, with her right hand carrying a water-bucket, and her left holding beneath her chin the ribbon which depended from the funny little bunch of velvet and feathers resting on the front part of her head, she cut such a ridiculous figure that it was a wonder the jack-rabbit that jumped out of a clump of sage-brush as she passed did not go off turning somersaults in the ecstasy of his astonishment. Because, aside from the incongruities of her costume, the incompatibility of her geographical position and her bonnet was something that almost cried out in its intensity. For where do you suppose the west wind found her?

At Seven Rivers!—of all places, even in New Mexico, the most cheerless, barren, and discouraging to human hopes. Seven Rivers, with the slow-moving Rio Pecos creeping by, red with the erosion of its brick-dust banks, and joined, a few rods below, by the clearer but more alkaline waters of the meager stream formed by the confluence of six scanty rills from the west, the junction of which with the Pecos gave to the dismal locality its name. Seven Rivers, two hundred miles from the nearest railway, on the shabby selvage of the Llano Estacado, that flat, sandy, dewless nightmare of eternity. Seven

Rivers, an alleged town, composed of one low, square adobe building, which, seen from the ridge at the mouth of Dark Cañon, across the level tops of twelve miles of chaparral, had the appearance of a dry-goods box that had toppled from an overloaded freight-wagon and been left forgotten on the plain. Seven Rivers, where the wind howls and rages and bites you through with cold and stings your face with flying gravel all winter long, and where in summer the furious sun sends down a rain of unseen fire, which bounds back at you from the sandy earth and refines your torture. Seven Rivers, and Tilly Nimp, and that bonnet! Could you blame the rabbit?

But there was "nuthin' wrong with that there sky-piece," as Rod Marks, the boss rider of Williams Ranch, who could "ride er cyclone with ther back cinch broke," very sagely remarked, the day Dock Miller brought it back with him from Las Vegas, in a thick paper bag tied to his saddle-croup. And when Dock, at the risk of his neck, and amid many indignant bucks of his pony, stood in his stirrups and handed it in to Tilly at the store door, that young lady was, in the language of Mr. Bill Dade, a gentleman expert with the reata and in the use of large oaths, "one o' the —est wust tickled little gals yer ever laid yer eyes on." And, indeed, Tilly was greatly pleased with this little glint of gaudiness, which, shot forth from the sun of fashion two years before, had only now penetrated to this remote limit of social space; and but for the surly jokes of Old Dave, her father, she would never have left it off her head, indoors or out.

For Tilly was as unlettered a young rustic as could have been found throughout the small but robustly ignorant community in which she had accumulated years and bodily strength and beauty, and her simple mind was satisfied with small things.

She had reared herself, principally. Her mother was merely a six-foot space between two rough stones, two hundred yards back of the store. Here the poor woman's bones lay, near unto those of eight "cow-punchers," who had at different times "made gun-plays, and got called." Indeed, in order to assert his superiority and get a more definite hold

upon the general esteem of his fellow-men, Old Dave himself had found it necessary to introduce one of these gentlemen into the post-mortem society of his wife. After the performance of this disagreeable but imperative duty, he seemed to take a kind of pride in the little graveyard. What he had done was something in the line of public improvement.

Mr. Nimp cared little for Tilly or anybody else. He was old, and tall, and bent, and white-haired, and testy; but he had keen eyes, and was "handy with his gun," and so was sworn at and highly respected. Not much was known of his history previous to his coming to Seven Rivers in '65, and nobody wanted to pump him. He had driven up to the store, one gloomy day in that year, in an old rattle-trap of a wagon drawn by two half-starved "cayuse plugs," had bought out the Mexican who owned the place, and moved into possession. Tilly was born that night; and her unfortunate mother, resignedly accepting death as being one way out of that spreading, heartless plain, quit this world just as Tilly began her first shrill protest against being bundled into it.

On the morning mentioned, Dock Miller galloped up from Eddy's ranch, where he was foreman. He sat far back in the saddle, with his body half turned, according to the cowboy's custom when he is on familiar terms with the beast he bestrides. He was bounding along carelessly up toward the store, swinging his lariat back and forth with the rocking motion of the horse. As he sighted Tilly he slowed up, and then stopped by her side, looking down at her shyly, and seeming awkwardly pleased to find himself near her. Dock was a big, pleasant-faced fellow, also indigenous to that sterile soil, and had the brown complexion of the plains he daily galloped over. His eyes were as blue as the heavens, and his hair was as curly and crisp as the prairie-grass, and his burly bigness and his royal soundness of body made him something to admire. The beard he wore seemed to have stopped growing at a two-inch length, and kept itself perpetually trim. Dock's baptismal name, if he had ever had any, was unknown to him; and it was just as well, for he never had occasion to sign it.

"Wher' y'u goin', Tilly?" was his interrogatory and irrelevant salutation, for he very well knew her destination.

"Ter git some worter."

"How 'd yer like yer bonnit?"

"Say, it's er Jim, Dock, en it was mighty good er y'u ter git it fer me."

"Good? 'T was n't half good enough fer y'u, but I kinder thought y'u'd like that there bird." And Dock could n't help reaching out a rough, rope-hardened hand and clumsily smoothing down the red feathers.

"Like it? It's the cutes' thing' at ever was. I wunner whut them Jones gals up on ther Peñasco 'll say when they see it?" said Tilly, with a hitch of her head that jiggled her brown hair in a way that hit Dock hard.

"It don' make no diffunce whut they say. Y'u saw the Kid lately?"

"He was at the store yistiddy. Why?"

The girl looked at him straight and suddenly.

"Oh, nuthin'." But he frowned as he turned away his head and picked up the reins from the pony's neck, and then: "Well, guess I better be gittin' on. Pete Corn comin' t'-night ter read the papers?"

"He said he was. Y'u better come up en hear 'im."

"Guess I will. Good-by."

"Good-by."

Dock struck a spur into the flank of his surprised pony, which unthinking animal had dropped a hip and was resting quietly, and the two lurched away up the slant.

When Tilly had filled her bucket at the stream, and was swinging her strong, supple body to the left to preserve her equilibrium on her laden return, more hoof-beats sounded, and a voice behind her which she knew said, "Hello, Til!" She put down the bucket and looked around in time to see a shaggy yellow bronco give a superfluously high jump over the narrow stream, and then she said: "W'y, hello, Kid! Y'u pooty nigh lit on to me, with that fool horse er yourn."

"Oh, no, I did n', little un," responded a clear voice from a pair of firm, thin lips, the outlines of which softened as they spoke.

The Kid was unlike the man who had just left Tilly—almost as unlike him as was the girl herself. With lank, black hair, that took no graceful curves at the nape of his neck, but rather grew out horizontally there, and made an untidy fringe about his collar, with large brown eyes the softness of expression of which was a direct denial of such suggestions of cruelty as were set forth by the stern, straight lips and protruding chin, the Kid, too, was lean and bony, in the procrastination of nature slow in the development of his perfect manhood; but, somehow, when you looked him in the face you were interested in him, and you liked him, though you could n't tell why. It must have been his eyes. But something unpleasant shone from

these same eyes, and there was a different tone in the Kid's voice, when he spoke next:

"Wher' d yer git that red thing on yer head?"

"Dock give it ter me. Ain't it pooty?"

"I don't know. W'y don't cher never wear that muff I give yer?"

"W'y, I do, Kid, w'en I ride in the wagin; but I can't carry worter with the muff, yer know"; and she smiled up at him so brightly that his face cleared somewhat.

"Co'se y'u can't," he said. "I'm er durn fool."

"Pete Corn's goin' ter read the papers t'-night. Yer comin'?"

"I don't know. Is ther Jones gals er comin'?"

"I s'pose so; they mos' gen'ally do."

"Well, maybe I'll come, then"; and he looked hard at Tilly. But what he saw in her face was evidently not to his satisfaction, for he jerked the yellow bronco's head from a bit of dry bunch-grass the beast was nibbling, and, without a word more, spurred away as briskly as Dock had done, but in a different direction.

Tilly toiled back to the store with her bucket of water, set it on the kitchen table, and went to washing up the breakfast-things; but she sighed twice before she began to sing "Rah for the Rangers."

Seven Rivers—that is to say, the main apartment of Seven Rivers—was splendidly illuminated that night by seven unsymbolical tallow candles. This was the store, hotel, saloon, warehouse, town hall, caravansary, and often theater, in which were enacted tragedies of short, rude lines and bloody dénouements. At the west end of the dirt-floored room was the bar, or counter, according to the nature of the traffic carried on across it. Behind this barricade Mr. Nimp's enterprise had caused to be displayed in great array many boxes of potted meats and cans of California fruit, which, by reason of the value set upon them by the proprietor, remained a perennial garnishment of the shelves they honored. Hanging from the great beams overhead were gigantic saddles with broad, round horns, and heavy leather skirts and fenders, tin pails, and pots of all descriptions, huge canvased hams with "F. Rockwood, Gravesend, Missouri," gaudily emblazoned upon their widest parts, and, intermingled with all these things, a plethora of quirts, spurs, horse-collars, boots, and blankets. The dingy bottles that stood in the foremost file behind the counter formed the principal attraction for those who gathered themselves together that night to hear Pete

Corn read. From them were drunk "rye," and "bourbon," and "apple-jack," and "mescal," which choice assortment Old Dave, in the secrecy of his cellar, drew religiously from the same comprehensive and responsible cask.

There were three round tables at the opposite end of the room, at which some of the earlier comers played "freeze-out" for the drinks. A few at a time, and singly, something like thirty souls dropped in and took position for the evening. Chairs were few, but boxes were many, and sacks of coffee and flour were there on which to lounge. "The Jones gals" did not come. "The ol' woman's a-makin' a lot er overalls an' things for the men folks, and the gals had ter he'p'er," was old Bill Jones's explanation of their absence.

There was much drinking and swearing and smoking of pipes among the long-haired, yellow-brown cow-punchers who slouched in, wearing wide, wilted hats, blue shirts, and brown-canvas trousers. They jangled their spurs noisily, and walked lamely, as do all these detachable centaurs when they leave their equine halves behind.

Dock and the Kid arrived at nearly the same time; but neither spoke as they happened to get next each other at the bar, in response to somebody's general invitation to drink.

Pete Corn, fat, middle-aged, and important, after clearing his throat with Old Dave's liberal response to his call for "Man's size fer me, please," settled himself back on the throne of tobacco-caddies and oat-sacks that had been prepared for him, and placing his spectacles upon an insignificant nose, half lost among his fuller features, began to scan learnedly the nondescript pile of illustrated weeklies, almanacs, and two-months-old Eastern dailies, the accumulated contributions of passing strangers.

"All right, now," said he, presently. "Tell me whut y'u-all want er hear fust? Here's sump'n'erbout them fightin' fellers in Egyp', an' here's erbout the ryits in Penservanyer, an' erbout nawgeration—"

"Stop thar, Pete; read about ther nawgeration," broke in two or three at once. Peter proceeded very slowly and cautiously to unearth information upon the popular topic.

Although it would not, even now, be safe to say so at Seven Rivers, it may here be confessed that Pete's literary erudition was limited. He had heavy work with words of more than two syllables, and generally supplanted those of unusual length with ingenious verbal inventions of his own; and

thus was the dull page of Eastern pedantry enlivened and made pungent by the application of Western originality.

Many times was Pete, to his great disgust, interrupted and called to halt while sapient comment was exchanged. The inauguration ball was prolific of suggestion to the minds of these far-away and forgotten few.

"An' jes ter think er us pore devils in this yere Territory." It was the querulous, sharp voice of Old Dave that sounded now, and everybody listened. "Can't none uv us vote—ain't even got a little say-so erbout who shell be the boss er this yere country!"

"Well, Dave, I guess chawin'-terbacker 'll be jes as cheap, no diffunce who 's Pres'dent," was old Bill Jones's rejoinder.

"That 's right, Bill. B' gosh! we 'll keep er-cuttin' the 'Tin Tag Plug' jes ther same, I reckon. Huh! huh! huh!" came sleepily from the far corner of the room.

"Huh! Huh!" joined in all the rest.

The Kid sat on a cracker-box at the end of the counter, with one leg sprawled out till it looked an unnatural length, and the other bent properly and supporting his right elbow. The Kid's chin was in his right hand. While Pete Corn, reading, sailed smoothly over a simple sentence, or plowed his way through orthographical shoals, the Kid eyed Dock and did some heavy thinking. Dock also regarded the Kid very steadfastly; and there was nothing fraternal in the glances each took of the other. They had awakened to themselves and to each other, and what they realized was not conducive to congeniality. Furthermore, the occasional flittings in of Tilly, with a dish-rag in her hand, and an earnest, puzzled expression on her pretty face as she tried to follow Pete's droning attempts at interpreting the hieroglyphics that had fluttered out to these their unknown kinsmen from the people of the great world beyond the plain, did not tend to soften their feelings.

Finally, the Kid, muttering, "See 'f that durn yaller critter o' mine hez lef' me ter hoof it," got up, and stalked out into the starlight. The "yaller critter" was found to be quite safe, having pranced about and about the post to which he was picketed, and swathed himself, neck and heels, with the lariat, until he stood, with head bent down, a pitiful package of equine helplessness. When he had unwound the much mortified little beast, and cursed him some for "a durned lunkhead," the Kid relented, put an arm about the neck of his now quiet and crestfallen steed, and, resting

thus, asked two questions of the pony and the night:

"Do you s'pose he wants that little critter ez much ez I do? 'U'd he do ez much fer her ez I 'd do?"

The pony, taking the questions entirely to himself, shook his head so emphatically that the rings on his bridle-bit clashed together.

"Yes; he does want 'er jes ez much, an' he 'u'd do ez much fer 'er ez you, an' a durn sight more!"

It was Dock's voice that spoke out just behind the Kid, and the latter turned and saw his rival in front of him.

"Whut 'd yer foller me fer?" he asked.

"Never follered yer; come out ter see 'bout my hoss"; and he put on a meaning smile that had no fun in it.

"An' yer say you 'u'd do more fer that little gal 'an I 'u'd do?"

"Yes—er durn sight more," repeated Dock.

The Kid's big eyes stuck out into the dark, and seemed to throw a light. "Y'u 're a liar!" he exclaimed, not loudly, but with full meaning.

Dock did not strike him. No; he was the older man. He stood quiet a second, but his face showed white in the darkness.

"Kid," he said, "y'u know no man kin say that ter me 'thout hearin' f'om me, an' not in shoot-mouth, neither; but I don' want'er kill yer. I 'm er-goin' ter have that gal. Ef I did n' think she liked me, I would n' say er word; but she does, en I 'm goin' ter be her man."

"I know a durn sight better," responded the Kid, with equal excitement, and the same dangerous cramping of his tones that was apparent in the speech of the other. "Tilly keers more fer me in er minute 'an she would fer y'u in er thousin' years; en ez fer my gittin' killed, I 'll take keer o' that." And he put his hand to his hip just as Dock reached back for his own weapon.

Bloodshed was imminent. There was a second when it seemed as if the night wind held its breath and the stars stopped short in their twinkling. The pony cocked his ears and ceased to champ his bit. That moment's stillness was so sharp that it seemed vibrant and throbbing upward—an unvoiced, inanimate shout from earth to heaven to come and help save human life.

But no shot was fired. Death was driven back by one small hand that thrust itself between these men, so rigid in their deadly rage.

The half-drawn revolvers slipped back into their holsters, and the just now baleful

glare of the maddened men turned upon Tilly in startled abashment.

"I heerd the last part of it as I come outside to throw out the dish-worter," she said, in a scared, breathless way, "an' I could n' b'lieve my years—an' I thought you was sech good frien's, too; an' ter think it was all erbout me, *who don't keer nuthin' fer neither one er yer.*"

She raised her voice a little, and said the last words strongly. If it had been daylight, and these men had been looking at her as she spoke, they would have seen an expression of darting pain flash over her face, and they would have seen that face flush deeply and straightway grow white again. But they saw nothing. It was night, and their faces were turned to the earth, while their souls underwent humiliation and torture. A sickness, almost a nausea, such as attacks the sorely wounded, made them feel weak and faint.

"It ain't that I don't like yer both," Tilly went on, "'cause I do; but I don't want neither one er yer ter think I 'm er-lovin' yer, 'cause they ain't no use er bein' deceitful an' havin' yer b'lieve what ain't so." The young girl was nearly hysterical, but she held back her feelings with the strength that pervaded her healthy mind and body. "En now I want yer both to shake han's and swear to me that yer won't never be sech fools ag'in, 'bout me nor no other gal."

They were quite willing to swear it, and did so, with their right hands clasped together; and Tilly left them standing thus.

More grievously hurt than they could have been by mere bullets were these two cooled and quiet men. It was not the shamed sense that they had both been "sold" by this stripling girl, nor the contemplation of the blindness of their folly, that held them speechless for full five minutes after Tilly left them. They could somehow have laughed this off,—bitterly, perhaps, but they could have done it,—though it was a hard joke, having for its piquant point the crushing of the hopes of years. But it was a sudden realization of the great distance that had grown between their lives, and how they had come together again across an awful chasm; and a painful doubt arose in each as to how the other would receive him.

In this five minutes Dock's mind had gone back to the moment, five years before, when he had first seen the Kid, when the younger man, "riding the line," making the lonely circuit of the Cross Bar Tee range, had heard shots, and, hurrying over the hill, found Dock, with one arm broken, fleeing from four Mescalero Apaches, and had flanked the savages and made it merry for them with his Winchester as he put his life in the balance alongside Dock's, while both rode hard into camp.

And the Kid now remembered how, only three years back, Dock's ready hand had deflected from its course a Mexican stiletto, thrust from behind and aimed at the Kid's heart, while that gallant and unthinking cow-puncher danced the *kunah*, at Lampas, over the Rio Grande.

And the hurt hearts of these two yearned for each other.

A dull full moon had come up, and now showed a clean circumference above the grease-wood fringe at the horizon. It gave little light, merely sprinkling the darkness with yellow. Dock put his left hand on the Kid's right shoulder, holding his right hand hard with his own. Hardly aware of doing it, the Kid placed himself similarly. Then they looked into each other's eyes, and whole volumes of penitence, and rough affection that sued successfully for its old place, passed between them in that gaze.

"She 's on'y a chile, Kid," said Dock.

"I know it, Dock; an' we was fools."

"Yes; but she 's a good little gal, an' never meant nuthin' to neither one of us."

"That 's so. I don' blame her; she 's allus been square with us. Say, Dock, le' 's go home; you don' wanter hear Pete Corn read any more, do yer?"

"No—durn Pete Corn! Wait 'll I git my plug."

A few minutes later they galloped off together into the night.

"He would kill 'im," was Tilly's sobbing, sad little murmur, as she drifted wearily into slumber that night. Nobody heard the words but Tilly; and if all the world had heard them, nobody but Tilly would have understood their application.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

National Disinterestedness.

THERE are certain phases of the "Cuban question" that cannot be too constantly insisted upon. One of these is the absence of interested motives on the part of the American people, as a whole. The average European has been apt to have in his mind, when thinking of this nation, the typical figure of the Yankee, and to him has attributed all manner of "smartness." England at the time of the Civil War thought, or a good portion of England thought, that on the part of the North the war was a fight for territory. England understands America better now, and in the present crisis it appreciates the dignity of the position maintained by our government, and recognizes, to some extent at least, the fact that our people in general are dominated in this matter by sentiment and a sense of justice, and not by covetousness.

Again, our foreign critics have seen, notwithstanding the ease with which the natural, inherited "instinct for war" can be aroused in our people (a part, indeed, of our national exuberance), that there is a sober second thought which is likely to make itself felt at decisive moments.

We asked a distinguished psychologist, the other day, whether he thought that evolution would ever ultimately extinguish this sentiment in mankind. He said he thought not, but that as among what are called "gentlemen" the individual instinct to appeal to arms had been generally put in abeyance in favor of litigation in the courts, so the national instinct for fight would one of these days be put in abeyance by the habit of negotiation and arbitration.

The calmness and right feeling of our officials, and of the true molders of public opinion, in recent emergencies, show that America is destined to be a leader in the more humane methods of international controversy, and that in all cases the sword will be resorted to only as a last stern resort.

It is not unfortunate that a country should be swayed by sentiment, if it has also in its temperament the power of reserve and reason. It has been said concerning art,—and it applies as well to statesmanship,—that there is nothing like "a warm heart and a cool head."

What Bad Appointments Mean.

NOTORIOUSLY bad and unfit appointments to office by local or national executives, under a system of government supposedly democratic, are not merely in themselves wrong and injurious; not only has the executive, in such cases, avoided his evident duty and violated his oath of office in making such appointment; not only are the people betrayed by having incompetent servants foisted upon them; not only has a bad example been given to all citizens, and especially to young men, who should be taught that public advancement is the reward of virtue and not of vice: but, in addition to all

this, such appointments advertise a deeper evil; they are evidences of an attack upon the very foundations of political liberty.

Governmental powers are obtained possession of either through force or suasion. Under a despotic and unloved government there is nothing but force. But it cannot be said that under a free government there is nothing but suasion, because under a free government corruption may to some extent usurp the place of suasion, and exercise a sort of force. Bad appointments are evidences of corruption; they show that previous to the election there were alliances and implied promises which affected corruptly what should be a pure and untrammelled exercise of the right of suffrage.

Even when an element of corruption is eliminated, there are now and again enough evident injustices in the administration of governmental functions. That in a community containing, say, ten thousand voters the executive government should pass entirely into the hands of those who can muster five thousand and one votes, and contain no representative whatever of the other half of the community, only shows what a clumsy device even our boasted majority rule must be. Or take the situation in New York to-day, where the executive government, put in place by a minority, rules the city with a high hand, to say nothing of the notorious fact that the functions of government are only vicariously exercised by the technical chief executive of the city, at the bidding of a single individual who holds no public office at all.

It will be seen, then, that a democratic system does not absolutely insure a consistently democratic governmental administration. We do not in America, as a people, understand fully the meaning and the justice of minority representation. We are, however, beginning to understand the inconsistency of the spoils system with a system of free government, and we are properly sensitive when a mayor, a governor, or a president makes a notoriously bad appointment.

Nor can we be too sensitive on the subject, because such appointments are not only intrinsically outrageous, but they are unintentional signals of danger. For every such appointment shows that a transaction has taken place which strikes at the foundation of democratic institutions. A corrupt combination has been made to obtain or to hold the powers of government, whereas such powers should be conveyed by the suffrage of the people freely and purely.

We may be sure, when a thoroughly bad appointment is announced, that to a certain extent the democratic system has been negated. We may, in certain communities, be led even to suspect that some one has been able, by a sort of conspiracy, to obtain and, exercise the powers of government who no more represents the untrammelled popular will than does some Old-World despot who got his throne by force of arms.

The Fortissimo of American Cities.

PERHAPS nowhere so much as in an American city is one made aware of the machinery of life. The child in Habberton's story who wanted to see the wheels go round, represents the restless, though superb and vital, activity of our people, which at once gives us an accelerated propulsion along certain paths of progress, and at the same time impairs our power of assimilating the elemental joys of life as we go. Comparing American and foreign cities, and leaving out of account the periodical excitement of political affairs, there appears to be a distressing balance of noise and tumult on our side.

It is worth the cost of a trip to Europe to learn what a vast storehouse of repose the older countries have to draw upon in the struggle for life. Swarming London never makes upon the visitor the impression of individual intensity which one finds in a New York street. In Paris one perceives on the part of all classes a contented enjoyment of the ends of life rather than a feverish absorption in its means. The temperate attitude of the Parisian toward art, music, literature, the theater, and outdoor recreations has a self-respecting dignity which the vulgar vices of his race cannot obliterate. More charming and devoted family life is nowhere to be found. In Holland a blessed torpor of the blood gives one time to thank Heaven for the breath he draws. The homes of Germany have become traditional for ease and happiness. In Italy an atmosphere of noble scenery, beautiful art, and romantic history invests existence with a charm which has been the theme of literature for centuries. In such regions the overwrought temperament of the American finds so much repose that he falls to wondering why that quality is not to be found in the life and character of his countrymen.

Returning home, the contrast strikes him more forcibly than during his absence. The fortissimo is incessant. Not a moment of life is unoccupied. Every coign of vantage is taken by the vulgar loud. One seems to be ever running for a street-car, and to be continually admonished to "step lively." He must shout to make himself heard. Everybody is struggling for the ear of the public, and nobody is listening. The age of reflection seems to have passed, and to have been succeeded by the age of agitation. Except through superior noise, there appears to be little chance for any man or any cause. More and more, as the men of the race-course phrase it, it is the field against the favorite; or, as they say in Congress, every bill must fight the calendar. Even sensation-mongers have little show against one another's drums and trumpets. But the resultant din raises appreciably the average of discord, and adds a new terror to cities. And not to the large cities only, for the fast train and the cheap price of printing-paper are extending city limits far beyond the dreams of legislators.

What makes this all seem more perilous is the fact that certain forces that ought to be on the conservative side are now involved in the general mêlée. While it

is true that it is an age of advancement chiefly by coöperation, and that much wise and noble effort is being expended in charitable and reformatory work, it is worth considering whether each particular public movement is worth the strength that goes into it. The best factors of our social life—more regrettably the women—are so over-occupied with clubs, societies, benevolent and remedial associations, etc., that life seems to go in public efforts to make life possible for others. The man who said that "in New York there is a club for every emotion" might well have added "and an association for every conviction." As the proportion of the rich increases, what is called "society" becomes more complex, artificial, and competitive. The toilsomeness of a New York season finds its counterpart in Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and Chicago, and in the endless iteration of smaller cities. One inclines to agree with the former American minister to Italy who defined man as "a card-leaving biped." One wonders how all this agitation in the mothers is going to affect the nerves of the next generation, and remembers Matthew Arnold's stanza:

But we, brought forth and reared in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise—
What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
What leisure to grow wise!

It is this state of affairs which gives basis to the reply of a cultivated and experienced Englishman who, when asked recently what was his dominant impression of the United States, replied, "The absence of quiet family life." Americans of large observation have remarked a regrettable change in this respect, and have attributed it to the passionate pursuit of worldly success. But such generalizations are useful chiefly as marking tendencies in the larger cities. Life in our villages is probably richer, healthier, and more interesting than it was a generation ago, and a reaction from this *living in the street*, as it were, toward the simpler joys of home is sure to come. Moreover, in the heart of every great city there are men and women who, by sheer force of character, are realizing an ideal of repose, holding their thresholds against the engulfing storms of the outer world. The sensational newspaper comes not near them, and the society reporter does not wait at the door for the names of their dinner guests. They bear a share in the good works of the day, but they do it only by withdrawing from the senseless demands of a fashionable life. And they are all the better prepared for public and family duties by rigidly guarding for themselves a little domain of leisure. It is in such secluded hours, rescued from the clash of the world, that life grows deep and strong, in moments of meditation, or in communion with loyal friends, good literature, and inspiring music. We are so accustomed to the agitation for necessary reforms and to the multiplicity of remedial charities that we are in danger of forgetting that the most effective way of advancing mankind is by the cultivation of serene and noble types of individual character.

For he that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true.

OPEN LETTERS

Railroad Employee Relief Associations.

A NEW movement in the industrial world, fraught with great consequences, is the establishing of associations for the relief of employees when unable to work, or of their families after death, sustained by the joint contributions of employed and employer.

Workingmen, while admitting that they ought to make some provision for the day of misfortune, are too often unwilling to deprive themselves of present enjoyments. So their earnings are spent as soon as they are received, in many cases in advance; and when they are incapacitated by sickness or accident from work they must rely upon the generosity of their fellow-workers or employers for support. So long as they believe that aid will be thus rendered whenever overtaken by misfortune, there is no inducement to mend their ways. Again, those who are inclined to save have a weaker inducement to follow their inclination if a considerable portion of their savings is likely to be drawn from them, through sympathy, to support others who have an equal opportunity to save with themselves.

The creation of railroad relief associations radically changes the conditions of the provident and the improvident. The latter class can no longer expect aid from their employers and fellow-workers. The company has clearly made known in advance the terms on which it will grant aid when it is needed; and if a workman is unwilling to comply, he cannot expect to receive assistance. Thus the system tends strongly to promote the habit of saving, with all that this term implies—temperance, better health, greater capacity for work, and larger independence. As for the provident, this system protects their savings from the demands of other workmen.

Another reason for establishing these associations is that relief administered systematically, as it is by them, is usually much more effective than when administered in other ways. Again, such organizations are an answer to the accusation often made that railroad companies take no interest in their employees. Those who are most familiar with the conditions of employment in this country know that the charge that the largest employers of labor care the least about their men is not true. Regard for employees generally springs from a different condition—the prosperity of the employer. The most prosperous are generally the strongest inclined to alleviate distress, to build hospitals, to pension old and deserving workmen, to contribute money and medical attendance and the like. And it may also be said that the larger companies are more prosperous than the small ones. Many have feared that the supplanting of the small employer of labor, and consequently the sundering of the union which existed between him and his employees, would result disastrously to society.

Whatever may be the evils resulting from the change, it must be admitted that the largest and most prosperous employers of labor are doing the most to render the lot of their employees comfortable and happy.

The most important difference between the plans of railroad relief associations is the requirement or non-requirement of membership as a condition of employment by the railroad company. The Pennsylvania Company, for example, does not require its employees to join the association, while the employees of the Baltimore and Ohio Company must become members of the relief association established by that company. Some workingmen object strenuously to this feature of the Baltimore and Ohio organization, regarding it as an abridgment of their freedom; but the briefest analysis of the requirement shows that it does not. Has not every employer of labor a right to prescribe terms or conditions of employment? Has he not a right to refrain from employing persons under twenty years of age, or Americans, or Italians, or colored persons, or members of labor organizations? And has he not also the right to prescribe that a person must join a relief association and fulfil its requirements or contribute to a hospital fund? If an applicant for work dislikes the terms, he need not accept them; and if he does not his condition is not rendered worse; nor is his freedom in the least impaired by accepting or declining them. His conduct is purely voluntary. The case, perhaps, is somewhat different when a person already in the employ of a company is required to join as a condition of continuing. It is true that if the requirement to join is not enforced until the term of service has expired, whether it be weekly, monthly, or annually, the company cannot be accused of acting unjustly.

On the other hand, there are very strong reasons why membership should be regarded as a condition of employment. It should be done to protect those who wish to save, but who cannot save so easily or so much whenever a relief association does not exist.

Furthermore, a company may insist on such a condition in its own interest. All employees who are members of such an association must save enough to pay their dues, and to do this a company may properly assume that they will deny themselves the least necessary things, and by so doing will improve in efficiency of service. Surely a company has the right to select skilled workmen, or to reject those who become inefficient through any cause. The man who saves is, generally speaking, the superior man everywhere. In most cases he is to be found in the sober and industrious class, and possesses a stronger arm and a clearer head than the improvident, irregular workman. So, without considering the question of one's duty to prevent improvidence and its consequent results, there is ample justification for requiring all employees to become members

of relief associations whenever they have been established.

The contributions of the employees, by the terms of membership, are deducted from their wages, so that no inconvenience or loss is experienced in collecting them. From the fund thus collected the members are entitled to receive definite amounts, in proportion to their contributions, when disabled by accident or sickness; and in the event of their death definite amounts are payable to their relatives or designated beneficiaries. The employees are divided into classes determined by their earnings per month. Thus, in the Pennsylvania relief association there are five classes:

- 1st Class—Those at any rate of pay.
 2d Class—Those receiving thirty-five dollars or more.
 3d Class—Those receiving fifty-five dollars or more.
 4th Class—Those receiving seventy-five dollars or more.
 5th Class—Those receiving ninety-five dollars or more.

The members of the several classes contribute monthly the following sums:

First class, \$0.75 per month; second, \$1.50 per month; third, \$2.25 per month; fourth, \$3.00 per month; fifth, \$3.75 per month.

We may next inquire into the benefits to which the members are entitled.

1. Payments for each day while disabled by accident in the company's service:

	For 52 weeks.	After 52 weeks and until recovery.
1st class	\$0.50	\$0.25
2d "	1.00	0.50
3d "	1.50	0.75
4th "	2.00	1.00
5th "	2.50	1.25

2. Surgical attendance during disability from accident in the company's service.

3. Payments while disabled by sickness, or by injury other than accident in the company's service, for each day after the first three days' disablement:

	For 52 weeks.
1st class	\$0.40
2d "	0.80
3d "	1.20
4th "	1.60
5th "	2.00

4. Payments in the event of death:

1st class	\$250.00
2d "	500.00
3d "	750.00
4th "	1000.00
5th "	1250.00

In addition to the death benefits mentioned, an additional death benefit may be taken after passing a satisfactory medical examination. The following table shows the entire benefit which it is possible for a member in any class to create for his family or other beneficiaries:

	Death benefit of class.	Additional death benefit.	Total death benefit.
1st class	\$250.00	\$250.00	\$500.00
2d "	500.00	500.00	1000.00
3d "	750.00	750.00	1500.00
4th "	1000.00	1000.00	2000.00
5th "	1250.00	1250.00	2500.00

For the "additional death benefit" of the first class the rates are: for a member not over 45 years of age, 30 cents per month; for a member over 45 years of age and not over 60 years, 45 cents per month; for a member over 60 years, 60 cents per month. These rates apply to each single death benefit of \$250.00.

It may be inquired, What does the railroad company do toward sustaining the association? It manages the

business, guarantees the fulfillment of its obligations, becomes responsible for its funds, pays all the operating expenses, including the salaries of the officials, medical examiners, and clerical force, pays interest on the monthly balances in its hands, and approves the securities in which investments are made. Furthermore, if in a period of three years there is a deficiency, this is paid by the company; if there is a surplus, this is appropriated to a fund for the benefit of superannuated members, or in some other manner for the sole benefit of members.

The details of these associations differ, but their principal features are the same. The regulations of the associations can be easily obtained by those who desire to know what they are. Perhaps a few statistics of the associations which have been longest in operation may be profitably added. The following is the record of deaths, disabilities, and payments of the Pennsylvania association since it was established:

Year.	Number of deaths from accident.	Number of deaths from natural causes.	Number disabled by accident.	Number disabled by sickness.	Number of payments for disablements and deaths.	Amount of payments for disablements and deaths.
1886	32	116	1744	3653	5545	\$151,147.57
1887	49	198	3186	7196	10,619	264,905.78
1888	53	197	3849	7815	11,914	283,512.10
1889	64	219	4915	10,834	16,032	343,569.36
1890	81	260	6512	17,673	24,526	446,294.11
1891	79	291	7255	18,334	25,959	530,182.83
1892	109	327	9184	21,829	31,449	615,271.99
1893	136	316	9060	23,411	32,923	642,396.18
1894	79	304	7725	19,878	27,968	546,791.22
1895	99	343	8765	23,112	32,319	591,496.97
1896	92	331	8774	23,417	33,614	610,119.30
873 2902 70,969 177,142 251,898						\$5,045,385.60

The total amount paid for all benefits for the eleven years is:

	No.	Average per man.
Accidents	\$ 954,900.90	70,969
Sickness	1,879,518.58	177,142
Deaths from accident	543,444.45	873
" " natural causes	1,668,061.67	2902
		\$5,045,385.60

At the close of 1896, after eleven years of operation, the membership of the association numbered 40,852—more than half of the entire number of employees, and a much larger proportion of those who by reason of age and physical condition are eligible. During this period the total revenue from all sources was \$5,707,885.19, and the disbursements were \$5,045,385.60.

Soon after establishing the association it was discovered that many members remained disabled and without means of support in consequence of having exhausted their right to benefits on account of sickness. To relieve the distress of deserving members of this class, the railroad company, on proper representations concerning their necessities and length of service, has given during eleven years \$213,491.35. The company has also granted the use of the necessary offices, and paid all the expenses of operation, including the salaries of officers, medical examiners, and others employed in conducting the association, amounting to \$838,961.44.

The following table represents the benefits paid by the Baltimore and Ohio association since its establishment, May 1, 1880, to May 31, 1895:

RELIEF FEATURE.

	Number.	Cost.	Average per casc.
Deaths from accident	1010	\$1,068,544.22	\$1063.94
Deaths from other causes . .	1963	908,940.50	455.84
Disablements from acci- dental injuries received in discharge of duty	55,816	716,110.58	12.83
Disablements from sick- ness and other causes than as above	79,614	1,172,358.45	14.72
Surgical expenses	32,411	187,310.76	4.85
Aggregate	170,834	\$4,018,264.51	\$23.52
Add disbursements for ex- penses, etc., during same period		570,585.74	
Total disbursements for all purposes		\$4,588,850.25	

PENSION FEATURE.

Total number pensioned since October 1, 1884	394
Number deceased since October 1, 1884	174
Total number on list May 31, 1895	220
Payments to pensioners last fiscal year	\$34,457.70
Total payments to May 31, 1895	270,310.37

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company led in this movement seventeen years ago (May, 1880). The Pennsylvania Railroad followed in 1886, and the lines west of Pittsburg belonging to the company formed such an association in 1888, the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company the same year, and the Cumberland Valley Railroad Company in 1889. The Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad Company's association was established in 1890. The center of this movement, therefore, is in Pennsylvania, as associations already exist among all the principal railroad companies of the State. But the Baltimore and Ohio can rightfully claim to be the pioneer in this country, though similar associations have long existed in Great Britain and on the Continent.

Albert S. Bolles.

Arnold Toynbee and Ruskin's Road-Making Experiment.

A CORRESPONDENT having called our attention to the reference, in Mr. Bruce's article in the February CENTURY on "Ruskin as an Oxford Lecturer," to Mr. Ruskin's enterprise of enlisting his pupils in manual labor on the roads in the vicinity of Oxford, the inquiry has brought to us the following comment from Mrs. Arnold Toynbee, which will be of interest to many an admirer of her lamented husband, so well known in America as the pioneer in the work of college settlements among the poor. Mrs. Toynbee, replying to a query concerning his relations to the scheme, says in part:

"It is, I believe, quite correct to say that he acted as foreman over the work of Ruskin's road-making; he told me so himself; but I cannot inform you whether he was foreman for the whole time or only for a part. He mentioned to me that it was very nice to be foreman, because he went, in consequence, every time to breakfast with Ruskin, when the workers were invited, and not only in turn, as the others did. He was appointed foreman, I believe, because he was scarcely strong enough to do much of the hard work himself, and also because he was always good at leading men. His own opinion about the road-making was that, though of course it was impossible not to smile at it, yet it was not a bad thing altogether. The idea was to do a piece of work that was useful to the working-people

living in houses near the bit of road, and a piece of work that was *not* being taken up by any one else, either public or private; also, that it might give the *idea* of athletes using their muscles for some useful purpose. Of course the thing after a time became a joke. You are quite right: it was a road, not a ditch, which was worked at. I do not myself know which piece of road it is at Hinksey, though I dare say I have often walked by it.

"As for the influence of this intercourse with Ruskin on my husband himself, the writer of the letter you inclose rather exaggerates it. My husband came from an artistic family, and had been brought up to understand and care for art, so that he thought of Ruskin first as an art master. He was, of course, much interested in Ruskin's writings on social questions as well, especially in 'Unto this Task,' to which he often referred. But I should not say that on social questions he was very much influenced by Ruskin; he did not think Ruskin enough of an economist. I mean that he was not much influenced *himself*. He fully recognized the influence Ruskin had exercised over others on social questions, and thought the influence had been of great good, even if the economic theories were false.

"Quite a smaller point: I am always sorry that there is often exaggeration as to my husband's collapse after the lectures on 'Henry George.' 'Carried off more dead than alive' is scarcely accurate. I was there myself, and my husband came away with me in the ordinary way, though, of course, his fatal illness set in immediately, and those lectures were his last bit of work."

Notes on Burns's Manuscript and Portrait.

In the article on "The Manuscript of 'Auld Lang Syne,'" by Cuyler Reynolds, in THE CENTURY for February, 1898, occur two misreadings of Burns's manuscript. In the note in Burns's handwriting, "O there is more of the fire of native genius in it" (p. 587), the "O" should be omitted, as it proves, on comparison, to be merely the flourish of the capital T. (See the facsimile itself.) On page 586, in referring to the letter addressed to Burns's friend, Mr. Reynolds was misled by Mr. Henry Stevens's misreading (p. 588) of the abbreviation "Dr.," which proves to have been intended for "Dear Richmond," and not "Dr. Richmond." The superscription of the letter reads: "Mr. John Richmond, writer, Mauchline."

A more serious error occurs in the statement by George M. Diven, Jr., concerning the portrait of Burns (p. 585). This statement, which came to us some years ago, was printed by inadvertence, a revised account of the family tradition having been sent to us, through Mr. Diven, by a granddaughter of the painter of the portrait, Mrs. Mary B. McQuhae Falck of Elmira, New York. This statement, made on November 14, 1896, which was mislaid at the time of going to press, includes interesting information. Mrs. Falck writes:

"The portrait of Robert Burns is now in my possession, and was bequeathed to me by my mother, who died last year. . . . With reference to your inquiries about my grandfather, who certainly painted the portrait, I can give you only such information as has come to my knowledge. William McQuhae, son of David and Jane McQuhae, was born in the parish of Balmaghie, Scotland,

on May 10, 1779. In an old diary of his in my possession I find frequent references to painting; but I do not think that he was an artist in the sense you mean, but simply an amateur who painted from love of the art. There are now a number of family portraits in existence painted by my grandfather. . . . My grandfather was a close neighbor of Burns when the latter resided at Dumfries, living at Lochmaben and at Dumfries, and he doubtless knew the poet well. From a memorandum in this same diary I infer that he attended Burns's funeral, July 25, 1796. My impression is that he painted the portrait a year or two before the poet's death. Mr. McQuhae

left Scotland August 24, 1796, about a month after the poet's death, and arrived in America on October 10 of the same year. . . . As to my grandfather's rooming with Burns at Edinburgh, it seems unlikely on the face of it, as the artist would have been only about seven years of age. It is more likely that my grandfather met and painted the poet at Dumfries, near which place he lived."

It should be noted that at the time of Burns's death McQuhae was only seventeen years old. It has been suggested that the portrait might have been made up from the well-known one by Nasmyth, though some of the details and the angle of the face are not the same.



The Return of Mabel.

SPREAD the news, ye kettledrums;
Let the town applaud.
Home the conquering Mabel comes
From a trip abroad.

Gay frou-frou of Paris gowns
Sounds upon the stairs;
Hats from Viro'ts are the crowns
Which she proudly wears.
Such a swirl of perfumed lace,
Glint of jeweled gaud—
These proclaim in every place
Mabel's been abroad.

Tales of foreign triumphs come:
Dukes thrilled at her nod;
Earls before her charms were dumb;
Flower-strewn paths she trod;
Bent were many titled knees;
Every tongue did laud.
'T was to win such joys as these
Mabel went abroad.

Says she thought the Louvre a bore;
Liked the Bon Marché.
Fontainebleau? How it did pour!
Spoiled her hat that day.
Art? So stupid! Nice cafés.
Never heard of Claude.
Not in study were the days
Mabel spent abroad.

So she's won her coronet.
Little do I care;
Naught have I of vain regret;
'T is n't my affair.
There's no happier man than I:
I'm to marry Maud,
Mabel's sister. What care I
That Mabel's been abroad!

Beatrice Hanscom.

Ghosts of the Pen.

IN "De Finibus," Thackeray tells us what a queer shock he had one day when Philip Firmin walked in and sat down on a chair opposite him. A still queerer experience was his meeting with Costigan, whom he had invented out of "scraps, heel-taps, etc." "Nothing shall convince me," says he, "that I have not seen those men in the world of spirits." How else could he so accurately have pictured them?

Then he goes on to say how delightful it would be if novelists could write with such divine power as to call into actual life the beings they invent, so that they might walk in at our doors and talk with us by our firesides.

And do they not—the true creators, I mean? Have I not with these mortal eyes looked upon Becky Sharp the immortal? Have I not talked with Miss Austen's Mr. Collins and Mrs. Bennett; with the incomparable Mrs. Nickleby, whom I love, and Peg Sliderskew, whom I don't; and many, many others of the select host?

I came suddenly upon Peg one morning as I entered my sitting-room at an earlier hour than was my custom. She was bending over the grate, and turned her bleared countenance upon me with exactly the action of her famous portrait by "Phiz," in which she turns upon Squeers just as Newman Noggs's bellows is about to descend upon his devoted head.

I remember that I beat a hasty retreat, with the feeling that I had seen something uncanny. For many weeks Peg had masqueraded as my landlady, disguised under a housemaid's jaunty cap and apron. But now had her dishabille—her nightcap of ancient pattern, her faded red shawl drawn tightly around her skinny neck—betrayed her. Henceforth I no longer saw in her the respectable Mrs. Smith, but Peg Sliderskew, the immortal creation of Dickens's pen.

My meeting with John Peerybingle I have chronicled elsewhere. It was while he was packing his carrier's cart, in the twilight, in old Warwick town:

the cart, a two-wheeled, round-topped, canvas-covered vehicle, tipped with the weight of the parcels to a degree that threatened to lift the tasseled horse off his feet. And there was Dot, too, out for a fairing,—for it was Michaelmas time,—daintily and thriftily gathering up her gown about her waist, preparatory to being lifted in by John.

I watched them as they drove off Stratford way to their snug cottage at Cropredy or Fenny Compton, where, doubtless, the cricket and the tea-kettle still sing in cheerful competition.

With Mrs. Nickleby I had a longer acquaintance of some weeks by the sea. One evening, a gentleman, politely said to be "off his head," strayed into the common parlor and proffered a song. To humor him, some one accompanied on the piano. Mrs. Nickleby listened with delight written on every lineament of her bland countenance. He talked loudly and laughed much; and Mrs. Nickleby confided to me, in a whisper, that he was the "liveliest man" she had met during her sojourn. I recognized him, and should not have been surprised had he presented his usual nosegay of carrots and vegetable marrows to the fascinating Mrs. Nickleby.

Grandfather Smallweed I have not had the pleasure of meeting, but I have heard of him. For some reason—from motives of economy, perhaps—he has migrated to a Scotch town.

"Do you know," asked a Scotch friend, "that Grandfather Smallweed lives here in —?"

"Is it possible!" I exclaimed, more in delight than surprise; for I had long ceased to feel surprise at such an apparition, so great a number of Dickens's creations have I met in the land of their creator.

"Yes; he and Judy live here," was the reply.

But something, it seems, has wrought a radical change in Judy—perhaps the more serious atmosphere of Presbyterianism. But whatever it is, she is changed, and now devotes herself with filial tenderness to Grandfather Smallweed.

As Grandmother Smallweed has, presumably, flitted to the land of spirits from which she was evoked by Dickens's magic pen, and can no longer be wiped out with a cushion, Judy submits patiently to that operation, and shakes up and sorts grandfather after it, but tenderly and not viciously, as of old.

Judy was ill at one time, and confined to her bed—a box-bed in the common sitting-room. In comes the Reverend McGruel, Judy's pastor, to comfort her and condole with grandpapa. Grandpapa hopes the affliction will be sanctified to Judy, and more than broadly intimates that she merits said affliction, and looks as though he would like to wipe out the brawny McGruel with his cushion, did he dare. So it will be seen that grandpapa has *not* changed.

Joe Gargery still lives to dispense gravy and dispense with grammar. He has become somewhat of a public character, having lost a fraction of his former shyness, for which, doubtless, long residence in this world, with its atmosphere of cheek, is responsible.

I was present one evening at a meeting of an improvement society in the Midlands, whither Joe has migrated, when the dear old boy rose to move a vote of thanks to the lecturer. He did not pull his forelock, though he made an involuntary movement to do so, but was restrained by second thought.

His countenance has lost none of its old benevolence of expression. He fairly beamed upon the audience as, with many preliminary gaspings, distinctly audible, he strove to make a way for the passage of his speech. At last the barrier, whatever it was, gave way, and out it came, after the same old fashion of Joe when he made his famous speech of thanks to Miss Havisham. Had he shaken up the words of the dictionary in his hat, and taken them as they chanced to come, the result could not have been more delightful, more utterly without sequence and sense.

"And now, old chap," said Joe on the memorable occasion referred to, "may we do our duty! may you and me do our duty, both on us, by one and another and by them, which your liberal present—have—conveyed—to be—for the satisfaction of mind—of—them—as never," ending triumphantly, "and from myself far be it!"

In a similar mist of mingled triumph and delight did Joe end that night; and when he sat down, we all clapped and cheered him to the echo. Dear old Joe!

I fear, however, that he has abandoned blacksmithing and taken to the more genteel vocation of farming. Or is it possible that he keeps a shop?

In West Norfolk, in a sweet, pastoral nook, is a field path called Spring Path, by reason of a spring that leaps, babbling, beside it. This path runs under a hawthorn hedge, haunt of pheasant and partridge, of throstle and blackbird. I was sauntering along this path one day when I saw what seemed a familiar figure going on before me. Surely I had seen them before—that speaking back, aggravation in every line of it; that muffled head; that dignified step. Its familiarity staggered me at first; then with wonder I recognized Mrs. Wilfer, wife of R. W., known affectionately among his fellow-clerks as "Rumty."

Mrs. Wilfer carried a tin receptacle, the size and shape of which betrayed her errand. She was on the way to the turnip-field with—R. W.'s dinner? Ah, no! it was indeed Mrs. Wilfer; but the great hulking fellow who smelled of beer and awaited that dinner with a scowl was not the cherubic R. W. He, we may rationally hope, has long since been transformed into a genuine cherub, having departed hence, soothed by the tender ministrations of Bella; while it is evident that Mrs. Wilfer is doing penance in quite another sphere from that which she formerly graced. She no longer wears gloves. No plate was ever affixed to the door of the lowly cottage she now inhabits. In his more hilarious moments, it is said, the scowling hulk sometimes beats her. Poor Mrs. Wilfer!

I shall not tell on what road or on what pleasure bent I met the immortal Weller—*père*, not *fils*. Enough that he drove us, a kindly, jovial party, one fair autumn day, in his brake, beguiling the way with many a choice nugget from the rich mine of his experience. These he delivered standing, his face to us, his back to the horses, but with reins well in hand.

Never was he more entertaining, more instructive, not even on that memorable drive to Ipswich.

Maxims dropped, as of old, spontaneously from his lips.

"Vidith and visdom, Sammy, always grows together. As you get vider you 'll get viser."

Tried by that test, one should expect a lessening of

wisdom on his part. For he has certainly lessened in girth, and the folds of his chin are neither so voluminous nor so liberal. His dress is also modified by the changed fashions. He no longer wears a pink-striped waistcoat and broad-skirted green coat. His coat is scarlet, and for the low-crowned brown hat he has substituted a tall one of cream-color. But as a rose by any other name smells as sweet, so Weller is Weller, whether in green or scarlet.

But if he has not lessened in wisdom, he certainly has not increased. He still discourseth of "widders," still finds them fatally fascinating. One of them lives upon our route of that day. She has a snug little property. We passed her and it—so he said, but gave no sign. She was looking out, as usual, for him.

"You did n't see her, but I did," says he, with one of his inimitable winks, followed by a hoarse inward rumbling and purpling of his cheeks, that might have alarmed me had I not remembered in time that it was probably one of those "quiet laughs" of his, which, when tried upon Sammy for the first time, seemed to him so suggestive of "appleplexy."

But he has no thought of marrying her—oh, no!—though he has n't the slightest doubt of her intention to marry him. He regards her as one of that "eighty mile o' females" with whom he can be on the most amicable terms without endangering his single state.

But to quote himself against himself: "You're *never* safe with 'em ven they vunce has designs on you; there's no knowin' vere to have 'em, and vile you're a-considerin' of it they have you." And it is evident to the most casual eye that he is destined to fall a "wictim" a third time.

Had I entertained any doubts at first of his identity, his talk upon "widders" would have put them to flight.

"Did you ever see a more perfect Weller, 'widdler' and all?" queried a fellow-traveler in my ear.

"Why, of course not," says I. "It *is* Weller."

I am often assured that, by the exorcism of "up-to-date" ideas, of the analytic novel, of that stupendous phantasm miscalled "realism," all such pleasant ghosts will be speedily consigned to the limbo of worn-out and childish fancies.

But I think not.

So long as there are merry hearts and sad hearts, brave hearts and chivalrous hearts, hearts true and pure; so long as there are brains worn with work and care, and bodies racked and enfeebled with pain—(Do you know that anecdote, told by Carlyle, of the sick man who was heard to ejaculate as his ghostly consoler, a somewhat solemn clergyman, left his room, "Well, thank God, Pickwick will be out in ten days anyway!")—so long, in short, as man is man and the old world the old world, so long will Weller and all his delightful fraternity be welcome at that world's firesides.

Frank Pope Humphrey.

Sary "Fixes up" Things.

Oh, yes, we've be'n fixin' up some sence we sold that piece o' groun' Fer a place to put a golf-lynx to them crazy dudes from town.

(Anyway, they laughed like crazy when I had it specified, Ef they put a golf-lynx on it, thet they'd haf to keep him tied.)

But they paid the price all reg'lar, an' then Sary says to me,

"Now we're goin' to fix the parlor up, an' settin'-room," says she.

Fer she 'lowed she'd been a-scrimpin' an' a-scrapin' all her life,

An' she meant fer once to have things good as Cousin Ed'ard's wife.

Well, we went down to the city, an' she bought the blamedest mess;

An' them clerks there must 'a' took her fer a' Astor-oid, I guess;

Fer they showed her fancy bureaus which they said was shiffoneers,

An' some more they said was dressers, an' some curtains called porteeers.

An' she looked at that there furnicher, an' felt them curtains' heft;

Then she sailed in like a cyclone an' she bought 'em right an' left;

An' she picked a Bress'ls carpet thet was flowered like Cousin Ed's,

But she drewed the line com-pletely when we got to foldin'-beds.

Course, she said, 't 'u'd make the parlor lots more roomier, she s'posed;

But she 'lowed she'd have a bedstid thet was shore to stay un-closed;

An' she stopped right there an' told us sev'ral tales of folks she'd read

Bein' overtook in slumber by the "fatal foldin'-bed."

"Not ef it wuz set in di'mon's! Nary foldin'-bed fer me! I ain't goin' to start fer glory in a rabbit-trap!" says she.

"When the time comes I'll be ready an' a-waitin'; but ez yet,

I sha'n't go to sleep a-thinkin' that I've got the triggers set."

Well, sir, shore as yo' 're a-livin', after all thet Sary said,

'Fore we started home that evenin' she hed bought a foldin'-bed;

An' she 's put it in the parlor, where it adds a heap o' style;

An' we're sleepin' in the settin'-room at present fer a while.

Sary still maintains it 's han'some; "an' them city folks 'll see

Thatt we're posted on the fashions when they visit us," says she;

But it plagues her some to tell her, ef it ain't no other use,

We can set it fer the golf-lynx of he ever sh'd get loose.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

The Difference.

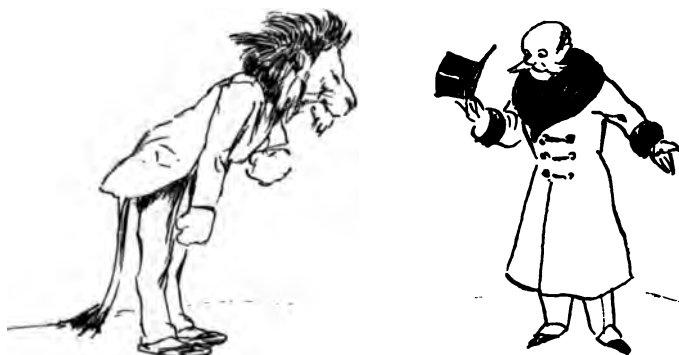
WHAT woman, when she loves her lover,
Fails, late or early, to discover
(Eternal problem of the sexes!)
The subtle difference which vexes
Her heart, dividing—*sans* demur—
Her love for him from his for her?

She sees him more in love than she,
Even with him, can ever be;
Yet in his warmest glow of passion
She sighs because, in woman's fashion,
She knows she loves—and it is true—
By far the better of the two!

P. Leonard.



COUCHANT.



PASSANT.



RAMPANT.

A LITERARY LION.



ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

OWNED BY THOMAS MCKEAN.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAIT OF MARCHIONESS D'YRUGO.

(MARIA THERESA SARAH MCKEAN.)

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TOLEDO, THE IMPERIAL CITY OF SPAIN.

BY STEPHEN BONSAI.

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

WE left Madrid a little before midday; and had we carried the king's signet, or had the thought of some fair one in distress spurred us on, before the last gentle echo of the vesper bell had died away we might have demanded admittance at the iron-bound gates of the Imperial City. But we knew no such sweet necessity, so we rode with little haste, and in Illescas tarried long enough to walk through the lonely barrack in which Francis I of France pined and moaned when the conquering Charles presented to him the alternative of perpetual captivity in this dungeon, or liberty chained to a woman not of his choosing. When the shadows of evening overtook us by Ollias, we decided to spend the night there. The *venta*, or inn, with its many rambling courtyards and stables, proved not unlike every other *venta* in Spain. The *ventero* bids you welcome right heartily, and assures you, in his hospitable way, that for supper you may enjoy anything you may have brought with you in your saddle-bags, and some nice white beans beside. And then he proceeds to physic a mule, or to barter for pigs, and to attend to the other serious duties of an innkeeper's life, according to Spanish ideas. There were many guests in

the guest-chambers, so we chose a corner of the courtyard in which to enjoy our ease; and, with some straw for bedding, a saddle for a pillow, and a rough Asturian mantle as protection against the chill air, we hoped to pass a pleasant night under the starry heavens. But we counted without our four-footed companions; all night long cavalcades of sleep-walking mules wandered round our bower, now and again even trespassing, to our alarm, upon our very beds. But at last the day dawned.

For another short hour we galloped again across the dreary Sagra. Then there burst upon our expectant gaze a yellow mass of ruins that glistened weirdly in the glorious sunshine; and round about the scene of picturesque desolation, and almost encircling it as a ring, flowed the silvery waters of the Tagus. Unmistakable in its grim and gaunt outlines, there loomed up before us the citadel rock and the great square tower whence so many a human eagle has soared to pounce down upon the world with sword and slaughter. It has been the stronghold of great captains, from the days of the anonymous Maccabean who here unfurled the standards of Israel, to the forgotten consul

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who planted the Roman eagle upon the rocky heights, and it remained their favorite watch-tower from the era of the half-fabulous Cid to the days of Charles V. Indeed, in these dismantled towers the great Charles passed those uneventful years of his early manhood until there came to his quiet pillow the dream of Alexandrine conquest and unbounded rule, which led him, a captive to ambition, around the world, and brought him back, broken in heart and spirit, but restless and unsatisfied still, though he craved of the monks of Yuste a cell in which he might end his disappointed days.

As we look upon the scene of grim desolation which time has wrought, by a sudden inspiration Toledo is revealed to us in its true light as a museum of memories and a mausoleum where each succeeding race in the panorama of history that passed before these walls has been concerned to leave its loftiest tradition and store all that remained of its noblest dead. And on the moment we would know the name of that inspired seer who led his fellow-exiles of the prophetic race, fleeing before the fury of Nebuchadnezzar, and founded upon a rock this city in Tarshish, "the uttermost part of the earth," and who called it, with a prescient knowledge of its destiny, Toledoth, in Hebrew—the City of Generations. But now Toledo, the queen of so many ages and of so many races, the proud mistress of two worlds, lies a mass of neglected ruins, and her history

the Flemish monarchs closed her gates to later generations, and rode away, because the damp mists that rose from the river aggravated their constitutional tendency to gout.

To our left, and outside the city walls, rises, black and desolate, the famous stronghold of San Servando, behind the granite walls of which, for centuries, the Templars, those stern warriors of the faith, sat their mail-clad chargers, with lance in rest, searching with their eyes the distant heights of the Sierra Morena, where the Knights of Calatrava, intrenched in their lonely tower, would light the blazing watch-fires to warn of the coming of the Moors, who never became reconciled to the loss of their beloved Toletola.

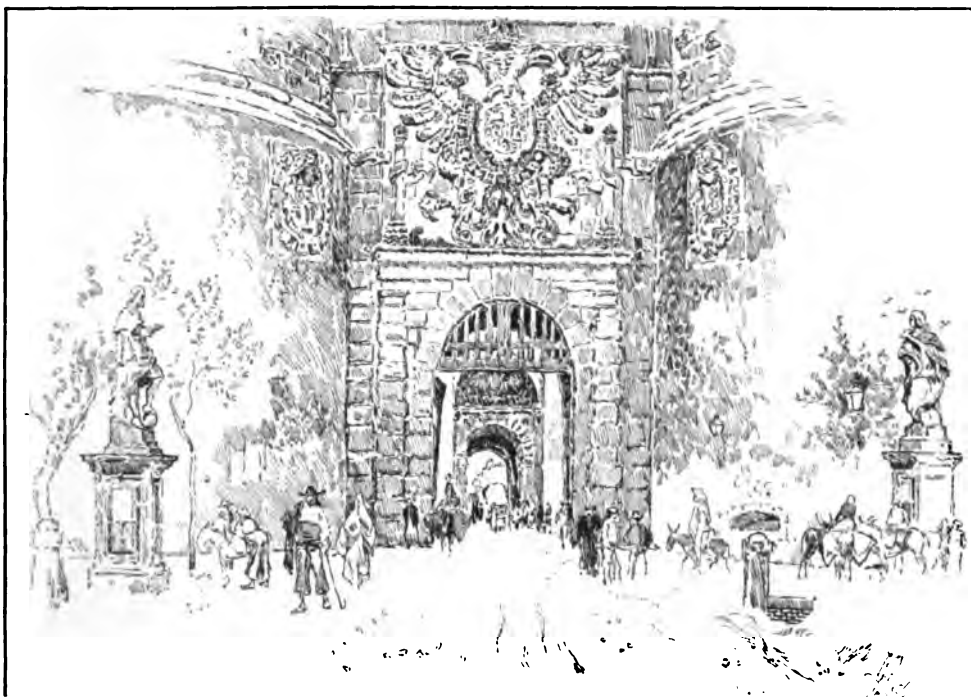
We halted outside the Visagra gate, and, shielded by the shadows which the battlements cast, scanned the sun-beaten heights where to-day the impregnable citadel which crowned the Toledan hills in the greater days is lying black and ruinous. Livy wrote that Toletum was a strongly fortified and well-nigh impregnable stronghold; but though the triple walls with which Wamba, Alfonso, and Ferdinand the Saint, each in his day of necessity, girt about the city are still standing, Toledo to-day could hardly withstand the onslaught of anything more formidable than barbarians with sharpened staves or the stone volleys of the Balearic slingers. The draw-



TOLEDO, FROM THE MADRID ROAD.

is a sealed book. The catastrophe by which the city was overtaken and struck down remains almost without parallel in story. Even the cruel touch of the ridiculous is not wanting to complete the bitterness of her fate; for

bridge which spans the moat is never raised, but moans and creaks continually beneath the burden of passing peasants. Over the gate hangs a marble *escudo*, or shield, of Charles V, which the conqueror placed there when the



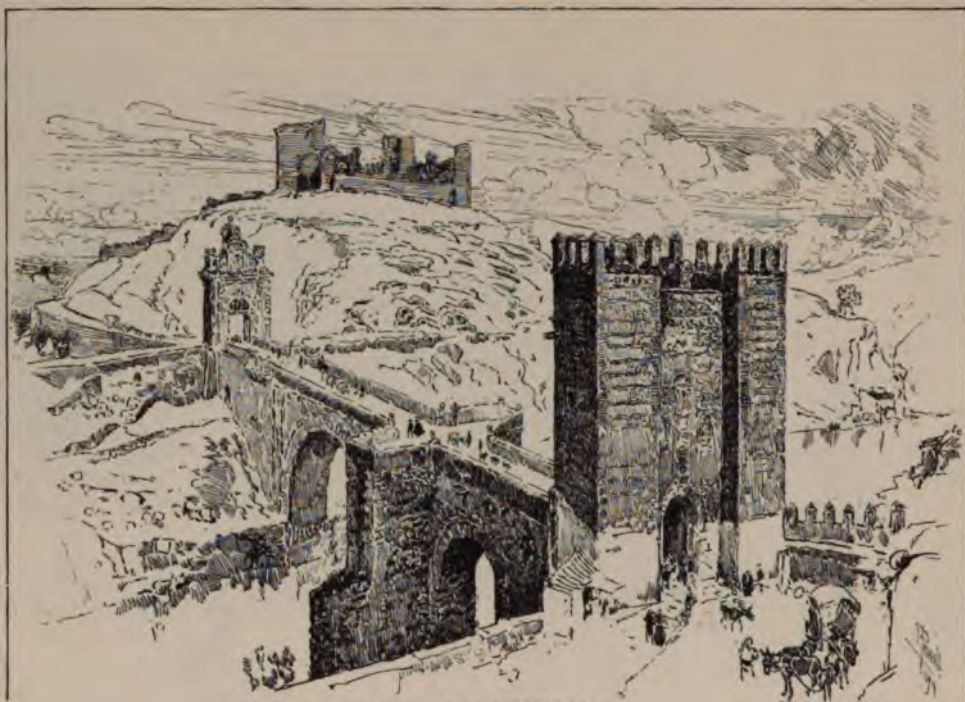
THE VISAGRA GATE.

city fell and the cohorts of the Comuneros were dispersed to the four winds. Time passes lightly over the conqueror's shield; it would seem to have been chiseled but yesterday. It stands for the death-warrant which Charles signed against the freedom of the imperial city, and is the symbol of that mercy and salvation that have been vouchsafed to her in the days of decadence and decline. As in its rise, so in its fall, the destiny of the City of Generations has been singular. It has been spared the shame of wearing the servile livery of these later and inglorious days. We look, then, long upon the shield of the great conqueror; for upon the proud crest of the city you find no other mark of slavery, no stone of later date, and no reminder of the lesser conquerors who followed.

It would seem as though on the day when Charles rode away with his fickle court to nurse his gouty limbs in the hunting-lodge upon the wind-swept plateau where Madrid now stands, some gentle yet omnipotent spirit, touched by the picture of her woe, had breathed upon the doomed capital and declared that Toledo should prove marble to retain the sign and the seal of the great past, and adamant to resist the impress of the obscure generations which were to come. Toiling up the steep ascent, we reached the glorious Gate of the Sun. The gate is Sara-

cen to-day, as it was when the green-dragon pennants floated in the breeze and the crescent moon shone by day and by night over Toleitola. On the frontal of the gate may still be seen three or four steel hooks, from which it was the custom to hang spies and malefactors. As we clattered along the roughly cobbled streets which led to the Zocodover, or market-place, women came to the windows to have a peep at the strangers who arrived with such unseemly haste. They are very beautiful, the women of Toledo, tall and willowy, and as dark as night, and as mysterious. Too late we saw that every iron *reja* through which the dark eye of the Semitic maidens flashed down upon us was surmounted by the sacred symbol, and that all are orthodox Christians in Toledo to-day. While the creeds have vanished, the physical characteristics have not; and we met on every side faces which tell the story of the vanished races more interestingly than even the deserted synagogues and the silent mosques.

We rode into the great square, or Zocodover, famous in Spanish song and story as the scene of the tournaments, the royal bull-fights, and other state functions. It was here that Cervantes pretends to have discovered in an old junk-shop the manuscript, yellow with age, in which Cid Hamet Benengeli



THE BRIDGE OF ALCANTARA.

sets forth the wonderful and never-to-be-forgotten adventures of Don Quixote. Here, only a step to the left, stands the famous Inn to the Blood of Christ, kept by the Sevillan, where Cervantes lodged while writing many of his best *novelas*. He puffed the table and the entertainment for both man and beast that were here provided in the most extravagant language in "*La Ilustre Fregona*." It was pleasant to think that here that weary traveler whose life lines were cast in far from pleasant places took his ease in his own inn, and went forth refreshed and rejoicing. Here we dismounted, for the inn of the Sevillan has to-day stanch friends in the four-footed beasts that have been stabled there, and no persuasion, not even that of rawhide, will induce them to move a step beyond. In the great square fairs were held every summer, and here traders assembled from every province of the peninsula. The Catalans, the Galicians, the Aragonese, the Moors, and the Andalusians met, and with their wares and their produce they exchanged their vocabularies and their idioms; and so the sonorous Castilian grew. And here in its birthplace, and perhaps only here, the language is preserved and used to-day in all its pristine purity. The worthies who wander listlessly about the square, like specters of the past, still speak the language of Quevedo; and to say of an academician in Madrid to-day that he speaks Castilian *en proprio Tole-*

dano is a compliment rarely bestowed, and still more rarely deserved.

To the right, beyond and beneath us, rises the great basilica, the Christian shrine built upon the foundations of many a strange temple, and upon corner-stones that were consecrated to long-forgotten creeds. It rises out of the low-lying swamp-land, and rears its lofty spire far above the citadel that crowns the rock-bound height. But it is incomplete, and far from perfect. After all the centuries that have passed over it, and all the generations of men who have in their little day labored upon it, we must accept it as a true picture of human aspiration and endeavor, always striving and struggling, and never attaining. The first cathedral church of St. Mary erected here of which a record has reached us was consecrated toward the close of the sixth century; but even the careless and superficial excavations which have been made beneath the cathedral in recent years disclose the fact that here there was a place of prayer long before the Christian era dawned.

The present edifice was completed in the year of the discovery of America. The first view of the bold outlines of the mighty pile is unfortunately impaired and interrupted by the surrounding buildings. But if we patch together laboriously the partial views and glimpses we obtain, we shall see that, unlike any other Spanish shrine, the Toledo cathe-

dral equals, if it does not surpass, in majesty of construction and impressiveness the greatest cathedral churches of France.

About the high altar are grouped, according to dynasties, the alabaster tombs of the old kings and the new kings, and the heads of puissant houses of which we have never heard, and mighty warriors whose deeds have escaped the recognition of history. Here they sleep in the courts of peace which once rang with the clatter of their trailing swords. Here they came with their great banners; here Our Lady blessed them with the blessing of her smile; and here they brought back upon their shields those who fell doing her bidding, to sleep forever near her shrine, and within the sweep of her pitying eyes. The cathedral is at once the Valhalla and the Westminster of Spain. Here all her glories are recorded, and here each generation, as it has passed from the stage, stored its noblest dead.

I remember with mixed feelings the two days I spent here, escorted by the seven canons, each with his chain of clanging keys, who opened to me the most secret treasures of the shrines. This favor I owe to the courteous consideration of the cardinal. But I remember with still greater pleasure the days that followed, when, safe from the courtesy of my cicerone, in the disguise of *capa* and straw sandals, I wandered, undisturbed and unenlightened, through the sacred precincts. One evening, as I sat and listened to the ves-

per song, an open door in a stone pier which I had never seen before caught my eye. I entered, and, ascending a spiral stairway of stone, across which the cobwebs were drawn as thick and strong as cords, came out of the darkness at last into the light of a little chapel, all amber and alabaster. I touched with reverence the hem of the vestment worn by the image which stood over the deserted altar, and on the moment it crumbled in my hand like October leaves. I never knew to what saint the chapel was dedicated, or why the cult had been withdrawn; and though I sought it often, I never found my way again to this forgotten chapel.

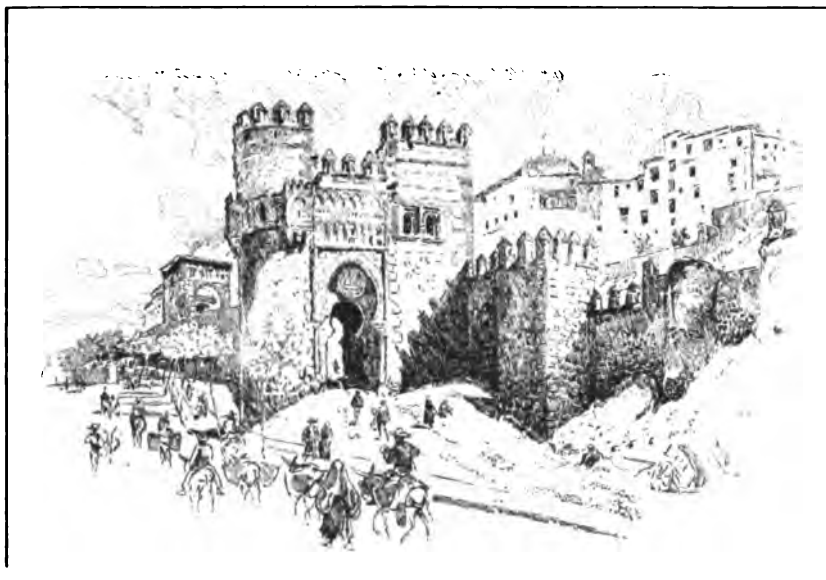
The Virgin of the Sagrario is the popular glory of the cathedral. Her image is carved out of a strange, glistening black wood that seems to be ebony, but is not. No one, however well versed in forestry, has been able to say whence the wood came or where it grew. The image is dark, but comely, like the daughters of Jerusalem; and the legend, perhaps more substantial than many others which the children of the shrine receive with simple faith, is that the image of Our Lady was made from life by a poor wood-carver who cast in his lot with the little band of disciples shortly after the crucifixion; and to-day, after many strange wanderings and adventures both by land and by sea, and many narrow escapes from destruction at the hands of the heathen from the North and the Moslem from the South, all sheathed in



TOLEDO.

shining silver, the dark image smiles graciously upon her worshipers in the dim light of the Sagrario. Here the peasant girls come, leaving their heavy packs in the cloister, and crawling on hands and knees across the damp, cold stones that cover the moldering bones of forgotten men, to watch with adoring eyes the patron of the women of Toledo. Our Lady of the Sagrario is indeed a great lady, even in this world. She is suzerain over many villages, which pay her yearly a willing tribute of corn and wine. Happy indeed among women are the virgins of Aljofrin, for they are her chosen handmaidens and tirewomen, charged with the care of her vestments. On fête- and gala-days these fortunate girls stand near the blessed image,—nearer than the queen and the greatest ladies in the land,—

How we came to know the silent boy who became our inseparable companion while in Toledo is not quite clear. We saw him at first about the cloister of the cathedral, generally asleep in a patch of sunshine. He appeared to be simply a gargoyle or gnome, carved in stone, which had fallen down from its proper place on the façade of the cathedral. Sometimes he saluted us, and sometimes not, as was his mood, and never a word was said about drinking a cup to our health; so we knew him to be as eccentric in character as he was strange in appearance. One day we went to look at some pictures by El Greco, and El Mudo, the silent boy (though we had no name for him then), followed us. Having examined the Grecos, we were horrified, on leaving the church, to hear the sacristan



THE GATE OF THE SUN.

doing her bidding in all humility and trustful obedience. Our Lady's wardrobe is not to be counted. She might wear a different gown twice a day for five years without having to wear the same garment twice. Her robes are stowed away in innumerable closets and drawers in the vestry, and even the incomplete list of her costumes which I have seen would exceed the limits of this article. Her jewels are worth millions, and, like her dresses, are countless. One of her gala robes is weighted with twelve thousand pearls. Formerly the queens of Spain presented Our Lady with their wedding-dresses; but since the court moved to Madrid they have fallen to the Virgin of the Atocha.

offer to sell us the burial certificate of the Greco-Toledan painter for a price which, reduced from reals into our coin, was about one dollar and thirty-five cents. We sternly rebuked the faithless custodian, and were marching proudly away, when we were surprised to see our now animated gargoyle, who had overheard our temptation, turn hand-springs upon the cobblestones, and give other unmistakable signs of delight at our having refused to steal from the church its most precious treasure.

"I beg ten thousand pardons," El Mudo said. "I thought you were English; and I thought you had come to Toledo only to see those miserable pictures of that humbug, the

Greek, and I only saw my mistake when you refused to buy his death certificate. The English always buy his death certificate. That sacristan sells a thousand every year." Through dark passages and winding streets, by a path which we were never able to discover again, he led us to a little temple in a most deserted quarter of even deserted Toledo, where it was plain that the ruins of a Moorish mosque had been utilized in the construction of the Christian shrine. Indeed, there still remain the distinct outlines of the *kaaba* roof. "There is no *cura* for this church," said our lively companion, who, though he now seemed anything but tongue-tied, we still called El Mudo; "there is no sacristan, and all the parishioners are asleep in the Campo Santo; and my aunt, who was the widow of the sacristan, when she died gave me the keys, and I sleep there in winter." We had no reason to doubt El Mudo's story; and when one remembers that there is a church in Toledo for about every twenty inhabitants, it is not strange that one should lapse into disuse, the cult be withdrawn, and the building fall into ruins. Here El Mudo showed us paintings which were undoubtedly canvases of Navarrete, the Castilian.¹ They were covered with mule-blankets, which showed the tender care which the little beggar lavished upon the works of the artist of his choice. They showed the

¹ Navarrete was known as "El Mudo," owing to his physical infirmity, having been a deaf-mute from early childhood.



AN INN OF TOLEDO.

personality of the painter, but were in no way to be compared with his masterpieces that are preserved in the Escorial. Somewhat depressed at our self-contained admiration of the pictures, El Mudo led us out of the church, replacing the key of which he was the sole custodian under a loose granite boulder. We became inseparable, and he proved a charming companion; only, every now and then, as we wandered through the deserted streets, his wizened face would assume a pleading look, and without further warning we knew intuitively that we were in the vicinity of more Mudos, and our friend, in his silent way, was asking permission to lead us to them.

Late in the afternoon we would rest for a little gossip and a *tertulia* in a *plazuela* that is known as the Little Place of the Fallen Angel. Here, as the shadows lengthened, the tall Saracen beauties of the vicinity assembled, bringing their water-jars, balanced upon their graceful, well-poised heads; and while few wore shoes, all had fresh pink roses entwined in the braids of their jet-black hair. One evening, as a proud beauty stalked across the square, she rebuked a persistent and unwelcome suitor by turning and saying sharply, "No me hace la mosca," or, literally, "Do not bother me like a fly"—a pure Moor-



A STREET IN TOLEDO.



IN THE CHOIR, TOLEDO CATHEDRAL.

ish, or rather Arabic, idiom, though the words were Castilian; and when I called the attention of my friend Don Praxedes to it, he agreed, and said with some sadness that it would take five hundred years of a more active propaganda than that practised by the noble ladies of the Convent of St. James, across the way, to stamp out and destroy all trace of the hated Saracen in Toledo, the heart of Castile.

We persuaded Don Praxedes to leave his shop, one day when his business was far from brisk, to go with us at noon to the Gate of the Crumbs by the cloister of the cathedral, where, throughout the ages, the leavings from the cardinal's table have been distributed to the poor. But when we came to the Gate of the Crumbs, a blind man told us that the old custom had been changed somewhat, and that now the food for the poor was distributed at the gate of the palace; so we followed our blind friend as he groped his way around the cathedral walls, and soon found ourselves in the midst of some two hundred cripples and mendicants, who told us that the good cardinal had given up the old custom of distributing food at the cathedral gate because he wished them to have *their soup warm*—hot from the caldron.

Though sadly diminished, the revenues of the primacy are still large enough to permit the cardinal to follow the dictates of his kindly heart, and to feed, every day of the calendar year, some two hundred of the poor; and on Easter Monday, and other high festivals, the number of those who eat the bread of his charity reaches fifteen hundred or two thousand.

Across St. Martin's Bridge, above the swift but softly flowing river, the great granite rocks rise to a considerable height, in many fantastic shapes, abruptly from the bank. To the eyes of the Toledans, at least, the bridge still reveals stains of the blood that was shed by the last of the Comuneros in the defense of civic and provincial rights against the encroachments and the centralizing influence of the imperial government. After crossing, we ascended by a narrow and rugged pathway, and after a long and somewhat laborious climb reached the top of the cliff and the overhanging rock which is known throughout the country as the Head of the Moor. Half-way down the cliff, and directly under the Head, one comes upon a humble shrine and hermitage dedicated to the Virgin of the Valley, one of the most



THE CHOIR-SCREEN, TOLEDO CATHEDRAL.

holy places about the city, dating back to the days before the Reconquista. Here, when their burden of woe is too great to bear unassisted, and when the shadow of sin falls upon their souls, the children of Toledo resort, seeking pardon and consolation. The holy place and the blue-mantled image are always sweet with the flowers of the field that the peasants bring. There is no cura, and no sacristan. There is a rusty bell in

cast about the souls of those unfit for stratagems and spoils. It is always a wild, romantic stream, wherever you stumble across it, as it flows through tawny Spain—a wild, unbridled river, which brooks not the will of commerce, nor suffers upon its bosom the keels of boats that trade. As we climb the hill it is well to recall what the *cigarrales* are. While the Archbishop Rodrigo claims their introduction into Toledan life



ST. MARTIN'S BRIDGE.

the belfry, open to wind and weather, but no bell-ringer. The care of this shrine, being the obligation of no one, has become the concern of all. It is opened in the morning by him who first comes to say his matins in the smile of Our Lady; and it is closed, but only against the roving cattle of the field, at night when the last sound of the Santa Maria has died away, and the last wayfarer has said his prayer and gone upon his way not all in darkness.

To the right of the granite cliff, and about half a mile down the river, is the Mountain of Joy, on the slopes of which are situated the summer homes of the Toledans. We climbed these vine-clad slopes by a winding path, for the pilgrims to the *cigarrales* are of a more plethoric habit than those who climb to the shrine of Our Lady. And as we walked through the pleasant alleys shaded by the almond-trees, we could not escape the charm and the magic which the music of the waters of the Tagus below

for the Goths, it is more than likely that we owe them to the blessed Moors, like almost everything else that is desirable in Spain. For centuries and generations they have been the Apulian farms to which the poets and philosophers of Spain have withdrawn from the annoyances of the world, to enjoy their Falernian wine and figs. As we approach still nearer we find them to be little vine-clad summer-houses, akin in simplicity of architecture to the *huerta* of Seville and the *carmen* of the Alhambra hills. Grouped about the mountain slopes, they peep out from behind trellises of running vines, in an atmosphere sweet with the fragrance of the wild jasmine and the rose; and the cooing of the doves, the cotes of which surmount the little *atalaya*, or watch-tower, of each *cigarral*, is symbolic of the peace and plenty and contentment which here prevail. While the *cigarrales* have not the innumerable fountains of the Seville *huerta*, or the inexhaustible supply of melted snow from the heights

of the Sierra Nevada which gives an arctic freshness to the Granada carmen, they are always delightfully cool and pleasant, while Toledo below is steaming and sizzling in the torrid heat. The gardens are planted with fig- and almond-trees, and, above all, with apricots, the beloved *mech-mech* which the Saracen brought with him from out of the East. You may have eaten the melon of Valence, the peach of Aragon; but until you have eaten the apricot in a Toledan cigarral you will have lived ignorant of luscious fruit. If we credit the popular legends, the romantic poets, the ponderous philosophers, and the historians of many tomes, who have resorted from time to time to these pleasant gardens, have led anything but quiet and ascetic lives, however much they call their workshops their cells—an affectation of the Spanish writer which dates back to the monastic days. The luxury which here prevails, the expenses of these rural retreats, and of the costly *giras* and *convites* (picnics and garden parties) which are given in them, have become proverbial for a light-hearted and thoughtless extravagance.

The most ancient and time-honored basilica of Santa Leocadia, better known to-day as the shrine of the Christ of the Vega, stands alone down by the river, outside the Cambron gate. After walking a few minutes through an alley of dark and mournful cypress-trees, suddenly a strange Romanesque building rises out of the shadows and stands before you. The rays of the setting sun illumine with a warm halo the image in marble, a masterpiece of Beruguete, which beautifully recalls to memory the maiden who here found a blissful martyrdom when the third century of our era was still young. Here in this lonely spot there have always stood a temple and a shrine, where the maidens of Toledo have come to

worship the sweet saint who is their patron. It will be remembered that at a later epoch Santa Leocadia was chosen by Our Lady, and sent down to the cathedral to felicitate St. Ildefonso upon his eloquent and convincing advocacy of the dogma of the immaculate conception. A piece of the veil which Santa Leocadia wore on this day when she appeared in the Toledan council of Gothic bishops, a souvenir for which we are indebted solely to the presence of mind of St. Ildefonso himself, who cut it off with his scissors, is still preserved in the treasury of

relics, and on certain feast-days and holidays is exposed to the osculation of the faithful. In this deserted temple many of the dogmas and canons of the church which are observed to this day were first resolved upon; and here Santa Leocadia, the celestial messenger, and St. Ildefonso, the patron and protector of Toledo, are sleeping their long sleep. It is held by some that Philip, the relic-maniac, had the blessed remains disinterred and carried to the cathedral; but I refuse to believe this act of vandalism even of Philip II. One calls the old deserted shrine Romanesque because in a general way its present appearance is suggestive of that



THE HERMITAGE.

style. On closer inspection, especially from the interior, you see that the temple is an architectural mosaic to which each century and every civilization that has swept over it has contributed a reflection of its light or of its darkness. When some repairs were being made to the marble floor, there came to light the tombstone of a learned Saracen the epitaph of which, after so many centuries of darkness and forgetfulness in which it had been lost, read: "In the name of Allah the Clement and the Most Merciful, believe steadfastly, O my brethren, that the promises of God are sure and cannot fail; and be ye not seduced by the

pleasures of this world, for though they are sweet, they are transitory and pass away like the song of the summer birds." It was a pity to remove the old tombstone to the provincial museum.

As the shadows of evening deepened, we hurried out of the shrine. To the right rose a great white wall with many little doors and openings, suggestive of a baker's mammoth oven. Here in this holy place, by the tombs of the blessed saints, the canons and the higher clergy of the cathedral, and the sisters who nurse in the hospitals, are after death allowed to rest for a brief season, in communion with the saints, until they are removed to make place for the more recent dead. A creaking of iron under my feet showed me that I was passing over the grating above the place of bones, into which the remains of the canons and sisters are emptied when their places are wanted.

Walking to the east, we picked our way through the ruins of the Roman Forum, the Circus, and the Naumachia, of which, one and all, it may be said in a great measure that there stands hardly one stone upon another, or a pillar that has not been thrown down. The ruins are covered and hidden from view by the sands which the receding waves of the flooding river have left. So far as I know, there has been no attempt to dig for the buried treasures which may be awaiting discovery here; and if left to themselves, the Toledans will never make the effort. Crossing the river, we entered the Orchard of the King. Bare and neglected to-day, it brings forth no fruit. Close by the river-bank, and screened from the view of the unsympathetic who do not seek it, molder and decay the ruins of what is known as the palace of the Princess Galiana. It is a shapeless mass of crumbling stone, out of which it requires an effort of the imagination to con-

struct a palace at all worthy of the traditions and legends which cluster about the place. Of the many tall towers there remains only one, which was clearly not erected for the humble though useful purpose which it now fills—that of a pigsty, wherein swine and people herd together. The palace was for centuries the summer residence of the Saracen rulers of Toleitola; and, strangely enough, the memory of these great kings and of the mighty captains and vassals who thronged these deserted halls has passed away from us altogether, and the only story that lives

on amid the desecrated ruins is a story of love—of the happy loves of Galiana, the White Dove of the Moors, and Charlemagne, the golden-haired and blue-eyed Falcon of the Franks. Above the entrance to the palace still hangs the armorial escudo of the great house of Guzman, who have possessed the romantic ruins since the Reconquest.

DON PRAXEDES lived some twenty paces down a little narrow street which ended at the gate of a stately though deserted palace. Here he lived and toiled, like his forefathers, making all the coffins and all the *arcas*, or trousseau-boxes, that the Toledans required in their day and generation. In the de-

serted palace across the way from his shop, shorn of all its past glories, and a stranger to the obsequious tread of time-serving clients, there lived, in lonely state, a grandee of Spain. He was the head of a great Toledan family that had clung to the Imperial City when all her faithless courtiers deserted her to worship the rising sun; and it is the proud boast of this clan that no member of it has ever appeared at court since the court moved from Toledo. One, and only one, advantage has come to this family for its constancy to the Imperial City: it still bears the great name which



THE HOSPITAL OF SANTA CRUZ.



THE SUMMER PALACE OF THE MOORISH KINGS.

the sons of the house have illustrated with their knightly deeds, though the mere title which precedes the family name is of low degree. Unlike his great peers, the Lemas, the Oropesas, and the Rivadeos, who, by the cunning device of the Flemish and the Bourbon kings, have been promoted past recognition, and wear ducal titles which stand for nothing in Castilian story, this grandee, who is awaiting the return of the court to Toledo, remains a simple count.

Sometimes I would catch sight of him as, bent apparently under the accumulated woes of centuries of neglect, he stalked about his palace like a restless spirit. He wore a ruff, stiffly starched, and upon his coat of antiquated cut glistened great silver buttons. His eyes, deeply sunk in their sockets, looked out upon the world with a proud sadness that spoke of a thousand years of sorrow and isolation. Often I saw him stand for hours by the window, seemingly abandoned to his dreams, and enveloped in the shadows of his cheerless life. Then, as the darkness deepened, he would wake up with a strange cheerfulness in his eyes, and look down into the dingy cellar where Don Praxedes was hammering away on his coffins; and, with an "Until to-morrow, if it be God's will, Don Praxedes," he would disappear for the day.

Santa Maria la Blanca, in the heart of the Juderia, has passed through many hands, and served a variety of purposes. It was built as

a mosque, then turned over to the Jews and consecrated as a synagogue; then it became, in turn, a convent of Magdalens, and a chapter-house of the Knights of Calatrava, and then a church. Now it seems a mosque again, though deserted and silent, and every trace of the various transformations through which it has passed has disappeared. As you sit in the courtyard, in the shade of the trees, and listen to the melody of the many fountains, you think to hear the warning voice of the muezzin as he sings out from his tower: "Sleep is good, but prayer is better. Great is Allah!"

In the days of Don Pedro the Cruel, when the Jews were mighty and powerful in the Imperial City, the Transito was the most magnificent of their synagogues. You can still read the legend, which says: "This is the sanctuary of the Lord God of Israel, the tower of cedar that Samuel built to make manifest the law decreed by God, and to enlighten those who seek perfection. God was with him and is with us." The tracery on the stuccoed walls, and the delicate carving in the cedar arches, is of the best Andaluz-Saracen period. It would seem to present the dream of a soldier of Ali, as he sleeps on the shores of the Atlantic, and recalls the beauty of the trees, the nodding flowers, the sweet-voiced birds, that he has passed since leaving the shores of the Red Sea, on his Odyssey of conquest. This was the Sion of the Hebrews of Toledo until the day when the spirit moved

San Vicente de Ferrer to preach a crusade against them, with the result that they were all massacred as they crouched before the holy of holies—all who would not abjure their faith, and be born again in the holy water which the saint carried in his left hand to leave his sword-arm free.

LIFE in Toledo is very still and tranquil; the current of human activity seems to be spent. There are no gatherings of the people, except at funerals and celebrations of the dead past. One morning, however, I came into the Calle Ancha de las Angustias (the Broad Street of Sorrows), and found it in a strange, unusual turmoil. Churchman and layman were hurrying along the serpentine way, eying one another suspiciously, as though fearful of being outstripped and deprived of the reward for which they strove. I was swept along by the current, and was indeed almost carried off my feet at the joy of seeing people. Soon we reached the parish church of Santo Tomé, famous for the obsequies of the Count Orgiaz, in which, as represented in the canvas of Greco still hanging in the old church, celestial choirs of angels took part. Since this memorable occasion the church has been the favorite place for funerals. As the priests and the peasants disappeared through the narrow gate and were swallowed up by the darkness within, I lingered a moment to read a notice nailed to the door, which set forth that, as requested in his last will and testament, a requiem mass was about to be offered in the chapel for the repose of the soul of Don Fulano. As further devised by the deceased, it was stated that a *limosna*, or alms, would be doled out to those who joined in the service, according to the following scale of prices: ten reals (or fifty cents) for every canon or other member of the higher clergy, six reals to each merchant in the city, and

four reals to the peasant of the Sagra. These were the inducements that filled the Broad Street of Sorrows with hurrying, almost scampering figures, and crowded the dark church with so many worshipers. When the prayers were all said, the almoner stood by the door with a great leather bag, out of which he paid the assistants for their prayers, according to the published rates.

One morning the roar of cannon startled the city from its slumbers, and the echoes reverberated a hundredfold through the rock-bound valley of the Tagus. I hastened to the window, and at a glance saw that the town had been quickened into new life and activity which were strange and unfamiliar. Welcome sunshine flooded with warmth and brightness the damp, sepulchral street

in which we lived, and across the way the dark and gloomy palace of the Alvarez de Toledo, where never before had I seen a creature stirring, nor a sign of human habitation, was draped with the tattered banners brought home from long-forgotten wars; and on the broad balconies and in the long-closed windows I saw bright and smiling faces, not the frowning specters of the past that had haunted them before. Again the roar of cannon rang through the winding streets; then a rattle of fireworks, and the hurrying footsteps of some half a dozen people—a



SANTA MARIA LA BLANCA.

Toledan crowd—fell upon my ear.

"The kings of the glorious days are coming back to Toledo!" I cried, in my enthusiasm; "and the roar of the cannon hails the raising of the imperial standard over the long-deserted Alcazar!" And so I hastened out to see the strange and wonderful sight. Though I had never seen so many people afoot in Toledo before, nor met on every hand with such undeniable evidence that Toledo, after all, was inhabited, yet everything is comparative, and I confess that I had scurried about

for at least ten minutes through winding streets into delusive blind alleys without meeting with any one, until at last, when out of breath and in despair, I stumbled across a canon of the cathedral whom I knew.

"Well," I cried, as I caught the bright and cheerful expression which his countenance wore, "it must be true, then! At last the kings are coming back! The cardinal archbishop is to be proclaimed *tertius rex* throughout the Castiles, and supreme in Toledo; and everything will end for the best in this the best of all possible worlds." But Don Tumersindo only shook his head. After a shrug of his ample shoulders, he cheered up a bit, and said: "Not that; not quite that as yet; but come it will." Don Tumersindo and I, it should be said, had arranged the destinies of the world for several centuries to come, one evening, as we smoked in the luxurious cell of our historical friend who dwells in the cigarral on the slope of the Mountain of Joy. "But 't is a great day in the annals of the city, all the same," said Don Tumersindo. "To-day we celebrate the victory of the cross and Don Juan over the paynim pirates at Lepanto. We sing the *Te Deum* in the cathedral at eleven; you must not fail to come." And so the worthy canon hastened on; for the robing of the vestments which the higher clergy wear on this glorious day is a momentous matter, and takes much time, though the acolytes and the altar-boys are able tirewomen.

Celebrating the battle of Lepanto! With greatly moderated speed, I now proceeded through the labyrinth of streets, and so came at last to the cathedral church of St. Mary, which rises out of a swamp in the midst of the city, far above the tallest tower and the most lofty monuments which crown the Seven Hills; and every palace that I passed on my way was hung with tattered banners and moth-eaten tapestries which illustrate the exploits of that glorious day, and even the great cathedral itself I found changed past all recognition. With eyes that blinked in the strange, unusual glare which the innumerable candles of beeswax shed, I saw suspended before the altar the tattered, war-worn banners which Don Juan had unfurled to the battle-breeze on that decisive day, vowing to have them preserved forever in the Church of St. Mary should the cross triumph over the crescent. The Christian banners,

with their golden images of saints and martyrs, flaunted proudly in the breeze that blew through the windy aisles; and beneath them hung, damp, drooping, and dejected, the war-standards that were captured from the great Suleiman on that day of deliverance for all Christendom. The Toledans thronged the church in attitudes of prayer, thanksgiving, and tearful gratitude. As the triumphant strains of the *Te Deum* came echoing down the whispering aisles, as the procession emerged from the chapter-house, tears of joy streamed down many a furrowed cheek, and it was as though, by the wise and merciful ordering of Providence, a great danger and a menace had been removed from their horizon, and that it had all happened but yesterday.

The last echo of the psalm of victory had hardly died away on the breeze when I stood before the coffin-shop, with my *alforjas* packed, and ready for the journey back into the living world. I bade a last farewell to Don Praxedes. We drank a parting *copa*; and when he asked me why I went, I could only say that the spell was broken, and remind him of what he said to me the night the peasant girl with the beautiful raven hair was brought by her lover and her brother to be measured for her bier: "'T is a beautiful corpse, but the soul has fled. Why tears?" And then we were off, clattering down the echoing streets, followed by his hearty "May you ride with God!"

We gallop out of the city and across the Sagra as though fearful of pursuit. Only when two leagues away, and we reach the last rising ground that commands a view of the dying city, we think to pull rein and turn. The setting sun gilds again with a passing glory the mighty towers and the massive battlements of the fortress that once was Cæsar's. But even as we linger there the shadows gather more darkly and the heavy mist-clouds roll up from the river, and the City of the Generations, wrapped in the tattered mantle of its kings, fades away into the invisible; and it seems, as I turn and ride away toward the living world, as though some tender goddess of the Homeric days had cast a veil of pity between the heroic city that lies dying there without vassals and without slaves, and the cold, careless gaze of curious prying eyes.

PICTURES FOR DON QUIXOTE.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

WITH UNPUBLISHED DRAWINGS BY VIERGE.¹



"Many times he held dispute with the Priest of his village and with Master Nicholas the Barber."

IT is always a question with people of advancing years, as the retreating years are politely called, how much their youngers are worse than themselves in their morals, manners, and tastes. We poor old fellows get perhaps our greatest comfort in convicting the new fellows of inferiority in all; and we need very little evidence to bring them in guilty, whatever sort we accuse them in. As I am in the literary line, I naturally censure them for neglect of the best literature; and since I was turned fifty (a very pretty age, I can tell the reader, looked back upon from the slope of a decade later) I have found a peculiar pleasure in agreeing with other mature persons on this point. One night last winter a company of us doubted, with

much self-satisfaction, whether people now read the Bible even as much as they used; and as for the profane classics, it appeared to us that they were indifferent to them all.

I am not so sure of this now; and yet so much of the conclusion lingers with me that I wish some one would make it a subject of inquiry, and give us the figures concerning it. They need not be very full; the fact concerning a small average of culture ought to show whether people still read, say, "Paradise Lost," very much, or the "Pilgrim's Progress," or "Robinson Crusoe," or the "Arabian Nights," or "The Spectator," or "The Faerie Queene," or the "Essay on Man," or "Gil Blas," or "Ivanhoe," or "Don Quixote." Perhaps people never read these books so much as we suppose, and perhaps some modern things are better worth reading. I am not positive, and I am rather cu-

¹ Attention is called to the fact that the drawings are not from Mr. Jaccaci's book, here referred to, but are original with THE CENTURY.—EDITOR.

rious than eager, though I own that I should like to have the pushing generations behind me brought to shame in any just way.

With regard to myself, I do not think it

not. I am so far from this that I doubt if any human being does it; and if any one does it, I think he might safely be shunned as the dullest of our kind, which is not much



"Four days were spent by our gentleman in meditating on what name to give him."

pertinent to say how many of these masterpieces I am familiar with, or how long it is since I read any of them. I am not of those exemplary friends of the best literature who "make it a rule" to read all of Scott once every year, or all of Shakspeare, or all of *Horace*, or all of Macaulay's essays, or what

to brag of at its brightest. But, nevertheless, there are some things (besides the "Bab Ballads" and Tourguénief's novels and "War and Peace") which I have read a good many times, and which I like so much that I should grieve to have them fall into forgetfulness. Whenever I find a man vividly remembering

one of these favorites, I cannot help thinking well of him, and I think well of him in spite of the evidence he bears against my elderly man's conviction that we are all going to the bad in our tastes.

Nodoubt it was my liking Miguel Cervantes so much that made me willing to like Mr. August F. Jaccaci more than a little in his recent book, "On the Trail of Don Quixote"; and yet, if the book were merely an unrelated study of the Don Quixote country, I think I should have found it charming. It is, in fact, very sparely related to the greatest of

Perhaps it would not, just in their meaning, and perhaps all his acceptance in La Mancha does not prove the continued primacy of Don Quixote in romance. I am not sure that his perpetuity is attested even by the devotion of such a talent as Daniel Vierge's, who, Mr. Jaccaci tells us, is to make the illustration of the knight's history the crowning achievement of his own career. There is some danger, when one art comes potently to the interpretation of another, that the translation may take the place of the original; and it is to be hoped that Señor Vierge will



"Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and . . . he decided to call her Dulcinea del Toboso."

romances in its singularly sincere and unaffected detail. There is no moment of straining for the interest of the fictitious incidents or characters, and there need be none, for the real facts and types of the Don Quixote country are dramatic and picturesque enough of themselves. With his modern fellow-citizens it appears that the knight-errant is still a prophet, and his memory is cherished among those of his own household, whatever measure of oblivion it may be falling into with the rest of the world. They talk about him in the inn at Argamasilla as if he had actually lived, and they believe that his history is full of a science which, if one could fully fathom it, would make one rich.

not make his Don Quixote more memorable than Cervantes's. What I see that he will really do is to make the scenes and persons of the romance as close copies of the life and landscape of the actual La Mancha as may be. They will lose in this the sort of universality which the long ignorance of readers concerning both has given them, and I do not say that I shall not grieve for this loss; but I cannot deny that the events of Don Quixote's history are supposed to take place in La Mancha, and I have no reason to urge against the rankest local color in the artist's treatment. People still live there as in the time of Cervantes, if not earlier; and it is part of the enchantment of Mr. Jaccaci's book that



"And by the back gate of the yard sallied out into the plain."

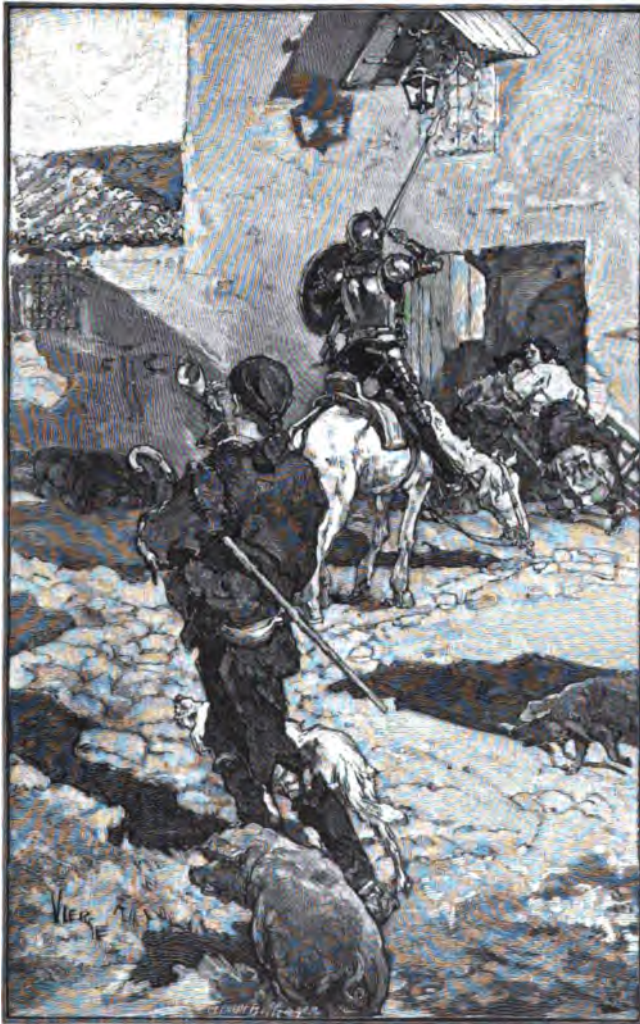
it imparts the sense of changeless conditions. In a world where everything else changes La Mancha remains the same, or, if it changes at all, it changes for the worse. It is savager, forlorn, barren, lazier in the classes, and hungrier in the masses, and poorer in all as the traveler sees it than as the romancer saw it; but it is of the same temperament, the same fantastic quality, mixed with the same shrewd, hard matter-of-fact; it is still capa-

ble both of the knight and of the squire. Neither manners nor customs are different. The dress of the common people is so much alike in both ages that the artist easily finds his sixteenth-century types in the nineteenth. At any rate, this seems to be the experience of Señor Vierge in making the pictures for Mr. Jaccaci's book, which affect me like material for the illustration of Cervantes's romance. The artist followed the traveler

"On the Trail of Don Quixote," and the reader who takes the pains to compare the sketches in this paper with those in that volume will be interested to find how much alike the real and the imaginary Manchegans are.

He will do well to make the most of this fidelity, I think; for there are some things which he will miss in the illustrations, not through a defect in the artist so much as through a condition of his art. He can take only a moment of the drama, and he can seize only a few facts of the scene. The

cings of his helmet, and that the landlord of the inn where he stopped on his first adventure had to pour the wine into his mouth by means of a hollow reed, we are full of the author's compassionate respect for his poor hero, and we feel all the pathos of the knight's anxiety for the frail trappings which had cost him so much trouble; but there can be nothing of this in the picture which Señor Vierge gives us. There is only a grotesque figure in a burlesque helmet, and a swaggering joker of an innkeeper doing his



"A swineherd, who was collecting from the stubbles a drove of hogs, sounded a horn."

most vital facts, the author's mood and feeling, he can scarcely even suggest, though these are what color and qualify all the reader's impressions. When Cervantes tells us that Don Quixote would not cut the la-

part, with those two light girls sitting by. For the artist it is, and must be, primarily a question of "values," and ultimately, or not at all, a question of emotions. One has a sense of mere cruelty from it, and this is what never

happens to one in reading the book; for the sweetness of Cervantes's own humanity is through it all, so that, whatever repeated humiliations of Don Quixote he reports, he defends you from the worst effect by sharing with you his own tenderness for the knight's

All this, however, is merely saying that literature is the only art that fully satisfies; the others are clever makeshifts. Yet so long as there are books that touch the fancy there will be pictures for such books, and we shall always want the pictures till we get them.



"When the damsels (for they were now reconciled) were disarming."

dignity. I recall that, in seeing Sir Henry Irving's sketches of Don Quixote on the stage, I suffered in like manner and measure from certain things done to the magnanimous lunatic. They made me *creep*, as the saying is; but in reading of the same things, somehow, one never creeps.

Then they will somewhat disappoint us. But even if there were some process, as I dare say there will be one day, for transferring to a miraculously sensitized surface the very play of our own graphic sympathies, I am afraid we should not quite like the visible result, and I am sure we should not accept it

as authoritative. It is a question of translation. We like to make our own version when we know the language of the original, for somehow we get more out of it than if

is that apparent fidelity to the external fact and circumstance which I have spoken of. It is what Cervantes himself was always trying for in his romance, and nothing in it is more



"But to give him drink was impossible if the host had not bored a reed, and, putting one end into the Knight's mouth, poured the wine down the other."

we took the far better version of a far better scholar; and yet the masterpieces must be translated again and again.

What I think will probably be found of peculiar value in Señor Vierge's version of the persons and incidents of "Don Quixote"

notable than his almost impassioned love for the setting of his story. He wants to get that down cold, and until he has it one feels that he is not easy as to the light his characters will appear in, or sure that they will be understood as he meant them to be. Mr. Jaccaci

notes in his extremely intelligent book that the quarrel between realism and romanticism is no new thing. The Spanish picaresque novel was the protest of the senses

the heart. Yet if Don Quixote were out of Cervantes's romance, Lazarillo might be put in with no very great violence to the setting. Of course it will be said that Don Quixote



"Don Quixote, without speaking a word or asking any one's favour, again loosed his shield and again raised his lance."

against the fancies. Quevedo and Mendoza and Cervantes are of one artistic faith, and are different only in the spirit in which they worship real life. Cervantes brings to it a tenderness unknown to the others, whose pitiless pictures of the hunger and raggedness and houselessness of their Spain rend

is the great matter, that he is the Hamlet of the piece, which he cannot be left out of without indefinitely impoverishing it; and that is true. But if any one went on from this to say that the presence of the ideal in Don Quixote was the great matter, I should wish to distinguish, and to prove, if

possible, that Don Quixote was no more ideal than Sancho Panza. He is as simply and merely a crack-brained gentleman of La Mancha as Sancho is a fat-witted peasant, and one is scarcely more fantastic than the other. Cervantes is at the greatest pains to find them both out to the last detail of their actuality, and his fullness in this is what leaves the artist very little to add. I fancy this is what would make him most difficult to illustrate, not to say impossible, if the artist attempted to illustrate him "imaginatively." But this, above all, is just what Señor Vierge does not try to do. So far as he goes, he illustrates him literally, and the conditions of his art seem to blame, rather than he, where he falls short. He puts into graphic terms as much as he can of what Cervantes has already put into verbal terms.

It is only a tenth, a hundredth, a thousandth part of the original; but this is the difference between the literary and the pictorial arts. If you wish to see the Manchegan landscapes and interiors and people, not as you see them in Cervantes, but as Cervantes saw them in La Mancha, here you have a very fair chance of doing so. Probably you will not like seeing them so at first, for the manifold associations of our life supply the atmosphere through which we view literature, and we cannot put these from us without a certain discomfort, a certain wound. Still, if we could it might be well; and unless we do so we shall not get the good of Señor Vierge's pictures, which shine, not to say glare, with the intense light of reality, with nothing to soften it but the haze of heat which seems to beat up in them under the unsparing rays of the Manchegan sun.

CLUB AND SALON.

BY AMELIA GERE MASON,
Author of "Women of the French Salons."

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.



BUT it is of the intellectual and social value of the club that I wish more especially to speak here. It is often asked by thoughtful foreigners why American women, who are free to pursue any career they like, with ample privileges of education and the universal reign of the literary club, have produced no writers of the first order, measured even by the standards of their own sex. One finds many clever ones, and a few able ones, but no Jane Austen, no George Eliot, no Mme. de Staël, no Mrs. Browning. This may be partly due to the fact that we have not yet passed the period of going to school. It is possible that another generation, reared in the stimulating atmosphere of this, may give us some rare flower of genius, if its mental force be not weakened by the general pouring-in process, or dissipated in the modern tendency toward limitless expansion and dilution. But club life in itself is not directly favorable to creative genius. The qualities of the imagination never flourish in crowds, though a certain

order of talent does flourish there—a talent that brings quicker returns and more immediate consideration, at far less cost. The salon made brilliant and versatile women who were noted for conversation and diplomacy; it made charming women who ruled men and affairs through rare gifts of administration, tempered with intelligent sympathy and tact; it made executive women, and finely critical women, and masterful women, who left a strong and lasting impression upon the national life: but, though they lived in the main intellectual current of their time, stimulated and inspired its leaders, and had much to do with its direction, they seldom made a serious effort in literature themselves. The few who have left a name in letters only illustrate the fact that individual genius is a flower of another growth. Mme. de Staël would have been a great woman under any conditions; but we owe all of her best work in literature to her exile from the social life of Paris, where her thoughts had no time to crystallize. The gift of Mme. de Sévigné was nearly allied to a conversational one, but her mind was matured and deepened during years of seclusion under the lonely

skies of Brittany. Mme. de la Fayette left the world of the salons early, to find her literary inspiration in the solitude of ill health and the stimulating friendship of La Rochefoucauld. Mme. du Châtelet, whose talent was of another color, wrote on philosophy and translated Newton, not in the breezy air of the salons, but in the tranquil shades of Cirey and the less tranquil society of Voltaire. There were other women who wrote, though they usually chose to hide a light which was not a very brilliant one, and to shine in other ways. It may be that it was the salon which made these women possible, as it created an intellectual atmosphere in which thought blossomed into intense and vivid life; but its direct tendency was to foster in women talents of a quite different sort from creative ones. It developed to a high degree, however, the fine discrimination and critical sense which led Rousseau to say that "a point of morals would not be better discussed in a society of philosophers than in that of a pretty woman of Paris."

The clubs have hardly lived long enough to justify a final judgment as to their outcome; but the best writers of our own time have not been, as a rule, actively identified with them, though a few, whose minds were already formed in another school, have had much to do in founding and leading them. The many able women who have given their time and talents to the clubs have oftener merged their literary gifts, if they had them, into work of another sort, not less valuable in its way, but less tangible and less individual. It is the work of the general, who plans, organizes, sifts values, adapts means to definite ends, but who lives too much in the swift current of affairs to give heed to the voice of the imagination, or to master the art of literary form which alone makes for thought a permanent abiding-place.

But if the clubs do not produce great creative writers,—who, after all, are born, not made,—they furnish a multitude of ready ones, and an army of readers who are likely to have a dominant voice in the taste of the next generation. The result is certain to be—indeed, is already—a voluminous literature. The quantity of a thing, however, does not insure its fine quality; oftener the reverse. Naturally, the question of standards becomes one of grave importance, unless we are ready to accept the rule of the average, which more than offsets the rise of the lowest by the fall of the highest, with an ultimate tendency downward. We grow in the

direction of our ideals, and these are measured by the height of our standards. That many of the clubs have exalted ideals, and are doing a great deal of valuable work, is not a matter of doubt. It is equally certain that some of them work with a zeal that is not according to knowledge, through lack of capable leaders, and through a fallacy, nowhere so fatal as in art and letters, that the wish to do a thing is equivalent to a talent for doing it.

There is no doubt that American women read and discuss books enough. It may be that we read too many. One may devour books as one does bonbons, and with little more profit. Nor is there any doubt that we write papers enough and hear talks enough on every imaginable subject, from the antediluvians to the Cuban question. To whatever all this mental activity may lead, it does not always lead to culture, even of the mind, and I take the word, unqualified, to include much more. It does lead to a broad diffusion of intelligence, but there is an essential difference between intelligence and culture. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is quite possible, in running after the one, to run away from the other. The woman who belongs to ten or twelve clubs in order to be "up-to-date," and to learn enough of all sorts of things to be able to talk about them, may find her social compensation and a harmless way of amusing herself, if she likes that sort of amusement; but if she aims at mental culture, that is another affair. It is not a matter of facts and phrases and formulas that one goes in search of, but an inward growth, the result of long and loving companionship with the best thought of the world, which is not at all the same thing as a fitting acquaintance with a multitude of subjects, or the ability to talk glib platitudes about the latest fads in art or science or literature. Such companionship is found to only a limited extent in gatherings of any sort; but stimulus and inspiration may be found there, and here lies the true intellectual value of the club. To thoughtful and sincere women, who have a certain amount of training and natural gifts of assimilation, with small facilities for contact with the thinking world, it is a priceless boon. But to narrow and untrained intellects that like to flit from one thing to another, content with a flying glimpse and a telling point or two which will go far toward making them seem wise to the uninitiated, there are large possibilities in the way of what we may call imitation culture. It is simply another out-

let for the ambition of the *parvenue* who puts on costly clothes and rare jewels in the comfortable assurance that "fine feathers make fine birds."

It will, I think, be conceded that the special distinction of the American woman does not lie in her intellect or her learning. Brilliant gifts and attainments, to a certain point, may indeed be exceptionally frequent; but they have often been equaled, if not exceeded, in the past. It lies, rather, in her talent for utilizing knowledge and adapting it to visible ends. To a combination of many talents has been added one to make them all available. It is essentially a talent for "arriving," in other words, a talent for success, either with or without intellectual ability of a high order, and consists largely in a keen insight as to serviceable values, with a marked facility for catching salient points and using them to the best advantage. The result is that no women in the world have so much versatility, or make a little knowledge go so far.

On the social side this talent is invaluable, and it is one of their most piquant charms, when the sharp corners of provincialism are rubbed off. On the intellectual side, however, though it gives an adaptable quality to genuine scholarship, it drifts easily into superficiality and affectation. I do not mean to say that the club is responsible for the fact that a hundred charlatans follow in the wake of every real talent, as a hundred *Tartufes* in the wake of every saint—when saints are in fashion; but it is responsible when it takes a bit of colored glass for a gem. It is sure, also, to suffer from the pretension of those who ill represent it. The salon, which made things of the intellect a fashion, received its worst blow in the house of its friends. *Madelon*, in "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*," looked upon life as a failure if she chanced to miss the last romance, or portrait, or madrigal, or sonnet; and *Cathos* declared that she should die of shame if any one asked her about something new which she had not seen. The pen of Molière sketched the crude copy of a fine thing in colors too vivid to be mistaken, and henceforth the copy stood for the thing. The world had its indiscriminating laugh at the salons; good taste blushed at the company in which it found itself; and the interests of intelligent women were put back for a generation. It was not the first time that a good cause has suffered from its too zealous followers, nor is it likely to be the last. The world moves in circles, even if there be a

spiral tendency upward, as the optimists amiably assure us.

Doubtless we fancy ourselves much wiser than those seventeenth-century *précieuses* whose imitators did them so much harm. Certainly we put more seriousness into our pretensions. But we have our own little faults and affectations, though they are not precisely the same. We do not devote ourselves to portraits, or sonnets, or madrigals. We do not moralize in maxims, good or bad, nor do we pretend to be sentimental; indeed, we pretend not to be, if we are. Sentiment is out of fashion. The modern *Philaminte* may look with chilling pity upon her belated sister who has the courage to like Tennyson and Mrs. Browning, when she ought to prefer Ibsen and the symbolists; but she is not likely to faint at a common word, or dismiss her cook for a solecism. Our foibles are of quite another sort. Instead of painting little pictures on a small canvas, we take a very large canvas and pad our pictures to fit it. We do not map out the passions on a *carte du tendre*, or give our valuable time to the discussion of a high-flown Platonism which cradles a woman in rose-leaves, while her lover waits for her a dozen years or so because it is vulgar to marry; but we map out the fields of the intellect, extending from protoplasm to the fixed stars, and undertake to traverse the whole as confidently as we start for a morning walk. If we cannot get over the ground fast enough, we can take an electric train and catch flying glimpses sufficient to give us a pleasant consciousness of being "up-to-date."

Such vast aims are, no doubt, praiseworthy, and reflect great credit on the clubs which have demonstrated so clearly the expansive quality of the feminine mind; but they are also fatiguing, and suggest the possibility that these same clubs are pushing us a little too fast and too far. One is often forced to the conclusion that we should do more if we did not try to do quite so much. It is very well to follow Emerson's advice to "hitch your wagon to a star"; but he never proposed hitching it to all the constellations at once. When I hear the Greek poets, the Italian painters, the English novelists, and the German masters disposed of at a symposium in a single afternoon, as I did not long ago, I wonder if the rare quality of mental distinction which made the glory of the Immortals will exist at all in the future; whether we shall not build tents for our thoughts instead of temples; whether, indeed, the finest flavor of thought will not be as hopelessly lost as the

perfume of the flowers that are scattered in indiscriminate heaps along the highways to show their quantity.

Nor is there less danger in attempting too large things than too many things. It is certainly courageous for a woman who knows little of history, less of philosophy, and nothing at all about the art of writing, to undertake the Herculean task of preparing a paper on "The Pagan Philosophers and their Schools." With the best efforts, she will have only a few outlines of facts and second-hand opinions, which might have a certain value if either she or her audience proposed to fill them out. But this is precisely what the modern woman who wishes to know a little of everything has no time to do, even if she have the inclination. There is to be a similar outline of Greek literature the next week, one of the Middle Ages the week after, and so on to the end of the season, when she has a fine collection of skeletons, with no flesh and blood on any of them, if, indeed, the skeletons themselves have not vanished into thin air. The Forty Immortals would shrink with dismay from the magnitude of such a scheme. The worst of it is that one comes to have a false sense of perspective, and to judge works of the intellect by their size instead of their quality—like the pretentious but ignorant woman who gravely remarked, after hearing a brilliant talk from a brilliant man on Irish wit, that she "did not find it very improving." There is, too, the natural result of calling things by the wrong names, and mistaking the thinnest of veneering for culture.

It is by no means necessary, or even desirable, that every woman belonging to a club should be a *savante*; indeed, considering the number of the clubs, I am not sure that this would not bring about a more deplorable state of affairs than if there were none at all. It may even be better for the average woman to know a little about many things than all about one thing, if she has a certain discrimination as to values, and the fine sense of proportion which is the result of more or less mental training. But it is desirable that each one should have at least a little knowledge of what she undertakes to write or talk about. Why a woman who might have something to say concerning certain phases of our colonial life should be asked to write a paper on Greek art, of which she has not even read, much less thought, or one who is more or less familiar with various pleasant corners of English literature should be called upon to entertain her hearers on the Italian Renaissance, of which she knows nothing whatever, is one

of the mysteries of the new era. "I am so glad to see you," said one woman to a friend whom she met on the street. "I have a paper to write on the symbolists. You know all about such things. What are the symbolists, anyway?" We are told that when the blind lead the blind, both are likely to come to grief.

A still more serious danger lies in the endless multiplication of clubs, which offers an irresistible temptation to those who like to cull a little here, and a little there, without too exacting effort in any direction. They may all be valuable in themselves, but because it is good to belong to one or two active clubs of different aims, it does not follow that it is good to belong to a dozen; and I know of a woman who claims with pride that she belongs to twenty-two! "Moderation is the charm of life," said Jean Paul, and one sees with regret how little of that sort of charm there is left; indeed, I am not sure that it has not ceased to be considered a charm. We may find a note of warning in the later days of the great salons. The social life of the eighteenth century reads like a page of our own, with its whirl of *conversazioni*, its talks on science, its experiments in chemistry, physiology, psychology, its mania for discussing literature, art, and philosophy. The literary salons had blossomed into great centers of intellectual brilliancy, of which all this life was the natural pendant. It was the fashion then, as now, for women to concern themselves with affairs of state; to talk of the rights of man, though they had less to say than we have about the rights of woman; to dream of a social millennium, which they were doomed to wade through rivers of blood without reaching. They too invaded the secrets of the laboratory, and even the surgeon's domain. We hear of a young countess who carried a skeleton in her trunk when she went on a journey, "as one might carry a book to read," in order to study anatomy. These women, like ourselves, aimed to know a little of everything. They too were fired with the passion for intelligence and the passion for multitudes. With the craving for novelties came the ever-growing need of a stronger spice to make them palatable. In this carnival of the mind they lost their faith and simplicity, loved with their brains instead of their hearts, forgot their natural duties, and found natural ties irksome. Longing for rest without the power to rest, they suffered from maladies of the nerves, and were devoured with the ennui of exhaustion. Life lost its equilibrium, and the

result was inevitable. The reaction from the restlessness of an intellect that is not fed from inner sources, but finds its stimulus and theater alike in the world, was toward an exaggeration of the sensibilities. "If I could become calm, I should believe myself on a wheel," said one whose brilliancy had dazzled a generation. This fatal "too much" was not the least of the causes that lost to women the empire they had won. All movements are measured, in the end, by a standard of common sense, and reactions are in proportion to the deviation from a just mean. The revolution which brought liberty to men, or at least shifted the burdens to some one else, deprived women of what they had. They were forbidden to organize, and sent back to the fireside and cradles. The republic swept away from them the last vestige of political power, and gave them nothing in the place of their lost social kingdom. They were forced to speak with hushed voices in hidden coteries. Of these there were always a few, but their prestige was gone. "There is one thing which is not French," said Napoleon; "it is that a woman can do as she pleases." And he proceeded straightway to give point to his theory by exiling the ablest woman in France and silencing all the rest.

We are apt to take high moral ground on the frivolity of these women, and to pride ourselves on our superiority because we have such a serious way of amusing ourselves—so serious, indeed, that we forget there can be anything so questionable as frivolity about it. To be sure, the clubs are free from many of the faults of the salons. They do not put social conventions in the place of principles, nor substitute an esthetic conscience for an ethical one; nor do they drift at all in the direction of moral laxity. A movement of the intellect, too, which has its roots in the character is more likely to last than one that hangs on the suffrage of those it was meant to please and glorify. But we have the same mental unrest, the same thirst for excitement, the same feverish activity, the same indisposition to stay at home with our thoughts. A fever of the intellect may be preferable to a fever of the senses, and less harmful as an epidemic, but it tends equally toward exhaustion and disintegration. It is not so much a question of morals as a question of balance. The modern fashion, however, of doing everything, even to thinking, in masses, is not altogether due to a fever of the intellect, any more than it was a hundred years ago. Much of it is doubtless due to a

genuine love of knowledge, much of it to a haunting desire to be doing something in the outside world, though the thing done be possibly not at all worth the doing; but a great deal of it is due to a sort of hyperæsthesia of the social sentiment, or the mental restlessness that betrays a lack of poise and depth in the character. We call it the spirit of the age—the innocent phantom which has to bear the burden of most of our sins, and is gathering so resistless a force that the strongest and wisest are swept along, despite themselves, in its accelerating course. But the spirit of the age is only the sum of individual forces. It needs only a sufficient number of wise counter-forces to temper and modify it.

A WORD as to another phase of the club. We have seen that the salons broke through the exclusive lines of rank, and created a society based largely upon standards of the intellect, with a meeting-point of good manners. The woman's club has done a similar work toward preventing the crystallization of American society on the basis of wealth. Its standards are professedly of the mind, though they are flexible enough to include a wide range of ability, aspiration, and small distinctions of various sorts. It would be too much to say that these elements are fused into anything like a homogeneous society; but they have a recognized point of contact that suffices for literary or charitable aims, though not altogether for social ones, which demand the larger contact of personal sympathies, and a certain community of language that comes within the province of manners. The salons, however, were wise enough to establish and maintain the social equilibrium between men and women, while the clubs seem to be rapidly destroying it. Outside of a limited dinner-giving, amusement-loving circle, it is undeniable that our social life is centering largely in clubs composed exclusively of women, whose tastes are diverging more and more from those of men, and in the functions growing out of them. To these we may add a few receptions with a sprinkling of men, and an endless procession of teas and luncheons with no men at all. Private entertaining of a general character, with its varying flavor of individuality, seems likely, with many other pleasant things, to become a memory. If these clubs grew out of a state of affairs in which women were virtually excluded from the intellectual life of men, we are fast drifting toward the reverse condition, in which men will have no

part in the intellectual, and very little in the social, life of women.

Whether this marked separation of interests beyond a reasonable point be for the good of either men or women, is a matter of grave doubt. It is certain that women who are brought into frequent contact with the minds of men think more clearly and definitely, look at things in a larger way, and do a finer quality of intellectual work, than those who have been limited mainly to the companionship of their own sex. Societies of women are apt to fail in breadth through too much attention to technicalities out of season, to sacrifice the greater good to personal prejudices, to emphasize a little brief authority, to grow hard rather than strong, to become carping and critical without the clearness of vision that gives a rational basis for criticism. Nor does the fact that a great many women are superior to these limitations, and that men are not invariably free from them, affect the general drift of things. On the other side, it is equally true that men have done the greatest work under the influence of able women, from the days of Pericles and the great Greeks who found a fresh inspiration in the salon of Aspasia, to the brilliant men of modern times, too numerous to cite here, who have not failed to acknowledge their debt to feminine judgment and criticism. Men, too, are naturally averse to the trammels of form, and, left to themselves, rapidly lose the refinement and courtesy that came in with the social reign of women. While the best of each is drawn out through social contact on the plane of the intellect, the worst is accented by separation.

Then, aside from the fact that a large part of the happiness of the world depends upon a certain degree of harmony in the tastes of men and women, which is not likely to exist if they have utterly divergent points of social interest, men are an incontestable factor in all our plans for bettering matters, themselves included. We cannot fairly claim to constitute more than half of the human family, and, if we do not make some social compromise, we may share the fate of the Princess Ida, and see all of our fine schemes melt away like the fabric of a dream. We are not yet ready to establish an order of intellectual vestals, though drifting in that direction; and, since the women's clubs do really constitute a distinct social life, why not make them more effective on that side? Why leave all these possibilities of power in the hands of those who make a business of amusing themselves? It is a fashion to rail at society as frivolous; but it is precisely

what we make it, and it is ruled by women. If it tends to grow vapid, and luxurious, and commercial, and artificial, we have only to plan something as attractive on a finer and more natural basis. And where do we find a better starting-point than in connection with the women's clubs? To be sure, men do not, as a rule, find them interesting; indeed, they vote them a trifle dull, but that may be because they have no vital part in them. Then, the fault may lie a little in the women themselves. There is clearly a flaw somewhere in our methods or our ideals. In trying to avoid the frivolities of society, we may fall into the equally fatal error of failing to make better things attractive, and so permit the busy men of to-day to slip away altogether from the influence of what they are pleased to call our finer moral and esthetic sense—to say nothing of what we lose ourselves. It may be deplorable, but it is still a fact, that truth is doubly captivating when served with the piquant sauces that make even error dangerously fascinating. We have to deal with people as they are, not as we think they ought to be.

I am not disposed to quote the Frenchwomen of a century or so ago as models. But there are many points we might take from them in the art of making a social life on intellectual lines agreeable, as well as a vital force. When women who are neither young nor beautiful dominate an age of brilliant men through intellect and tact, it does no harm to study their methods a little in an age when women of equal talent, superior education, and finer moral aims succeed to only a limited extent in doing more than stimulate one another—a good thing to do, but not final. Those women, too, had old distinctions to reconcile, and a powerful court for a rival. They had one advantage, as they made a cult of *esprit*, which is a gift of their race, while we make a cult of knowledge, which may be more substantial, but is less luminous, and not so available socially. Besides, knowledge is a thing to be acquired and not caviar to mediocrity, which is apt to use it crudely, and with pretension. "Let your studies flow into your manners, and your readings show themselves in your virtues," said Mme. de Lambert. I am sorry to say that the typical Frenchwoman of a hundred years ago did not always take so exalted a view of her duties; but even as a matter of taste she had too delicate a sense of proportion to merge the woman in the intellect. She scattered about her the flavor of knowledge rather than the knowledge itself; which is not so easy, as

one does not have the real flavor of knowledge without the essence of it, and something more. Rare natural gifts have a distinction of their own, but in ordinary life what one *is* counts for more than what one *knows*, and the secret of attraction lies rather in the sum of the qualities which we call character than in the acquirements. A woman may be familiar with Sanskrit, and calculate the distance of the fixed stars, without being interesting, or even admirable, as a woman. The main point is to preserve one's symmetry, and one's center of gravity; then, the more knowledge the better. It may be that the flaw in our ideals lies just here, and that in the too exclusive pursuit of certain things fine in themselves, we neglect other things equally if not more vital.

No doubt the Frenchwoman did much that she ought not to have done, and left undone much that she ought to have done, just as we do, though the things were not precisely the same; we know, too, that the time came when she did lose her poise, and with it her power. But with all her faults, in the days of her glory she never forgot her point of view. She was rarely aggressive, and, without being too conscious of herself or her aims, it was a part of her esthetic creed to call out the best in

others. With consummate tact, she crowned her serious gifts with the gracious ways and gentle amenities that disarmed antagonism and diffused everywhere a breath of sweetness. She carried with her, too, the sunshine that springs from an inexhaustible gaiety of heart, and this was one source of her un-failing charm. Perhaps it was partly why the literary salon retained its prestige for nearly two hundred years, and, in spite of its errors, was brilliant and amusing, as well as an intellectual force, to the end.

It is far from my intention to repeat the old cry that other days were better days, and other ways better ways, than ours. We have a life of our own, and do not wish to copy one that is dead, or to put on manners that do not fit us. But the essentials of human nature are eternally the same, and in bringing new forces to bear upon it we may do well sometimes to consult the wisdom of the past, to ponder the secret of its failures as of its successes. It is not a matter of depreciating our aims or our ways, but of getting the most out of them, perhaps through some subtle touch that we have missed; also of preserving our sanity and equilibrium in this new order of things, which tends always to grow more complex and more bewildering.

THE ROSE.

BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.

O LOVE'S star over Eden,
How pale and faint thou art!
Now lost, now seen above,
Thy white rays point and dart.
O tender o'er her move,
Shine out and take my part!
I have sent her the rose of love,
And shut in the rose is my heart.

The fireflies glitter and rush
In the dark of the summer mead;
Pale on the hawthorn bush,
Bright on the larkspur seed;
And long is heaven aflush
To give my rose God-speed;
If she breathe a kiss, it will blush;
If she bruise a leaf, it will bleed.

O bright star over Eden,
All beautiful thou art;
To-day, in the rose, the rose,
For my love I have periled my heart;
Now ere the dying glows
From the placid isles depart,
The rose-bathed planet knows
It is hers, my rose, my heart!

THE ADVENTURES OF FRANÇOIS,

FOUNDLING, THIEF, JUGGLER, AND FENCING-
MASTER DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D.,

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Characteristics," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

xv.—*How François finds Despard and has a lesson in politics, and of what came of it.*

AT evening he ventured to enter an inn at Soluce. A good bed and ample diet restored his courage; but he learned that the citizen with a wart, and an escort of a dozen soldiers, had passed the day before, on his way to Evreux. Would he remain there, this friendly commissioner? No one knew. Evreux was Jacobin to the core. Then he thought of the marquis; it was well to be informed.

Yes; the Citizen Ste. Luce lived beyond Musillon.

The citizen juggler declared that he had once been in his service, but now that all men were equal, he could not lower the dignity of an equalized nation by serving him longer. He learned that the château of the marquis had not suffered, nor he, as he was never known to be absent, and no one molested him. This did not surprise François. In the South, at an earlier date, the peasants had burned hundreds of châteaux, but these riots had been mercilessly put down. The Jacobins meant to have peace in France, and at cost of blood, if that was requisite. To have peace at home was essential to the success of national defense on the frontier. In many parts of France, throughout the whole of the Terror, very many large landowners were undisturbed. In fact, the Terror, and its precedent punishments, fell with strange irregularity on the provinces. The Dukes de Bethune-Charost, de Luynes, de Nivernais, and others who had not been active in politics, remained unhurt on their estates. For the *émigrés* was reserved a bitter hatred. Nor can we wonder at this result of the vast exodus which took place from '89 to '91—"l'*émigration joyeuse*," as it was called by those who carried off means enough to live gay lives in Brussels while their country was in the convulsions of great social and political change.

François made haste to leave at dawn, and by nightfall was close to the town of Musil-

lon. He found a wood road, and was soon deep in one of the marquis's forests. In a quiet glade among rocks he put his effects in security, and, charging Toto to guard them, set out to inspect the town. The poodle did not like it. He ran back and forth, whining.

"Oh, stop that!" cried François. "Go back! Dost thou hear?"

Toto lay down, and set himself to secure what comfort the situation afforded.

Meanwhile François took to the main road until close to the village, and then left it for the fields, cautiously nearing the town, a small place of some twelve hundred souls. A monotonous double line of scattered one-story stone houses lay along the highway. Avoiding the village, François moved past and around the red-roofed Norman farm-houses which lay off from the main highway. Mounds of earth set around the houses walled in an orchard and an inclosure of many acres, so that, seen from the exterior, they had the appearance of being fortified. The lights were out, and François saw no one. Now and then a sentinel dog barked as the wanderer went by the gateways in wonder at this unusual style of fence. At last he turned again toward the road.

The town was quiet. It was after nine at night. Having purposely lingered thus long, François approached the back of the inn, and became sure that it was empty of guests. A little beyond it was the village church, and as this was lighted, he approached it with care. The crosses of the burial-ground were gone. He stumbled over graves, and at last, standing on a tomb, got a fair glimpse of the interior of the church, for many of its windows were broken. It was full of people, and the murmur of noisy debate came to his ears. He felt that he must learn what was going on. With this in view, he kept under the deep shadow of the wall, and soon saw that the outer porch was crowded with men and women, listening through the open door. Favored by the darkness, he got unobserved into this mass of deeply occupied

people, and was able at last to catch a little of what was going on. Yes; this was the club of Jacobins that his partner Despard had been sent to organize, one of the hundreds which soon conquered and led opinion all through the provinces.

He caught the usual denunciation of *émigrés* and of the *ci-devant* aristocrats. He had heard it all before; it did not help him.

Very soon an elderly man in peasant dress arose near the door. He spoke of something which they had considered as well to be done soon. He thought it better to wait until Citizen Commissioner Grégoire arrived. To arrest a *ci-devant* aristocrat like Ste. Luce was of course proper; but the people were excited, and might do mischief, and they knew that the Great Committee did not approve of riots. France must have rest. These outbreaks had ended elsewhere in the deaths of hundreds of peasants. He bade them wait, and, in fact, spoke with rare good sense. He was roughly interrupted. His speech was received with laughter and contemptuous cries, and, to François's amazement, there was Despard on his feet, not twenty feet away. His old partner was somber-looking and red-eyed, but seemed to have lost his shyness of speech. He broke out into violent invectives, charging the previous speaker with indifference to the good of France. This man was no doubt a traitor. He had been in the service of the *ci-devant*. He had advised the people to wait. Were they not the rulers? The Jacobin clubs would see to this rat of a commissioner; let him come. Then, leaping on a chair, he began to contrast the luxury in which Ste. Luce lived with the meager life of the peasant. He talked of the great noble's younger life, of his debauchery and hardness. All knew what he meant. Not he alone had suffered. How many of the children men liked to call their own were of noble blood?

His fluent passion, his ease of speech, his apparent freedom from his usual mood of fear, astonished François. At last Despard became more excited, raved wildly, grew incoherent, paused, burst into horrors of blasphemous allusion, and, utterly exhausted, reeled, and dropped into his chair, amid wild applauding cries and a dozen vain efforts of speakers eager to be heard. As if satisfied, the crowd waited no longer to listen, and issued out in just the mood Despard had desired to create. François stepped aside, unnoticed. Among the last, surrounded by a gesticulating group, came Despard, silent, exhausted, his head bent down. A voice cried out: "To-night! Let us do it to-night!" Des-

pard said slowly: "No, not to-night. He is not there—he is not there. Perhaps to-morrow; we shall see. I must have rest—rest."

"Is he mad?" thought François. "*Diable!* How he hates him! Why is he not afraid?" He had once heard the choir-master tell of a feeble, timid nun who had killed two people; and this man, he supposed, might be, like her, crazed. No matter; he must use him. The crowd dispersed, and, following Despard at a distance, François saw him enter the house of the village priest, who had long since said his last prayer in the garden of the Carmelites.

For an hour, and until all was still, François walked to and fro behind the house. Suddenly a door opened and closed. François moved around the house. He saw Despard go out on the road. After looking about him, the Jacobin walked swiftly away, and was soon past the farthest houses.

"*Dame!*" said François, "let us go after him. What can he mean? It becomes amusing." Moving with care in the shadows at the side of the road, he followed Despard, who walked down the middle of the highway, now and then stopping short and cracking his finger-joints, as he used to do when worried, or clasping his hands over the back of his neck.

The thief smiled as he went. He was again the savage of the streets, with all his keen wits in play, and vaguely aware of pleasure in the use of his training. He looked about him, or stole noiselessly from one depth of gloom to another across some less shadowed place. He put out with care one long leg and then the other tentatively, like great feelers, and yet got over the ground with speed, as was required, for Despard walked at a rate which was unusual. The great ears of his pursuer were on guard. Once, when Despard stopped of a sudden, François was near enough to hear him crack his knuckles as he pulled at them. As Pierre stood, he threw up a hand as it were in the eager gesture of a speech, or in silent, custom-born attestation of some mentally recorded vow. Then he went onward silent, and was for a moment lost to view in the aisles of the forest into which he turned. François moved faster, dimly seeing him again. The Jacobin hurried on. The man who followed him was smiling in the darkness, and was feeding curiosity with the keen satisfaction he felt in a chase which was not without a purpose.

Despard seemed to know the great forest well. It soon became more open. He came to a low garden wall, and, climbing it, was

heard to tumble on the farther side with a crash of breaking earthenware. He had come down on a pile of garden-pots. The thief reflected for a moment that his partner must have lost the agility of his former business, and himself approached the wall with care. Moving to one side, he dropped to the ground, as quiet as a prowling cat.

There was no moon, but the night was clear, and over against the star-lit space he saw the silhouette of a vast château—angles, gables, turrets with vanes. The man whom he hunted moved across the garden, through rose-hedges, under trees, as if reckless as to being heard. Once he fell, but got up without even an exclamation; and so on and on in stumbling haste until he stood upon the broad terrace in front of the building.

François was for a little while at leisure to look about him. Despard, with a sudden movement, strode to the foot of the broad steps which led up to the lofty doorway of the château. Here again he stayed motionless. François's eyes, now used to the partial obscurity of the night, took quick note of the white gleam of vases, of a fountain's monotonous murmur, of statues, dim gray blurs seen against the dark wood-spaces beyond; the great size of the house he saw, and that three or four windows showed lights within.

What was Despard about to do? François waited. Then he heard now and then, rising and falling, the faint notes of a violoncello. At this moment he saw that Pierre was gesticulating, and at last caught sound of speech. He was too far away to be clearly seen or distinctly heard. François sat down, took off his shoes, tied them over his neck, and went down on all fours. It was one of his old tricks to amuse thus the children gathered before the show-booth. He could become a bear or an elephant, and knew how to simulate the walk of beasts. Now he approached Despard on his hands and feet, and, seen in the partial gloom, would have seemed a queer-looking animal. A closely clipped row of box lay between them and bordered the broad roadway leading to the portal.

His approach was noiseless. Even if it had not been, it is unlikely that Despard would have noticed it. The quadruped knelt, and set his eyes to see and his ears to hear, being now only six feet away. His own fate was deeply involved; as to the marquis he cared little: but up out of the dark of memory came the tender sweetness of the face of the widowed daughter. No word of her brief pleading was forgotten by this man who craved

regard, affection, respect, consideration—all that he had not. It was only a flash of thought, and again he was intently receptive.

Despard stood, shaking his arms wildly, looking here and there, up and down. At last he spoke, and so loud that François watched him, amazed at his unnatural lack of caution.

"To-morrow I, Pierre Despard, shall be master. I shall no more be afraid. I shall see thee tremble on the tumbrel. I shall see thee shudder at the knife."

François had an uncontrollable shiver, predictive, sympathetic. Could he trust this creature? There was no help for it. He recalled with a smile one of the Crab's proverbs: "Monsieur Must is a man to trust." She had many and vile sayings; this was one of the few that were not swine-wisdom.

As the man went on speaking, his hands threatened the silent house or snatched at some unseen thing. He stood again motionless for a moment, and then threw out his hands as if in appeal, and called aloud: "Renée! Renée! art thou here? Oh, could he not have spared thee to me—to me, who had so little? And he had so much! Oh, for the name he should have spared thee! For the shame—the shame. Renée, his own child's name. My Renée is dead, and his—his Renée lives; but not long—not long."

"*Dieu!*" murmured François. "Let him have the man. *Dame!* I should have killed him long ago." Pierre was raving, and was only at times to be understood. He seemed to be seeing this lost Renée, and was now rational and again incoherent or foolishly vague.

François hesitated; but at this moment a window on the second floor was cast open, and a man, who may have heard Despard, showed himself. François looked up, and saw a slight figure framed in the window-space clear against the light behind him.

Despard cried out in tones of terror: "The marquis! the marquis!" and, turning, fled down the terrace and along the avenue.

"Queer, that," muttered François. "He is afraid. I must have him." He put on his shoes in haste, and with great strides pursued the retreating figure, hearing, as he ran, the servant crying from the window, "Who goes there?"

A hundred yards away from the house, Despard, terrified at the nearing steps, turned into a side alley, and at last tore through a thicket to the left.

In an instant François had him by the collar. The captured man screamed like a child in a panic of alarm, while François shook him as a terrier shakes a rat.

"*Mille tonnerres!* idiot, keep quiet! Don't kick; it is no use. Thou wilt have the whole house after thee. 'Tis I—François. Keep quiet! Look at me—François. Dost not hear?" At last he was quieted.

"What scared thee, *mon ami*?"

"Isawhim—I saw the marquis! I saw him!"

"Monsieur—the marquis? He is thrice that fellow's size."

They were now seated on the ground, Despard panting, and darting quick glances to right and left like a frightened animal.

"Come, Pierre, tell me what all this means. Art gone clean out of thy wits?"

"Why dost thou ask? Thou dost know well enough. I have waited—waited. Now I have him."

"*Dame!* Thou? Thou wilt never face him. Thou art afraid."

"I am now. I shall not be to-morrow night. There will be hundreds. I shall look! I shall see!"

"For Heaven's sake," cried François, "talk a little sense. A man who fears a mouse to talk of killing this terrible fellow!"

"The law will kill him, not I. The law—the knife."

"Stuff! A certain commissioner, Grégoire, is after thee, and, worse, after me. He hath a wart on his nose. I ran away to avoid those cursed Jacobins. Passport all right—name of Jean François. Mind thee! My father is old and failing. Thou wilt have to find me a papa. Grégoire has—he has doubts, this Grégoire. So have I. When I told him you were my friend, he shut me up in a cellar, and that I liked not. I was a fool to run away; but, *mon Dieu!* there was my errand—to see that poor father—all set out on my passport, and the man with the wart inquisitive. I had to get here and find my papa."

Another man's difficulties took off Pierre's mind from his own. He was clear enough now, and asked questions, some hard to answer, and all reasonable.

François related his story. The fencing-master had fallen under suspicion and run away. He, François, likewise suspected, had got a passport from a Jacobin fencing pupil, and come hither to fall on the neck of his dear friend Pierre. It was neat, and hung together well. It had many omissions, and as a whole lacked the fundamental quality of truth, but it answered. When a man's head is set to save his head, it may not always be desirable to be accurate.

Pierre reflected; then he cried out suddenly: "This Grégoire! That for him! Let him take care. Art thou still a royalist?"

François was a Jacobin of the best, unjustly suspected. He was eager to know what devilry was in Pierre's mind as to this marquis; and there, too, was the daughter. If he meant to stir these peasants to riot in order to gratify himself and his well-justified hatred, that might sadly influence François's fate. The central power in Paris was merciless to lawless violence which did not aid its own purposes.

François talked on and on slackly, getting time to think. Pierre's speech had troubled him. He was puzzled as he saw more distinctly the nature of the man whom he was forced to trust. He did not analyze him. He merely apprehended and distrusted one who was to-day a shrinking coward, and to-morrow a man to be feared less for what he might do than for what he might lead others to do when himself remote from sources of immediate physical fear. François did not—could not—fully know that he was now putting himself in the power of one who was the victim of increasing attacks of melancholy, with intervals of excitement during which the victim was eagerly homicidal, and possessed for a time the recklessness and the cunning of the partly insane.

"Come," said François, at last; "you must hide me until you can find me that papa, or until Citizen Grégoire has come and gone. I like him not."

"Nor I," said Pierre. "But let him take care; I am not a man to be played with."

François said he should think not, but that if he meditated an attack on that miserable *ci-devant* yonder, it were better to wait until Grégoire had come and gone.

This caution seemed to awaken suspicion. Pierre turned, and caught François's arm. "Thou art a spy—a spy of the Convention!"

"Thou must be more fond of a joke than was once thy way. Nonsense! I could go back and warn the marquis. That would serve the republic, and well, too; for, by Heaven! if thou art of a mind to burn houses, Robespierre will shorten thee by a head in no time."

"Who talks of burning houses? Am I a fool? I—Despard?"

"No, indeed. You—" François needed the man's help, and felt that he was risking his own safety. He must at least seem to trust him. "Do you mean to arrest Ste. Luce?"

"I do."

"But when?"

"Oh, in a day or two; no hurry."

François knew that he was hearing a lie.

"Good," he said. "I advise thee against violence."

"There will be none. I control these people. Thou shouldst see; thou shouldst hear me speak."

"Let us go," said François, and they returned to the village without a word on either side. The hamlet was quiet. At the priest's door François said: "Wait for me. I must fetch my bag and Toto. I left them in the wood." Pierre would wait. In an hour his ex-partner came back, and before he could knock was admitted by the anxious Jacobin.

When they were within the house, he told François that he lived alone. An old woman cooked for him, and came in the morning and went away at dusk. He, François, should have the garret; and, this being settled, they carried thither cold meats, bread, cheese, wine, and water, so as to provision the thief for a few days. There would be time to talk later. François asked a single question, saying frankly that he had heard Pierre speak to his club. Certainly he had power over the people. What was it he had meant to do, and when? Despard hesitated. Then the cunning of a crumbling mind came to his aid, and he replied lightly:

"We shall wait till Grégoire has gone. I told thee so already. Thy advice was good. I do not know. We shall see—we shall see." The door closed after him. The man, descending the stair, paused of a sudden, the prey of suspicion. Why did François come hither? Was he a spy of the marquis—of the Convention? He feared François. To one in his state of mind little obstacles seem large, great obstacles small. He must watch him. He was in his power.

The man left within the room was not less suspicious. He hung a cover over the single window, locked the door, and lay down, with Toto at his feet, and at his side his rapier and pistols. He slept a tranquil sleep. Most of the next day he sat at the window, watching through a slit in the curtain the street below him. People came and went; groups gathered about the desecrated church; there was much excitement, but he could hear nothing. At dusk he saw a number of men, some with sticks and pikes, come toward the priest's house. Owing to his position, he lost sight of them as they came nearer, but from the noise below he presumed them to have entered. He was, for many reasons, indisposed to remain uninformed. He waited. The noise increased. Pierre had not come to visit him, as he had said he would; and where

was that much-desired father? He laughed. "Ah, Toto, one must needs be his own papa." He had gone about all day in his stocking feet to avoid being overheard. Now he bade Toto be quiet, and, opening the door, went cautiously down the stone stairway. It was quite dark. On the last landing he stood, intently listening. The hallway below was full of men, and evidently the two rooms on the ground floor were as crowded. He overheard Despard's voice, angry and strenuous. The words he could not catch, but the comments of those in the wide hall were enough. The commissioner was coming, and would interfere. Despard was right. The marquis was about to fly, to emigrate. He must be arrested. They poured out, shouting, tumultuous, to join the excited mob in the street.

François went quickly up the stair. He cared little for the marquis, but he cared much for the pale lady whose face was stamped in his memory. Moreover, all this ruin and threatened bloodshed were not to his mind. A day's reflection had enabled him to conclude that, between Grégoire and Despard, the situation was perilous, and that he had better disappear from the scene. Meanwhile he would warn the marquis, and then go his way.

He put on his shoes, took his bundle, his arms, and Toto, and, with his cloak on his shoulder, slipped quietly down-stairs. The house was empty. He went out the back way unseen, observing that the church was lighted, and seeing a confused mass of noisy peasants about the door.

XVI.—*How François warns the Marquis Ste. Luce, and of the battle on the staircase between the old day and the new.*

It was now close to nine, and again a bright, cold, starry night. A long circuit brought him to the highroad. A mile away he struck into a broad avenue, and, never pausing, pushed on. His sense of locality was acute and like that of an animal. Once or twice he was sure that he heard dull noises behind him when the sharp night wind blew from the village.

"Ah, Toto," he murmured, "keep thou close to heel. This is our greatest adventure. I would we were out of it. Ah, the château!" He ran across the flower-beds, and with long leaps up the steps, and sounded a strong summons on the knocker of the great door.

A servant opened it. "Where is the marquis?" What the man said he did not wait

to hear. The lofty hall was dark, but the principal staircase was lighted faintly from above. Without a word, François hurried past the servant and up the stairs. From the broad landing he saw beyond him a lighted drawing-room, and heard the notes of a violoncello. There was the woman, pale and beautiful, in black, the face upturned, the boy holding before her a sheet of music. The human richness of the cello's tones sounded through the great chamber. Where had he seen the like? Ah, that picture in the vestry of Notre Dame—the face of St. Cecilia! He had a moment of intense joy at having come. Till then he had doubted if it were wise. As he stood, the marquis came toward him quickly from the side of the room, and two gentlemen left a card-table and started up.

François went in at once, meeting the marquis within the room. The music ceased; the woman cried, "*Mon Dieu!*" Every one stared at this strange figure.

"What is it, my man? *Ventre St. Gris!* 't is my thief! This way," and he led him aside into a little room, while the rest, silent and troubled, looked after them.

"Monsieur, to waste no words, these cursed peasants are on their way to do here what mischief the devil knows. It is you they want. There is a fool, one Despard, who leads them. But, *Dieu!* there is small time to think."

François, breathless, panting, stood looking about him, now as always observant, and curious as to this wonderful room and this impassive gentleman. Toto, as well blown as his master, recognizing the value of a soft rug, dropped head on legs, meaning to have at least the minute's luxury and rest.

The marquis stood still in thought a moment. "I am greatly obliged to you; and this is twice—twice. I expected trouble, but not so soon. Come this way." François followed. Toto kept one eye on him, and slept with the other.

As they reëntered the great salon, the two gentlemen and Mme. Renée, all visibly agitated, came to meet them. "What is it?" they asked. The marquis forestalled further inquiry.

"My daughter, our kindly peasants will be here in an hour—no, half an hour, or less. Resistance is useless. To fly is to confess the need to fly; it is not to my taste. You gentlemen are better out of this. Go at once—at once!"

"Yes, go!" said madame. "You cannot help us, and can only make bad worse."

They wasted no time, and few words passed. The little drama played itself quickly.

"Adieu, madame!" Madame courtesied. The boy walked over and stood by his grandfather. He looked up at his clear-cut face, with its cold smile, and then at the backs of the retiring gentlemen. He had a boy's sense of these being deserters. They were gone in hot haste.

Mme. Renée came nearer. "We thank you—I thank you"; and she put out her hand. François took it awkwardly. A touch of the hand of this high-bred, saintly lady, *grande dame* and true woman, singularly disturbed the man. The tremor of a strange emotion ran over him. He let fall the soft hand, and drew himself up to the full of his unusual height, saying: "It is little—very little."

"And now you must go," she said; "and at once."

"Of course, of course," said Ste. Luce. "Out the back way. Victor will show you." There were no further thanks. All such common men had served the great noble; it seemed of the nature of things. But the woman said:

"God protect you! God will know to thank you. I cannot fitly. Go—go!"

"I do not mean to go," said François. "Hark! it is too late." He knew not then, or ever, why he stayed. The boy looked up at him. Here was another kind of man, and not a gentleman, either. Why did he not go?

An old majordomo came with uncertain steps of nervous haste, crying: "The servants are gone, monsieur! The people are coming up the avenue! *Mon Dieu!*"

"Indeed! Now be off with you, Master Thief."

"No." His head said, "Go"; his heart said, "Stay."

"By St. Denis, but you are a fool!"

François muttered that he had been that always, and then felt the hand of the boy touch his own. He called: "Toto! Toto! We will stay." And the dog, at ease in all society, selected a yet softer rug.

The marquis troubled himself no further as to François. He went out of the room, and was back in a minute, while the uproar increased, and Mme. Renée, at the window, pleaded with the thief, urging him to fly, or cried: "They are coming! Oh, a crowd—a mob—with torches and arms! The saints protect us! Why will you not go? Oh, *mon père*—father! thou hast thy rapier. What canst thou against hundreds—hundreds?"

The marquis smiled. "*Costume de rigueur*, my dear. There will be no bloodshed, my child."

"And they will all run," cried the boy. "And if grandpapa has to surrender, he must give up his sword. When my papa was taken in America, he had to—"

"Hush!" said the mother. The lad was singularly outside of the tragic shadows of the hour.

François all this while stood near the window, his cloak cast back, his queer, smile-lit face intent now on the mob without, now on the woman, the boy, the man. "*Dame!*" he muttered. "We are in dangerously high society." He set his knapsack aside, cast off his cloak, loosened his rapier in its sheath, looked to the priming of his pistols, and waited to see what would happen when this yelling thing out yonder should burst into action.

"They must have made mad haste, madame."

"They are on the terrace. Mother of Heaven!" cried the woman. "They wait! A man is speaking to them. They have torches. Some go—some go to right around the house." A stone splintered the window-glass, and she fell back. "Wretches!"

The marquis turned to her. "Stay here. I go to receive our guests."

"No, no!"

"Do as I tell thee. Be still." She caught the boy to her, and fell into a chair, sobbing. The marquis called to the quaking majordomo: "Take those two candelabra. Set them at the foot of the staircase—the foot." The old servant obeyed without words. The marquis went by him. He seemed to have forgotten François, who glanced at Mme. Renée and followed the master of the house.

There had been a moment's lull outside. The double stairway swept down to a landing, and then in one noble descent to the great deserted hall, where the faded portraits of lord and lady looked down among armor and trophies of war and chase.

"Put those lights there—and there. Get two more—quick! Set them on the brackets below. One must see. Put out the lights in the drawing-room. What, you here yet, Master Thief? What the devil are you doing here? The deuce!" As he spoke they were standing together on the broad landing, before them the great stair which led down to the illuminated hall below. The marquis had meant to meet these people outside; he was quiet, cool, the master of many resources. Surprised at the suddenness of the outbreak, he still counted, with the courage of habit, on his personal influence and address. As the marquis spoke, the roar

without broke forth anew. A shower of stones clattered on door and wall and window with sharp crash and tinkle of breaking glass. It was followed by an indescribable tumult—shouts, laughter, the shrill voices of women, a multitudinous appeal to fear, ominous, such as no man could hear unmoved. The animal we call a mob was there—the thing of moods, like a madman, now destructive, now as a brute brave, now timid as a house-fly.

They beat on the great doors, and of a sudden seemed to discover that the servants, in flying, had not secured them. The doors gave way, and those in front were hurled into the hall by the pressure of those behind. In an instant it was half full of peasants armed with all manner of rude weapons. A dozen had torches of sheep's wool wrapped about pitchforks and soaked with tar. Their red flames flared up, with columns above of thick smoke. There were women, lads. None had muskets. Some looked about them, curious. Those without shouted and pressed to get in; but this was no longer easy. A few of the boldest began to move up the lower steps of the great staircase. At the landing above, in partial obscurity, stood the marquis and François. On the next rise behind them were Mme. Renée and her boy, unnoticed, unwilling to be left alone. The stairway and all above it were darker than the red-lighted hall, where ravage was imminent. A man struck with a butcher's mallet a suit of armor. It rang with the blow, and fell with clang and rattle, hurting a boy, who screamed. The butcher leaped on the pedestal and yelled, waving one of the iron gauntlets. They who hesitated, leaderless, at the foot of the dark ascent turned at the sound of the tumbled past.

The marquis cried aloud, "Halt, there!"

Some mischievous lad outside cast a club at the side window of the hall, and the quartered arms of Ste. Luce, de Rohan, and their kin fell with sharp, jangling notes on the floor and on the heads of the crowd.

"Halt, I say!" The voice rang out of the gloom, strong and commanding. The marquis's sword was out. "Draw, my charming thief. *Morituri te salutant!*"

"What?" cried François—"what is that?"

"Nothing. We are about to die; that is all. Let us send some couriers to Hades. You should have gone away. Now you are about to die."

François drew his long rapier. He was strangely elated. "We are going to die, Toto." The dog barked furiously. "Keep back!" cried his master. Then he heard

Pierre Despard's shrill voice cry out: "Surrender, Citizen Ste. Luce, or it will be worse for thee." The mob screamed: "Despard! Despard!" He was hustled forward, amid renewed shouts, cries, crash of falling vases, and jangling clatter of broken glass. The reluctant leader tried to keep near to the door. The mob was of other mind. He was thrust through the press to the foot of the stair, with cries of "Vive Despard! Vive Despard!" The people on the stair, fearing no resistance, were pushed up, shouting, "*À bas les émigrés!*"

"Now, then!" cried the marquis. "Get back there, dogs!" The two blades shot out. A man fell; another, touched in the shoulder, screamed, and leaped over the balustrade; the rest fell away, one man on another, with shrieks and groans. François caught a lad climbing on the outside of the gilded rail, and, with a laugh, threw him on the heads of those below. A joy unknown before possessed the thief—the lust of battle, the sense of competency. He took in the whole scene, heart, mind, and body alive as never before.

"*Sang de St. Denis!* You are a gallant man. But we are lost. They will be on our backs in a moment; I hear them." Amid a terrible din, stones and sticks flew. A pebble struck the marquis in the face. "*Dame!*" he cried, furious, and darted down a step or two, the quick rapier mercilessly stabbing here and there. One madder than the rest set a torch to a priceless tapestry. It flared up, lighting the great space and the stair, and doing in the end no harm. Despard, terrified, was pushed forward to the edge of the fallen bodies on the staircase.

"Surrender!" he called out in a shriek of fear, for here before him were the two men he most dreaded on earth. The noise was indescribable. The butcher beat with the iron gauntlet on a shield beside him; then he threw the steel glove at François. It flew high. There was a cry from the space behind. The little boy screamed shrilly, "They have killed my mama!"

François looked behind him. There was now light enough, and too much. He saw the woman lying, a convulsed, tumbled heap, on the stair. The marquis glanced behind him and lost his cool quietude. He ran down the stair, stabbing furiously. A half-dozen dead or wounded lay before him. In an instant he was back again beside François, his face bleeding from the stones and sticks thrown at him. François was standing, tall and terrible in his anger, a pistol in his hand.

"Shall I kill him, monsieur?"

"By Heaven, yes!" The pistol responded terribly in the vaulted space, and the brute who had thrown the gauntlet, swaying, screamed shrilly, and tumbled—dead.

"Give me your hand!" cried the marquis. "Thank you, monsieur; the devil hath a recruit. Now follow me. Let us kill and die. To hell with this rabble!"

"Wait," cried François, and, running down the steps, put out a long arm and caught Despard. He hauled him savagely after him, calling out, "Hold the stair a moment!" In an instant he was on the landing above, with his prey. His sword he let fall, and set a pistol to Despard's head. The terror of the trapped Jacobin was pitiful. He prayed for life. He would let them all go; he would—he would. François swung him round to face the suddenly silenced mob. "Keep still, or I will scatter your brains, fool! Tell them to go! Tell them to go, or, *sang de Dieu!* thou art a dead man!"

Pierre screamed out his orders: "Go—go—all of you. I order—go!"

The beast he had trained and led was of no such mind. A man called out, "Die like a man, coward!" A stone or two flew. One struck him. The storm broke out anew.

"Say thy prayers. Thou art dead. Shall I kill him, monsieur?"

"No, no; not that man—not him!"

"Mercy!" screamed Despard.

"The deuce!" laughed François. "It gets warm, monsieur. What to do with this coward? Keep still, insect!"

The mob had for a little time enough of these terrible swordsmen on the stair. It was awed, helpless. Below lay, head down or athwart, three dead men, and certain wounded, unable to crawl. The mob shrunk away, and, with eyes red in the glare, swayed to and fro, indecisive, swearing. For a moment no more missiles were thrown. They waited the unexpected attack from the rear of the house.

Pierre hung, a limp, inert thing, one arm on the balustrade, the thief's strong clutch on his neck, making his shivering bulk a shield against stick and stone.

"It will soon be over," said the marquis, quietly. "There! I thought so."

A dull roar was heard, and the crash of broken glass from somewhere behind them.

This signal set loose the cowed mob. Clubs and stones flew. Something struck Pierre. He squealed like a hurt animal, pain and terror in the childlike cry. More men crowded in, and the mass, with shout and cry, surged forward, breaking mirrors and vases, with frantic joy in the clatter of destruction.

"It is serious this time," cried the marquis. "Adieu, my brave fellow." Another tapestry flared up, slowly burning.

"Let us take toll, François. Come!"

"Good, monsieur! But my fool here—"

At this moment the crowd at the door divided. A dozen soldiers broke in, and with them the man of the wart—Grégoire.

"*Dame!*" cried François; "the Commissioner Grégoire! The wart! It is time to leave."

"Order, here," shouted Grégoire, "in the name of the law!" The guard pushed in and made a lane. One or two persistent rioters were collared and passed out. A dead silence fell on all. The shreds of the tapestry dropped. The mob fell back.

"Help! help!" cried Pierre.

"*Morbleu!* dost thou want to die?"

"It is over," said the marquis. "I prefer my peasants."

Grégoire called out, "Where is the mayor?" A reluctant little man appeared.

"Commissioner, these men have slain citizens," he said.

"And they did well. France wants order. Out with you all, or I shall fire on you. Citizens indeed! See to that stuff burning."

The peasants, awed, slunk away. Grégoire coolly entered the stairs.

"Hold!" cried the marquis.

"I arrest thee in the name of the law! Here is my order."

The marquis took it.

"The light is bad," he said; "but I see it is in good form. The law I obey—and muskets"; and then, in a half-whisper to François: "Run! run! I will hold the stairs."

Grégoire overheard him.

"The citizen *émigré!* I arrest him!" and he went up a step.

"Back!" cried the marquis, lunging fiercely at the too adventurous commissioner, who leaped down the stairway with the agility of alarm.

"Fire!" he cried.

"Thanks, monsieur; I can help you no more!" cried François. As he spoke, he hurled the unhappy Despard on top of the commissioner. They fell in a heap. The thief, catching up his rapier, was off and away through the drawing-room, seeing as he went the woman lying on the floor, her forehead streaming blood. He picked up his cloak and knapsack, and, followed by Toto, ran for his life down a long corridor to the left. At the end, he threw open a window and dropped, with the dog under his arm, upon the roof of a portico over a side door.

No one was near. He called the dog, and fled through the gardens and into the woods of the chase.

XVII.—*Of how François, escaping, lives in the wood; of how he sees the daughter of the marquis dying, and knows not then, or ever after, what it was that hurt him; and of how he becomes homesick for Paris.*

THE forest was of great extent and intersected by wood roads. Along one of these François ran for an hour or more, until he was tired and had put, as he believed, some miles between himself and the citizen with the wart. The way became more narrow, the forest more dense. At last there was only a broad path. Now and then he saw the north star, and knew that he was traveling southward. He came out at dawn on an open space, rocky and barren, a great rabbit-warren, as he knew by the sudden stampede of numberless rabbits. He turned aside into the woods, and a few hundred yards away found a bit of marsh, and beyond it a brook, with leaf-covered space beneath tall plane-trees, now bare of foliage. He drank deep of the welcome water, and sat down with Toto to rest and think.

"*Mon ami,*" he said, "we like adventures; but this was a little too much." Then he laughed at the thought of Pierre's terror; but the man with the wart was not so funny, and the poor lady who was St. Cecilia, and that cold-blooded devil of a marquis—"What a man!"

Here were rabbits for food, and only a forest bed, but, on the whole, better than the Conciergerie or the Châtelet. He slept long, and was cold, fearing to make a fire. About eleven next morning he left Toto, and went with care to the edge of the wood. He heard noises, and saw boys setting traps; for now my lord's rabbits were anybody's rabbits. The traps pleased him. He slipped away. At evening, being dreadfully hungry, he went to the warren, took two rabbits out of the traps, and went back. The man's patience was amazing: not until late at night did he make a fire to cook his meat; but Toto, less exacting, was fed at once with the raw flesh.

A week went by, with no more of incident than I have mentioned. He explored the woods day after day, and a half-mile away found a farm, whence at night he took toll of milk, having stolen a pail to aid him. It was all sadly monotonous, but what else could he do? Once, after a fortnight, he was bold enough to wander in daylight within the

woods near the château. It was apparently deserted; at least, he saw no signs of habitation; nor, later at night, when he went back, were there lights, except in one room on the ground floor.

François approached with caution, and, looking through a window, saw an old man

this he would not do. He had had enough of house-traps. In the forest they would be secure. To this the servant agreed, and followed him at once. When at last in the woodland shelter, François asked: "What of the marquis?" He had been taken by Grégoire toward Paris, but was said to have



"THE WANDERER TAPPED ON THE PANE."

seated by the fire. Making sure that he was alone, the wanderer tapped on the pane. The man at the hearthside looked up, and François saw, as he had suspected, that he was the majordomo. Again François tapped, and observing the inmate move toward the door, he hurried thither. As they met, François hastened to say that he was the man who had aided the marquis and had himself had the luck to escape. Once reassured, the old majordomo urged François to enter. But

made his escape. "A hard man to hold is my master; and as to the village, it has had to pay right dearly, too." Pierre had been arrested, but was soon set free. And the little gentleman? He had been taken to a cousin's house in eastern Normandy. François hesitated over his final question; he himself could not have told why.

"And Mme. Renée?" he exclaimed, and bent forward, intent.

"The countess?"

"I did not know. Is she a countess? Mme. Renée—what of her?—she who was hurt. I passed her; she lay on the upper stair. There was blood—blood. The little boy cried to me to help her. My God! I could not. I—tell me, was she badly hurt?"

"She is dying, monsieur. Something—a gauntlet, they say—struck her head. She has known no one since."

"Where is she?"

"In the château, with a maid and her aunt. She was too ill to be taken away. She is dying to-night. They say she cannot last long. God rest her soul! 'T is the end of everything."

The thief stood still a minute; then he said resolutely, "I must see her." This the old servant declared impossible; but when François swore that he would go alone, he finally consented to show him the way, insisting all the time that he would not be let in.

In a few minutes they were moving down a long corridor on the second floor. All was dark until the majordomo paused at a door under which a line of light was to be seen. Here he knocked, motioning his companion to keep back a little. The door opened, and a gaunt middle-aged lady came forth.

"What is it?" she said.

"This man—this gentleman would see the countess."

"What do you want? My niece is dying—murdered. You have done your cruel work. Would you trouble the dead?"

"Madame," said François, "I am he who held the stair with the marquis. I am no Jacobin. I shot the man who wounded the countess."

"You! He is dead."

"Thank God! May I see the lady?"

"She is dying; why should you see her?"

"Madame, I am a poor unhappy thief. Once this lady offered me help—a chance, a better life. I was a fool; I let it go by. I—let me see her."

"Come in," said the gentlewoman; and, with no more words, he entered after her, and approached the bed, leaving his dog outside. What he beheld he neither forgot nor, I believe, save in his memoirs, ever spoke of to any one.

He saw a white face on the pillow; a deep-red spot on each cheek; eyes with the glaze of swift-coming death. He fell on his knees beside her, and stayed motionless, watching the sweat on the brow, the breath quicken and then stop as if it would not come again. At last he touched the hand. It was cold, and he withdrew his own hand, shrinking

back. He had seen death, but no death like this. He said, "Madame." There was no answer. He looked up at the older woman. "She is dying; she does not hear."

"No; nor ever will in this world."

He turned, bent down, and kissed the fringe of the coverlet. Then he arose, shaken by the strongest emotion life had brought to him.

"I thank you," he said, and moved to the door. He paused outside.

"Are you sure the beast is dead—the man who did that—that?"

"Yes."

"I am sorry—sorry." He shook his long arms in the air. "I would like now to kill him again—again!" He walked swiftly away, and, not waiting for the servant, left the house and found his way back to his forest shelter.

All night long he sat without a fire, indifferent to poor Toto's efforts to get a little notice, not feeling the cold, a sorely wounded man, with a scar on his memory which no after happiness could ever erase.

The next night he found the majordomo, and learned that the countess was dead. He took away the blankets and provisions bountifully supplied, and once more rejoined his dog.

In this manner the last days of February were passed; and in March the spring began to appear, but with it a new peril. The woodmen went here and there at work, and thrice he narrowly escaped being seen. Early in April his friend the majordomo disappeared, and the great château was infested with men who came and went—for what he knew not.

He began to be troubled with a feverish desire to see the streets of Paris. At last he made up his mind to leave his forest shelter; and sometime in April, having hesitated long, he set out. He hid all day in woods, and walked at night, until he reached the Seine. With this as a guide, he went on, robbing hen-houses of eggs, and milking cows, until he was close to Paris. How to enter it he did not know. The times were doubly dangerous. Spies and suspicion were everywhere to be dreaded. His papers had no certifications from the places he was presumed to have visited. Formidable in the background he saw the man Grégoire, the commissioner with the wart of ill luck.

How the thief and his dog lived near to Paris in woods and fields, there is no need to tell in detail. The month of June was come in this year of 1793. Marat was ill, and Charlotte Corday on her way to forestall the decree of nature. La Vendée was up.

The Girondists had fallen, the great cities of the South were in uproar, the enemy was on the frontier, and the rule of France in the competent and remorseless hands of the Committee of Public Safety. All around Paris the country was infested with wandering people who, for the most part, like François, had good reason to fear. There were beggars, thieves, persecuted nobles, those who had no mind to face the foe as volunteers. Now and then François, ever cautious, picked up a little news on a scrap of gazette found by the wayside. He read that Citizen Amar was of the Great Committee of General Security. François laughed.

"Toto, dost thou think this will add to thy master's security? That was the gentleman with the emigrative mouth. *Ami*, he is still

alive. They must be tough, these Jacobins. What fun, Toto! I can see him pinned to the door like a beetle, and that marquis with a face, Toto, like a white plaster cast those Italians used to sell.

"I like not M. Amar. Toto, we are unhappy in our acquaintances. But the man of the wart is the worst." This was François's black beast; why, he could not have said. Amar, "*le farouche*," was really a more fatal foe. The citizen who dressed neatly, and wore spectacles over green eyes, and was in debt to the conjurer for a not desirable forecast of fortune, was a yet more sinister acquaintance. Yet, it was Citizen Grégoire who came to François in dreams, and the bare thought of whom could chop short a laugh as surely as Mother Guillotine, the merciless.



(To be continued.)

HINDERERS.

BY ROSALIE M. JONAS.

YE idle chatterers! Ye who use the pen
 As outlet for empoisoned human woe,
 And claim as guerdon for the scars ye show
 Undying fame, and shuddering ruth of men:
 Ye unashamed and shameless! Have ye then
 Less pride in ye than very beasts who go,
 To hide a hurt and make their moaning low,
 Far out of sight in trackless forest den?

Be silent! Give us quietude to hear,
 Deep in our souls, words echoing from the height
 Of God-inspired genius. Ye but rear
 A scowling image to obstruct the light,
 And from the gloom of selfish pain and fear
 Would curse the world with everlasting night.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

I. INTRODUCTION BY CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN.

THE fate of the Spanish Armada, as Mr. Tilton remarks below, stands conspicuous among the great catastrophes of war narrated by history. According to the estimate of the Spanish captain Duro, who has made a close study of the records in his own country, out of one hundred and thirty sail of which the Armada was composed when it left Lisbon on May 30, 1588, sixty-three were lost. Of these only nine fell in battle or in immediate consequence thereof, although the injuries received in the various actions in the Channel doubtless contributed to the ultimate shipwreck of many. Nineteen were cast away on the Scottish and Irish coasts; thirty-five disappeared altogether. Of these last, it is possible that some of the smaller classes of vessels may have reached port, and that the fact passed unnoted; but of the forty-odd larger vessels which never returned, the probability is that those whose fate is unknown perished at sea.

Striking indeed is the contrast between this tremendous issue and the hopes attending the creation and despatch of the Armada, as expressed either in its first name, the "Most Fortunate," or in the title "Invincible," afterward attached to it. The moving pictures of the experience of some of the sufferers, presented in Mr. Tilton's narrative, suggest the anguish of the many victims whose miseries have not reached the ears of posterity.

But although the winds and waves were the means by which was wrought the final ruin of the Armada, the first causes of the disasters that befell the Spanish ships are to be found in very commonplace human mismanagement. It was not that exceptional mischances attended the enterprise. On the contrary, it had some very good luck at critical moments. But the general scheme was defective and ill-knit; the commander-in-chief, Medina Sidonia, was incompetent; and the vessels themselves were not adapted for the kind of fighting which they were expected to do. Relying upon boarding rather than upon artillery, they nevertheless were neither swift enough nor handy enough to grapple their agile antagonists. The latter, expert with their guns, which were more

powerful than those opposed to them, and able by their better nautical qualities to choose their distance and time of attack, fought upon their own terms.

The general scheme, as shown by the instructions to the admiral, was to enter the English Channel, traverse it to the eastern end, and there to make a junction with the Duke of Parma, commanding the Spanish army in Belgium. The combined forces—the Armada itself carried six thousand troops—were then to invade England. The plan was defective, because it did not command, even if it did not actually discourage, a previous battle with the English navy so as to disable the latter from harassing the intended passage. It was ill-knit, for due provision was not made to insure the junction, the place and manner of which were left largely undetermined. Above all, no attention was paid to the advice of Parma, a skilful and far-seeing warrior, to seize Flushing, at the mouth of the Scheldt, so as to provide a safe harbor for the Armada during the period necessary for embarking the troops. Failing this, no anchorage was available for the unwieldy vessels, except such as they might find on the English coast, exposed to constant molestation by the enemy. In short, the security of the fleet, and the time and manner of the junction, were left to chance.

The Armada entered the English Channel on July 30, and on the 6th of August anchored off Calais, having traversed the Channel successfully in a week. Three several actions had occurred. None was decisive; but all tended generally in favor of the English, who utilized their advantages of speed and artillery to hammer the foe with their long guns, while keeping out of range of his muskets and lighter cannon. The Spanish losses in battle, by a Spanish authority, were six hundred killed and eight hundred wounded. The English loss, from first to last, did not reach one hundred. Such a discrepancy tells its own tale; but it is to be remembered, moreover, that men slain means sides pierced and frames shattered. Shot that fly wide, or that cut spars, sails, and rigging, kill comparatively few. With



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

"THE VESSELS THEMSELVES WERE NOT ADAPTED FOR THE KIND OF FIGHTING."

hulls thus damaged, the Spaniards had to confront the equinoctial gales of the Atlantic.

At Calais, a friendly town, Parma might possibly join; but there was no harbor for big ships, and it was unreasonable to expect that he, with the whole charge of the Netherlands on his hands, would be waiting there, ignorant when the fleet would appear, or whether it would come at all. Medina Sidonia sent him word of his arrival; but it could not be hoped that the English would allow the fleet to occupy that unprotected position undisturbed. The wind being to the westward, they anchored at a safe distance to windward, and on the night of August 7 sent against the Spaniards eight fire-ships. The ordinary means of diverting these failing, the Spanish admiral got under way. In this operation the fleet drifted nearer the shore, and the wind next day coming out strong from the northwest and setting the ships bodily on the coast, he, under the advice of the pilots, stood into the North Sea. Had Flushing been in their possession, it might, with good pilots, have afforded a refuge; but it was held by the Dutch. The enemy's ships, more weatherly, drew up and engaged again; while the continuance of the wind, and the clumsiness of the Spaniards, threatened destruction upon the shoals off the Flemish coast. The sudden shifting of the wind to the south saved them when already in only six or seven fathoms of water.

Here, again, was no bad luck; nor could it be considered a misfortune that the southerly breeze, which carried them to the Pentland Frith, changed to the northeast as they passed the Orkneys and entered the Atlantic, being thus fair for their homeward course.

The disasters of the Armada were due to the following causes: 1. The failure to prescribe the effectual crippling of the English navy as a condition precedent to any attempt at invasion. 2. The neglect to secure beforehand a suitable point for making the junction with the army. Combinations thus intrusted to chance have no right to expect success. 3. The several actions with the English failed because the ships, which could exert their power only close to the enemy, were neither so fast nor so handy as the latter. Only those who have the advantage of range can afford inferiority of speed. 4. The disasters in the Atlantic were due either to original unseaworthiness, or to damage received in action, or to bad judgment in taking unweatherly ships too close to the shores of Ireland, where strong westerly gales prevailed, and the coast was inhospitable.

All these conditions were preventable by human foresight and skill; but I am far from denying the current idea that the reactionary despotism of Philip was smitten by the hand of Providence. The assignment of human reasons for failure only shifts the ultimate cause a step back. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

II. THE FATE OF THE ARMADA.

BY WILLIAM FREDERIC TILTON.

HISTORY records few episodes that surpass in romantic and tragic interest the fate that befell the Invincible Armada after its repulse from the shores of England.¹ It occupies in naval annals a position similar to that taken in military history by the catastrophe of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. As in Napoleon's disaster, so here, the dumb ruthlessness of nature joined the cruelty of man in marking with scenes of indescribable horror the fatal turning-point in the fortunes of a monarch who was aiming at the sovereignty of Europe. It was

no exaggeration when the Dutch rebels, jubilant over the dispersion of the Armada, struck a medal showing the world slipping from King Philip's fingers.

Europe was waiting with bated breath to hear the result of the conflict between Spain and England; for on the issue of this duel of giants depended the future of mankind. A victory for Elizabeth promised intellectual and political freedom, growth, and strength to the nations which should prove themselves worthy of these gifts, while a victory for Philip meant the ultimate triumph of the mighty Counter-Reformation, the destruction of the work of Luther and Calvin.

At first came rumors of a great Spanish victory. Mendoza, Philip's ambassador in Paris, who during the critical days had done

¹ This paper is chiefly based on the manuscript Irish correspondence in the London Record Office, and on the narratives of survivors and other authentic Spanish documents published by Captain Duro in his "Armada Invencible."

"nothing but trot up and down from church to church" to pray for success, and had boasted that before October his master

Armada had naturally been the one all-absorbing theme of boasting or conjecture, in palace and monastery, in street and shop.



FROM PHOTOGRAPHY OF PORTRAIT BY TITIAN IN THE PRADO MUSEUM, MADRID. BY PERMISSION OF BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

PHILIP II.

would have public mass said in St. Paul's,¹ at once hurried off couriers to Spain with the good news, and could scarcely restrain himself from having bonfires lighted before his house.

In Spain the progress and fortunes of the

¹ Sir Edward Stafford to Walsingham.

From every altar of the land fervent prayers for its success were rising. The king himself passed hours of every day upon his knees before the sacrament; and those in waiting on him declared that he often rose in the night, sighing to Heaven for victory.

And now came Mendoza's good news. Yet

the king, feverish as was his longing for success, was too old a player to put absolute trust in his ambassador's confused report; for the sanguine, magniloquent Mendoza had a reputation for "deceiving himself." So

gales of the German Ocean. For Philip's fleet, if not actually conquered, had been terribly shattered by the incessant, deadly fire of the English gunners in the great fight off Gravelines. When the Spanish admiral,



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

"SILENT GROUPS ABOUT THE DECKS."

Philip, in an agony of conflicting doubt and hope, shut himself up in the Escorial, and would give no one audience until he should receive more certain tidings.

While Mendoza's ridiculous rumors were circulating through the courts of the Continent, the Armada was in reality flying, crippled and miserable, into the fogs and

the Duke of Medina Sidonia, counted over his ships after the battle, several were missing, among them those of the two heroes of the day on the Spanish side, the dashing, irresistible soldier-sailors Toledo and Pimentel, who, having fought till, in the words of a Spanish officer present, their crack galleons were "knocked in pieces, and the crews nearly

all dead or wounded," drifted in the black night, helpless, or rather unhelped, away from their consorts toward the Low-Country coast. Toledo ran ashore on Nieuport beach, and there found himself among Spaniards and friends. Pimentel had a different fortune. Drifting along the coast between Ostend and the Sluys, his ship was reported to "the brave Lord Willoughby" of the ballad, at this time lord-general of the Queen's forces in the Low Countries, who sent out three men-of-war against her. After a sharp fight of two hours, Pimentel, yielding to exhaustion and the odds against him, struck his colors. The "best sort" among the prisoners were spared for their ransoms; the rest were knocked on the head and flung into the sea.

Yet the Armada had not been utterly routed, and Elizabeth's captains knew this full well. In the evening, just after the fighting had ceased, Howard wrote home that he had "distressed them much," and, though he doubted not, "by God's good assistance, to oppress them," yet he would not "write unto her Majesty till more be done." And even jubilant Drake, who, with the insight of the great sea-captain, had at once appreciated almost to its full extent the success achieved at Gravelines, still expected to "wrestle a pull" with the Spaniards, and was keeping a sharp eye upon them night and day.

In spite of their exhaustion, the Spaniards had scarce closed their eyes during the night after Gravelines, fearing every moment to hear their ships strike on the treacherous banks which skirt the Low-Country coast. Soon after day broke their fears were all but realized. The wind had gradually edged to the northward, and was now blowing hard from the northwest. This must have been a fair enough wind for Calais; but Sidonia had no stomach for another fight, and, owing to their crippled state, his ships, bad sailers at best, were now falling off to leeward toward the low line of shoals. With terror the Spaniards saw in front of them the great waves breaking into gray foam on the smooth sands, and close behind them the pursuing English fleet. Sidonia was lagging behind, with his stout-hearted lieutenants, Recalde and Leyva. The pilots declared that the fleet was doomed unless the wind shifted, and that speedily. Chicken-hearted officers begged Sidonia to strike his colors, and at least save ships and lives; but the admiral confessed himself, and resolved to die, if die he must, like a true knight of the cross. The

English, however, did not attack, believing, as the Spaniards afterward concluded, that the Armada was drifting of itself to sure destruction. In ships that drew twenty-five feet the lead was already giving only thirty. "It was the fearfulest day in the world," a gentleman on the flag-ship wrote to the king. "Our people abandoned all hope, and thought only of death. Our Lord made the enemy blind, and kept him from attacking us." Suddenly, by a miracle, as the Spaniards piously thought, the wind veered to the southward. The Armada, rescued from the shoals only to suffer a more terrible fate, eased sheets and sailed out into the deep North Sea, closely followed by the English.

Shaken by the terrible strain of the last ten days, and now utterly unnerved by the narrowness of this last escape from the very jaws of death, Sidonia was in a panic of doubt and despair. Personally brave enough, as became his proud ancestry, he was too incapable and inexperienced to face with energy and decision a responsibility from which stouter hearts than his might well have shrunk. So, hastily summoning a council of war, he asked whether he ought to sail back into the Channel. It was voted to do so if the wind came fair, otherwise to "obey the weather," and sail north about to Spain; for, it was urged, hulls were leaking at a thousand shot-holes, the rigging was terribly cut up, and the ammunition was nearly all consumed. The admiral did not know when the dilatory Duke of Parma would be ready to join him with his Flanders army, and was convinced that in beating back through the Channel he would have to fight again. The danger was certain; the issue seemed more than doubtful. High-spirited, sensitive officers like Recalde, Leyva, and Oquendo realized what a shameful course their commander was contemplating. Recalde begged him to lie off and on till the wind blew fair for Calais; and Leyva protested that, although he had only thirty cartridges left, and his good ship *Rata* was battered and rent and leaking like a sieve, he saw no reason for flying northward like a pack of cowards. Unfortunately for Philip, the honor of Spain had not been intrusted to these gallant men. Their courage was denounced as madness, or ridiculed as morbid chivalry. Promising to turn back if the wind shifted, Sidonia headed his ragged fleet for the Orkneys: yet it may be inferred that he had no wish to face again the devilish tactics of those heretic pirates.

The English admiral, on the other hand, kept up his "brag countenance," as though he had no lack of victuals or ammunition, and continued in hot pursuit. But as Sidonia showed no desire to turn upon his pursuers, Howard decided, when off Newcastle, to abandon the chase. Leaving two smart pinnaces to dog the enemy "until they were shot beyond the isles of Orkneys and Shetland," or to bring back news of any alarming change in their movements, he sailed back to the North Foreland to refurnish his ships and be ready to meet the Armada if by any chance it returned.

Meanwhile the Spaniards were speeding, crestfallen, over the German Ocean, under all the canvas that their torn rigging and splintered spars would bear. For Sidonia's men were thinking only of getting home to the warm sun and sparkling water of their *cara España*—dear old Spain. Soldiers and sailors lounged in sullen, silent groups about the decks. The flag-ship would not respond to the salutes of her consorts. The wind blew northerly at times, but the duke forgot his promise to sail back into the Channel. He thought only of flight, and offered his French pilot two thousand ducats if he should bring him safe to Spain. Soon the autumn storms burst, and the Spaniards had to house everything but a rag of sail to steer by. Thick, black fogs often settled down upon them, so that they could not see each one another's lights at night. One day, however, they had the melancholy satisfaction of capturing a few English pinnaces returning from their fishing-ground laden with cod and ling. This—one almost regrets to say it—was the greatest achievement of the fleet that was to give Philip the sovereignty over western Europe. The men had been supplied with clothes only for a short summer campaign, and these North Sea gales froze them to the bone. "We all expected to come home rich from this expedition," wrote a gentleman on board the flag-ship, as she was floundering past Scotland; "but now we are coming home in our shirts, for our clothes got so ragged that we had to throw them overboard." To increase the wretchedness, it became necessary to reduce the rations to starving-point. The artillery mules and noblemen's horses, which a wise commander would have kept for food, were cast overboard to save water. It was heart-rending to see the wild white eyes of the poor brutes as, plunging and snorting, they tried to swim back to the ship's side.

It seemed imperative to punish somebody

for all this disgrace and misery. A number of officers were accused of disobedience or cowardice. Some of these the duke deprived of their commands; and one captain was hanged in a pinnace, which was sent through the fleet with its gruesome freight dangling from the yard-arm as a warning to the rest.

The weather got ever wilder. The clumsy ships heaved and rolled, and plunged their yards deep into the waves. Hulls got so badly strained that they had to be stiffened with ropes. Strong men flocked to the chaplains, begging for their prayers. Many a poor fellow, losing hope of seeing land again, made his will and intrusted it to the ship's priest. Men sickened and died by hundreds, sons of Spain's noblest houses with the rest. Many ships got so short-handed that they dropped behind the main body, and had to struggle northward in isolated groups. Now and then a rotten lacing would give way, and the sailors, weakened by hunger and sickness, had to go aloft in the gale to house the tugging and bellying sail, lucky if shrouds and spars were not slippery and dangerous with the driving sleet. Though midsummer, it was as cold as Christmas. Everybody except the pilots stayed below as much as possible to keep warm. They were all perishing with hunger and thirst, and the little food they got was moldy. They might have tried catching rain-water in casks, but the spray would have turned it salt. Calderon, one of the paymasters, had a store of delicacies aboard his hulk, and distributed them, as well as the heavy sea allowed, among the sick and wounded of the fleet. The negroes and mulattos, it was observed, nearly all perished with the cold. The men were now kept continuously at the pumps. Woe to the ship when pumps got clogged with ballast pebbles! It was hard and dangerous work shifting the crews of sinking vessels in the tempestuous weather.

August 20, twelve days after the battle of Gravelines, Medina Sidonia doubled the Orkneys. The Armada, which had been badly scattered in the fogs and wild storms of the German Ocean, was now pretty well together again. Yet it had not escaped the dangers of the Northern islands wholly without mishap. The admiral of the great squadron of hulks, in trying to get by Fair Isle, met with a disaster which is vividly described, in his quaint diary, by good James Melville, the Scottish reformer, who was at that time minister of the parish of Anstruther Wester, Fifeshire.

For a long time, says Melville, the news

of a Spanish navy had been blazed abroad, and "about the Lambstide" Scotland would have "found a fearful effect thereof, to the utter subversion both of Kirk and Policy," if God had not "mightily fought and defeated that army by his soldiers, the elements." For "terrible was the fear, piercing were the preachings, earnest, zealous and fervent were the prayers, sounding were the sighs and sobs and abounding was the tears at that Fast and General Assembly kept at Edinburgh, when the news were credibly told, sometimes of their landing at Dunbar, sometimes at St. Andrews." Yet these good people soon learned that "the Lord of Armies who rides upon the wings of the winds, the keeper of his own Israel, was in the meantime conveying that monstrous navy about our coasts and directing their hulks and galleons to the islands, rocks and sands, whereupon He had destined their wreck and destruction." For one morning, at break of day, Mr. Melville was startled by a sharp knock and a strange voice at his bedroom door. It was one of the bailiffs of Anstruther.

"I have news to tell you, sir," cried the voice. "There is arrived within our harbour, this morning, a ship full of Spaniards, not to give mercy, but to ask." The officers, it appeared, had come ashore; but the sturdy bailiff had ordered them to their ship again till the magistrates of the town should consider what was to be done; and the haggard Spaniards, who were but the shadows of their usual selves, had feebly bowed their heads and obeyed. So, at the bailiff's request, Melville hurried on his clothes and assembling about him the honest men of the town, consented to grant the Spanish captain audience. He proved to be none other than Juan Lopez de Medina, admiral of the hulks, "a very reverend man," says Melville, "of big stature and grave and stout countenance, grey-haired and very humble-like, who after mickle and very low courtesy, bowing down with his face near the ground and touching my shoe with his hand, began his harangue in the Spanish tongue." His story, as reported in English by an interpreter, was that God, for their sins, had been against them, and by a storm had driven his flagship, the *Gran Grifon*, upon Fair Isle,¹ where such of his crew as had escaped the merciless seas and rocks had for "more than six

or seven weeks suffered great hunger and cold," till, having put to sea again in a fishing-smack, they "were come hither as to their special friends and confederates to kiss the King's Majesty's hands of Scotland." And herewith Medina made obeisance to the very ground.

The worthy minister replied that though they and their king Philip were friends to the greatest enemy of Christ, the Pope of Rome, nevertheless they should learn that the men of Anstruther were better Christians than they; "for whereas our people resorting amongst you in peaceable and lawful affairs of merchandise, were violently taken and cast into prison, their goods and gear confiscated and their bodies committed to the cruel flaming fire for the cause of religion, you shall find nothing amongst us but Christian pity and works of mercy and alms." And so the interview came to an end. The next day the Laird of Anstruther, who in the mean time had been notified of what was passing, arrived with a goodly number of the gentlemen of the countryside, entertained Medina and his officers at his own house, and suffered the soldiers and sailors to come ashore. These numbered over two hundred, for the most part young, beardless men, ragged, gaunt, emaciated creatures, scarcely able to drag themselves along. The good people of Anstruther gave them fish and pottage; and Melville, remembering the "prideful and cruel nature of those people, and how they would have used us" if their invasion had succeeded, thanked God to see these great dons making courteous salutations to humble townsmen, and their soldiers abjectly begging alms in the streets. From Anstruther Medina went to Edinburgh, where he met many Spanish castaways, was graciously received by King James, and finally sent back to Spain.

We have lingered too long over Medina's adventures. When he was washed, half dead, upon the rocks of Fair Isle, and watched in despair the last ships of the Armada as they slowly disappeared in the western ocean, little did he dream how good was his fortune compared to the doom that was soon to overtake many of those receding galleons.

The day after he got safe past the Orkneys, Medina Sidonia began to realize that some-

¹ A chair was recently presented to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, which is supposed to have come from the cabin of the wrecked *Gran Grifon*. The inhabitants of the island still manufacture woollen articles, colored in a way so much resembling Spanish pat-

terns that it has been assumed, inasmuch as these patterns and the secret of dyeing the yarn in such varied colors are known only to the natives of that island, that the art was learned from these Armada castaways.

thing must be done to relieve the suspense of King Philip, whose Armada had disappeared so completely that Roman wags were offering, in the Pope's name, indulgence for one thousand years to any who might reveal its whereabouts. So, while tossing on the mighty rollers of the Atlantic a hundred miles to the northward of Cape Wrath, Sidonia wrote a letter to prepare Philip for the worst, and sent it by a despatch-boat, which finally did reach Spain. If this letter was a fresh revelation of the admiral's inefficiency, it at least shows that he was not without feeling for the sufferings of his men. There were over three thousand sick, he said, besides many wounded. Food must be collected for the Armada at the seaports. He had already written asking the bishops of Galicia to make provision for the sick. A gentleman serving in the Armada sent by this same despatch-boat a letter to the Venetian ambassador in Madrid. "Our route outside Scotland is long," he complained; "pray God we come safe home. I reserve all remarks till I arrive at Court, when there will be much to say. For myself I am very hungry and thirsty; the water you cannot drink, for it smells worse than musk. It is more than ten days since I drank any."

Yet Medina Sidonia and his consorts struggled on against the gales. The weather got so wet and black that he lost sight of many vessels, among them those of his gallant lieutenants Leyva and Recalde. Nevertheless, on September 3 he still counted ninety-five sail.

It was usual for Spanish sailors to have snug quarters in the poop-royal and fore-castle, where they could be near their work in heavy weather; but in the Armada the soldiers, who were more numerous than the seamen, and thought themselves quite above them, often took forcible possession of these good quarters, so that the sailors, aloft in all weathers, and constantly drenched to the skin, had no proper refuge after their hard work and exposure. Worse than this, the soldiers were in some cases base enough, after rations had been wisely shortened, to make raids upon the ships' stores. Now and again an arrogant landsman would drive captain and pilots from the helm, and, treating the sailors like so many dogs, run the ship to please himself, and perhaps wreck her, for his pains, among the rocks on the western coast of Ireland, "where," as sixteenth-century sailors knew too well, "the ocean sea raiseth such a billow

as can hardly be endured by the greatest ships."

About the middle of September the fisher-folk along the coast from Bloody Foreland to the Blasket Islands began to catch glimpses of an unwonted number of strange sail hovering on the horizon, and fancied a great invading fleet had come at last to free them from the English yoke.

When the news first reached Ireland that the defeated Armada was laying its course northward, Sir Richard Bingham, Governor of Connaught, had ordered a strict watch on the coast, fearing the Spaniards, with the help of the Irish malcontents, might attempt an invasion. Upon the appearance of any suspicious craft, cattle and provisions were to be hurried inland, and the troops called to arms. To stir the Irish to resistance, he spread the infamous report that the Spaniards meant to kill all inhabitants, friends or foes, male or female, above the age of seven, while those of seven years and under were to be "marked in the forehead with a letter for a note of slavery and bondage to them and their posterity."

Owing to Sir Richard's precautions, the Spaniards who ran into Irish harbors found it impossible to renew their stores. One captain offered a big galleon for permission to take in water, but was refused. Another sent men ashore to get "fresh meat if they could catch it"; but after burning half a dozen cottages, and stealing a few pigs, they were attacked, and forced to leave their prey and run for their boat. One day a hulk took shelter in a small creek of Tralee Bay. Three men swam ashore, and, being seized, said they were of the great Armada. Sir Edward Denny, who commanded at Tralee Castle, was away at Cork; but his lady called out the garrison, and the hulk at once struck her colors. She was leaking like a sieve, and had only twenty men on board—poor famished wretches, who were all put to death "because there was no safe keeping for them," though some of them offered ransom, saying that they had friends in Waterford who would redeem them.

By September 19 Sir Richard had heard of at least twenty-five galleons, scattered from the Erne to the Shannon. Then came, on the 20th, "a most extreme wind and cruel storm, which put him in very good hope that many of them would be beaten up and cast away upon the rocks." He had not long to wait for the fulfilment of his wish; for breathless couriers brought news of wrecks all along the western coast. As a

rule, the Spaniards who did not perish in the waves no sooner staggered half dead upon the shore than they were put to the sword, in compliance with orders from Bingham and the lord deputy, or were knocked on the head and stripped by the Irishry. In one place a crew got ashore so exhausted that a man named M'Cabb killed eighty of them with his gallowglass ax, although in some cases the woodkern and churls of the country allowed them to escape to the mountains, after plundering them to the very skin. Orthodox love for Spain was not so strong in the Irish peasant as greed of booty. In future, said a loyal observer, the Spaniards will know better than to trust "those Irish who so lately imbrued their hands in their blood, slaying them as dogs in such plentiful manner that their garments went about the country to be sold as good cheap as beasts' skins." "The blood which the Irish hath drawn upon them," wrote Sir George Carew, "doth well assure her Majesty of better obedience to come." And Queen Elizabeth herself could write in triumph to the King of Scots: "Albeit, my dear brother, the mighty malice and huge armies of my hateful enemies and causeless foes hath apparently spit out their venomous poison and mortal hate, yet through God's goodness our power so weakened their pride and cut off their numbers at the first that they ran away to their further overthrow. And so mightily hath our God wrought for our innocency, that places of their greatest trust hath turned to prosecute them most; yea every place hath served the turn to ruin their hope, destroy themselves, and take them in the snare they laid for our feet. His blessed name be ever magnified therefore and grant me to be humbly thankful, though never able to requite the least part of such unmeasurable goodness." In the following year a seminary priest came from Rome, bringing dispensation to the town of Galway "for killing the holy Spaniards."

Yet it must not be forgotten that the English in Ireland took their full share in the red-handed work. In this same town of Galway, Bingham executed about four hundred Spanish prisoners in cold blood; and

then, "having made a clean despatch of them both within the town and in the country abroad, he rested Sunday all day giving praise and thanks to Almighty God for her Majesty's most happy success in that action and our deliverance from such dangerous enemies." And somewhat later the Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam wrote Walsingham: "Since it hath pleased God by His hand upon the rocks to drown the greater and better sort of them, I will, with His favour, be His soldier for the despatching of those rags which yet remain." The position of the English in Ireland was so precarious that the authorities felt they must stamp out with a heel of iron every spark which might cause the smoldering discontent of the Irishry to burst out in devastating conflagration. Finally, Fitzwilliam, seeing how difficult it would be to ferret out the few straggling wretches who had escaped the waves, Irish clubs, and English swords, yet fearing to leave them like "vermin to infect the people further," proclaimed the Queen's mercy to all who should submit themselves by January 15, 1589. Before the new year some had already reached Dublin, and others were following as quickly as "their weak bodies allowed."¹

One of the most fatal spots for Armada ships had been Sligo Bay. When Geoffrey Fenton went to view this scene of disaster, he found Spanish guns sunk half a horseman's staff in the shifting sand, and "numbered in one strand of less than five miles in length above eleven hundred dead corpses of men which the sea had driven upon the shore"; and the country people told him "the like was in other places, though not of like number." Somewhat later, the lord deputy, on his way, as he expressed it, to despatch "those rags" of the Spaniards which still infected the country, saw with amazement the masses of wreckage scattered along a beach on the same coast—timber enough to build "five of the greatest ships that ever I saw, besides mighty great boats, cables and other cordage, and some such masts for bigness and length as I never saw any two could make the like." A copy of the sailing directions given by Medina Sidonia,

¹ One often hears a type of peculiar beauty sometimes seen in western Ireland traced to a strain of Spanish blood from the Armada castaways. Such an explanation is doubtless quite fanciful. No less an authority than Mr. Bagwell thinks there is not a scrap of evidence for it. Many Spaniards escaped to Scotland, while those who reached Dublin probably induced friendly skippers to take them back to Spain. It is highly improbable that the few who lingered had any

noticeable influence on the population. Any admixture of Spanish blood in the west of Ireland would probably be due to long-continued trade. The Spaniards used to bring wine, "the King of Spain's daughter," and took away fish and hides. At Galway and Kinsale this commerce has left traces in the architecture. The absence of Spanish surnames in Ireland would of course indicate that any connections with Spanish sailors must have been irregular.

found perhaps in some captain's sea-chest among the wreckage, fell into the lord deputy's hands. A grim smile must have flitted over his face as he read the words: "Take great heed lest you fall upon the Island of Ireland for fear of the harm that may happen unto you upon that coast." An Armada relic still more touching than these instructions is part of a letter written off Dingle by a Spanish captain, begging the President of Munster for friendly treatment. Into a bundle of state papers which tell, in the language of the victors, the awful story of shipwreck and bloodshed on the Irish coast, this fragment, rusty and stained as if by salt water, has strayed like a wail from the vanquished.

It will be interesting, with the aid of Irish records and Spanish log-books, to follow in some detail the romantic adventures of one or two Armada crews.

The huge Venetian, *Trinidad Valencera*, having sprung a desperate leak, ran for the Irish coast, and soon found herself off O'Dogherty's country, perhaps in Lough Swilly. Part of the crew swam ashore; others huddled into an old leaky ship's boat. A native rowed out toward them, and, being promised a bagful of ducats and jewels, helped land those in the leaky boat, while another Irishman, bent on richer spoil, and heedless of the cries for help, rowed straight for the wreck, which went down while he was looting in the hold. No sooner had the Spaniards got ashore than "wild people," and even the queen's soldiers, fell upon them, robbing them of their "money, gold buttons, rapiers and apparel," and slaughtering numbers of them in cold blood. But one of the O'Donnells came to the rescue, had a great fire built for some of the officers, and seemed to "pity their case, especially O'Donnell's wife." One of these officers tells how he was lodged in the cabin of a fellow who sold ale and aqua vitæ, and was ruffling it in a stolen "red cloak with buttons of gold." In the night he robbed his guest of two hundred ducats, and the officer heard him "beat out barrels' heads and fill them with plate, money and jewels." The Spaniards, having saved no provisions, were forced to buy a few wretched horses, "which they killed and did eat, and some small quantity of butter that the common people brought also to sell."

Meanwhile one of the big Castilian galleons, which had got separated from her consorts in the heavy, black weather, was feeling her way with lead and astrolabe along

the Irish coast. Suddenly the man in the top sighted two ships, and signaled to them, that night, with beacons. They proved to be Recalde's *San Juan* and a hulk. Joining company, all three sailed for the mainland, and finally dropped anchor in Dingle Bay, between Great Blasket Island and the shore, "a most wild road." The sea-fowl whirled and screeched in their rigging. An ugly surf was beating against the cliffs, upon which a body of the queen's soldiers were patrolling. The Spaniards noticed their flag, white with a colored cross. Nevertheless, Recalde contrived to fill a few water-casks. He had many men on the sick-list, and every day five or six poor fellows had to be dropped over the ship's side. Soon it came on to blow from the westward a clear, dry gale. Recalde began to drag, and before he could get out a second anchor had smashed into the Castilian, carrying away her shrouds and stays. At noon the *Nuestra Señora de la Rosa*, one of Admiral Oquendo's best ships, came tearing into the harbor, firing guns of distress. Her rent sails were flapping in the tempest with the ugly sharpness of pistol-shots. She let go her only anchor, but dragged on to a reef. When she struck, the captain ran the Genoese pilot through the body for a traitor. The officers all rushed to the long boat, but could not get her clear before the vessel went down. All hands, three hundred "tall men," perished except the son of the murdered pilot, who was swept ashore, "naked upon a board." Soon two other ships boomed into the roadstead, one of them with her mainmast clean gone and her foresail torn to ribbons. After the storm had spent itself, this ship was found to be leaking beyond repair. Her company was distributed among the others, and while Recalde stayed behind to take the guns out of her, the Castilian made sail for Spain. But the troubles of her crew were not yet over. While they were at anchor, one night, in a group of islands, it came on to blow again. Finding their ship was dragging, they put canvas on her and got away. Low, black clouds were scudding over them, and it rained in torrents. The sea ran high and broke on the rocks in an awful surf which lighted the black night. Making desperately for the space between two islands, they got into the open sea without striking, but only to hurry into a worse tempest. The great seas broke into them; guns and water-butts plunged about the decks. They thought their last day had come, but, with only a bonnet bent to the foremast, contrived to weather it. When

they reached Spain their ship was little better than a wreck.

While Recalde was riding out the storm in Dingle Bay, Medina Sidonia, having a pilot who knew his business, had given Ireland a wide berth, and was making the best of his way homeward. September 18 he still had fifty sail with him. Then the gale burst upon them, and the duke, being very short of provisions, would not wait for stragglers, but headed his ship, the *San Martin*, for Santander, with all the canvas she would bear. At daybreak, September 21, he arrived, quite alone, off that port. The *San Martin* would not work in the light air, and the vast, smooth billows threw her nearer and nearer the rocks. She fired guns of distress, and pilot-boats put off and towed her out of danger. The duke, who was so weak with fever and dysentery that he could hardly stand, went ashore at once with most of the noblemen. "I cannot express to your Majesty," he wrote, "the sufferings we have been through." The wine was low in the casks. Many a ship's crew had been a fortnight without water. Of the sick aboard the *San Martin*, one hundred and eighty had died, including three of the four pilots. The rest were down with an ugly contagious fever. The duke said he was taking measures to have provisions sent down and the sick cared for. It was certainly a time for prompt decision and tireless energy, but the commander-in-chief confessed that he had "no health nor head for anything." A few days later he wrote Philip's secretary of state, Idiaquez, that nothing would induce him to go aboard the *San Martin* again. "For," he said, "knowing as I do nothing of the sea or of war, I should be sacrificing myself without doing his Majesty any good. So please act in these naval matters as if I were dead. I have said many times that I am unfit for a command at sea; I will not serve again, though it cost me my head. I am too weak to write with my own hand or to leave this town." And then, fearing that he too had death in his bones, he added: "To-day died Admiral de las Alas, who has done the best service of all at sea."

Before Sidonia, crowding sail across the Bay of Biscay, had sighted the blue hills of Spain, King Philip, after agonizing weeks of alternated hopes and fears, had at last been forced to yield to the certainty of disaster. Mendoza's news of victory had been followed by a letter from Parma telling of the fight off Gravelines. This reyerse, said Idiaquez, "has afflicted his Majesty incredibly," and

"his distress increases day by day. Not that his health has suffered. Thank God, he is well and his courage superior to any trial; but having undertaken this invasion from holy, Christian zeal, he is overcome with grief at having been unable to do the Almighty so acceptable a service, after thinking himself so near the goal." When men talked to him of wreaking speedy vengeance for this blow to Spain's prestige, he replied, with a feeble resignation that shows how disaster had stunned him: "In that which it pleases God to do there is neither loss nor gain of reputation." This, however, was only a passing moment of apathy. For no one felt more keenly than Philip this awful disgrace to Spanish arms. He still hoped the Armada would turn on the enemy and join the Duke of Parma and his Flanders army in the invasion; and later, while Sidonia was tearing headlong past the Irish coast, Philip even suggested that Parma might cross alone to England. "It will be easy enough to conquer the country," he said, and then "perhaps our Armada can come back and station itself in the Thames to support you." Soon, however, the king got his admiral's despatch from the Orkneys, and then his letter from Santander, with its tale of rout, sickness, and death. "I render His Divine Majesty most hearty thanks," said Philip, when the truth burst upon him at length, though not yet in its appalling fullness, "by whose generous hand I am gifted with such power that I could easily, if I chose, place another fleet upon the seas. Nor is it of very great importance that a running stream should be sometimes intercepted if the fountain from which it flows remains inexhaustible." And to Sidonia's dismal letters from Santander the long-suffering king replied without betraying in the slightest the terrible shock to which he had been subjected. His fondest hopes were dashed to the ground. The great enterprise in which had culminated the tireless striving of a lifetime had ended, largely by his admiral's fault, in ignominious, overwhelming disaster. Yet he has no word of blame for the inefficient Medina Sidonia, whom he still addresses, with perhaps unconscious irony, as his "Captain General of the Ocean Sea." "I have been much grieved," says Philip, "to hear of your illness. I charge you to take good care of yourself, and hope that you will soon be able to resume your duties with the zeal you have always manifested in my service."

Gradually the other shattered remnants of the fleet, which had set forth amid such high

hopes, crawled, wreck after wreck, into the ports of Galicia. It was only a few short weeks since Lope de Vega, Spain's sweetest singer, who himself took part in the expedition, loving, like England's Sidney, to do the noble deeds he sang, had composed his sonnet to the "Famosa Armada de estandartes llena," and bidden it "sail forth and set the world ablaze." And this was the wretched end of it all. It was touching to see the men when they caught sight once more of their native shores. "Such," says one of the Armada priests, "were the rejoicings in our ships that we thought everybody gone mad for very gladness." But in this case the joy came too soon. Before they could make the harbor a storm struck them, as violent as any of the whole voyage. They had to scud all night under bare poles. Many a ship's mast went by the board. The priest relates how, having at last succumbed to his hardships, he was down with the fever. That awful night, however, officers and men came trembling to his berth to be shriven. But the danger passed quickly, and the next day they sailed into Santander harbor. Boats came out to them with grapes. They had got home at last. The sight of fresh food and sweet water made Spain seem a paradise. For, verily, concludes the priest, the sea is only "sky and water, bad days and worse nights. 'T is well named the Briny, for 't is but bitterness."

Even after their arrival in Spain the men continued to die, as if stricken with the pest. They could not get well aboard their ships, which were foul and stinking. For a time there were no doctors, no medicines, no wholesome food. Oquendo had no sooner reached his own town of San Sebastian than, refusing to go ashore to see wife and child, he lay down and died of the pestilence and a broken heart. Recalde, too, finally reached Corunna. Sickness and famine had killed nearly two hundred of his ship's company, and the mortality would not cease. He himself, having done all a brave man could for the honor of his country's flag, was so far fortunate as to survive only a few days the ignominy of this return to Spain.

Not till now had Philip fully realized the awful magnitude of the disaster that had befallen him. Of the great fleet that sailed out of Corunna in July, little more than half ever returned, and these were all torn, strained, and water-logged. Less than a dozen sail had been missing on the morrow of Gravelines; the rest foundered or went ashore during the mad career homeward. Of

the twenty-five thousand men it is doubtful if a third ever saw Spain again, and of this miserable remnant many got home only to die.

Among those still missing was Don Alonso de Leyva, one of the most honored officers of Spain, who, in case of mishap to Medina Sidonia, was to have succeeded to the chief command. With him was a brilliant company of high-born youths, whose fathers had been willing that they should serve under no other. King and people hoped against hope that their idol was tarrying only to win fresh laurels on Irish battle-fields; and, indeed, the news that he had saved twenty-six ships and raised Ireland came to make the heart of Spain beat for a moment more gladly. But the tragic truth was soon known, and may be briefly told.

The English guns had played such havoc with Leyva's ship, the *Rata*, that she was in no condition for the perilous voyage around Scotland and Ireland. She succeeded, however, in getting as far as Mayo, but was there found to be utterly unseaworthy. Leyva, therefore, ran for shelter into Blacksod Bay. Here the *Rata* was slowly settling, as the water gained obstinately on the pumps, when a Spanish hulk, by chance, put into the same roadstead. She took off Leyva and his people, and, after setting fire to the ship on which Leyva had fought so nobly in the Channel, they all sailed away for Spain. But contrary winds baffled them and drove the unweatherly hulk back to Donegal Bay. Here a wild storm burst upon them. Cables parted, and the hulk drove ashore near Killybegs. All hands got safe to the beach, but a lurch of the ship had thrown Leyva against the capstan so violently that he could neither walk nor ride. So they carried him after a few days to the great galleass *Girona*, which had gone ashore at a point nineteen miles distant. Here they all remained a fortnight, till, having called to their aid "some such lewd carpenters as those savage and brutish people had there in the country," they had patched up the galleass with planks from another wreck. Then, hearing that the lord deputy, Fitzwilliam, was approaching with troops, Leyva took "the choice men of the whole company" aboard the galleass, and got away. "The refuse" were left to wander up and down through woods and bogs, venturing forth now and then to beg an alms. Among this refuse was a Tipperary man, who describes Leyva as "tall and slender, of a whitely complexion, of a flaxen and smooth hair, of behaviour mild and temperate, of

speech good and deliberate, greatly revered not only by his own men, but generally of all the whole company."

It was October 26 when the galleass put to sea. Leyva laid his course for Scotland,

ceeded in swimming to land. The bodies of the drowned were gradually washed ashore. Their whitening bones and three brass guns, which glistened in fine weather far under water on the reefs of Bunboys, remained for



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

"CAME TREMBLING . . . TO BE SHRIVEN."

and had almost reached the Giant's Causeway when, skirting the coast of Antrim too closely, they dashed upon the rocks of Bunboys, near the huge, sheer cliffs from which Dunluce Castle looked down upon the boiling sea. The galleass was soon ground to pieces, and all hands perished, save five who suc-

a time to mark the spot where Leyva met his fate.

Over a year passed, and it seemed as if the last tale of shipwreck and suffering must have long since been told. But one day in the late autumn of 1589 a courier brought the king a long letter from Captain Cuellar

of the *San Pedro*, who was supposed to have perished with the rest in Ireland. He had just arrived in Antwerp, after a year of the strangest adventures that ever a man had, and wrote the king a lively account of them, hoping, he said, in his trivial cavalier fashion, that his Majesty might while away an after-dinner hour over it.

At Gravelines, he wrote, he had been in the thickest of the fray, and his ship was riddled with great shot. He had scarcely closed his eyes for ten days, and after the English gave up their pursuit he went below to snatch a little rest. While he was asleep his pilot crowded sail and went on ahead of Medina Sidonia, to plug a shot-hole through which the water was streaming. He was about lowering sail when a pinnace came alongside, with orders to hang Cuellar and De Avila, captain of a hulk which had also sailed too far ahead. Cuellar, gasping with rage, asked how they dared put such shame upon an officer who had served the king so loyally. "Ask my men here," he cried, "and if one of them says aught against me, you can pull me asunder with four boats." But he wasted his breath. It was useless, the messengers said, to appeal to the duke, who had shut himself up in his cabin and wanted to be left alone. But when Cuellar was taken to the auditor-general's ship, that officer refused to execute him without a warrant under the duke's own hand, and the duke finally sent word to spare him. De Avila, however, was sent to the yard-arm. Cuellar stayed aboard the auditor's ship, which, with two others, went ashore in a gale on the coast of Sligo. The beach shelved so gradually that they struck far from shore. The huge seas broke clean over them, and they were fast going to pieces. Some of the noblemen got into a ship's boat, with their ducats and jewels, and had the hatch battened down over them. A number of seamen threw themselves into the boat after their betters, and, since the hatch was closed, had to cling as best they could to the slippery deck. They had scarcely got clear of the wreck when a great sea swept them all overboard, and capsized the boat, which was buffeted gradually shoreward, and finally tossed, keel uppermost, on the beach. A band of savages came to strip off her ironwork, and, ripping up the deck, found the noblemen all dead. They took the treasure and clothing, leaving the naked bodies to rot on the sand. Meanwhile Cuellar, crouched on the poop-royal, was watching the awful scene. Many of his comrades, throwing away the gold chains and

money which weighed them down, sprang into the boiling sea, and sank, never to rise again. Others were clinging desperately to casks or planks. Above the roar of the tempest rose the shrieks of men crying to God for mercy. The shore was covered with natives, who rushed about madly and seemed overjoyed at the dreadful spectacle. The moment a Spaniard staggered on to the beach, half a hundred of these wild men fell upon him, beating him and stripping him. Cuellar, seeing that in a quarter of an hour there would be nothing left of his ship to cling to, threw himself upon a mass of wood-work that was floating near. The auditor, heavy with the gold he had sewn into doublet and small-clothes, followed him. The waves dashed against them and stunned them with bits of floating wreckage. The auditor was soon swept off, and went down, shrieking a prayer. Cuellar clung to his frail raft, and, before he knew it, was swept to the shore, more dead than alive. He was covered with blood, and in such miserable plight that the savages thought him unworthy of notice. So, parched with thirst, and suffering agony from the salt in his wounds, he crawled away, meeting many Spaniards, stark naked, and shivering with terror and the cruel cold. One of these joined him, and at dusk they lay down in a deserted tract among the reeds. Two armed men came by, and, taking pity, covered them with reeds before hurrying on to join the wreckers. Cuellar woke only to find his companion dead. Leaving him a prey, like hundreds of others, for wolves and ravens, he dragged himself to a monastery near by, but found it in ruins and empty but for a dozen Spaniards hanged among the charred remains of the chapel. Hastening from this horrid place, he met two Spaniards, naked and wounded. Desperate with pain and hunger, they resolved to go back together to the scene of their shipwreck, in the hope of finding food. They recognized two officers among the ghastly bodies which strewed the beach, and buried them at the water's edge. They had scarcely got them covered with sand when a hundred men rushed up to see if they were hiding treasure. Their leader took pity, and showed them a path leading inland to his own village. Cuellar, barefoot and crippled, was unable to keep up with his companions. As he was limping through a wood, three men darted out from behind the rocks, followed by a girl of extreme beauty. After transferring from his neck to the girl's a gold chain adorned with holy relics which he wore

under his shirt, they dressed his wounds with herbs, gave him oat-bread and milk, and then showed him a range of hills behind which lived an Irish chieftain who loved the King of Spain. As he was toiling thither he met a band of savage men, who beat and stripped him. But he wrapped himself as best he could in ferns and an old bit of sedge matting, and plodded on. Seeking shelter, one night, in a deserted hut, he found sheaves of oats piled up on the floor, and was thanking God for so soft a bed when he was startled by three figures dimly outlined in the gloom. He thought of devils, but they proved to be fugitive Spaniards like himself. It was a sorry group—Cuellar in his old matting, and they stark naked. Cuellar bade them pluck up heart and follow him to O'Rourke's country. They slept that night buried in the oats, supperless but for mulberries and cresses. All the next day men were mowing in the adjoining fields; but after the moon rose, Cuellar and his comrades wrapped wisps of straw about them, and set forth into the cold autumn night. Arriving at O'Rourke's town, they were told that he had gone off to fight the English. A kindly villager gave Cuellar an old blanket, full of lice, which he was only too glad to accept. Wrapped in this loathsome garment, he set out alone for the stronghold of a chieftain who, he was told, lived in open rebellion against the queen. On his way thither he met a blacksmith, who guided him, under false pretenses, to his hut in a lonely ravine, and set him to blowing the bellows. Cuellar worked for him a week, fearing to be thrown into the fire if he refused. Finally a friendly priest came that way, rated the smith roundly for his cruelty, and got an escort to guide Cuellar to the castle whither he was bound. Here he stayed three months, with ten other shipwrecked Spaniards whom he found there. The host's comely wife found favor in Cuellar's eyes, and he used to amuse her and the other women by telling their fortunes.

He gave the king a curious description of the Irish among whom he found himself. They lived among their rugged hills, he said, like wild beasts. Their dwellings were thatched huts. The men had heavy bodies, but their arms and legs were shapely, and their features good. Their hair grew in a tuft down to the eyes. They wore tight small-clothes, and short coats of coarse goats' hair, and in cold weather wrapped blankets about them. They were as fleet as deer, and no hardship was too great for

them. The women had, as a rule, handsome faces but bad figures. They wore only a shift and a blanket, and round the head a linen cloth, tied in front. They were very industrious, and good housewives, after their own manner. The people ate but once a day, and then at night. Their ordinary diet was oat-bread and butter. They would not touch the sparkling mountain water, and drank only buttermilk. On holidays they ate half-cooked flesh, without bread or salt. When at home they slept on damp, freshly cut rushes, spread on the ground. The people of the different villages were constantly attacking and plundering one another, but were always ready to unite against the English, whom they could generally keep at bay by flooding the country. When, however, the English appeared in force, they flew to the mountains with their women and their herds. Though they called themselves Christians, and heard mass, there was no justice among them, and everybody did as he pleased.

During Cuellar's stay an English force came out to punish those chiefs who were concealing Spaniards. Cuellar offered to defend the castle with his ten fellow-countrymen; for it stood in the middle of a broad lake, and was almost impregnable. So the chief left them a supply of arms and provisions, and then fled to the mountains with all his people and his flocks. Cuellar and his comrades were besieged a fortnight. The English laid waste the country, and tried to frighten the little garrison by hanging two Spaniards before their eyes. Finally heavy snow-storms drove them away. Cuellar's grateful host wanted to keep him always, and offered him one of his fair sisters to wife. Alarmed at this prospect, Cuellar contrived to escape, soon after New Year's day, with four of his friends. After long wanderings he got to Dunluce, where Leyva had perished, and saw in the huts of the natives jewels and other relics of his disaster. Finally he reached the house of a good Irish bishop, who procured a pinnace and sent him off to Scotland with a dozen other fugitive Spaniards. They were hospitably received by the Catholic families of Edinburgh, and soon learned that many of their comrades had likewise found an asylum in Scotland. In fact, their number was so considerable as to cause Elizabeth some uneasiness, and a few months after Cuellar's arrival she sent her ambassador Ashby a safe-conduct for all the fugitives. The Spanish officers soon succeeded in collecting seven hundred scattered castaways, nearly half of whom were "some

sick, some lame, and such miserable creatures as they will never be able to do any service."¹ Ashby, however, was determined to retain the safe-conduct unless satisfaction was given for an English trumpeter whom a gang of Spaniards had murdered one night in Edinburgh. "And so," he said, "let them take their hap as it will fall out." He hoped, if they met either the queen's ships or the Hollanders without safe-conduct, they would "have their deserts"; for "they are poor and proud, and not able to resist any force that shall encounter them."

Four Scottish ships were chartered to take them to Flanders, and in these they all embarked, Cuellar with the rest. Passport or no passport, off Dunkirk they did meet a squadron of Dutch ships, which immediately gave them chase. Two of their vessels es-

¹ Ashby to Walsingham.

caped by running ashore. Cuellar and his shipmates, not succeeding in following this example, threw themselves into the sea. Several were drowned, but Cuellar got ashore by clinging to a plank. Meanwhile the Dutch had caught the fourth vessel, and killed nearly every Spaniard in her.

Thus Cuellar's letter ended, as it had begun, with shipwreck and bloodshed. Entertaining enough for us, it was dreary reading for the king. It only brought back with fresh sharpness the painful memories of the fatal year 1588, and made him peer with melancholy foreboding into the future of the country the glory of which was the breath of his life. For the catastrophe of the Armada had been the startling outward manifestation of inner weakness and decay. It was the voice of history proclaiming to the world that the days of Spain's greatness were numbered.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.¹

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER.

WITH A FANCIFUL REPRODUCTION BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON.

IT is an old device of city life to increase the precious square feet of standing-room by introducing house-stories as multipliers. The herdsman and the farmer lead, perforce, a one-storied life; they have no use for mother earth except they be admitted on the ground floor. But the city man uses area over and over again. Compactness is the demand, and now that he has discovered the elevator, he threatens to go up until horizontal distances are matched by vertical.

Such multiplication of areas has thus far in the world's history been applied to private holdings rather than to the public space in streets and squares. The old Greek house, with its adobe walls, rarely essayed more than a second story; but Babylon was early famed for its three- and four-storied houses. In Rome, before Nero's conflagration, the buildings rose to altitudes unworthy of their slender foundations and the narrow streets they faced, and Augustus was obliged by edict to fix their height at seventy feet. Martial tells of a poor sinner who had to

climb two hundred stairs to reach his lodging-room. In Tyre, so Strabo says, the houses were taller even than at Rome.

The application of the same idea to public spaces is scantily represented in ultra-modern times by the elevated railways, and the resulting two-storied streets of New York, and by proposed two- or three-storied piers; but even here there is nothing new under the sun. The hanging, or "pensile," constructions of ancient architects embody the whole of the two-story theory. Thus the architect Sostratus of Cnidus is said to have been the first to construct a hanging, or pensile, promenade—i. e., a public promenade raised on piers of masonry. We hear, too, of pensile baths and a pensile theater, which means no more than that they were raised on arches; and Pliny calls Rome itself almost a pensile city, so thoroughly is it undermined by its system of sewers.

The famous pensile gardens of Babylon were built in the midst of the crowded city, and were so constructed as to leave a part, at least, of the space at the ground-level beneath them open to traffic, or available for rooms and offices. Nebuchadnezzar had married him a wife, the Median princess

¹ See previous articles in *THE CENTURY* for April and May, 1898.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAGNE.

THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON.

Amytis, whose heart yearned for the hills and the trees of her native land. Babylon was the Chicago of the old world—flat, busy, and practical, perhaps also smoky, and, at least in the compact central part, without park or garden to relieve the eye and refresh the lungs. Now the good Nebuchadnezzar—and he was the one who, in 596 and 586 B. C., had induced the people of Jerusalem, in the interest of peace and quietness, to come into his land and try a change of scene—was not only a vigorous builder, but had every reason to respect his wife and even to humor her whims.

It was his marriage with her that was responsible for cementing that alliance between Medes and Babylonians which had just brought great Nineveh to its fall, and made commercial Babylon the metropolis of power, as it had long been of wealth and trade. But, more than this, the Medes, next neighbors across the mountains, were now the great rivals and the standing peril of the new Babylonian empire; and dread of that power, which a generation later Cyrus was to lead to victory, was always in the air. A Median princess, therefore, must be treated with consideration.

That was the way the Hanging Gardens came to be. They stand in history as a testimonial to a woman's influence, and a monument at once to the fall of Nineveh and to the short-lived bloom of the Babylonian empire built on the ruin. Such of the Judean captives as entered Babylon saw them in building or just completed. The tradition which coupled them with the name of the mythical Assyrian queen Semiramis was only romance.

The monstrous structure, four hundred feet square, stood by the bank of the Euphrates, where it flows, a furlong wide,

through the midst of the city. Divided into four terraces, each one hundred feet wide, the highest adjoining the river, it rose in four mighty steps of twenty feet each to its topmost grade, from eighty to one hundred feet above the level of the ground. Massive piers of brick, twenty-two feet thick, supported it, and between them ran, entering from each side, twelve vaulted passageways, each ten feet wide. The ground-space was thus, as patient arithmetic will show, equally divided between piers and passages.

Over the piers great architrave blocks of stone, sixteen feet long and four feet thick, were laid to support the mass above, and these were joined by meshes of reeds set in cement, above which were layers of tiles, also set in cement; and again above these great sheets of lead, carefully joined so as to protect the walls of the building from the moisture that oozed through the soil above. Over all this was spread deep, rich loam, and therein were planted, after the manner of garden and park, rare shrubs and flowers that delighted with color and perfume, and "broad-leaved" trees that grew into stately dimensions, and clung to the breast of the nurse as trustfully as had it been that of old mother earth.

Through a shaft reaching down to the river, water was drawn up to reservoirs in the upper terrace by some mechanism that Diodorus, surely by an anachronism, speaks of as a sort of Archimedes screw. Thence came the supply for the various fountains and rills that decorated and refreshed the gardens.

This truly was a wonder of the world; for in the vaulted corridors below the politician and the money-changer plied their crafts, but the husbandman and the farmer were for once on top.



THE THREE R'S AT CIRCLE CITY.

BY ANNA FULCOMER.

IN the fall of 1896 the first government school in the interior of Alaska was opened by me, a few miles south of the arctic circle, at Circle City, on the banks of the now famous Yukon. At that date Circle

arctic winter was upon us. The ground was covered with snow, the Yukon was frozen over, and the thermometer dropped lower and lower. Our good-sized modern heater could not warm the large room, especially as our



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

NATIVE SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

City was enjoying a "boom," as it was then the richest mining-camp on the river. The white population numbered fifteen hundred, and could boast of "the biggest log-house town in the world."

On October 1 the dirt roof was on the log school-house, and I opened school, despite the fact that for two weeks the carpenter worked among us, planing benches and doors, putting in a partition, and, of course, driving nails. Teaching under such circumstances was difficult, particularly while getting acquainted with the capacities of the pupils. At the same time, it was so cold that during half the session I was shivering, and sometimes my teeth chattered. The

four windows were not yet in. Cotton-drilling was tacked over the openings, for there were no windows in the camp. Toward the latter end of October the weather moderated sufficiently to open a channel in the Yukon enabling a steamboat to reach Circle City. It brought us the needed windows, so for a while we were more comfortable.

The Bureau of Education had instructed me to induce the white people to allow Indian children to attend the school; but I soon decided to say nothing on the subject, for I found that white and Indian children ate and played together, without hindrance from any one.

Thirty-six pupils were enrolled, where I

had expected hardly a dozen. In age they ranged from five to thirty. Three races were represented—Caucasian, American Indian, and Mongolian; that is to say, whites, Indians, and Eskimos, with all degrees of mixture of the three. The six white children who were in attendance during the entire school year did good work, though they were not far advanced. It was no trouble to classify them; but it was difficult during the first

keeping and cooking, and looked with contempt upon their sisters who adhered to their tribal life.

Most of my half-breed scholars were as light-skinned as the white ones; some were really good-looking, many were exceedingly bright, and a few were quite naughty, mischievous, and full of pranks, the boys especially. There was nothing really mean about them, but they seemed to be possessed



DRAWN BY E. W. DEMING, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A GROUP OF SCHOOL-GIRLS.

two weeks to classify the native children, very few of whom, however, were full-blooded Indians. The majority of them had attended school before, though few of them for a longer period than three months. Two bright girls of fourteen had lived for two years in the Church of England mission at Forty Mile Post. Both were in the same reading, writing, and spelling classes with a ten-year-old white boy who had had about the same amount of schooling.

All the native children who entered school at the beginning could speak English. They belonged to the "upper class," according to the Indian notion, which meant that their parents, or at least their mothers, followed the miners from camp to camp, lived in log cabins, dressed like white people, learned *something* from the miners about house-

with an inborn restlessness, and a desire to be doing something with their hands. Twelve-year-old Charley Pitki was one of these unquiet souls. He was a perfect genius in originating mischief, and even after he knew what was proper at school he would sometimes unload his pockets of strings, buckskin thongs, pieces of boards, sleigh-bells, and nails.

With one or two exceptions, the pranks of the native children could not be called cases of premeditated meanness; but one of my white boys, fifteen years old, who had attended public school in the States, played such mean tricks on the children, and proved to be such a disturbing element in the otherwise peaceful school, that I soon found it necessary to expel him. Either he could not, or would not, learn anything. I soon saw

that all the good I could do him would not compensate for the harm he was doing the other children. My two other white boys played with the native children, helped them with their lessons, and studied hard to get their own lessons. As a rule, the pupils did not need correction as often as the same number of white children packed together in such close quarters. My supply of seats was so limited that I had to put three children on a seat, and several remained to decorate the edges of the platform.

The greatest drawback to my school work was the lack of books. Naturally, most of the children required chart and primer, neither of which was included in the school outfit, nor could they be obtained at Circle City. Had there not been a good blackboard and a plentiful supply of crayon, I scarcely know how I should have managed. I would group the little ones about me at the blackboard, and make up the lessons, day by day, in both printing and writing. They liked to write,—it came easy to them,—and each one tried to make his writing look plainer and neater than that of his fellows. The little ones were ambitious to read out of books, "like the big girls." As I had none for them, they hunted up "books," as they called them, seizing upon stray leaves from novels and pieces of newspaper.

A good many grown girls and boys were just learning to read. They were ashamed and awkward at the blackboard, and at first did not progress as fast as the little ones. This made such uphill work, and was so discouraging, that I was afraid I would lose many of the older ones altogether. At this juncture, however, the missionary of the Church of England who was stationed for the winter at Circle City kindly helped me out by the loan of a number of books, slates, and pencils. Among these books were six primers and first readers. How happy I was to get them, even though they had to be divided among twenty-six children! I doubt if such a medley of books was ever before seen in a school-room: a set of ordinary school-books for intermediate grades, including a physical geography and a world's history; English readers, spellers, and little paper-covered arithmetics; twenty pages from "Christy's Old Organ"; about half of the New Testament; one hundred pages from "The Woman in White"; parts of four other novels; newspaper scraps; and a couple of the queerest possible little religious primers, published by a London tract society. The leaves of some of the books were yellow

with age, having been taken into that region by some miners who had studied them thirty or more years ago. It was amusing to watch the children spelling out the words and trying to read in these scraps of old books and papers.

The scarcity of books made my work all the harder. It took every moment of my time to devise ways and means of keeping all the children at work. From nine o'clock until four I could think of nothing else. Often for an hour after school I would be mapping out work for the next day. On the whole, the work done was commendable. Advanced books for the white children were so scarce that it was necessary to adopt a method which, to chance visitors, seemed strange—boys and girls sitting together in order to study out of the same books. One white boy and two native girls were together in several classes, and when sitting on the same bench the girls would try to get the boy in the middle, with the idea of teasing him.

I had been in Circle City scarcely three weeks before I was invited to a dance. I declined, with thanks, on the plea that I did not dance. "But this is a school dance, and you *must* go," said the chairman of the school board. "More miners will go if it is known that the teacher will be there; and we are anxious to raise the money to pay the debt on the school-house." So I pocketed my prejudices, and attended a dance in a mining-camp.

The ball was held in the "opera-house,"—built of logs,—and the "gentlemen" were miners, dressed in a variety of clothing—moccasins, blanket suits, overalls, flannel shirts, ordinary woolen suits, and four or five wore black suits and white shirts. The "ladies" were white women and squaws, who danced at the same time, but not in the same sets. Little half-breed children ran about among the dancers, and their baby brothers and sisters slept, or cried, in a corner. I sat and looked on, enjoying the novel scene. The same men danced with both white and Indian women; but the floor was sharply divided off, three sets in which were white women occupying one half of the floor, while three corresponding sets with squaws occupied the other side. While resting, the women sat on backless benches on their respective sides of the hall, while the men crowded together in one end. The majority of the squaws were dressed about as well as their white sisters, wearing silk waists and satin or nice wool dresses. The squaws were Eskimos and

Indians, including all degrees of mixture, and hailed from all parts of Alaska. A few were rather good-looking, and others were nearly black and extremely ugly. They knew the popular dances of the whites, and for the most part were very graceful. No native men were admitted. After the midnight refreshments I slipped away home, while the rest danced until three o'clock. The sum added to the school fund by that festivity was \$276.50. I soon discovered that money was

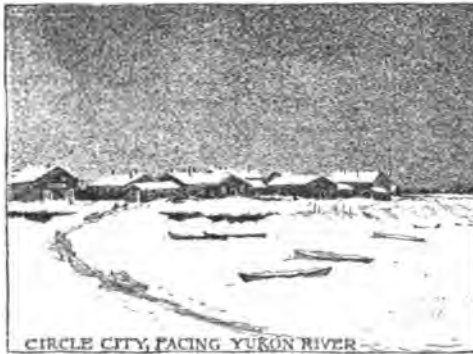
In November the thermometer dropped to twenty and thirty degrees below zero, and how we shivered in that large room with only our ordinary wood heater! The government had made no provision for the services of a janitor, so the school trustees hired a man, at forty dollars a month, to build the fire in the morning and fetch a pail of water. The stove was kept full of wood; still the children were obliged to wear their fur coats, caps, and mittens while in their seats. At



CIRCLE CITY OPERA-HOUSE.



SCHOOL-HOUSE.



CIRCLE CITY, FACING YUKON RIVER.



OFF FOR A SLEIGH-RIDE.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

raised in this way for a miners' hospital, library, and other public purposes. The understanding between our Bureau of Education at Washington and the people at Circle City was that the bureau would supply the teacher, the fuel, and the coal-oil, while Circle City would furnish the school-house and the needed furniture. The Alaska Commercial Company had kindly loaned the money to build the school-house, and from five dances \$1714.55 was realized. The remaining \$544.27 would have been raised in the same way that winter, if the "Klondike fever" had not carried off all the men. The school-house consisted simply of rough unhewn logs, chinked with moss, and covered with a pole and dirt roof; but any building costs money when wages are ten dollars a day. The cost of a stove was fifty dollars, and it took a dollar to purchase a fire-shovel.

times they would stand in a circle round the stove, three or four deep, those nearest the stove, when warm, giving place to others. The books were cold, and the slates like so many chunks of ice. When the children breathed on a slate in order to erase the work, the moisture instantly froze. I kept on my fur boots and fur coat all day long.

In December the miners obtained permission to hold the meetings of their literary society in the school-house. I did not attend the first meeting, but understood that they were nearly congealed, notwithstanding their "heated" argument. As we sat shivering at the second meeting, the chairman asked me how the school managed to keep warm with such a stove. "We don't pretend to keep warm, for it is simply impossible to do so," I answered. After some discussion, the miners took a vote on a resolution declaring that

"if there's a Yukon heater to be had in camp, the school-ma'am shall have it, no matter what it costs." Three days later the school-room was furnished with a "Yukon heater" which made the air vibrate. It was a monstrous big coal-oil tank, round and black, one end cut out and fastened upon hinges for a door, and with legs of sheet-iron plate supporting it lengthwise upon the floor. Fur coats were no longer needed. Once filled with cord-wood, it was sufficient to keep the school-room warm for half a day—in fact, almost too warm.

It seemed to please the children to hear me read a story to them on Friday afternoons. I had difficulty in finding stories that could be understood by the native children without being too childish for the white children. I always thought it best to interject considerable explanation as I read. It cheered me, after a trying week's work, to see the children's faces brighten as story-telling time came, and to watch their eager movements. When some particular story took their fancy they would talk about it for months afterward. Reciting was also something in which they delighted. This was not often indulged in, for I did not have the time to teach them "pieces," word by word.

The day before Thanksgiving I explained the meaning of the holiday, which, in that region of frequent food-shortage, they could understand perfectly. I read them a Thanksgiving story, and invited them all to spend Thanksgiving evening with me. When school was out, I was overwhelmed with questions, and dusky little hands clutching at my sleeves. "Are you going to give a party?" they cried. "Can we come and *play* in your room?" "Can my baby sister come, too?" The children fairly danced about the school-room. The next evening the children began to come a full hour before the appointed time. My large room was crowded, and they thoroughly enjoyed themselves, looking at pictures, playing games, and eating the candy, nuts, and pop-corn which had been provided. Many of the native children had never before seen pop-corn, and the amount which they stowed away was astonishing.

Several families of full-blooded Indians were living in tents and dugouts on an island in the Yukon a couple of miles down the river. When their children came to school my task increased, for they could not speak English, and understood but little. They were slow to learn, but behaved well, and tried to do the work which was required of them. I pitied the poor things, they were

so shy and strange. This was probably the first time they had been among noisy, romping children. In the Indian camps they were half starved and half frozen, and were compelled to work so hard that they looked and acted more like dwarfed men and women than like little children. When they first began to laugh and play with the other children, it gave me more pleasure than when they read their first lessons. I knew that their real reason for coming to school was to be in some place where they could keep warm. These Indian boys and girls dressed almost alike, with fur boots, heavy trousers, and long, sack-like coats, usually made of bright blankets. The girls' coats, made long enough to hide their trousers, were usually belted at the waist with ordinary rope. The only difficulty I had with these children was in making them understand that they must wash their faces and hands, and comb their heads, before coming to school. My greatest dread, in teaching a native school, was of crawling things.

During the short winter days it would often be noon before all the children put in an appearance. When I arrived, at nine o'clock, it would either be dark, or brilliant moonlight. Smoke might be seen lazily rising from four or five cabins out of the four or five hundred. I would light one lamp, and wait. By ten o'clock a few children would straggle sleepily in, just as day began to dawn. By eleven o'clock, shortly after sunrise, the majority of the children were at school, some coming without their breakfasts. By half-past twelve all who were coming that day would have appeared. It was hard to get up before daylight on those cold, dark mornings. I often used to wish that I was one of the little girls, so that I too might sleep until daylight. No one in camp pretended to get up early, unless there was some special work on hand which must be done. As I was going home to my lunch at noon, friends would sometimes call out to me: "Good morning! Come in and have some breakfast. We have fine moose-steak and hot cakes." On Saturdays and Sundays I lived and slept as did other people. Even when one did not sit up later at night than ten or half-past, it required an effort to rise before daylight. There is something in the air and in the manner of life which makes one sleepy. As the days lengthened the children came earlier to school.

It was necessary to light the lamps at half-past one, which was trying to the eyes, as we could not get enough lamps to light the large room. The children would crowd

about the lamps, sitting on the floor, platform, and seats. A visitor might get the impression that there was little order in the school; but strict order was a necessity. Perhaps one reason why I liked the school so much was because it kept me so busy. Recess was limited, in order to make up for the tardiness of the morning. At half-past three fifteen or twenty of the little ones were sent home. If it was moonlight, they would race away noisily over the snow. If it was dark, the more timid ones would take my hand, and whisper, "Please, I want to go with you." Most of the children were so used to the dark that they did not mind it much. The majority of the nights, though, were filled with glorious moonlight. It seemed to me that for days at a time the moon never set. It would shine through the day about as bright as did the weak, pale sun. For about three weeks the sun would slowly rise in the south, skim along for a short distance, its lower rim almost touching the horizon, then suddenly drop out of sight.

As the school-house faced south, the sun did not shine in the windows for several weeks. One afternoon I was startled by the sudden cry: "Look! look! The sun's coming! the sun's coming!" and little Henry fairly danced with joy at seeing the sun once more shine in at the window. The children wanted to go to the windows and lay their hands in the sunshine. The change made a difference in our feelings. The children felt brighter, studied better, were more active and better-natured.

Of course the children could not play out of doors when it was so cold and dark; so I set off a corner of the school-house for their playground, and encouraged them to romp and laugh. So long as no harm was done, it made no difference how much noise they made. They studied better and were quieter for this outburst, and it increased their liking for the school. Some of the inmates of the neighboring cabins called the school-house their "clock"; they could "hear" the time of day. The native children played the same games that children in the States do. The boys were particularly fond of leap-frog and standing on their heads. The girls liked tag, drop the handkerchief, and rope-jumping. As all wore moccasins and fur boots, the noise was not troublesome.

Some copies of the comic papers were sent to me, and the pictures greatly amused the children. The political cartoons, often showing human heads on the bodies of different animals, and other monstrosities, so aroused

their curiosity that they would jabber away excitedly in the Indian language. Sometimes they would bring the pictures to me, and ask, "Do they make men like that where you live?" Caricatures of "the new woman" and "the bloomer girl" amused them greatly.

It seemed almost impossible to teach the native children when to use the pronouns "he" and "she." Not only the children, but the grown natives, would invariably use "he" in the feminine sense, and "she" in the masculine; "he" was also generally employed for "it." The children were so persistent in misplacing these pronouns that I concluded that they would never learn to use them correctly. But one morning I overheard a little girl talking to her Indian mother: "Mama, you must say *she* when you talk 'bout Mary; *he* is a boy; now, 'member"; and away the six-year-old maiden trotted to school.

In October a young man asked permission to attend school. He was an Arab about thirty years of age, had made a little stake in the mines, and now wished to learn to read and write the English language. I told him that my time was more than occupied with the children, but that I would help him all I could. He studied hard; but when several new Indian children came to school I was kept so busy that the young man had to find some one who could give him more time. Soon after the holidays another miner, from the farms of Minnesota, applied for admission. As he went into regular classes with my fifteen-year-old white children, but little extra time was required from me. Several other miners, including a gray-haired man of fifty and a young woman, wished also to join, but I could not give them attention. Then several native women took it into their heads to come to school, but, finding it hard to be under restraint, only two persisted in attending. They went into the same classes with the children. Both were at the time living with white men, and were about thirty years old. They were as industrious as any of the pupils, and I felt elated over their advancement, for it was harder for them to get the lessons than for the children.

A thorough drill was given the school, especially the white children, on the history, geography, mines, resources, and schools of Alaska. Great interest was taken in this subject. The only map we had was a good chart of Alaska, which was presented by the agent of the Alaska Commercial Company.

Hygiene was an important feature of the course, the information being imparted in

talks upon certain subjects as they came to my notice. Indeed, it was not book knowledge that those native children most needed, but information concerning their daily life. I talked plainly to them, and they understood me, and I would go to their homes, where the children would translate what I said to their parents. I had reason to think that some good was accomplished.

As the days lengthened we organized short excursions after school and on Saturdays. The children were fond of coasting, and when "teacher" went the whole school followed. Big dog-sleds, holding twelve and fifteen children, were used in coasting. The older ones took me sleigh-riding, using dogs, of course. But the favorite sport was snow-shoeing with the wide-webbed shoe. I had no trouble in learning to walk with them, and the children were experts in running, walking, and jumping. We would go across the river, up the creeks, and to the lake, often traveling several miles. A general shout was raised whenever there was a stumble and fall. Our last excursion on snow-shoes was taken on May-day, though a week later than this the snow was in excellent condition.

By the middle of April the weather had so moderated, and the days were so much longer, that the children could play out of doors. How they did enjoy the bright sunshine! Everybody rose early now, and the children had time to work and play for an hour or so before school-time. One morning little six-year-old Bella came late. Upon being questioned, she answered: "My mama he know no time. Clock got sick last night; he no go." Bella had an Indian mother, and was one of the brightest children I have ever seen. With her large, black, dancing eyes, she was really pretty, though her hair was black and straight. In reading and spelling she was far in advance of children of her own age, but with them in number work. I grew exceedingly fond of Bella and of two other little half-breeds. After I became acquainted with my children, I seldom thought of them as being Indians or half-breeds, but grew just as fond of them as of the white scholars.

During the spring the school became sadly reduced. In March many of the older ones left for the Klondike, the mines, and to go on hunting-trips. Food was getting scarce, and flour sold at a dollar a pound. The Indian population of the camp changed completely before the snow showed signs of poor trav-

eling. The new Indian children did not have time to become interested in the school before the days were long and pleasant. By the 1st of May scarcely twenty were in attendance. The sun was shining now for nearly eighteen hours in the twenty-four, and the snow began to melt about the houses. It was so warm in the school-house, even with a little fire, that new features of life in a log-house appeared. One warm afternoon I noticed the children were intently watching a place on the floor near the platform. A child sitting on the platform soon jumped up and moved nearer to me. Upon looking closely, I saw a long green worm crawling over the boards. From that day on we had to keep a sharp outlook; the moss chinking between the logs was literally alive with worms, bugs, and mosquitos. They were harmless,—there are no poisonous animals in Alaska,—but disquieting. The children sitting near the walls were obliged to change their seats. The first mosquitos came long before the snow disappeared; but as they were large, very noisy, and not quick in biting, they could be endured.

When it became muddy the children discarded their moccasins for shoes and rubber boots. They had been kept under restraint by the weather so long that now they were perfectly happy. They splashed about in ice-cold water, and then came stamping into the school-house with annoying uproar.

About the middle of May came the great event of the season—the breaking up of the Yukon. It was a sight to see the huge cakes of ice rush madly along with the current. Last May the ice would run for a time, then stop, so that the river was nearly a week in breaking up. I would have had no children in school all this time had I not promised them that just so soon as the ice "ran" they also could run to the river-bank. Those children have so little joy in their lives that I felt it my duty to give them all the pleasure I could.

On the 27th of May the first steamboat came, on her way to the Klondike. Wild excitement prevailed. The grown people, as well as the children, acted as though they were beside themselves. Everybody in camp wanted to go to the Klondike on this boat. When school was opened the next morning, only six children answered the roll-call; and on the 4th of June I closed the most enjoyable year of school work that I had ever known.

THE PASSING OF ENRIQUEZ.

BY BRET HARTE.

WITH PICTURES BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

WHEN Enriquez Saltillo ran away with Miss Mannersley, as already recorded in these chronicles,¹ her relatives and friends found it much easier to forgive that ill-assorted union than to understand it. For, after all, Enriquez was the scion of an old Spanish-Californian family, and in due time would have his share of his father's three square leagues, whatever incongruity there was between his lively Latin extravagance and Miss Mannersley's Puritan precision and intellectual superiority. They had gone to Mexico, Mrs. Saltillo, as was known, having an interest in Aztec antiquities, and he being utterly submissive to her wishes. For myself, from my knowledge of Enriquez's nature, I had grave doubts of his entire subjugation, although I knew the prevailing opinion was that Mrs. Saltillo's superiority would speedily tame him. Since his brief and characteristic note apprising me of his marriage, I had not heard from him. It was, therefore, with some surprise, a good deal of reminiscent affection, and a slight twinge of reproach that, two years after, I looked up from some proofs, in the sanctum of the "Daily Excelsior," to recognize his handwriting on a note that was handed to me by a yellow Mexican boy.

A single glance at its contents showed me that Mrs. Saltillo's correct Bostonian speech had not yet subdued Enriquez's peculiar Spanish-American slang:

Here we are again! Right side up with care—at 1110 Dupont Street, Telegraph Hill. Second floor from top. "Ring and Push." "No Book agents need apply." How 's your royal nibs? I kiss your hand! Come at 6—the band shall play at 7—and regard your friend "Mees Boston," who will tell you about the little old nigger boys, and your old uncle Ennery.

Two things struck me: Enriquez had not changed; Mrs. Saltillo had certainly yielded up some of her peculiar prejudices. For the address given, far from being a fashionable district, was known as the "Spanish quarter," which, while it still held some old Spanish

families, was chiefly given over to half-castes and obscurer foreigners. Even poverty could not have driven Mrs. Saltillo to such a refuge against her will; nevertheless, a good deal of concern for Enriquez's fortune mingled with my curiosity, as I impatiently waited for six o'clock to satisfy it.

It was a breezy climb to 1110 Dupont street; and although the street had been graded, the houses retained their airy elevation, and were accessible only by successive flights of wooden steps to the front door, which still gave perilously upon the street, sixty feet below. I now painfully appreciated Enriquez's adaptation of the time-honored joke about the second floor. An invincible smell of garlic almost took my remaining breath away as the door was opened to me by a swarthy Mexican woman, whose loose *camisa* seemed to be slipping from her unstable bust, and was held on only by the mantua-like shawl which supplemented it, gripped by one brown hand. Dizzy from my ascent to that narrow perch, which looked upon nothing but the distant bay and shores of Contra Costa, I felt as apologetic as if I had landed from a balloon; but the woman greeted me with a languid Spanish smile and a lazy display of white teeth, as if my arrival was quite natural. Don Enriquez, "of a fact," was not himself in the *casa*, but was expected "on the instant." "Donna Urania" was at home.

"Donna Urania?" For an instant I had forgotten that Mrs. Saltillo's first name was Urania, so pleasantly and spontaneously did it fall from the Spanish lips. Nor was I displeased at this chance of learning something of Don Enriquez's fortunes and the Saltillo menage before confronting my old friend. The servant preceded me to the next floor, and, opening a door, ushered me into the lady's presence.

I had carried with me, on that upward climb, a lively recollection of Miss Mannersley as I had known her two years before. I remembered her upright, almost stiff, slight figure, the graceful precision of her poses, the faultless symmetry and taste of her dress, and the atmosphere of a fastidious and wholesome cleanliness which exhaled from her. In the lady I saw before me,

¹ See "The Devotion of Enriquez," by Bret Harte, in THE CENTURY for November, 1895.

half reclining in a rocking-chair, there was none of the stiffness and nicety. Habited in a loose gown of some easy, flexible, but rich material, worn with that peculiarly indolent slouch of the Mexican woman, Mrs. Saltillo had parted with half her individuality. Even her arched feet and thin ankles, the close-fitting boots or small slippers of which were wont to accent their delicacy, were now lost in a short, low-quartered kid shoe of the Spanish type, in which they moved loosely. Her hair, which she had always worn with a certain Greek simplicity, was parted at one side. Yet her face, with its regularity of feature, and small, thin, red-lipped mouth, was quite unchanged; and her velvety brown eyes were as beautiful and inscrutable as ever.

With the same glance I had taken in her surroundings, quite as incongruous to her former habits. The furniture, though of old and heavy mahogany, had suffered from careless alien hands, and was interspersed with modern and unmatchable makeshifts, yet preserving the distinctly scant and formal attitude of furnished lodgings. It was certainly unlike the artistic trifles and delicate refinements of her uncle's drawing-room, which we all knew her taste had dictated and ruled. The black-and-white engravings, the outlined heads of Minerva and Diana, were excluded from these walls for two cheap colored Catholic prints—a soulless Virgin, and the mystery of the Bleeding Heart. Against the wall, in one corner, hung the only object which seemed a memento of their travels—a singular-looking, upright Indian “papoose-case,” or cradle, glaringly decorated with beads and paint, probably an Aztec relic. On a round table, the velvet cover of which showed marks of usage and abuse, there were scattered books and writing-materials; and my editorial instinct suddenly recognized, with a thrill of apprehension, the loose leaves of an undoubted manuscript. This circumstance, taken with the fact of Donna Urania's hair being parted on one side, and the general negligée of her appearance, was a disturbing revelation.

My wandering eye apparently struck her, for after the first greeting she pointed to the manuscript with a smile.

“Yes; that is *the* manuscript. I suppose Enriquez told you all about it? He said he had written.”

I was dumfounded. I certainly had not understood *all* of Enriquez's slang; it was always so decidedly his own, and peculiar. Yet I could not recall any allusion to this.

“He told me something of it—but very vaguely,” I ventured to say deprecatingly; “but I am afraid that I thought more of seeing my old friend again than of anything else.”

“During our stay in Mexico,” continued Mrs. Saltillo, with something of her old precision, “I made some researches into Aztec history, a subject always deeply interesting to me, and I thought I would utilize the result by throwing it on paper. Of course it is better fitted for a volume of reference than for a newspaper, but Enriquez thought you might want to use it for your journal.”

I knew that Enriquez had no taste for literature, and had even rather depreciated it in the old days, with his usual extravagance; but I managed to say very pleasantly that I was delighted with his suggestion, and should be glad to read the manuscript. After all, it was not improbable that Mrs. Saltillo, who was educated and intelligent, should write well, if not popularly. “Then Enriquez does not begrudge you the time that your work takes from him,” I added laughingly. “You seem to have occupied your honeymoon practically.”

“We quite comprehend our respective duties,” said Mrs. Saltillo, dryly; “and have from the first. We have our own lives to live, independent of my uncle and Enriquez's father. We have not only accepted the responsibility of our own actions, but we both feel the higher privilege of creating our own conditions without extraneous aid from our relatives.”

It struck me that this somewhat exalted statement was decidedly a pose, or a return of Urania Mannersley's old ironical style. I looked quietly into her brown, near-sighted eyes; but, as once before, my glance seemed to slip from their moist surface without penetrating the inner thought beneath. “And what does Enriquez do for *his* part?” I asked smilingly.

I fully expected to hear that the energetic Enriquez was utilizing his peculiar tastes and experiences by horse-breaking, stock-raising, professional bull-fighting, or even horse-racing, but was quite astonished when she answered quietly:

“Enriquez is giving himself up to geology and practical metallurgy, with a view to scientific—purely scientific—mining.”

Enriquez and geology! In that instant all I could remember of it were his gibes at the “geologist,” as he was wont to term Professor Dobbs, a former admirer of Miss Mannersley's. To add to my confusion, Mrs.

Saltillo at the same moment absolutely voiced my thought.

"You may remember Professor Dobbs," she went on calmly, "one of the most eminent scientists over here, and a very old Boston friend. He has taken Enriquez in hand. His progress is most satisfactory; we have the greatest hopes of him."

"And how soon do you both hope to have some practical results of his study?" I could not help asking a little mischievously; for I somehow resented the plural pronoun in her last sentence.

"Very soon," said Mrs. Saltillo, ignoring everything but the question. "You know Enriquez's sanguine temperament. Perhaps he is already given to evolving theories without a sufficient basis of fact. Still, he has the daring of a discoverer. His ideas of the oölitic formation are not without originality, and Profesor Dobbs says that in his conception of the Silurian beach there are gleams that are distinctly precious."

I looked at Mrs. Saltillo, who had reinforced her eyes with her old piquant pince-nez, but could detect no irony in them. She was prettily imperturbable, that was all. There was an awkward silence. Then it was broken by a bounding step on the stairs, a wide-open fling of the door, and Enriquez pirouetted into the room—Enriquez, as of old, unchanged, from the crown of his smooth, coal-black hair to the tips of his small, narrow Arabian feet—Enriquez, with his thin, curling mustache, his dancing eyes set in his immovable face, just as I had always known him!

He affected to lapse against the door for a minute, as if staggered by a resplendent vision. Then he said:

"What do I regard? Is it a dream, or have I again got them—thees jimjams! My best friend and my best—I mean my *only*—wife! Embrace me!"

He gave me an enthusiastic embrace and a wink like sheet-lightning, passed quickly to his wife, before whom he dropped on one knee, raised the toe of her slipper to his lips, and then sank on the sofa in simulated collapse, murmuring, "Thees is too mooch of white stone for one day!"

Through all this I saw his wife regarding him with exactly the same critically amused expression with which she had looked upon him in the days of their strange courtship. She evidently had not tired of his extravagance, and yet I felt as puzzled by her manner as then. She rose and said: "I suppose you have a good deal to say to each other,

and I will leave you by yourselves." Turning to her husband, she added, "I have already spoken about the Aztec manuscript."

The word brought Enriquez to his feet again. "Ah! The little old nigger—you have read?" I began to understand. "My wife, my best friend, and the little old nigger, all in one day. Eet is perfect!" Nevertheless, in spite of this ecstatic and overpowering combination, he hurried to take his wife's hand; kissing it, he led her to a door opening into another room, made her a low bow to the ground as she passed out, and then rejoined me.

"So these are the little old niggers you spoke of in your note," I said, pointing to the manuscript. "Deuce take me if I understood you!"

"Ah, my leetle brother, it is *you* who have changed!" said Enriquez, dolorously. "Is it that you no more understand American, or have the 'big head' of the editor? Regard me! Of these Aztecs my wife have made study. She have pursued the little nigger to his cave, his grotto, where he is dead a thousand year. I have myself assist, though I like it not, because thees mummy, look you, Pancho, is not lively. And the mummy who is not dead—believe me! even the young lady mummy—you shall not take to your heart. But my wife"—he stopped, and kissed his hand toward the door whence she had flitted—"ah, *she* is wonderful! She has made the story of them, the peecture of them, from the life and on the instant! You shall take them, my leetle brother, for your journal; you shall announce in the big letter: 'Mooch Importance. The Aztec, He is Found.' 'How He Look and Lif.' 'The Everlasting Nigger.' You shall sell many paper, and Urania shall have scoop in much spondulics and rocks. Hoop-la! For—you comprehend?—my wife and I have settled that she shall forgif her oncle; I shall fórgif my father; but from them we take no cent—not a red, not a scad! We are independent! Of ourselves we make a Fourth of July! United we stand; divided we shall fall over! There you are! *Bueno!*"

It was impossible to resist his wild, yet perfectly sincere, extravagance, his dancing black eyes and occasional flash of white teeth in his otherwise immovable and serious countenance. Nevertheless, I managed to say:

"But how about yourself, Enriquez, and this geology, you know?"

His eyes twinkled. "Ah, you shall hear. But first you shall take a drink. I have the very old bourbon. He is not so old as the

Aztec, but, believe me, he is very much lifier. Attend! Hol' on!" He was already rummaging on a shelf, but apparently without success; then he explored a buffet, with no better results, and finally attacked a large drawer, throwing out on the floor, with his old impetuosity, a number of geological

of spirits—tippling was not one of Enriquez's vices. "You shall say 'when.' 'Ere's to our noble self!"

When he had drunk, I picked up another fragment of his collection. It had the same label. "You are very rich in 'conglomerate sandstone,'" I said. "Where do you find it?"



"HE EES CALL THE "COBBLE-STONE.""

specimens, carefully labeled. I picked up one that had rolled near me. It was labeled "Conglomerate sandstone." I picked up another; it had the same label.

"Then you are really collecting?" I said, with astonishment.

"*Ciertamente*," responded Enriquez. "What other fool shall I look? I shall relate of this geology when I shall have found this beast of a bottle. Ah, here he have hide!" He extracted from a drawer a bottle nearly full

"In the street," said Enriquez, with great calmness.

"In the street?" I echoed.

"Yes, my friend! He ees call the 'cobble-stone,' also the 'pounding-stone,' when he ees at his home in the country. He ees also a small 'boulder.' I pick him up; I crack him; he make three separate piece of conglomerate sandstone. I bring him home to my wife in my pocket. She rejoice; we are happy. When comes the efening, I sit down and

make him a label, while my wife she sit down and write of the Aztec. Ah, my friend, you shall say of the geology it ees a fine, a *beautiful* study; but the study of the wife, and what shall please her, believe me, ees much finer! Believe your old Uncle 'Enry every time! On thees question he gets there; he gets left—nevarre!”

“But Professor Dobbs, your geologist, what does *he* say to this frequent recurrence of the conglomerate-sandstone period in your study?” I asked quickly.

“He says nothing. You comprehend? He ees a profound geologist, but he also has the admiration excessif for my wife Urania.” He stopped to kiss his hand again toward the door, and lighted a cigarette. “The geologist would not that he should break up the happy efening of his friends by thees small detail. He put aside his head—so; he say, ‘A leetle freestone, a leetle granite, now and then, for variety; they are building in Montgomery street.’ I take the hint, like a wink to the horse that has gone blind. I attach to myself part of the edifice that is erecting himself in Montgomery street. I crack him; I bring him home. I sit again at the feet of my beautiful Urania, and I label him ‘Free-stone,’ ‘Granite’; but I do not say ‘from Parrott’s Bank’—eet is not necessary for our happiness.”

“And you do this sort of thing only because you think it pleases your wife?” I asked bluntly.

“My friend,” rejoined Enriquez, perching himself on the back of the sofa, and caressing his knees as he puffed his cigarette meditatively, “you have ask a conundrum. Gif to me an easier one! It is of truth that I make much of thees thing to please Urania. But I shall confess all. Behold, I appear to you, my leetle brother, in my *camisa*—my shirt! I blow on myself; I gif myself away.”

He rose gravely from the sofa, and drew a small box from one of the drawers of the wardrobe. Opening it, he discovered several specimens of gold-bearing quartz, and one or two scales of gold. “Thees,” he said, “friend Pancho, is my own geology; for thees I am what you see. But I say nothing to Urania; for she have much disgust of mere gold,—of what she calls ‘vulgar mining,’—and, believe me, a fear of the effect of ‘speculation’ upon my *temperamento*—you comprehend my complexion, my brother? Reflect upon it, Pancho! I, who am the *filosofo*, if that I am anything!” He looked at me with great levity of eye and supernatural gravity of demeanor. “But eet ees the jealous affection of the wife,

my friend, for which I make play to her with the humble leetle pounding-stone rather than the gold quartz that affrights.”

“But what do you want with them, if you have no shares in anything and do not speculate?” I asked.

“Pardon! That ees where you slip up, my leetle friend.” He took from the same drawer a clasped portfolio, and unlocked it, producing half a dozen prospectuses and certificates of mining shares. I stood aghast as I recognized the names of one or two extravagant failures of the last ten years—“played-out” mines that had been galvanized into deceptive life in London, Paris, and New York, to the grief of shareholders abroad and the laughter of the initiated at home. I could scarcely keep my equanimity. “You do not mean to say that you have any belief or interest in this rubbish?” I said quickly.

“What you call ‘rubbish,’ my good Pancho, ees the rubbish that the American speculator have dump himself upon them in the shaft. The rubbish of the advertisement, of the extravagant expense, of the salary, of the assessment, of the ‘freeze-out.’ For thees, look you, is the old Mexican mine. My grandfather and hees father have both seen them work before you were born, and the American knew not there was gold in California.”

I knew he spoke truly. One or two were original silver-mines in the South, worked by peons and Indian slaves, a rope windlass, and a venerable donkey.

“But those were silver-mines,” I said suspiciously, “and these are gold specimens.”

“They are from the same mother,” said the imperturbable Enriquez,—“the same mine. The old peons worked him for *silver*, the precious dollar that buy everything, that he send in the galleon to the Philippines for the silk and spice! *That* is good enough for him! For the gold he made nothing, even as my leetle wife Urania. And regard me here! There ees a proverb of my father’s which say that ‘it shall take a gold-mine to work a silver-mine’—so mooch more he cost. You work him, you are lost! *Naturalmente*, if you turn him round,—if it take you only a silver-mine to work a gold-mine,—you are gain. Thees ees logic!”

The intense gravity of his face at this extraordinary deduction upset my own. But as I was never certain that Enriquez was not purposely mystifying me, with some ulterior object, I could not help saying a little wickedly:

"Yes, I understand all that; but how about this geologist? Will he not tell your wife? You know he was a great admirer of hers."

"That shall show the great intelligence of him, my Pancho. He will have the four 'S's,' especially the *secreto*!"

of his embraces and protestations, I managed to get out of the room. But I had scarcely reached the front door when I heard Enriquez's voice and his bounding step on the stairs. In another moment his arm was round my neck.

"You must return on the instant! Mother



"THE ONLY NATURAL AND HYGIENIC MODE OF TREATING THE HUMAN CHILD."

There could be no serious discussion in his present mood. I gathered up the pages of his wife's manuscript, said lightly that as she had the first claim upon my time, I should examine the Aztec material and report in a day or two. As I knew I had little chance in the hands of these two incomprehensibles together, I begged him not to call his wife, but to convey my adieus to her, and, in spite

of God! I haf forget—*she* haf forget—we all haf forget! But you have not seen him!"

"Seen whom?"

"*El niño*—the baby! You comprehend, pig! The *criaturica*—the leetle child of ourselfs!"

"The baby?" I said confusedly. "*Is there—is there a baby?*"

"You hear him?" said Enriquez, sending

an appealing voice upward. "You hear him, Urania? You comprehend. This beast of a leetle brother demands if there ees one!"

"I beg your pardon," I said, hurriedly re-ascending the stairs. On the landing I met Mrs. Saltillo, but as calm, composed, and precise as her husband was extravagant and vehement. "It was an oversight of Enriquez's," she said quietly, reëntering the room with us; "and was all the more strange, as the child was in the room with you all the time."

She pointed to the corner of the wall, where hung what I had believed to be an old Indian relic. To my consternation, it *was* a bark "papoose-case," occupied by a *living* child, swathed and bandaged after the approved Indian fashion. It was asleep, I believe, but it opened a pair of bright huckleberry eyes, set in the smallest of features, that were like those of a carved ivory idol, and uttered a "coo" at the sound of its mother's voice. She stood on one side with unruffled composure, while Enriquez threw himself into an attitude before it, with clasped hands, as if it had been an image of the Holy Child. For myself, I was too astounded to speak; luckily, my confusion was attributed to the inexperience of a bachelor.

"I have adopted," said Mrs. Saltillo, with the faintest touch of maternal pride in her manner, "what I am convinced is the only natural and hygienic mode of treating the human child. It may be said to be a reversion to the aborigine, but I have yet to learn that it is not superior to our civilized custom. By these bandages the limbs of the infant are kept in proper position until they are strong enough to support the body, and such a thing as malformation is unknown. It is protected by its cradle, which takes the place of its incubating-shell, from external injury, the injudicious coddling of nurses, the so-called 'dancings' and pernicious rockings. The supine position, as in the adult, is imposed only at night. By the aid of this strap it may be carried on long journeys, either by myself or by Enriquez, who thus shares with me, as he fully recognizes, its equal responsibility and burden."

"It—certainly does not—cry," I stammered.

"Crying," said Mrs. Saltillo, with a curve of her pretty red lip, "is the protest of the child against insanitary and artificial treatment. In its upright, unostentatious cradle it is protected against that injudicious fondling and dangerous promiscuous osculation

to which, as an infant in human arms, it is so often subjected. Above all, it is kept from that shameless and mortifying publicity so unjust to the weak and unformed animal. The child repays this consideration by a gratifying silence. It cannot be expected to understand our thoughts, speech, or actions; it cannot participate in our pleasures. Why should it be forced into premature contact with them, merely to feed our vanity or selfishness? Why should we assume our particular parental accident as superior to the common lot? If we do not give our offspring that prominence before our visitors so common to the young wife and husband, it is for that reason solely; and this may account for what seemed the forgetfulness of Enriquez in speaking of it or pointing it out to you. And I think his action in calling you back to see it was somewhat precipitate. As one does not usually introduce an unknown and inferior stranger without some previous introduction, he might have asked you if you wished to see the baby before he recalled you."

I looked from Urania's unfathomable eyes to Enriquez's impenetrable countenance. I might have been equal to either of them alone, but together they were invincible. I looked hopelessly at the baby. With its sharp little eyes and composed face, it certainly was a marvelous miniature of Enriquez. I said so.

"It would be singular if it was not," said Mrs. Saltillo, dryly; "and as I believe it is by no means an uncommon fact in human nature, it seems to me singular that people should insist upon it as a discovery. It is an inheritance, however, that in due time progress and science will no doubt interrupt, to the advancement of the human race. I need not say that both Enriquez and myself look forward to it with confident tranquillity."

There was clearly nothing for me to do now but to shake hands again and take my leave. Yet I was so much impressed with the unreality of the whole scene that when I reached the front door I had a strong impulse to return suddenly and fall in upon them in their relaxed and natural attitudes. They could not keep up this pose between themselves; and I half expected to see their laughing faces at the window, as I glanced up before wending my perilous way to the street.

I found Mrs. Saltillo's manuscript well written and, in the narrative parts, even graphic and sparkling. I suppressed some general remarks on the universe, and some

correlative theories of existence, as not appertaining particularly to the Aztecs, and as not meeting any unquenchable thirst for information on the part of the readers of the "Daily Excelsior." I even promoted my fair contributor to the position of having been

not aware of any particular service that it did to ethnology; but, as I pointed out in the editorial column, it showed that the people of California were not given over by material greed to the exclusion of intellectual research; and as it was attacked instantly in



"SHE IS OF YEARS ONE HUNDRED AND ONE." (SEE PAGE 243.)

commissioned, at great expense, to make the Mexican journey especially for the "Excelsior." This, with Mrs. Saltillo's somewhat precise Preraphaelite drawings and water-colors, vilely reproduced by woodcuts, gave quite a sensational air to her production, which, divided into parts, for two or three days filled a whole page of the paper. I am

long communications from one or two scientific men, it thus produced more copy. Briefly, it was a "boom" for the author and the "Daily Excelsior." I should add, however, that a rival newspaper intimated that it was also a "boom" for Mrs. Saltillo's husband, and called attention to the fact that a deserted Mexican mine, known as "El

Bolero," was described graphically in the Aztec article among the news, and again appeared in the advertising columns of the same paper. I turned somewhat indignantly to the file of the "Excelsior," and, singularly enough, found in the elaborate prospectus of a new gold-mining company the description of the El Bolero mine as a *quotation* from the Aztec article, with extraordinary inducements for the investment of capital in the projected working of an old mine. If I had had any difficulty in recognizing in the extravagant style the flamboyant hand of Enriquez in English writing, I might have read his name plainly enough displayed as president of the company. It was evidently the prospectus of one of the ventures he had shown me. I was more amused than indignant at the little trick he had played upon my editorial astuteness. After all, if I had thus benefited the young couple I was satisfied. I had not seen them since my first visit,—as I was very busy, my communications with Mrs. Saltillo had been carried on by letters and proofs,—and when I did finally call at their house, it was only to find that they were visiting at San José. I wondered whether the baby was still hanging on the wall, or, if he was taken with them, who carried him.

A week later the stock of El Bolero was quoted at par. More than that, an incomprehensible activity had been given to all the deserted Mexican mines, and people began to look up scrip hitherto thrown aside as worthless. Whether it was one of those extraordinary fevers which attacked Californian speculation in the early days, or whether Enriquez Saltillo had infected the stock-market with his own extravagance, I never knew; but plans as wild, inventions as fantastic, and arguments as illogical as ever emanated from his own brain, were set forth "on 'change" with a gravity equal to his own. The most reasonable hypothesis was that it was the effect of the well-known fact that the Spanish Californian hitherto had not been a mining speculator, nor connected in any way with the gold production on his native soil, deeming it inconsistent with his patriarchal life and landed dignity, and that when a "son of one of the oldest Spanish families, identified with the land and its peculiar character for centuries, lent himself to its mineral exploitations,"—I beg to say that I am quoting from the advertisement in the "Excelsior,"—"it was a guerdon of success." This was so far true that in a week Enriquez Saltillo was rich and in a fair way to become a millionaire.

II.

It was a hot afternoon when I alighted from the stifling Wingdam coach, and stood upon the cool, deep veranda of the Carquinez Springs Hotel. After I had shaken off the dust which had lazily followed us, in our descent of the mountain road, like a red smoke, occasionally overflowing the coach windows, I went up to the room I had engaged for my brief holiday. I knew the place well, although I could see that the hotel itself had lately been redecorated and enlarged to meet the increasing requirements of fashion. I knew the forest of enormous redwoods where one might lose one's self in a five minutes' walk from the veranda. I knew the rocky trail that climbed the mountain to the springs, twisting between giant boulders. I knew the arid garden, deep in the wayside dust, with its hurriedly planted tropical plants, already withering in the dry autumn sunshine, and washed into fictitious freshness, night and morning, by the hydraulic irrigating-hose. I knew, too, the cool, reposeful night winds that swept down from invisible snow-crests beyond, with the hanging out of monstrous stars, that too often failed to bring repose to the feverish guests. For the overstrained neurotic workers who fled hither from the baking plains of Sacramento, or from the chill sea-fogs of San Francisco, never lost the fierce unrest that had driven them here. Unaccustomed to leisure, their enforced idleness impelled them to seek excitement in the wildest gaieties; the bracing mountain air only reinvigorated them to pursue pleasure as they had pursued the occupations they had left behind. Their sole recreations were furious drives over break-neck roads; mad, scampering cavalcades through the sedate woods; gambling parties in private rooms, where large sums were lost by capitalists on leave; champagne suppers; and impromptu balls that lasted through the calm, reposeful night to the first rays of light on the distant snow-line. Unimaginative men, in their temporary sojourn they more often outraged or dispossessed nature in her own fastnesses than courted her for sympathy or solitude. There were playing-cards left lying behind boulders, and empty champagne bottles forgotten in forest depths.

I remembered all this when, refreshed by a bath, I leaned from the balcony of my room and watched the pulling up of a "brake," drawn by six dirty, foam-bespat-tered horses, driven by a noted capitalist.

As its hot, perspiring, closely veiled yet burning-faced fair occupants descended, in all the dazzling glory of summer toilets, and I saw the gentlemen consult their watches with satisfaction, and congratulate their triumphant driver, I knew the characteristic excitement they had enjoyed from a "record run," probably a bet, over a mountain road in a burning sun.

"Not bad, eh? Forty-four minutes from the summit!"

The voice seemed at my elbow. I turned quickly, to recognize an acquaintance, a young San Francisco broker, leaning from the next balcony to mine. But my attention was just then preoccupied by a face and a figure, which seemed familiar to me, of a woman who was alighting from the brake.

"Who is that?" I asked—"the straight, slim woman in gray, with the white veil twisted round her felt hat?"

"Mrs. Saltillo," he answered, "wife of 'El Bolero' Saltillo, don't you know. Mighty pretty woman, if she is a little stiffish and set up."

Then I had not been mistaken! "Is Enriquez—is her husband—here?" I asked quickly.

The man laughed. "I reckon not. This is the place for other people's husbands, don't you know."

Alas! I *did* know; and as there flashed upon me all the miserable scandals and gossip connected with this reckless, frivolous caravansary, I felt like resenting his suggestion. But my companion's next words were more significant:

"Besides, if what they say is true, Saltillo would n't be very popular here."

"I don't understand," I said quickly.

"Why, after all that row he had with the El Bolero Company."

"I never heard of any row," I said, in astonishment.

The broker laughed incredulously. "Come! and *you* a newspaper man! Well, maybe they *did* try to hush it up, and keep it out of the papers, on account of the stock. But it seems he got up a reg'lar shindy with the board, one day—called 'em thieves and swindlers, and allowed he was disgracing himself as a Spanish hidalgo by having anything to do with 'em. Talked, they say, about Charles V of Spain, or some other royal galoot, giving his ancestors the land in trust! Clean off his head, I reckon. Then shunted himself off the company, and sold out. You can guess he would n't be very popular around here, with Jim Bestley,

there," pointing to the capitalist who had driven the brake, "who used to be on the board with him. No, sir. He was either lying low for something, or was off his head. Think of his throwing up a place like that!"

"Nonsense!" I said indignantly. "He is mercurial, and has the quick impulsiveness of his race, but I believe him as sane as any who sat with him on the board. There must be some mistake—or you have n't got the whole story." Nevertheless, I did not care to discuss an old friend with a mere acquaintance, and I felt secretly puzzled to account for his conduct, in the face of his previous cleverness in manipulating the El Bolero, and the undoubted fascination he had previously exercised over the stock-holders. The story had of course been garbled in repetition. I had never before imagined what might be the effect of Enriquez's peculiar eccentricities upon matter-of-fact people,—I had found them only amusing,—and the broker's suggestion annoyed me. However, Mrs. Saltillo was here in the hotel, and I should, of course, meet her. Would she be as frank with me?

I was disappointed at not finding her in the drawing-room or on the veranda; and the heat being still unusually oppressive, I strolled out toward the redwoods, hesitating for a moment in the shade before I ran the fiery gauntlet of the garden. To my surprise, I had scarcely passed the giant sentinels on its outskirts before I found that, from some unusual condition of the atmosphere, the cold undercurrent of air which generally drew through these pillared aisles was withheld that afternoon; it was absolutely hotter than in the open, and the wood was charged throughout with the acrid spices of the pine. I turned back to the hotel, re-ascended to my bedroom, and threw myself into an arm-chair by the open window. My room was near the end of a wing; the corner room at the end was next to mine, on the same landing. Its closed door, at right angles to my open one, gave upon the staircase, but was plainly visible from where I sat. I remembered being glad that it was shut, as it enabled me without offense to keep my own door open.

The house was very quiet. The leaves of a catalpa, across the roadway, hung motionless. Somebody yawned on the veranda below. I threw away my half-finished cigar, and closed my eyes. I think I had not lost consciousness for more than a few seconds before I was awakened by the shaking and thrilling of the whole building. As I stag-



“THEN I ERRISE—SO!”
(SEE PAGE 244.)

gered to my feet, I saw the four pictures hanging against the wall swing outwardly from it on their cords and my door swing back against the wall. At the same moment, acted upon by the same potential impulse, the door of the end room in the hall, opposite the stairs, also swung open. In that brief moment I had a glimpse of the interior of the room—of two figures, a man and a woman, the latter clinging to her companion in abject terror. It was only for an instant, for a second thrill passed through the house, the pictures clattered back against the wall, the door of the end room closed violently on its strange revelation, and my own door swung back also. Apprehensive of what might happen, I sprang toward it, but only to arrest it an inch or two before it should shut, when, as my experience had taught me, it might stick by the subsidence of the walls. But it did stick ajar, and remained firmly fixed in that position. From the clattering of the knob of the other door, and the sound of hurried voices behind it, I knew that the same thing had happened there when that door had fully closed.

I was familiar enough with earthquakes to know that with the second shock or subsidence of the earth the immediate danger was passed, and so I was able to note more clearly what else was passing. There was the usual sudden stampede of hurrying feet, the solitary oath and scream, the half-hysterical laughter, and silence. Then the tumult was reawakened to the sound of high voices, talking all together, or the impatient calling of absentees in halls and corridors. Then I heard the quick swish of female skirts on the staircase, and one of the fair guests knocked impatiently at the door of the end room, still immovably fixed. At the first knock there was a sudden cessation of the hurried whisperings and turning of the door-knob.

"Mrs. Saltillo, are you there? Are you frightened?" she called.

"Mrs. Saltillo!" It was *she*, then, who was in the room! I drew nearer my door, which was still fixed ajar. Presently a voice—Mrs. Saltillo's voice—with a constrained laugh in it came from behind the door: "Not a bit. I'll come down in minute."

"Do," persisted the would-be intruder. "It's all over now, but we're all going out into the garden; it's safer."

"All right," answered Mrs. Saltillo. "Don't wait, dear. I'll follow. Run away, now."

The visitor, who was evidently still nervous, was glad to hurry away, and I heard

her retreating step on the staircase. The rattling of the door began again, and at last it seemed to yield to a stronger pull, and opened sufficiently to allow Mrs. Saltillo to squeeze through. I withdrew behind my door. I fancied that it creaked as she passed, as if, noticing it ajar, she had laid an inquiring hand upon it. I waited, but she was not followed by any one. I wondered if I had been mistaken. I was going to the bell-rope to summon assistance to move my own door when a sudden instinct withheld me. If there was any one still in that room, he might come from it just as the servant answered my call, and a public discovery would be unavoidable. I was right. In another instant the figure of a man, whose face I could not discern, slipped out of the room, passed my door, and went stealthily down the staircase.

Convinced of this, I resolved not to call public attention to my being in my own room at the time of the incident; so I did not summon any one, but, redoubling my efforts, I at last opened the door sufficiently to pass out, and at once joined the other guests in the garden. Already, with characteristic recklessness and audacity, the earthquake was made light of; the only dictate of prudence had resolved itself into a hilarious proposal to "camp out" in the woods all night, and have a "torch-light picnic." Even then preparations were being made for carrying tents, blankets, and pillows to the adjacent redwoods; dinner and supper, cooked at campfires, were to be served there on stumps of trees and fallen logs. The convulsion of nature had been used as an excuse for one of the wildest freaks of extravagance that Carquinez Springs had ever known. Perhaps that quick sense of humor which dominates the American male in exigencies of this kind kept the extravagances from being merely bizarre and grotesque, and it was presently known that the hotel and its menage were to be appropriately burlesqued by some of the guests, who, attired as Indians, would personate the staff, from the oracular hotel proprietor himself down to the smart hotel clerk.

During these arrangements I had a chance of drawing near Mrs. Saltillo. I fancied she gave a slight start as she recognized me; but her greetings were given with her usual precision. "Have you been here long?" she asked.

"I have only just come," I replied laughingly—"in time for the shock."

"Ah, you felt it, then? I was telling these

ladies that our eminent geologist, Professor Dobbs, assured me that these seismic disturbances in California have a very remote center, and are seldom serious."

"It must be very satisfactory to have the support of geology at such a moment," I could not help saying, though I had not the slightest idea whose the figure was that I had seen, nor, indeed, had I recognized it among the guests. She did not seem to detect any significance in my speech, and I added: "And where is Enriquez? He would enjoy this proposed picnic to-night."

"Enriquez is at Salvatierra Rancho, which he lately bought from his cousin."

"And the baby? Surely, here is a chance for you to hang him up on a redwood to-night, in his cradle."

"The boy," said Mrs. Saltillo, quickly, "is no longer in his cradle; he has passed the pupa state, and is now free to develop his own perfected limbs. He is with his father. I do not approve of children being submitted to the indiscriminate attentions of a hotel. I am here myself only for that supply of ozone indicated for brain exhaustion."

She looked so pretty and prim in her gray dress, so like her old correct self, that I could not think of anything but her mental attitude—which did not, by the way, seem much like mental depression. Yet I was aware that I was getting no information of Enriquez's condition or affairs, unless the whole story told by the broker was an exaggeration. I did not, however, dare to ask more particularly.

"You remember Professor Dobbs?" she asked abruptly.

This recalled a suspicion awakened by my vision so suddenly that I felt myself blushing. She did not seem to notice it, and was perfectly composed.

"I do remember him. Is he here?"

"He is; that is what makes it so particularly unfortunate for me. You see, after that affair of the board, and Enriquez's withdrawal, although Enriquez may have been a little precipitate in his energetic way, I naturally took my husband's part in public; for although we preserve our own personal independence inviolable, we believe in absolute confederation as against society."

"But what has Professor Dobbs to do with the board?" I interrupted.

"The professor was scientific and geological adviser to the board, and it was upon some report or suggestion of his that Enriquez took issue, against the sentiment of the

board. It was a principle affecting Enriquez's Spanish sense of honor."

"Do tell me all about it," I said eagerly; "I am very anxious to know the truth."

"As I was not present at the time," said Mrs. Saltillo, rebuking my eagerness with a gentle frigidity, "I am unable to do so. Anything else would be mere hearsay, and more or less *ex parte*. I do not approve of mere gossip."

"But what did Enriquez tell you? You surely know that."

"That, being purely confidential, as between husband and wife,—perhaps I should say partner and partner,—of course you do not expect me to disclose. Enough that I was satisfied with it. I should not have spoken to you about it at all, but that, through myself and Enriquez, you are an acquaintance of the professor's, and I might save you the awkwardness of presenting yourself with him. Otherwise, although you are a friend of Enriquez, it need not affect your acquaintance with the professor."

"Hang the professor!" I ejaculated. "I don't care a rap for him."

"Then I differ with you," said Mrs. Saltillo, with precision. "He is distinctly an able man, and one cannot but miss the contact of his original mind and his liberal teachings."

Here she was joined by one of the ladies, and I lounged away. I dare say it was very mean and very illogical, but the unsatisfactory character of this interview made me revert again to the singular revelation I had seen a few hours before. I looked anxiously for Professor Dobbs; but when I did meet him, with an indifferent nod of recognition, I found I could by no means identify him with the figure of her mysterious companion. And why should I suspect him at all, in the face of Mrs. Saltillo's confessed avoidance of him? Who, then, could it have been? I had seen them but an instant, in the opening and the shutting of a door. It was merely the shadowy bulk of a man that flitted past my door, after all. Could I have imagined the whole thing? Were my perceptive faculties—just aroused from slumber, too—sufficiently clear to be relied upon? Would I not have laughed had Urania, or even Enriquez himself, told me such a story?

As I reentered the hotel the clerk handed me a telegram. "There's been a pretty big shake all over the country," he said eagerly. "Everybody is getting news and inquiries from their friends. Anything fresh?" He paused interrogatively as I tore open the

envelop. The despatch had been redirected from the office of the "Daily Excelsior." It was dated, "Salvatierra Rancho," and contained a single line: "Come and see your old uncle Ennery."

There was nothing in the wording of the message that was unlike Enriquez's usual light-hearted levity, but the fact that he should have *telegraphed* it to me struck me uneasily. That I should have received it at the hotel where his wife and Professor Dobbs were both staying, and where I had had such a singular experience, seemed to me more than a mere coincidence. An instinct that the message was something personal to Enriquez and me kept me from imparting it to Mrs. Saltillo. After worrying half the night in our bizarre camp in the redwoods, in the midst of a restless festivity which was scarcely the repose I had been seeking at Carquinez Springs, I resolved to leave the next day for Salvatierra Rancho. I remembered the rancho—a low, golden-brown adobe-walled quadrangle, sleeping like some monstrous ruminant in a hollow of the Contra Costa Range. I recalled, in the midst of this noisy picnic, the slumberous coolness of its long corridors and soundless courtyard, and hailed it as a relief. The telegram was a sufficient excuse for my abrupt departure. In the morning I left, but without again seeing either Mrs. Saltillo or the professor.

It was late the next afternoon when I rode through the *cañada* that led to the rancho. I confess my thoughts were somewhat gloomy, in spite of my escape from the noisy hotel; but this was due to the somber scenery through which I had just ridden, and the monotonous russet of the leagues of wild oats. As I approached the rancho, I saw that Enriquez had made no attempt to modernize the old casa, and that even the garden was left in its lawless native luxuriance, while the rude tiled sheds near the walled corral contained the old farming implements, unchanged for a century, even to the ox-carts, the wheels of which were made of a single block of wood. A few peons, in striped shirts and velvet jackets, were sunning themselves against a wall, and near them hung a half-drained *pellejo*, or goatskin water-bag. The air of absolute shiftlessness must have been repellent to Mrs. Saltillo's orderly precision, and for a moment I pitied her. But it was equally inconsistent with Enriquez's enthusiastic ideas of American progress, and the extravagant designs he had often imparted to me of the improvements he would make

when he had a fortune. I was feeling uneasy again, when I suddenly heard the rapid clack of unshod hoofs on a rocky trail that joined my own. At the same instant a horseman dashed past me at full speed. I had barely time to swerve my own horse aside to avoid a collision, yet in that brief moment I recognized the figure of Enriquez. But his face I should have scarcely known. It was hard and fixed. His upper lip and thin, penciled mustache were drawn up over his teeth, which were like a white gash in his dark face. He turned into the courtyard of the rancho. I put spurs to my horse, and followed, in nervous expectation. He turned in his saddle as I entered. But the next moment he bounded from his horse, and, before I could dismount, flew to my side and absolutely lifted me from the saddle to embrace me. It was the old Enriquez again; his face seemed to have utterly changed in that brief moment.

"This is all very well, old chap," I said; "but do you know that you nearly ran me down, just now, with that infernal half-broken mustang? Do you usually charge the casa at that speed?"

"Pardon, my leetle brother! But here you shall slip up. The mustang is not *half*-broken; he is not broke at all! Look at his hoof—never have a shoe been there. For myself—attend me! When I rride alone, I think mooch; when I think mooch I think fast—my idea he go like the cannon-ball! Consequent, if I ride not thees horse like the cannon-ball, my thought *he* arrive first—and where are you? You get left! Believe me that I fly thees horse,—thees old Mexican plug,—and your de' uncle Ennery and his leetle old idea arrive all the same time—and on the instant."

It was the old Enriquez! I perfectly understood his extravagant speech and illustration, and yet for the first time I wondered if others did.

"Tak'-a-drink!" he said, all in one word. "You shall possess the old bourbon or the rum from the Santa Cruz! Name your poison, gentlemen!"

He had already dragged me up the steps from the *patio* to the veranda, and seated me before a small round table still covered with the chocolate equipage of the morning. A little dried-up old Indian woman took it away, and brought the spirits and glasses.

"*Mirar* the leetle old one!" said Enriquez, with unflinching gravity. "Consider her, Pancho—to the bloosh! She is not truly an Aztec, but she is of years one hundred and

one—and *life*! Possibly she haf not the beauty which ravishes—which devastates. But she shall attent you to the hot water—to the bath. Thus shall you be protect, my leetle brother, from scandal.”

“Enriquez,” I burst out suddenly, “tell me about yourself. Why did you leave the El Bolero board? What was the row about?”

Enriquez’s eyes for a moment glittered; then they danced as before.

“Ah,” he said, “you have heard?”

“Something; but I want to know the truth from you.”

He lighted a cigarette, lifted himself backward into a grass hammock, on which he sat, swinging his feet. Then, pointing to another hammock, he said: “Tranquillize yourself there. I will relate; but, truly, it ees nothing.”

He took a long pull at his cigarette, and for a few moments seemed quietly to exude smoke from his eyes, ears, nose, even his finger-ends—everywhere, in fact, but his mouth. That and his mustache remained fixed. Then he said slowly, flicking away the ashes with his little finger:

“First you understand, friend Pancho, that I make no row. The other themself make the row—the shindig. They make the dance, the howl, the snap of the finger, the oath, the ‘Helen blazes,’ the ‘Wot the devil,’ the ‘That be damned,’ the bad language; they themselves finger the revolver, advance the bowie-knife, throw off the coat, square off, and ‘Come on.’ I remain as you see me now, little brother—tranquil.” He lighted another cigarette, made his position more comfortable in the hammock, and resumed: “The Professor Dobbs, who is the geologist of the company, made a report for which he got two thousand dollar. But thees report—look you, friend Pancho—he is not good for the mine. For in the hole in the ground the Professor Dobbs have found a ‘hoss.’

“A what?” I asked.

“A hoss,” repeated Enriquez, with infinite gravity. “But not, leetle Pancho, the hoss that run, the horse that buck-jump, but what the miner call a ‘hoss’—a something that rear up in the vein and stop him. You pick around the hoss; you pick under him; sometimes you find the vein, sometimes you do not. The hoss he rear up—and remain! Eet ees not good for the mine. The board say, ‘D—the hoss!’ ‘Get rid of the hoss.’ ‘Chuck out the hoss.’ Then they talk together, and one say to the Professor Dobbs: ‘Eef you cannot thees hoss remove from the mine, you can take him out of the re-

port.’ He look to me, thees professor. I see nothing; I remain tranquil. Then the board say: ‘Thees report with the hoss in him is worth two thousand dollar, but *without* the hoss he is worth five thousand dollars. For the stock-holder is frightened of the rearing hoss. It is of a necessity that the stock-holder should remain tranquil. Without the hoss the report is good; the stock shall errise; the director shall sell out, and leave the stock-holder the hoss to play with.’ The professor he say, ‘Al-right’; he scratch out the hoss, sign his name, and get a check for three thousand dollars.”

“Then I errise—so!” He got up from the hammock, suiting the action to the word, and during the rest of his narrative, I honestly believe, assumed the same attitude and deliberate intonation he had exhibited at the board. I could even fancy I saw the reckless, cynical faces of his brother directors turned upon his grim, impassive features. “I am tranquil; I smoke my cigarette. I say that for three hundred year my family have held the land of thees mine; that it pass from father to son, and from son to son; it pass by gift, it pass by grant, but that *neverre there pass a lie with it*! I say it was gift by a Spanish Christian king to a Christian hidalgo for the spread of the gospel—and not for the cheat and the swindle! I say that this mine was worked by the slave, and by the mule, by the ass—but never by the cheat and swindler. I say that if they have struck the hoss in the mine, they have struck a hoss *in the land*—Spanish hoss; a hoss that have no bridle worth five thousand dollar in his mouth, but a hoss that rear, a hoss that you shall not ride, and a hoss that cannot be struck out by a Yankee geologist; and that hoss is Enriquez Saltillo!”

He paused, and laid aside his cigarette. “Then they say, ‘Dry up,’ and ‘Sell out’; and the great bankers say, ‘Name your own price for your stock, and resign.’ And I say, ‘There is not of gold in your bank, in your San Francisco, in the mines of California, that shall buy a Spanish gentleman. When I leave, I leave the stock at my back; I shall take it—*neverre*!’ Then the banker he say: ‘And you will go and blab, I suppose?’ And then, Pancho, I smile, I pick up my mustache—so! and I say: ‘Pardon, señor, you haf mistake. The Saltillo haf for three hundred year no stain, no blot, upon him. Eet is not now—the last of the race—who shall confess that he haf sit at a board of disgrace and dishonor!’ And then it is that the band begin to play, and the animals stand on their

hind leg and waltz, and behold, the row he haf begin!"

I ran over to him, and fairly hugged him. But he put me aside with a gentle and philosophical calm. "Ah, eet is nothing, Pancho. It is, believe me, all the same a hundred years to come—and where are you then? The earth he turn round, and then come *el temblor*,—the earthquake,—and there you are! Bah! eet is not of the board that I have asked you to come; it is something else I would tell you. Go and wash yourself of thees journey, my leetle brother, as I have"—looking at his narrow, brown, well-bred hands—"wash myself of the board. Be very careful of the leetle old woman, Pancho; do not wink to her of the eye! Consider, my leetle brother, for one hundred and one year she haf been as a nun—a saint! Disturb not her tranquillity."

Yes, it was the old Enriquez; but he seemed graver—if I could use that word to one of such persistent gravity; only, his gravity heretofore had suggested a certain irony rather than a melancholy which I now fancied I detected. And what was this "something else" he was to "tell me later"? Did it refer to Mrs. Saltillo? I had purposely waited for him to speak of her before I should say anything of my visit to Carquinez Springs. I hurried through my ablutions in the hot water brought in a bronze jar on the head of the centenarian handmaid; and even while I was smiling over Enriquez's caution regarding this aged Ruth, I felt I was getting nervous to hear his news.

I found him in his sitting-room, or study—a long, low apartment with small, deep windows like embrasures in the outer adobe wall, but glazed in lightly upon the veranda. He was sitting quite abstractedly, with a pen in his hand, before a table on which a number of sealed envelops were lying. He looked so formal and methodical for Enriquez!

"You like the old casa, Pancho?" he said, in reply to my praise of its studious and monastic gloom. "Well, my leetle brother, some day that is fair—who knows?—it may be at your *disposicion*; not of our politeness, but of a truth, friend Pancho. For if I leave it to my wife"—it was the first time he had spoken of her—"for my leetle child," he added quickly, "I shall put in a bond—an *obligacion*—that my friend Pancho shall come and go as he will."

"The Saltillos are a long-lived race," I laughed. "I shall be a gray-haired man, with a house and family of my own, by that time." But I did not like the way he had spoken.

"*Quien sabe?*" he only said, dismissing the question with the national gesture. After a moment he added: "I shall tell you something that is strange—so strange that you shall say, like the banker say, 'Thees Enriquez he ees off his head; he ees a crank—a *lunatico*'; but it ees a *fact*—believe me, I have said!"

He rose, and going to the end of the room, opened a door. It showed a pretty little room, femininely arranged in Mrs. Saltillo's refined taste. "Eet is pretty; eet is the room of my wife. *Bueno!* attend me now." He closed the door, and walked back to the table. "I have sit here and write when the earthquake arrive. I have feel the shock—the grind of the walls on themselves—the tremor—the stagger—and—that—door—he swing open!"

"The door?" I said, with a smile that I felt was ghastly.

"Comprehend me," he said quickly; "it ees not *that* which ees strange. The wall lift, the lock slip, the door he fell open—it is frequent; it comes so ever when the earthquake come. But eet is not my wife's room I see; it is *another room*—a room I know not! My wife Urania, she stand there, of a fear, of a tremble; she grasp—she cling to some one. The earth shake again; the door shut. I jump from my table; I shake and tumble to the door. I fling him open. *Maravilloso!* it is the room of my wife again. She is *not* there—it is empty—it is nothing!"

I felt myself turning hot and cold by turns. I was horrified, and—and I blundered. "And who was the other figure?" I gasped.

"Who?" repeated Enriquez, with a pause, a fixed look at me, and a sublime gesture. "Who *should* it be—but myself—Enriquez Saltillo?"

A terrible premonition that this was a chivalrous *lie*—that it was *not* himself he had seen, but that our two visions were identical—came upon me. "After all," I said, with a fixed smile, "if you could imagine you saw your wife, you could easily imagine you saw yourself too. In the shock of the moment you thought of *her* naturally, for then she would as naturally seek your protection. You have written for news of her?"

"No," said Enriquez, quietly.

"No?" I repeated amazedly.

"You understand, Pancho! Eef it was the trick of my eyes, why should I affright her for the thing that is not? If it is the truth, and it arrive to *me*, as a warning, why shall I affright her before it come?"

"Before *what* comes? What is it a warning of?" I asked impetuously.

"That we shall be separated! That I go, and she do not."

To my surprise, his dancing eyes had a slight film over them. "I don't understand you," I said awkwardly.

"Your head is not of a level, my Pancho. Thees earthquake he remain for only ten seconds, and he fling open the door. If he remain for twenty seconds, he fling open the wall, the house toomble, and your friend Enriquez is feenish!"

"Nonsense!" I said. "Professor—I mean the geologists—say that the center of disturbance of these Californian earthquakes is some far-away point in the Pacific, and there never will be any serious convulsions here."

"Ah, the geologist," said Enriquez, gravely, "understand the hoss that rear in the mine, and the five thousand dollar,—believe me,—no more. He haf lif here three year. My family have lif here three hundred! My grandfather saw the earth swallow the Church of San Juan Bautista."

I laughed—until, looking up, I was shocked to see for the first time that his dancing eyes were moist and shining. But almost instantly he jumped up, and declared that I had not seen the garden and the corral, and, linking his arm in mine, swept me like a whirlwind into the patio. For an hour or two he was in his old invincible spirits. I was glad I had said nothing of my visit to Carquinez Springs and of seeing his wife; I determined to avoid it as long as possible; and as he did not again refer to her, except in the past, it was not difficult. At last he infected me with his own extravagance, and for a while I forgot even the strangeness of his conduct and his confidences. We walked and talked together as of old. I understood and enjoyed him perfectly, and it was not strange that in the end I began to believe that his strange revelation was a bit of his extravagant acting, gotten up to amuse me. The coincidence of his story with my own experience was not, after all, such a wonderful thing, considering what must have been the nervous and mental disturbance produced by the earthquake. We dined together, attended only by Pedro, an old half-caste body-servant. It was easy to see that the household was carried on economically, and, from a word or two casually dropped by Enriquez, it appeared that the rancho and a small sum of money were all that he retained from his former fortune when he left the El Bolero. The stock he kept intact, refusing to take the dividend

upon it, until that collapse of the company should occur which he confidently predicted, when he would make good the swindled stock-holders. I had no reason to doubt his perfect good faith in this.

The next morning we were up early for a breezy gallop over the three square miles of Enriquez's estate. I was astounded, when I descended to the patio, to find Enriquez already mounted, and carrying before him, astride of the horn of his saddle, a small child—the identical papoose of my memorable first visit! But the boy was no longer swathed and bandaged, although, for security, his plump little body was engirt by the same sash that encircled his father's own waist. I felt a stirring of self-reproach; I had forgotten all about him! To my suggestion that the exercise might be fatiguing to him, Enriquez shrugged his shoulders:

"Believe me, no! He is ever with me when I go on the *pasear*. He is not too yonge. For he shall learn 'to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth,' even as the Persian chile. Eet ees all I can gif to him."

Nevertheless, I think the boy enjoyed it, and I knew he was safe with such an accomplished horseman as his father. Indeed, it was a fine sight to see them both careering over the broad plain, Enriquez with jingling spurs and whirling *reata*, the boy with a face as composed as his father's, and his tiny hand grasping the end of the flapping rein with a touch scarcely lighter than the skilful rider's own. It was a lovely morning; though warm and still, there was a faint haze—a rare thing in that climate—on the distant range. The sun-baked soil, arid and thirsty from the long summer drought, and cracked into long fissures, broke into puffs of dust, with a slight detonation like a pistol-shot, at each stroke of our pounding hoofs. Suddenly my horse swerved in full gallop, almost lost his footing, "broke," and halted with braced fore feet, trembling in every limb. I heard a shout from Enriquez at the same instant, and saw that he too had halted about a hundred paces from me, with his hand uplifted in warning, and between us a long chasm in the dry earth, extending across the whole field. But the trembling of the horse continued until it communicated itself to me. I was shaking too, and, looking about for the cause, I beheld the most weird and remarkable spectacle I had ever witnessed. The whole *llano*, or plain, stretching to the horizon-line, was *distinctly undulating*! The faint haze of the hills was repeated over its surface, as if a dust had arisen from some grind-

ing displacement of the soil. I threw myself from my horse, but the next moment was fain to cling to him, as I felt the thrill under my very feet. Then there was a pause, and I lifted my head to look for Enriquez. He was nowhere to be seen! With a terrible recollection of the fissure that had yawned between us, I sprang to the saddle again, and spurred the frightened beast toward that point. *But it was gone, too!* I rode backward and forward repeatedly along the line where I had seen it only a moment before. The plain lay compact and uninterrupted, without a crack or fissure. The dusty haze that had arisen had passed as mysteriously away; the clear outline of the valley returned; the great field was empty!

Presently I was aware of the sound of galloping hoofs. I remembered then—what I had at first forgotten—that a few moments before we had crossed an *arroyo*, or dried bed of a stream, depressed below the level of the field. How foolish that I had not remembered! He had evidently sought that refuge; there were his returning hoofs. I galloped toward it, but only to meet a fright-

ened *vaquero*, who had taken that avenue of escape to the rancho.

"Did you see Don Enriquez?" I asked impatiently.

I saw that the man's terror was extreme, and his eyes were staring in their sockets. He hastily crossed himself:

"Ah, God, yes!"

"Where is he?" I demanded.

"Gone!"

"Where?"

He looked at me with staring, vacant eyes, and, pointing to the ground, said in Spanish: "He has returned to the land of his fathers!"

Neither he nor his innocent burden was ever seen again of men. Whether he had been engulfed by mischance, or had fulfilled his own prophecy by deliberately erasing himself for some purpose known only to himself, I never knew.

Yet the widow of Enriquez did *not* marry Professor Dobbs. But she too disappeared from California, and years afterward I was told that she was well known to the ingenious Parisians as the usual wealthy widow "from South America."



GALLOPS.

BY DAVID GRAY.

CARTY CARTERET'S SISTER.

"**E**LEANOR," said Miss Carteret, "I'd like a trap at half-past eleven. Mr. Bennings and I want to drive over to Captain Forbes's. And you'll come?" she added to Willie Colfax.

He nodded affably, and helped himself to marmalade. Mr. Bennings looked annoyed.

"We're going to buy horses," she continued. "That is, I'm going to buy *one*. Mr. Bennings, I believe, is going to buy *a* drove."

Mr. Bennings raised his hand in deprecation.

"Aw—I say, not a lot; just a few likely ones," he remarked.

"Polly Carteret," said Mrs. Braybrooke, "you're an extravagant goose! What in the world will you do with a horse?"

"I shall give him sugar," Miss Carteret replied. "That will be one thing."

Mr. James Braybrooke stared at her, gathered up the sporting pages of the newspaper, and left the table.

"You're impossible!" said Mrs. Braybrooke. She went to the window, and looked out. The Braybrookes' breakfast-room com-

manded a stretch of rolling lawn set with mighty oaks. The Indian-summer sun was streaming down upon it.

"You see, Mr. Bennings," observed Miss Carteret, "this is the way they encourage me to patronize Oakdale horses. When I was little I did n't care much about horses, and Eleanor used to make me feel that my life was a failure. Now I want to buy a horse, and she calls me extravagant."

"It's getting married," volunteered Willie Colfax. "Don't do it. You lose your nerve and grow economical. One's always thinking about the little ones who have to be educated and set up in life. Please, more coffee, Nell," he added.

Mrs. Braybrooke colored.

"Don't irritate your sister," said Miss Carteret. "I'll pour it."

Mr. Bennings seemed to have something on his mind. He held the marmalade-jar suspended in air.

"But—aw, I say," he observed seriously, "really, now, a *good* nag, you know, is not a bad investment."

Mrs. Braybrooke turned from the window, and regarded him with something like a sniff.

"But she does n't know a good one. Now, I say, if you don't know horses, just be a lady; only don't pretend. And, Polly Carteret, you don't know any more about horses than"—she looked about as if for a comparison, but found none which was adequate—"than THAT!" she exclaimed. "And the way you *talk* is ridiculous."

"Mr. Bennings," said Miss Carteret, mildly, "do you believe her?" Mr. Bennings deemed himself rather discerning about women.

"No, 'pon my word, Mrs. Braybrooke," he replied, "honestly, now, I can't believe that, you know. You misunderstand Miss Carteret; you really do. We had a long conversation last evening, and she impressed me as very well informed—unusually well informed. Perhaps not so keen about racin', you know, but very well up on huntin'-cattle." He set down the marmalade-jar, and glanced at Miss Carteret for a smile of gratitude; and Miss Carteret smiled.

"There!" she said to Mrs. Braybrooke; "I told you I had learned about horses. Don't be so superior."

Mrs. Braybrooke shot a glance at Bennings, and her nostrils quivered.

"When you finish, come into the morning-room," she remarked. "I want to find Jimmy." She went out, followed by her brother, who

was trying to lead her into a discussion of some ideas relative to matrimony.

"I say," said Bennings, when they were alone,—he spoke confidentially,—"*you were* chaffin', don't you know, about buyin' a nag to feed him sugar?"

"I *was* chaffin'," replied Miss Carteret. You 'caught on,' so to speak, very quickly. Seriously, I should never think of buying a horse just to have something to feed sugar to. With so many poor people who can't afford sugar, it would n't be ethical."

"That's so," said Bennings; "but at first it *did* sound just a bit odd, you know. It was a capital joke, though," he added; "and I *do* like a joke."

She dropped her eyelids.

"I could see that," she said. "I can't tolerate people who don't like jokes."

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "That's very interesting. You know," he continued, "that's the only thing I have against an Englishman. Awfully good sort, but no sense of fun, you know. I've been over there a good deal, but I can't get used to that. I call it the national defect. This chap, you know,—Mark Twain,—he's noticed the same thing about 'em." This was Bennings's stock conversation on the English people.

"That's very interesting, too," observed Miss Carteret. "Will you be ready at half-past eleven?"

"At your service—always," he exclaimed, jumping up. Then she went out, and left him to his eggs.

P. St. Clair Bennings had arrived at Oakdale the afternoon before. The last time Braybrooke had gone to town he had met him at the club, and they had lunched together. As it was October, they naturally discussed hunting-stables, and Braybrooke asked him down to look over Forbes's string before it went to the Horse Show. Bennings was glad to come, and he was pleased to find Miss Carteret stopping there, because he ranked women only after horses. Miss Carteret had made rather quick work with him. He already considered her a "devilish fine girl," and an inner voice had begun to ask whether it might not be generous to shorten his visit. When Bennings first came into his money he bravely faced the fact that he could not both hunt and marry, so he put the latter out of his mind. He had sojourned long in Great Britain (as unkind persons intimated, to make amends for having been born in a manufacturing town in New Jersey), and, moreover, by nature he had been endowed

with an earnest rather than an acute intellect. There was not much more to be said about him. He rode fairly well. His clothes were distinctive. His speech was that version of the cockney speech of England which is peculiar to the "American *malgré lui*."

Miss Carteret was a school friend of Mrs. Braybrooke's. Their mothers had been connected in some way. She lived in Washington, but she had been born on the James River, which accounted for a throaty, Southern quality in her voice. She spoke slowly, and in her accent there was a soft echo of colored mammies which was attractive. Overlooking such artificial classifications as by complexion and by morals, girls seem to fall into two categories, members of the first of which inspire esteem and nothing more. A woman belongs to the second when men simultaneously pick up her handkerchief and lurk in wait to put hassocks under her feet. Conversely, a woman's habit of confidently dropping things is also a sign of the type. Miss Carteret continually was shedding her handkerchiefs and other portables, and, as a rule, all the available men were adjacent, and anxious to restore them. She was tall and blonde, with a double allowance of pleasing red hair, and her eyes were of a curious dark-blue color. As she herself had remarked, she was intelligent without being hampered by an education.

THE trap which came to the door at half-past eleven was Willie Colfax's tandem. Colfax had suggested this substitution of vehicles to avoid the possibility of being packed in behind, and Miss Carteret had accepted it gracefully. She liked anything which increased the probability of something happening. "I'm sure Mr. Bennings won't mind," she remarked; "and if he does, he won't say so."

She got into the high cart beside Colfax, and looked down pleasantly.

"I do hope, Mr. Bennings," she said, "that you really don't mind sitting in behind with the man, and riding backward. And if you'll get my parasol—I left it on a chair in the hall; and please ask my maid for my field-glasses; they're in my room. You know," she explained to Willie Colfax, "I'm getting near-sighted, and I'm going to look at these horses critically. Besides, the leather case is rather smart."

"Rubbish!" ejaculated Colfax, jerking the wheeler, who was restless. "Oh, hurry up, Bennings!" he bawled.

Presently Mr. Bennings appeared, some-

what out of breath, and climbed up behind, with the parasol and glasses.

"Now, if you'll hold them," remarked Miss Carteret, "I guess we're all ready." She waved her hand to Mrs. Braybrooke, and they drove off. "Good-by, Eleanor!" she called. "I'm going to buy such a nice horse!"

Mrs. Braybrooke surveyed her with disapproval.

"Jimmy dear," she remarked, when the cart was out of sight, "please, like a good boy, have something saddled, and ride over there. That girl will do something idiotic, and make us ridiculous."

"Why don't you muzzle her?" said Braybrooke. "She's your friend." Then he went in, and telephoned to the stables.

As the tandem swung into Forbes's smooth driveway, Mr. Bennings caught a fragment of the conversation which was going on behind him. Thus far he had been occupied in keeping in, for the roads were bad, and they had galloped most of the way. "Well, those are my ideas about horses," Miss Carteret was saying. "I believe in judging a horse according to the things you want him for, just as you would judge dogs or furniture. Seriously, don't you?" She laughed a little.

"You'll be the death of me," replied Mr. Colfax. "Brace up, and don't make a holy show of yourself. You can make Nell and Jimmy as hot as you want, only behave when you're with me. You don't seem to have any reverence." Bishop Cunningham once had made this comment to him, and he remembered it. Mr. Colfax's acquaintance with Miss Carteret dated from the nursery, and warranted a certain freedom. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed, catching a glimpse of the veranda, "there's about a million men there." "Shall we go back?" inquired Miss Carteret.

"Don't be foolish," he muttered. He made a spectacular turn, and laid his thong over the leader. Bennings caught himself when he was nearly out, and twisted around on the seat.

"But it's all right, you know," he remarked. "Forbes is a married man. It will be all right, Miss Carteret."

"Then of course we needn't go back," replied Miss Carteret. "Thank you, Mr. Bennings. I feel much more comfortable. I'm rather glad, now, that they're there. They can help us choose, can't they?"

"Why, of course," he said doubtfully. "They are all the fellows, you know, from

the club. They've come over to see 'em led out."

There was a chorus of "good mornings" as the cart drew up, and a dozen men in tweed breeches and morning coats lifted their hats and took their smoking-things out of their mouths.

"Glad to see you," said Forbes, coming down the steps. He had been presented to Miss Carteret before. "The show is waiting. How are you, Bennings? You too, Willie?"

"Quite well, dear boy," replied Mr. Colfax. "Send somebody to stand by my leader while Cook gets the reins. I'm going to send 'em to the stable."

Miss Carteret stood up to be helped out, and the dozen men came forward to assist. Miss Carteret could radiate, so to speak, her appreciation of the civil intentions of strangers, and all the while be impassive and good form. People who had studied her said she did it with her eyes, and it may have been so. At any rate, it was a gift which did not lessen her powers of arousing interest.

"The Oakdale Raleigh," observed Varick, nodding toward Chalmers, "will spread his coat over the wheel, and you may descend."

Chalmers blushed, and performed that service. Thereupon Miss Carteret got down altogether successfully. She wore exceptionally good boots, for a woman.

"May I present these fortunate men?" asked Varick. "We shall then suffer Forbes to go ahead with his equine paradox." At this moment a groom appeared, leading a big raw-boned bay gelding, which he proceeded to trot around the circle of turf in front of the house. A serious silence fell upon the company.

"He's not very much to look at yet," Forbes remarked; "but he's clever, and is going to make a serviceable horse in any kind of going. What do you think of him, Bennings?"

"A bit rough—a bit rough, old chap," Mr. Bennings replied regretfully. "Don't you agree with me, Miss Carteret?"

"Oh, quite," said Miss Carteret. "Positively malicious. I don't like his color either, and he's too thin."

Colfax suddenly guffawed, and the men regarded him curiously, and asked him whether he was in pain.

"By Jove—'malicious'!" exclaimed Mr. Bennings. "That's capital! And you are correct about his condition. At least, that's my idea," he added, with a deferential glance at the rest of the company. "I must have more flesh at this time of year—ten stone

more, at least." Miss Carteret looked at him out of the corner of her eye. "Really, now, Forbes, that fellow would n't last the season," he went on. "But his color will assuredly brighten. Oh, yes; his color will brighten."

"Do you think so?" asked Miss Carteret. "I'm very particular about color."

"And quite right—and quite right!" exclaimed Mr. Bennings. "The Duke of Beaufort lays great stress on color. Says you can invariably tell condition by it. Lord Wicke disregards it, but I admit I agree with the duke. It takes a clever eye, though—a devilish clever eye!"

"I'm glad to hear you say that," said Miss Carteret. "You know, people sometimes laugh at me for judging horses by their color." She was on the point of remarking that she preferred circus horses, with black and white geographical divisions, when Forbes spoke:

"I'll have to tell you that if you take anything, I must reserve the right to show in November. I've got them all entered, you see, and they're being schooled for the green classes."

"Of course that's all right, Captain Forbes," Miss Carteret answered, with a smile. "And you can keep all the prizes, too; only you really must give me the blue ribbons. I shall have a glass case made, and pin them up in rows." The men laughed, and Varick remarked that it was a very good way to store blue ribbons, only he had never tried it himself.

"I say," whispered Bennings to Colfax, "she's a tremendous chaffer; ain't she?"

"Is she?" replied Mr. Colfax. The talk subsided again as a second horse appeared. It was a big, well-made chestnut with a free, sweeping action, and a showy way of carrying its head.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Bennings. "Now, here we are! That's a rare good one—regular old-country type, is n't it?" He looked at Miss Carteret.

She hesitated a moment, and surveyed the animal.

"Without doubt," she replied. "I suppose," she added gravely, "they must call him Jenson or Black-letter."

"Yes, of course," said Bennings. He kept his eyes on the horse. "Now, that one will jump like a buck, I'll wager. Look at his quarters! Ah, what a pair of breeches!" he ejaculated soulfully. "Lovely shoulder, too, is n't it?" Miss Carteret nodded approvingly. "I say, Forbes," he called, "ask your

head lad to move him round again, will you? What 's the price on him?"

"Fifteen hundred," answered Forbes. "He 's up to any weight. You can see that yourself. What do you think of him, Miss Carteret?"

Miss Carteret gasped, but disguised it in a little cough. The folly of spending several satisfactory gowns on one beast struck her forcibly.

"Well," she said, "this is a rather more expensive type than I want."

"You are quite right," observed Mr. Bennings, as Forbes moved off. "You know, there is no sense in paying for weight one doesn't need, is there? What do you ride at?"

Miss Carteret thought earnestly.

"Really," she replied, "I don't know exactly." She was on the point of adding that she had never ridden at anything, but checked herself.

Bennings looked at her critically. "I should say about ten stone," he observed.

"I dare say that 's just it," she answered. "In fact, I know it is. I remember, now, distinctly."

"I *have* a rather good eye for weight," he remarked. "Hello! here 's Braybrooke. What 's up, old chap? Thought you were n't coming."

"Changed my mind," replied Mr. Braybrooke. "Good lot, are n't they?" He gave his horse to a groom.

"They 've only begun," said Bennings. "I fancy this chestnut, though. He must be better than three quarters bred, and excellent bone, too. By the way, if you 'll pardon me, Mrs. Braybrooke certainly *was* mistaken this morning. That girl, you know, has a capital eye, and, by Jove, understands color uncommonly well. She called it on a rangy bay that ought to be fleshed for six months. And you know, old chap, that 's a deuced fine point." Braybrooke glanced apprehensively toward the group of men, and fell to studying a cow in the field beyond. "But of course she ought to be a keen one," added Mr. Bennings. "She 's Carty Carteret's sister. You know, I was with Carty at Melton last winter, when he went through thirty minutes with a broken shoulder-blade."

"Really!" observed Braybrooke. He was still considering the cow.

As the next horse was led out, he caught Miss Carteret's eye, and beckoned her aside. "Have you bought anything yet?" he inquired.

She shook her head.

"Well, as a personal favor, I wish you would n't. You see, we 've got a stable full that you can ride whenever you want, and you 'd only pay twelve or fifteen hundred for something that would be very likely too much for you when you got him. If you must own something, pick up a cheap pony to hack about."

"All right," said the girl. "You 're really a very nice boy, Jimmy, and I don't like to tease you. But you need n't say anything to Captain Forbes."

Just then Forbes and Varick came up.

"What do you think of this one?" inquired Forbes, nodding toward a well-turned little black mare.

"Very nice, indeed," Miss Carteret answered. "But I think I'll watch the rest from the veranda. It 's too hot here." She turned to Varick. "Will you come up and tell me all about them?" she asked.

He looked at her curiously.

"I dare say you know a great deal more about such things than I do," he said. He dragged a steamer-chair into position. "You see, I 'm only an amateur, a dilettante,"—he noted the way she was turned out,—and you—well, you 're Carty Carteret's sister."

She threw her head back and laughed.

"Two weeks ago," she said, "I read six pages of a book called 'The Anatomy of the Horse.' That 's all I know. You see," she went on confidentially, "Eleanor and Carty have made my life a burden. The more they talked horse, the more I despised the whole thing. But you *are* out of it here if you don't like horses, so when Nell asked me down I thought I 'd try a new tack. You see, I 've suspected all along that they did n't understand half the things they said. They just mumble gibberish, like that unfortunate Mr. Bennings—now, don't they?"

"I must decline to answer," replied Varick. "It might incriminate me."

"There, I knew it!" she exclaimed triumphantly. "I just decided to cram up a little, and look knowing; and then I got all these clothes. I knew I could fool them. I can't take in Nell and Willie, of course; so I practise on them, and when they tell me I 'm foolish I know enough not to say *that* again. It 's really been amusing. Mr. Bennings thoroughly believes in me." She stopped, and watched the little knots of men in the roadway. "Are all those grown men honestly poring over that horse?" she asked.

"They are," said Varick. "An occasion like this is like a sacrament to them."

"How funny it is, when you think about it!" she exclaimed. "And do they really find out all sorts of things when they feel his legs and look at his teeth?"

"They really do," said Varick. "In a rudimentary way, I can do it myself."

"Well," she sighed, "it's beyond me! It's like a telegraph ticking. I know a white horse from a brown one, and I have a preference for long tails, which I consider sensible. You see, when you are driving, it's the tail you see most of, is n't it? A system of judging horses by their tails would appeal to me. But what difference does it make whether a horse has fluted colonial legs, or smooth round ones? Absolutely none!"

"Please, a little lower," suggested Varick. "Somebody might hear."

She laughed.

"But seriously," she continued, "I *should* like to get a horse with a long tail. My father insists on having his horses docked, and I'm sick of them. They did n't use to do it. My grandfather used to take me driving with a pair of thoroughbreds that had tails that touched the ground, and they could trot—I don't know how fast!—in a minute, I think."

"Do you remember," said Varick, artlessly, "that there was a time—you must remember it—when your mother wore very tight sleeves?"

"Thank you," she replied. "I've trunks full of them myself. But people are the only animals silly enough to have fashions. It's wicked to put horses on the same basis."

She looked down the lawn toward the gateway, where something passing behind the shrubbery attracted her attention. In a moment a fat, undersized gray horse jogged into view, drawing a shabby Hempstead cart. Presently he subsided into a sober walk. From his rough coat and fetlocks he seemed to be of Percheron origin. As he drew nearer a fly attacked him, and he switched a superb tail.

"There!" exclaimed Miss Carteret. "That is the kind of horse I really want. Just look at that tail!"

"Good heavens," cried Varick, "but you must n't!"

She seemed not to hear him.

"Do you think," she went on, "that no one would take me seriously if I bought that horse?" Varick chuckled. "I have a little plan," she added, and went down the steps.

"Glad to see you are going to join us again," said Mr. Bennings, bowing profusely.

"Mr. Bennings," said Miss Carteret, "if I buy a horse, will you ride him home?"

Mr. Bennings beamed.

"My dear Miss Carteret," he cried, "*anything!*"

"Thank you so much," she said sweetly. She turned away, and went over to Forbes and Galloway.

"Captain Forbes," she said, "Mr. Bennings has promised to ride my horse home. He's been very nice to me, and I really think he would like to do it. Besides, he is a good horseman, and I feel that I can trust him. I want to buy that gray horse in the cart."

Forbes and Galloway looked at each other and then at Mr. Bennings. They showed symptoms of exploding.

"Please be very serious," she said. "What's his name, and how much is he?"

"His name," replied Forbes, gravely, "is Birdofreedom, and he does my marketing. I have never considered offering him for sale. He is worth about fifty dollars to me, though that may be extortionate."

"It is," said Galloway; "say ten."

"No," replied Miss Carteret; "I'm not going to bargain with you. I'll send you a check to-morrow for fifty dollars. Will you have him saddled and brought down when the cart comes? I don't want to keep Mr. Bennings waiting. No," she replied to Forbes's invitation; "we can't stop to lunch. We promised Mrs. Braybrooke we'd be back. Besides, I want her to see my horse. You know, she thinks I don't know anything about horses."

"I say," gasped Galloway, his sides shaking, "Bennings will never get over this!"

"Not at all," said Miss Carteret. "He has the greatest confidence in my judgment. Ask him." She nodded to Varick, and he joined her. "I've bought him," she said, "and Mr. Bennings is going to ride him home. You won't tell about our talk, will you?"

Varick replied with difficulty.

"No," he said; "I am your dumb slave. Hello! there's your trap."

Willie Colfax drove up to the old-fashioned horse-block, and stopped.

"Better hurry up!" he called. "We're late now. Good-by, Forbes; sorry we can't stop."

"Sorry too," said Forbes. He turned to Miss Carteret, and helped her up. "They're getting your horse out as fast as possible. Bennings won't mind waiting. We'll give him something to drink."

"Very well," said Miss Carteret. "Perhaps I would just as soon *not* see Mr. Bennings start off. You won't mind waiting a minute?" she called to him. "You can overtake us, you know, and Jimmy will wait, too. Good-by."

"What's this?" demanded Willie Colfax. He swung his thong, and the horses went away at a gallop.

Miss Carteret explained. What she said was accurate, as far as it went. She considered it unnecessary, however, to dwell upon her own feelings toward Birdofreedom.

"Well," said Mr. Colfax, "you're a peach!"

"And you'll wait and let them catch up?" she asked.

"We certainly must give Nell the procession effect," he observed. Instead of waiting, however, he tore around a two-mile loop, which brought them to the Braybrookes' gateway just as Braybrooke and Mr. Bennings were arriving.

Mrs. Braybrooke was on the steps as they drove up. They were late.

"What's that Mr. Bennings is riding?" she demanded.

"That," said Miss Carteret, proudly, "is my horse."

Birdofreedom approached, and Mrs. Braybrooke studied him.

"Polly Carteret!" she exclaimed,—it was almost a scream,—"what on earth do you mean?—Jimmy!"

"He's virtually sound," said Braybrooke.

His wife turned and stalked into the house.

"There, now, Mr. Bennings," said Miss Carteret, mournfully, "you see how a horse will separate friends!"

"Aw—certainly," said Mr. Bennings. "Will you kindly ring for somebody from the stables?" His manner was stiff. He realized that he had overrated Miss Carteret's eye for horse-flesh. "Just fawncy buyin' such a brute!" he said to himself. "Just fawncy!" The girl was a disappointment. It mortified him to misjudge people, and he went back to town that night.

ACCORDING to the account which Varick afterward gave Miss Carteret of Forbes's lunch-party, it had been notable for two reasons. First, "horse" was neglected in a manner without precedent.

"You see," said Varick, "it was unani-

mously concluded, something more than a dozen times, that you were a bully girl, and had revenged the American people on that ass Bennings. That took up nearly all the time. And besides the absence of 'horse,' there was an interesting display of woman nature. When Mrs. Forbes heard the story, she remarked in her quiet way: 'Well, I don't see how there was any joke on Mr. Bennings. I just think that girl took a fancy to Birdofreedom, and I'm sorry he's sold. He had *such a lovely tail!*' Naturally the laugh was on Mrs. Forbes." Here both Varick and Miss Carteret smiled. "You know, she distinguishes a horse from a cow, and that's about all. She devotes her life to six children. When we had got through enjoying the joke, Forbes said reproachfully (it mortifies him to have his wife display her ignorance): 'Perhaps you don't know, my dear, that she's Carty Carteret's sister. If you think best, I'll explain about Bennings later.'"

When Varick finished this recital Miss Carteret extended her hand and let him hold it longer than was really necessary. She was a very honorable girl about recognizing her obligations.

"I shall keep away from Mrs. Forbes," she said.

Miss Carteret was much interested in what Varick had told her. It explained certain things which had puzzled her, and she disliked being puzzled. When they had sat down to their own lunch on the day of Birdofreedom's purchase, Braybrooke had been severe and dismal. He had made her feel that she had disgraced the family. But in the middle of the meal he had been called to the telephone, and came back affable—more than affable, for he was talkative, and called her a "bad girl." She knew then that something had come over the wire which reinstated her. The fact was that Galloway had telephoned from Forbes's an invitation to dinner which he had forgotten to deliver; and before he rang off he had added:

"I say, Brooky, the Carteret girl's a queen. I'd give my jumping cow to get as good a one on that beast Bennings. Forbes and Varick have let the thing out."

"What thing?" said Braybrooke.

"Why, buying that plug for a joke, you foolish," said Galloway. "Ta-ta!"



THE LOVE OF A FOOL.

BY I. H. BALLARD.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.



WHEN Bob's brother came up to San Francisco from Arizona, his father proposed to him that he take Bob with him on his return.

"He's a good deal of trouble, for he's as helpless as ever. He mortifies his sisters, and the boys outside plague him if he puts his nose beyond the door. Let him go back with you and stay a spell. He's perfectly quiet."

So in July Bob went south with Tom, who was a cattleman.

His mother was dubious. "Be careful where he goes and what he eats. He's never been in the country, you know. I ain't certain about his going."

"Oh, let him," said the sisters, "if only for a little while, mother. He is so much trouble to us all. It's only fair Tom should take his turn."

"It may do him some good," said Tom, looking down on the still figure. "He's palish and hollow. I'll see that nobody teases him down there. Poor critter! Girls, how we did miss his luck! We ought to take good care of him for that alone."

Bob's mother kissed him, his father patted his back and started him forward, and the girls chorused a cheery "Good-by." The boys in the street stared and whispered, and yelled, "Good-by," the kindest thing they had ever said to Bob; for Bob was a fool. No one was sorry to see him go; and, indeed, his family sighed with great relief.

He was slender, pallid, silent, creeping, and harmless, an unresisting butt for the spleen and the facetiousness of his little world; and a well-used butt, too, for only the vicious fool whose nervous hands hunt for a knife has his few poor rights respected.

Bob had never been in the country. He had never traversed the city. Two blocks on Jessie street, and the rough boys and girls therein, were all his world. He did not know that there was a country.

His brother Tom lived in Arizona, within a few miles of the Mexican boundary line. His sheep roamed the mountains, and his

cattle the plains; his adobe house stood in a small cañon surrounded by corrals; and his associates were the cow-boys and the Chinese cook, his visitors occasional peddlers.

"What's this you've got?" asked the men, curiously.

"My brother."

"He ain't got any sense," ventured one.

"No, he ain't; so I brought him down here to keep you company. The city's too sharp for fellers like you an' him. No, boys, he has n't any sense, but I want him well treated."

"Why, cert. Poor devil! Won't it be lonely down here for him?"

"Well, it's a gamble. I'll try it, anyhow."

Said one: "He can have that blue purp I got at Buchanan. It ain't wuth a cuss. That'll be company for him."

"Why, we'll all treat him first-rate, if he's civil. I won't promise to put up with too much foolin'."

"He's quiet," Tom assured them.

And having canvassed all his points, and made sure that he was harmless, and devoid of guile as well as wit, they looked upon him pityingly, and thanked their stars they were not made so.

He sat on a cracker-box, his legs gathered under him, his long arms hanging limp before him.

"Straighten out your feet, sonny," advised an observer. "It gives me an ache to look at ye."

When they went away, Bob raised his head from its stupid droop.

"I never seen them fellers before, Tom."

"No; this is a new place, with lots to make a boy happy."

Bob looked about vacantly. The adobe stood in an oak grove. The cañon fell away immediately into the broken plain, which rolled north for fifty miles, to be circumscribed by timberless mountains. About him were wooded hills the grasses of which were nearly waist-high. Across the cañon was the murmuring of water. Birds by the thousand sang in chorus on the hillside, and lazy flies, maddening biters, swarmed under the trees.

Tom raised a tent addition to the adobe for Bob's use—a little A-tent on a redwood flooring, with a wooden bunk, and a wooden block for a seat.

"Now, Bob, here 's your house. This is all yours. It ain't much like the Jessie-street houses, is it?"

"Ain't the girls comin'?"

"No."

"Why ain't they comin'?"

"Now, see here; don't begin. There 's no end to you when you want to drive a man mad. Here 's your house. Go into it, or stay out of it, just as you please; only don't bother



"THE OWNER OF THE BLUE PUP."

"Is paw and maw comin'?"

"No."

"Why ain't they?"

"This is too far away."

"Are the boys comin'?"

"No."

"Ain't there no boys here?"

"Well, you have n't seen any, have you? I drove 'em all away, so they would n't tease you."

Bob nodded with satisfaction, and began:

"Ain't paw and maw comin'?"

"Did n't I say they were n't?"

folks." And Tom thought, as he went away: "He ain't any trouble. One would n't know he was about. What made the girls talk so, anyhow? Must have been ashamed of him."

Bob went into the tent, as he was bidden; then he came out, in similar pursuance of orders. There being no seat outside the flaps, he sat on the ground. He might look entirely across the plain. He could not find the city, though he had looked for it.

Presently the owner of the blue pup arrived, hauling his offering at the end of a hay-rope.

"Here y' are, sonny. This dog 's for you—a right smart purp."

With his foot he lifted it and dropped it on Bob's knees.

"That 's the best dog in this country. Genooine blue-blooder. I want you to understand I don't give my purps to every feller; but this 'n' 's for you."

The blue pup looked up at Bob fearfully. It was a bony, ill-shapen, rough-coated, cowardly beast. It shivered when Bob took off the rope; it shivered when he patted it; it shivered when he took it up in his hands, which he did gently, for Bob had never had any pets but the house-cat, which scratched him. Bob thought the pup was cold, so he rubbed it softly, and it licked his hands servilely. He thought it was a beautiful creature. He smoothed its rough hair, and hoped it would come to bed with him. Jimmy Boyd had a yellow dog that went to bed with him—went under the blankets. The boys, during a truce, had told him it was a circus to see them together.

He would make the pup go to bed with him. It settled down on his arm presently, ran its nose into his elbow, and went to sleep.

Bob was very proud. He must rush to Tom as soon as Tom came, to show what the man had given him; and having nothing more to think about, he fell asleep, and was in the afternoon awakened by Tom's boots crunching on the path.

"Oh, Tom, a feller gimme a dog!"

"Keep him, then," advised Tom, casting a careless eye on the gift. "I 'll kill him in a year, though. He 'll be first sheep-killer of these parts—that is, if he ain't *too* cowardly. You keep your eye on him."

Bob caught dimly at the meaning of the threat, and hastily promised never to let his gift out of his arms.

He grew fond of his tent. For some time he would not go anywhere else. Though the vertical sun scorched the canvas and flies blackened it within, he was always there. He lay on his wooden bunk and slept, or sat on the wooden block and slept, or crouched without and slept. He always carried the blue pup, and was unhappy if it ran off or left him to nose about in pup curiosity.

One September morning he followed his brother and a cow-boy who rode down the cañon. He had never yet taken any notice of camp life. He watched the horses' moving legs, and listened to the leisurely, pleasant, crisp "pop, pop" of their gray hoofs on the white road. He stopped at the last swell

of the last foot-hill, and gaily saluted the riders with a loud "So long!" which they returned in kind.

Presently he took up the pup's visible fore paw. It was black. He made him run; his feet made no noise. He walked himself, but he could not hear the crisp "pop, pop." Then he chased a ground-squirrel; then went back to the tent, and flung himself down. The great, strange world that flooded his ears with so much pleasant sound, which was a perpetual lullaby, grew quiet. The birds crowded one another on the thick oak branches on the hillside, but did not sing. No wind rustled the grass.

A couple of men passed, going up the hill to hang strips of meat on a rope stretched in the sun. When they went away, the bees and wasps flocked to the rope, where the meat's oozing moisture glistened in the light. The clouds thickened fast, and it grew so still that the buzzing of the feasters at the rope sounded like many flying wheels. When the sun disappeared, the men came back swearing, and carried the meat away.

"What is that?" Bob asked.

"Jerky," they said.

"What 's it for?"

"To eat."

"Oh, the bees were eatin' it," he cried excitedly. Tom had called those great black-and-gold round flies by that name just the other day. "Bees they were—I seen 'em; and there was a lot of bees that was n't like the other bees."

"You 're wrong," they replied jocularly—"dead wrong. There's none of it gone. We've got it all here"; and they went on laughing.

Vacancy possessed the boy for a moment. Then he laughed. "Course! Them little things could n't eat it!"

The sultry heat made him sleepy, and he went to his tent, and had to be wakened for supper.

He divided his bread and mutton and beans with the pup, muttering the while to himself. When there was a silence among the men, he broke it, saying loud and fast: "How do the horses make their feet go so?"—cupping his palms and striking them together.

An old man by him said: "See your palm, and this 'n'? See that hole they make? You can't make that noise without that hole. There 's a hole in the horses' feet."

Bob looked at the pup's feet. They had no holes in them.

Bob was afraid of nothing but boys and policemen, and neither the one nor the other being here, he went about fearlessly.

Once, when it showered, he crouched under a wild grape-vine. Vines grow rank, but often fruitless—one of the beauties of that land, which has yet ever about it the taint of barrenness. On one of the glossy leaves he saw a beetle and a worm. The worm had eaten a hole in the leaf, and the beetle was now feasting on a section of the worm. It was a glossy black beetle with a broad, ridged back. He had noted the kind because it did not run from him, as did the yellow bugs, and the red-tipped bugs, and the water-bugs. He did not know they ate worms. Presently the caterpillar moved a little. Why, it was alive! Bob was a gentle boy. He raised his hand to brush the beetle away; but the latter, detecting hostility in the movement, planted its legs firmly, and eyed him boldly. Bob had seen the men kill two sheep and a steer since he came. Their throats were cut, and they bled; but first they were hit on the head with an ax. Tom said it did not hurt any. Perhaps the beetle did this. Yes, of course; the caterpillar was very still. On a leaf above, briskly crawling, was just such another caterpillar, red and black and furry. It seemed to Bob a pity that a beetle should eat him. He plucked the leaf on which it moved, and flung it away. Then he ran away frolicking down the cañon, feeling the while, judging from his loud laugh, what a fair, gentle home this was, where there were no boys and no policemen.

One day some Indian scouts passed the ranch. They came out of the woods on the west, where Bob had never gone. He had never before seen any Indians, and when the last rag fluttered from sight he started up. He would go into those woods and find the house of the dark people.

The cook, who was expected to keep an admonitory eye on his movements, called him back, and produced some crackers and a bit of beef, and stuffed these, together with some dried peaches, into Bob's pocket, nodding his

shaven head the while, and patting his stomach. It seemed to him that Bob was not at all different from an animal, and as incapable of speech, wherefore the stomach-ward gestures.

So laden, the fool went westward. A rough road ran among the trees, and under their arches vanished a web of little vales, grown high with gay-colored grasses, flowers, and a few shrubs. Birds sang in the trees.

Wasps sailed along, with bodies pendent. Dragonflies played upon the sunny pools. Lizards tempted the ungainly pup by every fallen tree. Bob shambled onward without seeing any of these things, and about noon came out upon the plain—brown now, for the clouds were spent.

Hesat down on a great mossy rock, and divided his dinner with the dog, laying the two shares near together on two hot stones. And he and his associate amicably and greedily devoured their slim portions, licked up the crumbs, and were satisfied. Tired by their rapid walk, and cajoled by the purple shade of the big boulder, the two companions lay down together and slept.

It was late when Bob awoke. The pup was playing with a stone a few feet away. One of Arizona's most lovely features are its sunsets. There are no woods or mists to shut out or obscure the horizon, and the up-piled, uneasy clouds invariably produce most splendid effects. In the fall, however, when drier, scantier, and higher,—more related to the California cloud,—their sunset fantasies change. When Bob awoke and looked out across the plain, he saw only a flaming mass of clouds, at which he blinked his eyes, and then rubbed them, for the intense reflection hurt him.

Then he looked again, grew still, and watched intently; for in the sky, jutting upon the horizon-line of the high mesa in the far west, was another great plain beyond, rent here and there by blue lakes and a river,



"THE COOK . . . CALLED HIM BACK."

on the banks of which he saw plainly marsh-grass and brush. Beyond was the base of a range, uncurtained by a misty cloud. It seemed to be raining there. The amber plain was broken and hilly, and dark shadows gathered on it. North and south were shapeless flame-clouds.

He had never seen anything like that. He had never seen such a yellow world. He had never seen any mountain or any plain there before. Yet there was a plain,—a hilly one, and a marsh. He had seen a marsh once from the wagon; Tom pointed it out to him. He felt that he could get on his feet and hurry across the mesa, and up a little, and come to the strange place, and walk to the river-bank. He looked from the corners of his eyes. He shut and opened them. There was the strange country. On each side, a little way off, the blue sky came down to the line of the brown hills. Those hills he knew, and that sky; he saw them every day.

Presently the mist came down on the blue mountain base. The marsh looked large. The amber grew brown, and the brown presently darkened. A night wind blew fresh and cool from the mountains behind him. He saw the glimmer of a large star. Then suddenly the strange plain was gone. Instead were brown clouds and a green sky.

He rose and went back to the ranch. The men were at supper, and when he came in he did not speak to any one. The next night he sat at the same rock, but saw nothing. The third and fourth and fifth afternoons he went through the wood to the boulder, and waited; and the sunsets were fiery, calm, clear, but mere sunsets; there was no second world.

The fifth night he followed Tom, who was smoking his pipe, to the stoop of the adobe. The men were in the open, pitching the horseshoe. One was singing while he plaited and worked a lariat. Tom watched the players, and laughed and applauded. When his pipe was out, he patted his brother on the shoulder. "Well, Bob, this is a soft, happy life, ain't it? You'll never go back?"

"No."

"Perfectly happy, ain't you?"

Bob did not answer. What was "perfectly happy"?

"D' jever see a great place over yonder?" he asked, pointing westward.

Tom, not having heard the question, vouchsafed a "No" as the simplest answer.

"Do folks live in the sky?"

"Some say they do."

"Is there earth and water there?"

"Dunno, sonny."

"D' jever see any?"

"No."

"Any of them fellers ever see any?"

"Dunno, sonny."

Silence, and more lively pitching.

"D' jever see a great yaller plain over yonder?"

Tom heard this time. "There's yaller plain everywhere."

"But this 'n', why, it ain't like—it ain't like any other one."

"Ain't it? Well, I s'pose you know"—applauding.

"D' jever go—"

"Come, now, none o' yer fool questions. Take my pipe in, and kick that dog out—sneakin' Injun beast!"

Bob rose. "I'd like to live over there. It's a prettier place than this 'n'. There ain't no trees, though, and I could n't see a cow critter."

Many evenings he went back to the boulder, and patiently waited for the yellow plain; but he never saw it. The clouds were long drifted to the north, and the sky grew steely clear and cold.

"The fellers says it'll rain next summer," he muttered. "Mebbe when it rains—I dunno. If I was Tom I'd jest go there in two-forty, I would."

"I think," said Tom, in December, "that you can go to work, Bob. Don't you think you can herd the cattle?"

"I dunno."

"Well, I'm goin' to send you off with Sanders to the plain ranch. He says there's good feed away out on the desert."

Accordingly, Bob was put on a horse. He whistled to the pup, and rode away, digging his heels cheerily into the scarred sides below, which were quite indifferent to the weak, blunt goad. Bob did not trouble himself with adieus.

The plain ranch stood on the edge of the desert, and grew a scanty grass on the sandy, porous soil. Tom had here an *ocatilla*, or reed-cactus hut, for the herders. Bob was expected to ride westward, and herd the cattle south of a certain low hill, north of which lay the lands of the Pima Reservation.

The days were dry and cold, though the sun poured down a blinding brilliance on the gray flat. When night came Bob drove the cattle a couple of miles southward, and rode back to the hut. When Sanders was drunk,—and he was commonly drunk,—and snored, and quite filled the hut, Bob took his blan-

kets, and stretched himself on the ground outside.

Our rich winter travelers, who, shut within their close, hot cars, thunder across the white monotony of the Arizona desert, tell us they find nothing there but dust. They are quite right, for the curved car-roofs open no window on the heavens, and the bitter, powdery, insidious dust closes their eyes to the mighty skeleton world about them. But Bob was stupid, and a herder, and did not mind dust. Moreover, the dainty step of his pony did not raise it, as do ponderous car-wheels.

Bob loved the desert. Perhaps it is only a fool who can love it—a fool who has no senses for the fine and finished elaborateness we enjoy, to whom the mighty simplicity of the desert is as are its wooden blocks to a child. In the morning the sun came up suddenly and in no glory. It cast few shadows. Morning shadows, heavy, dewy, and sluggish, are like eyelids, and a tropical land is eclipsed by its intense and lingering shadows. But the desert is stern and ascetic, and springs wide awake with the first shaft of light.

All day the sun beat upon the cold, bare earth, which had not a cricket chirping upon it, nor a ground-squirrel dodging imagined dangers, nor a bird twittering, nor a breeze stirring; and it sank at night in a cold, golden halo, which purpled almost with the going of its unquivering rim. Then the stars leaped out. The night is not, as in California, a purple sky studded with stars, but stars studded with purple sky. The Milky Way, which is here a smoky wreath, is there a shining scarf flung from horizon to horizon. The stars crowd upon one another; they fall into tangles—into mobs, from which the great ones blaze in untwinkling glory. The desert ceases to be a world, and becomes a stage, across which goes this solemn procession of worlds, not one night, but every night of the cold, calm winter. There are no mists to dim it, no mountains to circumscribe the largeness of the heavens; and the fool may lie in his horse-blanket from sunset to dawn, and have his dull soul made radiant. The desert becomes the comrade of the stars; and the lonely herder, though he be a fool, has set before him earth's best offering.

Bob often forgot that it was his "sleepy time," and lay still in his blanket, watching the dizzy heaven. He did not know what the stars were, nor that they were beautiful, nor that he had any happiness in thus watching them; but he was glad to lie down at night,

and glad to rise in the morning. He went about singing. He talked to the living things and to the desert. There was nothing about him that he did not love.

He had forgotten whence he came; he had forgotten the boys and the policemen. This was his world, and it satisfied him. It pleased him to cuddle his dog in the warm blanket, and, while the air lightly nipped his nose and chin, blink upward at the kindly, placid heaven. He liked the kindly and the placid. The desert was placid now, and its sky far more kindly than the moody, electric cousin of the mountains.

He learned to sit his pony; he learned to throw a lariat passably well, to smoke, and to drink.

With the return of spring he went back to the mountains. There he grew brown and healthy; then he grew strong. He learned to pitch the horsehoe badly, to skin a beef better, to brand the cattle, and to cook a tolerable herder's meal. His silly, flat laugh was frequent about the ranch, and his mutterings. The pup grew mature, fell into evil ways, and was shot. He was succeeded by a line of dogs, big and little, with whom Bob shared all he had.

Tom, returning from Tombstone one fall, said that he expected to sell the ranch to a Texan who had come to Arizona in search of a range. In the spring he would visit the mountains and conclude the bargain. Probably Bob did not comprehend; possibly he did not hear; for he made no remark.

In the spring the Texan arrived, and the sale was made. Tom packed his small stock of clothes, and Bob's yet smaller stock, and they rode away on the wagon to Benson.

Bob shook hands gravely with the herders and the new owner, and watched Tom apprehensively.

"When are we comin' back?" he asked, when they were well out on the plain.

"Never."

"Is he goin' to stay?"

"Yes; he owns the place now."

"Where are we goin'?"

"I've told you. To the city—to your father and mother."

"To the city," Bob muttered—"to the city." When had he thought of the city, or of his father and mother? With an effort he comprehended the dark word.

"I don't want to go away, Tom. I'll herd for that feller."

"He don't want you."

"Yes, he does, if I can herd."

"Well, you've got to have somebody's lass'

about you all the days of your life, and I guess mine 's the best."

"He 'll take me, Tom. I can walk back. It ain't far."

"You can't go, I tell you. Come, now, Bob, I 'll take you with me wherever I go."

For answer, Bob twisted in his seat and looked back. How dim the mountains were! They were already a long way from them.

It was a journey of fifty miles to Benson, and the wagon did not reach that place until after nine that night. As long as it was light Bob looked back, while the mountains grew fainter and fainter, until they were a crescent blue cloud melting in the twilight. Then he dropped his face in his hands and cried.

Poor lad! When his brother brought him to this place, nature had taken pity on the stunted, blind creature, even as of old she pitied the world-worn sinner of Rome who fled to her for death, and found life. She wakened and soothed and warmed him. She gave him eyesight and hearing, and made him rejoice that he lived. All that he knew he learned here; all that he loved was here, and he loved many things. He knew nothing else; he cared for nothing else. Why should he go away? Why must he go away? He must go back, he moaned, he must go back; for he felt his brother's strength, and his own weakness, and dared only plead. No; he did n't want to see anything. He did n't want to see his mother. He wanted no clothes, or money, or big dogs with collars. He wanted nothing but the ranch, and the herd, and the old dogs.

When they reached the corral in town, he became still and mute. It would not do to weep in public. He followed Tom silently to the hotel and to supper. Alas! here were no dogs to feed. He went to the dark bedroom assigned them. He cried awhile. Then he stood up. He would go back. He found the door locked; for Tom, suspecting him, had taken that precaution. The window was not locked—had no lock, in fact; but in the whole course of its existence it had never been tampered with, and it refused to contract its dust-laden frame under any pressure Bob could bring to bear.

He lay down, and fell into a tired sleep. His brother was up in the morning when he awoke, and hurried him from the dining-room

to the train, which had come in for breakfast. From the rear car they could see again the blue crescent. Bob clutched the iron rail, and with wide, distressed eyes—the eyes of a cornered beast—stared south. The passengers, crossing the track and seeing him, nodded wisely. It was so evident that he was a fool!

Tom dragged him to a seat, and the journey was begun. Past them reeled marsh, mountain, plain, hill, and desert. Day and night Bob watched. It was familiar country, not as beautiful as the ranch, but still like home.

He had heard that a great river marked the boundary line of Arizona. At every wet gully and stagnant lagoon he started. "Is that the river, Tom? Is it as big as that? Will I know it? Can I see it?"

It was sunrise when they came into Yuma, where the passengers breakfasted. Bob did not see the river because of its high banks. When the train started, Bob stood in the rear car, watching some begging young Indians. The cars rumbled hollowly, and he saw the dull turning of small red waves, then the broad water shining in the west.

For a moment he stood dazed, then understood. This was the river. Already he was parted from the ranch forever; already he was in a strange land.

I fancy the dying must feel as he did—the dying, to whom the short, swift journey across dull waters is more intense, more terrible, than the passage of eternity.

He rushed to the car door. They were across, and the sharp white sand of California nipped his cheek; the splendid early sun flooded his suffering face. The river sank from sight; the town flattened; the gray desert wrapped itself about its blue ranges and its red hills.

As the full realization of his desolation filled Bob, he uttered a low cry, and leaped. Anything to get down, to get away, and to go back. He had been only a moment on the platform, but alone for that moment, and it sufficed.

When Tom missed him, he stopped the train, got off, and with a couple of section hands and a hand-car went back. They found him where the momentum of the train had flung him and killed him.



AN AMERICAN SCHOOL OF DRAMATIC ART.

I. A CRITICAL REVIEW OF DALY'S THEATER.

BY J. RANKEN TOWSE.



HAT Mr. Augustin Daly is, and long has been, at the head of the all too brief list of American managers is a fact which no competent authority would dream of disputing. But he is something more than the leader of his class. He is, taking into account his varied capacities as student, author, adapter, director, and man of business, the last surviving representative here of the type of managers who have formed, developed, and preserved the best traditions of the stage, and justified the claim of the theater to be numbered among the arts. The significance and honor of this distinction will be apparent to all those who recognize in the abandonment of the old system of stock companies the chief, if not the only, cause of modern theatrical decadence, and who discern in the apparent tendency of some of his younger and more intelligent competitors to follow his example ground for hope of an ultimate restoration of the old sound and only progressive policy.

In order to appreciate the value of Mr. Daly's life-work, and to realize how barren the present theatrical outlook would have been without it, it is necessary to understand the relation between existing conditions and their consequences. Any one conversant only with the voluminous, trivial, and irresponsible gossip flooding the columns of the daily press might imagine that managers and stock companies were never so plentiful as to-day. In truth, there are not in the whole country more than three, if so many, of either one or the other. Partly owing to the poverty of the language, there is in the current discussions of those subjects a hopeless confusion, a misapplication of terms. There are, it may be granted, many more or less permanent theatrical groups—companies engaged from season to season for the support of some popular star, or for the performance of some particular kind of play. The lamented Edwin Booth, it will be remembered, was attended by a fol-

lowing of this sort, a comet with a monstrous tail. But such affairs are not stock companies at all; on the contrary, they are, with very rare exceptions, utterly antagonistic to every principle upon which a stock company ought to be formed. The members of them, selected either for some special qualification or the lack of it, are condemned to work in a rut—to do the same thing over and over again, without instruction or encouragement, or any broadening or enlightening influence whatsoever, until, with every natural perception blunted and dulled, and every acquired artistic vice ineradicably confirmed, they sink to the level of mere hacks. The stage to-day is crowded with hopeless wrecks, victims of these unintellectual treadmills.

A real stock company is the only school of acting worthy of the name. This is proved by the patent fact that since their virtual disappearance—that is to say, during the last fifteen years or so—the supply of capable young American actors and actresses has almost entirely ceased. It is notorious that the speculators who control most of our theaters know not where to look for leading men or women to take the places of the veterans who have enacted our heroes and heroines for the greater part of a generation, and who are now retiring from service, or traveling about the country on their own account as "stars," gaining luster from the dullness of their attendant satellites. Nearly all these superior players are now in middle life, and received their early training in stock companies here or in England. It is noteworthy, moreover, that none of them has exhibited any marked development of artistic intelligence or dramatic power in the course of these independent pilgrimages. This may seem a sweeping assertion, but any effort to refute it by example will prove it to be exactly true. Most of them have degenerated, as all students of the stage would expect them to do. Even Sarah Bernhardt, to take a striking illustration from a wider

field, is not nearly so great an artist to-day as she was when she first crossed the threshold of the Théâtre Français. The reason for it is perfectly simple. The player who feels that the success of a performance depends solely or chiefly upon his or her individual achievement soon loses all sense of proportion, acquires the fatal habit of exaggeration, and cultivates special effects which have been observed to command the applause of the commoner order of spectators. Against this degeneration there is but one safeguard—the exercise of that predominating and trained intelligence which is the indispensable prerequisite to the formation of a genuine stock company. Such an organization must be permanent, and, for a variety of reasons which cannot be discussed now, ought to be stationary. At all events, it ought to have a definite home.

The qualifications of the ideal manager are exceedingly complex. The question whether he ought himself to be an actor has been discussed frequently and vigorously, but not always wisely. Charles Kean was a great manager, but an actor of the second class. Edwin Booth was a great actor, but, so far as the creation of a company was concerned, had no capacity for management at all. Samuel Phelps, one of the most accomplished actors of the century, was also the ablest and most successful manager of his time, and built up a stock company which, for versatility and general competence, has not been equaled since. He conducted a school which for thirty years contributed to the British stage a constant supply of actors fit for almost any branch of dramatic work. Everybody knows the triumphs won by Sir Henry Irving in both capacities, and other examples might be cited. But logically they do not bear, except very indirectly, upon the point at issue. If a great actor possesses also the managerial faculty, his opportunities for fame and profit are increased very largely; but it does not follow that he would have been less eminent or efficient as a manager if he had been unable to play the principal characters himself. Great actors do not necessarily possess the faculty of imparting all or any share of their powers to their subordinates; while, on the other hand, some of the best instructors in the art of acting have been unable themselves to put their own theories into practice, or to win distinction before the footlights. In other words, a teacher may know how a thing ought to be done, without being able to do it himself. All that is certain is that the ideal manager must not only be a judge of

good acting, and thorough master of the principles that govern it, but must also be capable of detecting and developing ability in beginners, and of exercising direction and control in the case of players of wider experience. He must, of course, be acquainted fully with all the possibilities of stage representation, and have sufficient literary and dramatic judgment to be able to recognize a good play in manuscript form. More than this, he must be well informed concerning the best authorities on matters of architecture, ornamentation, furniture, and costume, and on the artistic use of light and color in stage pictures. He must, in short, be the possessor of a vast fund of general and special information, as well as of great executive ability and tact. How many of our "managers" are there who can boast of all or any of these qualifications?

It is not the purpose of this article to attempt an answer to so contentious a question; but a brief review of the career of Mr. Daly, since the days when he produced "Under the Gaslight" in the old New York Theater, thirty years ago, will show that he has distanced all his contemporaries, partly by virtue of greater natural aptitude, but chiefly because he has been inspired by a worthy ambition, and from the first has regarded his profession not merely as a speculative means of making money, but also as an opportunity for the elevation of public taste by forcing all the sister arts to do service in the cause of popular entertainment. His success is the logical result of his constancy in the pursuit of high standards. In early boyhood the fascination of the theater laid hold upon him, and he began what proved to be a lifelong study of it in all its phases. The amount of information which he had already acquired enabled him while yet a youth to win recognition in New York as a keen and authoritative critic. In his leisure hours, borrowed from the night, he wrote plays—crude affairs, doubtless, but invaluable exercises in dialogue and construction. As long ago as 1864, an adaptation by him from the German, "Lorlie's Wedding," was produced in the Winter Garden Theater; and a little later on he made the English version of Mosenthal's "Deborah," known as "Leah the Forsaken," and rendered famous all over the English-speaking world by Kate Bateman. About the same time he had a hand in the preparation of "Taming a Butterfly," founded on Sardou's "Le Papillon." These were noteworthy juvenile achievements, but his individual powers as a playwright were revealed

more strikingly in "Under the Gaslight," a strong and ingenious melodrama, notable for stage-craft and vivid character-drawing.

In 1869, undeterred by the disastrous failure of John Brougham upon the same spot, he assumed control of the little playhouse in Twenty-fourth street, soon to become celebrated as the Fifth Avenue Theater. It was there that, with an abiding faith in the capacity and eagerness of the theater-going public to appreciate and support first-class work, he entered boldly upon that liberal and enlightened policy to which, in the main, he has been faithful ever since. It was an extraordinary, rich, and varied bill of fare which he presented in that first season. Classic and poetic comedy were represented by "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "Much Ado about Nothing," "The Good-natured Man," "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," and "She Would, and She Would Not"; modern comedy by the works of Robertson and Boucicault; romance by "The Duke's Motto" and "Don Cæsar de Bazan"; and French social drama by "Frou-Frou" and "Fernande." And what an array of names in the casts! Among them were those of E. L. Davenport, George Holland, William Davidge, Clara Jennings, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Agnes Ethel, James Lewis, Mrs. Scott Siddons, — then a vision of delight, — D. H. Harkins, George Clarke, and J. B. Polk. Other theatrical enterprises may have been started with equally brave promise and equally good intention; but it is the great distinction of Mr. Daly's almost unrivaled record that for more than a quarter of a century, in spite of difficulties, disappointments, and misfortunes, he has been steadfast in his course. It cannot be pretended that he has succeeded always in keeping his company and his productions up to the standard set in the beginning. He has not always been able to repair the losses caused by death and desertion, and, like all other men of independence and self-reliance, he has made some mistakes; but as a rule his aim has been high, and all his undertakings, from the choicest of old comedies to the frothiest of modern farces, have borne the marks of the same conscientious and intelligent supervision.

It would be impossible, within the limits of a sketch like this, to give even the briefest summary of his managerial work; but a few selections, taken almost at random from the long list of his productions, will give some idea of its scope and variety. Among the old comedies which but for him would have remained virtually unknown to the

present generation are "The Heir at Law," "The Busybody," "Wives as They Were," "The Provoked Husband," "The Belle's Stratagem," "The Inconstant," "Love's Labor's Lost" (which had never been played in this city before), "She Would, and She Would Not," "The Country Girl," "The Recruiting Officer," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Taming of the Shrew," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "The Tempest." Of the emotional French plays may be mentioned versions of "Article 47," "Alix," "Monsieur Alphonse," "L'Étrangère," "Fernande," "Odette," and "Denise." Of the scores of other modern pieces, light or serious, original or adapted, "Saratoga," "Divorce," "Charity," "The Big Bonanza," "Our Boys," "Pique," "The Passing Regiment," "Red-Letter Nights," "A Night Off," "The Lottery of Love," "The Last Word," and "The Countess Gucki," are a few of those best remembered; and of many of these, and of many others, he was himself the author or adapter. Prompt as he was to discover and profit by the fund of entertainment in modern German plays, he never has overlooked the works of contemporary American or English playwrights. The charming plays of Tom Robertson, the brightest of Pinero's comedies, the adroit imitations and confiscations of Dion Boucicault, the earlier efforts of Bronson Howard, and pieces by Edgar Fawcett, H. J. Byron, Sidney Grundy, Frank Marshall, and others, have received at his hands speedy and generally adequate representation, while scarcely a season has been permitted to pass without an elaborate revival of one or more of the many masterpieces in his comprehensive repertory.

A schedule of titles, especially when it is admittedly imperfect, is not in itself very interesting reading, but in the present instance affords the quickest and best possible demonstration of the sort of training to which the players under Mr. Daly's direction have been subjected. In no other theater in the country, during the last quarter of a century, have any such opportunities for study and practice been offered. And it is important to remember that throughout this period Mr. Daly has exercised supreme control in every department, ever adding to his experience, and conferring the benefit of it upon all in his employ. His company, of course, in the passage of years has undergone many changes; but these have been so gradual, and his organization has been so perfect, that he has never been at a loss for capable substitutes to fill vacancies as they have occurred,

and thus maintain the standard of general efficiency. If he had been a great actor his object would have been to furnish adequate support for one star instead of many, and his whole policy would have been circumscribed by the necessities of his own histrionic limitations. As it is, his players have enjoyed the privilege of acting with all the great specialists of their time—with Edwin Booth, E. L. Davenport, Charles Mathews, Charles Fechter, Adelaide Neilson, Clara Morris, Fanny Janauschek, and a host of others scarcely less distinguished, to say nothing of the many accomplished performers always to be found at the head of the permanent company. This is the reason why his theater is now the richest repository of the best dramatic tradition, and the only true school of acting in the United States. Many of the most promising actors of the younger generation are his graduates, and several of them—the mention of names might seem invidious—are already started on the road to possible future fame.

In short, he has proved almost to demonstration the truth of the propositions advanced in the beginning of this article: that stock companies are indispensable to a healthful dramatic condition; that, to be worth anything, they must be permanent, and subject to the influence of a cultivated and catholic intelligence; and that power to act is by no means an essential managerial qualification. He has proved, moreover, that, whereas the speculators, who have nine tenths of the actors in their bondage, admit their inability to find suitable performers, he is able to create them out of the raw material. Within a very brief period he has lost, from death and other causes, a number of players who were held to be, and who were, the very backbone of his organization. He could not replace them, for the equals of some of them do not exist; but all the gaps in his ranks have been quickly filled, and his forces, in the season just ended and its immediate predecessor, have been able to meet every emergency in a range of entertainment extending from Shaksperian comedy to musical melodrama. No more indisputable evidence of his rare faculty of selection and administration could be desired. Almost all his players, from the hon-

ored veteran Mrs. Gilbert to the novices of two or three years' standing, making all due allowance for natural talent, owe their several degrees of artistic excellence chiefly to his instruction and guidance. Miss Ada Rehan is the most conspicuous example among them of his discernment. It would be difficult to find a more striking instance of natural gifts encouraged and developed by managerial tact and skill. Her advancement has been exceedingly rapid, and her powers are still ripening. In the whole field of old and new comedy, from ephemeral farce to the loveliest of Shakspeare's immortal conceptions, her work has been more comprehensive and various than that of any other actress of her years, and has won fervent tributes of critical and public approval on both sides of the Atlantic. In her own line, especially in the interpretation of all the varying types of feminine archness and gaiety, of pretty petulance and mischievous coquetry, with an undercurrent of tenderness and sincerity, she has no rival to dispute her preëminence; while her unfailing intelligence, wide experience, and conscientious earnestness, give value even to those interpretations for which she is not equally well fitted by her temperament and resources.

It is no reflection upon her abilities as an actress, but a recognition of them, to say that she has known how to avail herself of the rarest advantages. Had she fallen under the direction of any other manager, she would not have enjoyed them. She is one of the items in the account of that heavy debt of gratitude which all lovers of the theater owe to Mr. Daly, who has done more to maintain the dignity of the stage, and to make its possibilities and purposes manifest, than any other American of his generation. His productions have not only been delightful as entertainments, but valuable as illustrations of literature and the arts. He has instructed a great public in matters of taste and knowledge by the beauty of his stage pictures, and their accuracy in the details of furniture and costume; and in times of great depression and disgrace he has set up a bulwark against the tide of frivolity and corruption which threatened to overwhelm the whole profession. In these respects, at least, he has realized some of the highest ideals of management.

II. THE INSIDE WORKING OF THE THEATER.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.



THE STAGE-DOOR KEEPER.

the brilliant, composite, living effects which grow out of that mechanism.

Every important theater has a character and an atmosphere of its own; and these, and the influence they exert, depend chiefly on

THE theater, viewed from "the front," is a texture of illusion and mystery. Looked at from "the back," its illusion vanishes, but a great deal of mystery remains—the mystery involved in the smooth running of so complicated a mechanism, and reproducing night after night, or day after day,

the ideals, higher or lower, and on the character, of the manager. A competent manager, who joins with the ability to guide the policy and oversee the business or financial working of his theater the more difficult, delicate, and far-reaching function of handling as an artist himself the resources of art at his command, will achieve things as distinctive as the compositions of a particular painter, sculptor, musician, or poet. Because of the vital influence he may thus bring to bear on the fine art of acting and on the drama, and because the more the thinking public knows regarding the life of a good stage, the better will be the kind of encouragement it is able to give, it seems worth while to sketch briefly, to disclose even a mere glimpse of, the way in which matters go on in such a theater as Augustin Daly's.

Daytime in a theater is the dark time, a twilight that reigns unbroken while the outer world is gay with sun, and yields only to brief



John Moore. William Gilbert. Charles Leclercq. George Parkes. John Drew. James Lewis. Mrs. Gilbert. Ada Rehan.

Augustin Daly. May Fielding. Charles Fisher. Virginia Dreher.

MR. DALY'S COMPANY IN 1884.

From a photograph retouched in crayon by Napoleon Sarony.

glories of *matinée*-time, except when displaced by the full dazzle of the night hours from eight to eleven. The material habitation, the building, of Daly's, which, as in all such cases, one should regard as secondary to the life within it, since a playhouse, however beautiful, is only the body that the indwelling life of art needs, stands on histrionic ground, occupying the place of the old Wood's Museum and Theater. The structure and its atmosphere have been transformed in the twenty years since Mr. Daly first made it his stronghold; and by gradual accretion, the annexing of first one and then another adjacent lot or strip, it has become a most interesting labyrinth, full of nooks and corners, offices and store-rooms, passages, cellars, lofts, and outlets, that are saturated with theatrical memories and associations. The very shadows teem with that mystery of management and artistic creation which, as I have said, survives the loss of external illusion which one experiences on being inducted into the interior workings. This whole territory now covers about half an acre, an immense, rambling expanse and height and depth, of which no one who knows only the auditorium and the foyers—the latter alone capable of holding the entire audience—has any conception. For example, the entrance-foyer and the main seat-floor, which one approaches so easily by a system of graduated steps and planes that they seem to be nearly even with the street, are in reality on a level with the second story of the neighboring buildings on Broadway.

To transact the ordinary business of the theater here involves as much running to and fro, as much climbing up and down, and communication by message, as would the personal overseeing of a large hotel, and the visiting of its various parts. One may spend most of his time within this great inclosure, yet have more exercise in walking than is obtained by most citizens engaged in other business. An interior private-telephone system connects the different quarters of the theater, and quickens the despatch of inquiries and orders; yet every one engaged in the practical affairs of the place must be ready to go to any point quickly by means of his legs. Curious enough it is to see others, or to feel one's self, moving through this twilight shadow-world at all hours of the darkened day, up and down unexpected steps, along corridors, plunging down abrupt descents with little light, or winding up the corkscrew iron staircases that run from earth *up through* the various grades of green-room

and dressing-rooms, the stage, the upper dressing-rooms and store-rooms, the platforms from which the drops, the "flies," and the curtains are maneuvered, to the paint-room, paint-bridge, or paint-loft, as you may choose to call it, highest toward the sky. Every one, however, soon acquires an automatic faculty of skimming through and up and down these regions with little effort and little risk, and I have never heard of an accident occurring by any misstep in the maze.

A point which merits emphasis, too, is that this particular building, although in a manner so complicated, and not originally planned for such an expansion of activity and resources as it now represents, is one of the best adapted for its purposes that could be, and in its arrangements is much superior to some of the more modern theatrical edifices that have since grown up in great number.

The remark is often made, even by habitual playgoers, "I suppose there is not much going on in the theater during the day"; and when the mistake of such an inference is pointed out, the question is asked, "But what do so many people as are employed there find to do?" It would be more pertinent to inquire, "What *don't* they have to do, and how do they find time to accomplish it all?"

Let us begin with the manager's day, since he is the head on whom everything depends, especially in this case, where the whole theater is but a complex radiation from his one individuality, and the expression of it. He is always in his office by nine o'clock in the morning, often earlier, and has been known, on occasion, to arrive at six or seven, when the mechanics and other stage-hands and house-hands are just beginning their tasks. First there is the usual correspondence and private business to be attended to, all letters and details of this sort being promptly put through, in order to keep each day's affairs finished, so far as possible, before those of another can accumulate. In addition to other things, there is a constant stream of applications for places in the company, or for other positions. These come steadily by mail, from beginning to end of the season, at the rate of perhaps twenty-five a week. Every one is answered without delay. Those with whom appointments are made are usually seen immediately after the correspondence is disposed of. When it is remembered that, as a rule, nothing can be known of the applicants except what may be guessed or discerned from their letters, and that each one has to be personally and criti-



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

A DRESS REHEARSAL OF "THE COUNTRY GIRL."

cally observed in a very brief space of time, it will be seen that this second function in the process of the day is an exacting one, which would be something of a burden to any one whose perceptions were not extraordinarily keen by nature and agile from long practice. The figure and face, the voice, the past achievements, and—not least—the *temperament* and the histrionic possibilities, of each candidate must be taken into account and judged within a few minutes.

This over, it is time to prepare for rehearsals, which, in fact, are the heaviest labor in all the twenty-four hours for everybody concerned. They occur every day, sometimes taking up portions of the piece then running, for alterations or improvement, or for the training of a company of new actors to take the piece out on "the road." Sometimes it is one of the many rehearsals which must precede the bringing out of a new play already announced for some time ahead; or of a few trials of a drama not yet fixed for any date, and perhaps destined later to be given up altogether. When several or frequent changes of bill are contemplated, each play that is to be given must go through its course of preparation in advance, the different ones proceeding in this way simultaneously, instead of each being put off until a short time before performance. Hurry and imperfection are thus avoided, and the actors also have time to grow into and feel at home in their parts—not merely to know them, but to *be* the persons of that drama. Various plays are therefore ready at the same time, waiting their turn to come before the public or to meet an emergency. It is generally taken for granted, outside, that the famous plays of the repertory, those which have been given scores of times or have had long runs, do not need all this drilling when they are taken up again. But the notion is quite incorrect. After a long interval, even the principals in such a production, though they may be letter-perfect, feel the need of preliminary practice, the exercising and suppling of the part, so to speak, and, still more, the getting back to its mood and living in it again; for it is this identification with the character, this renewing of the imaginary personality, which is the vital element. Then, too, there may be new people in the cast for the revival, and these need to be carefully worked into relation with the others. The "business" of the scenes, also, while it may be very well remembered and recorded, is so delicate a matter, the right *effect* of it is often so elusive, that it is

highly important to have it all studied and enacted anew repeatedly, until it is once more thrilled with the life-current of the personages and the situation.

These few hints will show how large a place and how much time rehearsals must occupy in the diurnal routine. The most important are usually called for ten, or not later than eleven, o'clock, and last for two, three, or four hours. Partial rehearsals may be called for noon or one o'clock. Sometimes, on the eve of a new and elaborate production, the company may be at work all day until five o'clock, giving the afternoon to dress rehearsal. Then, again, the training of understudies or new members goes on all the time; and there are the choruses and dancers—constant and important elements at Daly's—to be drilled every day. It is a never-ending thing. Frequently, too, while one play is being rehearsed on the stage another play is undergoing the same process in the ample foyer eighty feet distant. There have been as many as four rehearsals carried on at the same time in this building, some of them being minor ones, or for dance and chorus. In the dimly lighted foyer one might pass a troop of graceful figures swaying and springing in time with piano music, or, near the other end of the theater, might hear mysterious voice-tones, and the plaintive solo of a violin, from unseen depths where, in the green-room, appropriated for the nonce, members of the company, ranged along the low wall-bench like a row of birds on a telegraph-wire, were learning a song for the stage.

Just when and how Mr. Daly makes ready for the rehearsing, no one but himself can tell; but, as the hour approaches, he banishes everything that may disturb the creative mood, and at the rehearsal itself, seated in a low easy-chair which has become the cathedra of this stage, or moving about rapidly and energetically to illustrate his meaning in the business and the gesture or the tone and the emphasis he desires, he develops that abundance of thought and suggestion, and definite, comprehensive plan, which command the admiration of every one, and show how thoroughly he has matured the whole conception in advance. The text is at his tongue's end, and, as a rule, he can correct, or at least detect, any error of memory in the various parts. His work, indeed, is not simple rehearsing, but *directing*; it is the work of a master.

It is one of the strict contract rules of this theater that every member of the company shall obey, under penalty, the directions of



ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF MRS. GEORGE MARSTON WHITIN.

ADA REHAN. FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN S. SARGENT.

the manager as to the performance and "business." His word is law. Yet I have never seen any one accept a change or suggestion more swiftly or completely than he does the instant he sees that it will affect

detail of scenery, furniture, bric-à-brac, in the setting, down to an inch or an angle. It might be supposed that the strictness of his direction would restrain his artists or discontent them. If this happens at times, it must



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBRIDGE.

THE PROPERTY-ROOM.

the artistic result favorably. His grasp of the total situation is extraordinary; and he has a peculiar gift of enforcing perfect precision and quickness of action, so that nothing on his stage can ever "drag." He also plans, notices, and controls every smallest

be said that the general tenor of feeling has been, for these many years, one of satisfaction at receiving such thorough training; and it is certain that he has preserved and brought out a wonderful variety of individuality in his players. One of his most efficient men said



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

THE OFFICE-STUDY.

to him: "I have had some experience, and you see what I can do, so far; but you must shake me up and limber me." It is this shaking up and limbering, as well as the gentler modes of development he so well understands, which the progressive and capable among his people are apt to enjoy and profit by. George

Clarke, the dean of the company, if not also of the profession in New York, speaks of having twice left Daly, although, on the whole, he has played with him the greater part of the time since the latter began his career as a manager, and adds: "I could not keep away from him. I was able to make a great



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBIDGE.

THE WOFFINGTON ROOM.

deal more money elsewhere; but I never found elsewhere the artistic atmosphere, the home of art, that remains unchanged here always." It is, in truth, an academic school of the histrionic art, and of the finest art of theater management. A stranger wrote to Mr. Daly, asking whether he knew of any night-school of acting which he could attend, as the correspondent was a very busy man during the day, but wished to learn the profession of acting after business hours. Mr. Daly's *reply*, brief, but courteously worded, was

that he knew of no night-school of acting except a good theater in action at night.

But his own theater in action by day is the most wonderful school of acting known to me. There is none in the country where the great art is taught and made real as it is here, every day but Sunday, and almost every hour of the day.

The physical and mental effort, and the strain on the nerves, of rehearsal would exhaust any man who is limited to average or what we call normal powers; and after

undergoing this, Mr. Daly takes a little of what he deems rest—that is, the occupying himself with innumerable other matters of moment, alone. Proposed plays pour in almost as numerous and steadily as applicants for position. These must all be read, and *are* read and carefully considered, by the manager, although in some instances many days, weeks, or months may be requisite for reaching a final result. Besides the play-reading and all that it involves, the manager plans and attends to all the scenery, costumes, furnishings, and small “properties” (objects that are to be used on the stage) in each play about to be produced. He gives directions regarding the scenery, using books, engravings, photographs, to explain his ideas. He must see the tiny models of scenes, like those of toy theaters, and criticize or change them. Then he must know all that is going on in the paint-room afterward, see the scenery placed upon the stage, and alter and perfect it. Mr. Henry E. Hoyt, the scenic artist, said to me one day: “The old idea of scene-painting was that you must use gaslight, whitewash, and no brains to speak of; but that’s all done away with now.” Scene-painting has become a very subtle and difficult art, and the paint-room is a place where its problems are slowly, steadily, laboriously, solved on a great scale. Every bit of scenery now must be a picture, or part of a picture, done with extreme nicety. The manager watches its growth, too, with constant care. And then there is the carpentering of the scenery, the building of the framework for the canvas, involving numberless details, which must go on and be supervised at the same time with the painting. Oftentimes one will find the whole of the stage in odd hours covered with lumber, and painted canvas, and sawhorses, and busy workmen, and long planks sliding up or down between the back part of the stage and the paint-loft through a great opening overhead. The cellar, too, is suddenly invaded by a gang of workmen, who hammer and saw and fit things together for rocks, bridges, runways, or other massive paraphernalia. I have known Augustin Daly to begin a regular set-to rehearsal of the scenery for a new production, after the play of the evening was over and the theater closed, at midnight, and continue there, working with the scene-painter and the stage artisans, setting and resetting and correcting the disposition of the flats and side-pieces, and so on, and giving orders for changes and retouching, until seven o’clock

in the morning. He then breakfasted, rested for a while in his office, attended to the usual morning business at nine o’clock, and was on the stage again at eleven, to direct a long and critical rehearsal of the entire company!

What more shall we say of the manager’s work, except that, besides going over, cutting, and rearranging every play he produces, he is also a playwright? He has created original plays and numerous adaptations, which any one who is at all conversant with theatrical writing knows perfectly well involve almost as much originality and skill as the composition of something wholly new. Further, he orders and supervises all the costumes, and studies and directs the selection of incidental music—a most important element—and the manner of performing it, picking out himself the special music he wants. He arranges every particular of varicolored and changing lights for the stage at every point throughout the play, guards against every infraction of his orders, and is in front and behind the scenes seemingly at once. He has an extraordinary faculty of appearing always in every part of the theater where his presence is most needed, exactly at the right moment—or what may seem to others, just then, the wrong moment.

This manager is a general; his ability is nothing less than that of a great commander, when you reflect that he is managing and directing every day some two hundred people on his actual list—people by the very nature of their artistic gift most sensitive and susceptible, or if they are employed in the business and mechanical departments, subject to incessant drain on their physical endurance and their excitability from the numerous and unexpected calls upon strength and patience that such a life makes.

Others are on hand simply to carry out the manager’s ideas and system without flaw, if possible; to aid him and the public in every way. Some of them keep track of the rehearsals and watch them. Others help in making ready for productions, in looking up materials, historic points, costume, or doing the various literary work always going on in artistic theaters. Some watch the performances and the audiences; for every separate audience is like a separate individual, and its varying impressions must be noted in order to ascertain the effect of “the piece,” and its likelihood of vitality, apart from the immediate sale of tickets. Others watch and minutely study the players themselves, since the work offered by them each night is affected by the mood of every actor and

actress, and the mood of the whole company, and the influence which the particular audience at that performance has upon them. The best company in the world may flag or fall off at any one representation, owing to a variety of causes, the perfection of a play performance being as difficult and dainty as the blending of a harmony of colors at hazard, no matter how much care and effort and good will may have gone to the preparation. The precise note of each person in the cast, and the chording of all of them together,—or the discord,—can be judged in its impression, from night to night, only by skilled and patient observers “in front,” who are part of the theater.

Mr. Daly's office is a secluded study, a spot so quiet and esthetic that one would hardly believe, even when beholding it, that it is in the heart of throbbing, noisy New York. It holds its place in what would be taken outwardly for a private residence, on the Twenty-ninth street side of the theater territory, and is a delightful museum of old Empire furniture, rare and standard books relating to the stage, innumerable bric-à-brac and quaint mementos from all parts of the world, portraits, clocks, musical instruments, desks, tables, secretaries, portfolios, and cupboards. In other portions of the theater are other smaller treasures of rare objects, pictorial, literary, and artistic; and one such cave of marvels and gems of association, in the upper regions, is used on special occasions for supper-parties of a few old friends after some great success, or to celebrate the coming of a new year. This is the Woffington room.

It is in this room, where Woffington's lovely face looks down upon the revel, that Mr. Daly has for seventeen years gathered round him the loyal members of his company each last night of December to say good-by to the old year and welcome the new.

Here James Lewis, and John Drew, and Charles Fisher, and Charles Leclercq, Sidney Herbert, and George Clarke, and Herbert Gresham, Henry Widmer, and Richard Dorney, Mrs. Gilbert, and Ada Rehan have lent their happy presence to those yearly gatherings; to which, with the exception of Mr. Daly's brother, Judge Joseph Daly, and one other “auld acquaintance ne'er forgot,” no stranger has been admitted.

Besides these annual festivals many famous little suppers have been given here; notably, certain “after-play” reunions, at which Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Coquelin, Boucicault, Jefferson, Sir Frank Shaw, the Lon-

don fire magnate, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, General Porter, General Sherman, John Hare, and John Russell Young, have been in turn honored guests.

Then is the soul of the theater opened to those who are present; and it is an ideal, artistic soul that reveals even far more than the stage can reveal; and the manager becomes the witty, brilliant, genial talker, the exquisitely courteous host, that he always is when the incessant cares of his work, and his natural shyness with all but intimates, are thrown aside.

The theater contains all the scenery, and most of the costumes, of all the chief productions that have been given here since it was opened. There are great rooms filled with massive furniture and genuine porcelain and metal-work of incalculable value, besides an “armory” devoted to a big collection of armor and weapons having intrinsic worth as well as stage serviceableness. The rooms above the marvelous office contain a copious and unmatched “wardrobe,” and an apartment for fitting new costumes, besides a music-room for the director of the orchestra, and a place for copying. In addition to all this, a big hall in a neighboring street is used for storing another great mass of furniture and properties.

I have said nothing of the work of printing, of the program, the bills, the posters with pictures, the planning of routes through the country, and the details of tours and transportation, all of which come under the manager's immediate observation and decision; or of the fact that he goes with his regular company when it travels out of New York, even for a day, in order to see that everything is done as he wishes, and that the standard of high workmanship in every particular is maintained. Still, I think enough has been said to indicate that the willing and enthusiastic labor performed in one great American theater—the only theater, thus far, which has gained lofty and general fame in Europe, and has planted itself there, too—is a labor of conscientious devotion to art. All such devotion is good for the people, and for their souls, through their senses. It will do the people good, further, to know that the inner life of a great theater is governed by the strictest code of good manners and good will; that the prevailing tone of Daly's Theater is absolutely that of a circle of self-respecting acquaintances; that there is no fooling and no dawdling; that tobacco and liquor stop at the threshold; that there is no running in and out of visitors, and no loafing

at the stage-door. This very important means of ingress to the labyrinth, by the way, is made impregnable by a strong and faithful keeper, a man of remarkable stature, old Owen, who is uniformed, and carries always a small official baton of dark wood encircled by five rings of brass that somehow give it a very convincing air of authority. Both he and Richard, Mr. Daly's colored personal attendant, are regarded as "institutions" of the theater, one of them having been with him for twenty, and the other nearly thirty, years. I mention them because it is a distinctive element in the atmosphere of Daly's that in every department there are people who have been there a long time, and that

there is a prevailing sentiment of loyalty to the establishment, as though it were home or government or country, which is quite in keeping.

No loud talking, noisy laughter, or other disturbance is tolerated behind the scenes, in the green-room and dressing-rooms, or elsewhere. The whole place is dedicated to honest, hard work and high aspirations; so that, notwithstanding all the ambitions, hopes, disappointments, triumphs, or heartburnings which inevitably enter into the composite life of a number of players, wherever they may be gathered together, the reigning spirit here really is quieter, sweeter, and more earnest than that of most drawing-rooms.

LINE TO A CHILD.

BY ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

DEAR little face,
With placid brow and clear, uplifted eyes,
And prattling lips that speak no evil thing,
And dimpling smiles, free of fair-seeming lies,
Unschool'd to ape the dreary world's pretense!
Sweet imager of cloudless innocence!
The tenderest flower of Nature's fashioning,
A dewy rose amidst the wilderness,
Amidst the desert a clear-welling spring—
So is thy undissembling loveliness,
Dear little face!

Dear little hand!
How sweet it is to feel against my own
The touch of this soft palm, which never yet
The taint of soul-destroying gold hath known!
Here Nature's seal of trustfulness is pressed,
Even as her loving touch the lily blessed
With stainless purity—even as she set
The golden flame upon the daffodil,
And heaven's clear blue upon the violet.
May her best gifts be for thy clasping still,
Dear little hand!

Dear little heart,
That never harbored any ill intent,
That knows no bitterness, nor doubt, nor care,
But only young life's nestling wonderment,
And strange, new joys, amidst thy incomplete,
Unfledged emotions and affections sweet!
Veiled, by the unlived years, thy field; but there
The sowing for thy harvest hath begun.
When thou shalt reap and bind, may no despair
Rise from that ground betwixt thee and the sun,
Dear little heart!

AN OUTLINE OF JAPANESE ART.

BY ERNEST F. FENOLLOSA.

WITH UNIQUE AND UNPUBLISHED EXAMPLES.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

IV.

REOPENED INTERCOURSE WITH CHINA.



ABSORBED in herself for four centuries, Japan about the year 1400 was almost ignorant of the great events which had transformed China. The Tang dynasty, her old friend of Kobo's day, had been succeeded by the Sung, the Yuen, and the Ming, the second of which Japan might have courted, had it not been for the hostile attempt of the Mongols to add her to their dominions. During the fourteenth century sixty years of civil war had absorbed all native energies; and it was not until another long era of peace had opened the fifteenth that the new Ashikaga shoguns felt strong enough to send friendly embassies to the Ming court. These being reciprocated with courtesy, travel and commerce between the two empires were resumed. Scholars again studied in Chinese universities, and thus Japan suddenly fell heir to all the intellectual glories of the Sung age, which the Ming was strenuously attempting to revive. Hence we may call her fourth age of culture, about to dawn, the Second Chinese Period.

THE COMING OF ZEN BUDDHISM.

It is not quite true, however, that Japan had been wholly uninfluenced by China during the interval. The Mongol reaction against Buddhism had dispersed the Sung priesthood, of whom some pioneers now imported into Kioto that peculiar form of the Indian religion which had dominated Sung under the name of the Zen sect. It was their monasteries the somber architecture and academic groves of which eventually grew into the Ashikaga universities.

THE CRISIS OF CHINESE CULTURE.

THE supreme crisis in the history of China was her struggle for intellectual freedom in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Her institutions had been based by Tang upon lit-

erary education; but that education had been almost entirely controlled by Confucian scholars. Confucius, as Aristotle for medieval Europe, had become a finality, a limitation. His system was the apotheosis of human authority, a semi-socialistic statics, in which no guaranty for the preservation of individuality had been provided. A changed empire had new problems to face; but its mental machinery offered no clue to readaptation. The very root of its strength, free human reason, was threatened. Its lack of political check left officialdom open to corruption. In short, repression of the soul's spontaneity was disintegrating character.

CONFUCIANISM AND BUDDHISM.

THE problem was complicated by the presence of Buddhism. Here was a second spiritual stimulus, unknown in the days of Confucius. This idealistic faith, founding its practice upon the creativity of immanent spirit, refused to coalesce with the pragmatic agnosticism of the scholars. The mutual hostility, however, did not come to an open issue during the Tang dynasty.

THE NEW SUNG CULTURE.

BUT with the advent of the Sung a practical necessity for reconstruction became apparent. The threatening antinomy between the two motives stood open and revealed. The ultimate menace to Chinese institutions being the repression of individuality, the Sung leaders now instituted an effort to rebuild upon the bases of rational insight and of the rights of the citizen. The wonderful, if tragically brief, efflorescence of this movement was the Sung illumination. Had its radical break with the past been permanently successful, China would not to-day be lying a giant in hopeless self-bondage.

ECONOMIC REFORM.

THE attempted solution embodied itself in several parallel movements. One was a reform in civil administration. The new laws

revolutionized the economic relation of state to subject. They redistributed the land among the people; loaned capital to the farmers, to be repaid from the produce of good years; loaned capital on good security to traders, thus constituting the government a state bank; bought up food in good years, to be sold reasonably during famine, thus mitigating fluctuations in price; reorganized the groups of householders, and established a separate military yeomanry for war and police service. No wonder that the Confucian officials, thus divested of their pecuniary prerogatives, resisted to the point of resignation.

EDUCATION.

A SECOND reform was in the civil-service examinations. Character was made a test. A course of study in the new laws became obligatory, for examinations were now to bring out a knowledge of realities. The prose style of the students became designedly changed so as directly to embody their thought. Interpretations of the classics in the new spirit were prepared for text-books. The emperor and his radical ministry in person conducted the exercises.

INDIVIDUALITY.

ANOTHER change, in the spirit of the people rather than in formal law, concerned the passionate joy of the young thinkers, poets, and artists in their new-found individuality. Those who have always ascribed stagnation to Chinese culture would be surprised at the prevailing radicalism. It was the freeing of inspiration, the coming of a perfect plasticity of form to the sway of imagination. "My father," cries Jakki, in his preface to Kakki's great essay on landscape, "in his youth studied under a Taoist teacher, wherefore he has ever been inclined to throw away what is old, and to take in all that is new."

NEO-CONFUCIANISM.

A FOURTH effort was a revolution within the ranks of Confucianism itself, which produced the famous Sung philosophy, the most metaphysical and original of all China's systems of thought. It undertook to explain progress itself as a series of interactions between extremes, during which the universe passes from abstract reason to self-realization in the human spirit, thus reminding us strongly of the Hegelian idea and dialectic. This philosophy of evolution, although Confucian in phraseology, was permeated throughout by Buddhist principle, with which latter the pure idealism of Tao had

already thrown in its allegiance. Thus, for the first time, an approximation was being made to a unification of the three systems in absolute idealism.

ZEN IDEALISM.

BUT the most powerful factor in the new movement was the nature of Sung Buddhism itself. This was the sect of Zen, or Contemplation, which conceived of spirit as a creator immanent in a double garb, acting with equal clearness under the parallel series of orderly changes in the worlds of soul and nature. In this respect it foreshadowed the philosophy of Schelling. Its business was to unfold in nature the infinite analogies of human process. Its thought was the very substance of subtle poetry. It anticipated our modern Western love of scenery. It took the spontaneity of nature for a type of character.

THE ART OF SUNG.

THE outcome of all these forces was the deliberate making of art to be the most typical and inclusive manifestation of the spiritual life. For is not art the meeting-point of man and nature? In her perfections are mirrored as identical the two spontaneities. The world is only one vast metaphor. Even Confucius had asserted that the harmony of human living is a kind of music. So the painter, at one with poet and priest, is no mere skilful specialist, but an interpreter of the great book of analogies into form's more pregnant language. "Why," asks Kakki, in his opening sentence, "do men love landscape?" And he answers: "Because it is the well-spring of life." No peculiarity of plant growth or color is unsuggestive of character. Birds are winged souls for these Zen Thoreaus. But, as chief decipherer of the eternal classic, landscape art was born for the Eastern world seven centuries before it achieved its freedom in Europe.

THE HANGCHOW ILLUMINATION.

THE fruition of these several movements rendered Hangchow, the capital of southern Sung in the twelfth century, the veritable Athens of the whole East. Marco Polo calls it, even in decay, the most splendid city of the world. Its scenery was unsurpassed, combining as it did mountain, sea, and lake. Temple courts and private villas crowned every telling site. There statesmen, priests, painters, and poets wandered on terms of spiritual comradeship, throwing the last fine bloom of academic taste over their interconnected work. Such conditions were uniquely

ideal—the worship of the fresh voice, the depth of insight in its song, the simple charm of its melody. It is to the perfection of this brief idyllic life at Hangchow that the Ming statesman looked back, and the Japanese scholar still looks back, as we to the days of Pericles.

THE ASHIKAGA SHOGUNATE.

LET us now return to Japan. It was something of the flavor of such poetic idealism that the immigrant Chinese priests had tried to transplant into Japan during the unfavorable years of the civil war. From the anarchy of these latter had issued the founding of a second feudal dynasty by the triumphant general Ashikaga, who again fixed the capital at Kioto. The greatest of his successors, his grandson, Yoshimitsu, whom we may call the Cosmo de' Medici of Japan, became shogun in 1368, resigned to become a Zen monk in 1394, but still actually dominated affairs of state from his superb temple-palace of Kinkakuji, in the northwest of the city. His descendants maintained a weak hegemony over the still turbulent barons until overthrown by Nobunaga in 1573. It is not for their military prowess, but for their lasting impress upon Japanese culture, that their rule is notable.

YOSHIMITSU'S PROBLEM.

SELDOM occurs to a great ruler, as to Yoshimitsu, the opportunity to recreate, by the magic of his word, a national civilization. The cessation of civil war had come from utter exhaustion. The fall of the third period was due to its experiments in localism and its unbridled individualism. The early refinements of Nara and Kioto were forgotten. Scholarship was nearly extinct. Some of the country districts had relapsed into barbarism. The great lack was of a principle of unity, some guide or organizer for man's scattered energies. Yoshimitsu foresaw that the imaginative and restless temper of his race would demand from him a new banner of peace. The more extreme the reaction from violence, the better. What more natural than to turn for guidance to the great Zen monasteries of Kioto, the priests of which were already preaching the individuality of contemplation? Through their eyes he beheld as in a vision the whole intellectual spoil of the Sung world lying waiting at his feet. Yes; the renaissance of Japan should be a new culture of idealism and art, and life at Kioto should be a repetition of the Hangchow idyl.

THE FOURTH CIVILIZATION.

HE now turned boldly to China, sent scholars thither, encouraged immigration, enlarged and multiplied the monasteries, and enriched them with enormous importations of books, manuscripts, and paintings. The new architecture and landscape-gardening of the age were based upon the simple dignity of Sung types. Bright colors were eschewed. Literary seclusion became a passion. Individuality of thought, even oddity of expression in manner and word, were encouraged. Daimios lived over the Chinese poetry which they dreamed. The sons of freebooters who had carried their enemies' heads on bloody pikes now let their souls be absorbed in nature-contemplation. It was a change of standard as profound as that from Gothic to humanistic in contemporary Florence.

ITS NATIONALITY.

IT is a mistake to regard this age as barren or merely imitative. Many peculiarly Japanese products of the new insight then emerged. It was Yoshimitsu who first constituted the samurai class, a separate caste with special privileges and duties. Then was originated the drama in its severe form of the operatic "No," the lofty poetic text of which is a relief from the inanities of later Japanese verse. It was the age, too, of the tea freemasonry, during the ceremony of which commoners could meet even the shogun on terms of equality and fellowship. The wealth of culture on which the Ashikaga lavished their resources was a solid investment in national imagination which has borne interest for five hundred years. It is as much a part of Japan and Japanese genius as Spenser and Shakspeare are English, and not Italian.

THE FOURTH PERIOD OF ART.

BUT, as in China, it was art that became the supreme expression of the reawakened spirit. This was as unlike all previous forms of Japanese art as can well be imagined. Though in a sense still religious, it was not now chiefly either the sculpture or painting of Buddhist divinities, still less a representation of the violent human drama of the middle ages. It was the reverent, poetic study of spiritual types as embodied in natural forms. Hence we may say briefly that it was the art of landscape-painting.

LANDSCAPE-PAINTING.

HERETOFORE landscape in Japanese painting had figured only as meager background,

as a suggestion of softly swaying masses. Now it was to be studied as a world of primary forms, to be rendered with the same care and grandeur, the same wealth of modulated "lead-lines," formerly lavished upon the drawings of supernatural deities. On the other hand, it was not to be filled in with the sensuous distractions of gorgeous color, but to render the poetic suggestions of atmosphere by the massing and opposition of monochromatic values. Hence this painting is chiefly in black and white. When color is used, it is sparingly, as if it were a timid effluence growing naturally out of a soil of grays.

MURAL DECORATION.

THE form of such art could no longer be confined to altar-pieces or illustrative scrolls. Since its aim was to stamp nature upon human life, it must be primarily a school of mural painting. The walls of palaces and temples were now covered with this somber decoration. A whole room became a shadowy bamboo forest, or a silhouetted grove of pines. In his own chamber one dreamed along the borders of Hangchow's villa-dotted lake. The folding-screen also afforded an important ground for painters. A third form of mounting, the kakemono, was an accentuating feature of wall decoration.

CHINESE PROTOTYPES.

THE culmination of such suggestive landscape-painting had been reached in the Sung dynasty during the twelfth century. Its work is to Japanese art what Athenian sculpture is to ours. The Sung artists were legion. They formed an academy under imperial patronage, an institution as important as the university. The Emperor Kiso, himself a great painter, mingled with them on terms of fellowship.

KAKKI.

ONE of the founders of Sung landscape was Kakki, in the eleventh century. I have spoken of his critical essay. One of his scenes is full of the softness of early spring, the melting snow, the blending of young foliage.

THE HANGCHOW SCHOOL.

BY the twelfth century it would seem as if every citizen of Hangchow had become a painter. I shall mention here only three: Bayen, the delineator of life in the sequestered villas; Mokkei, the Zen priest, whose shimmering masses are like the incense of mist in forest naves; and Kakei, who tested every mysterious bond between mountain shores and the moods of water.

KAKEI.

THE works of Kakei, the greatest landscape artist of Asia, have a fresh charm which makes them look modern even beside modern French. Figures rarely appear, but there are hints of mossy roofs and wayside inns. The luminous tones of his ink are golden, with the suggestion of sun-soaked mists. The masses of his foliage cluster in thick drops, as if they had just fallen from the pen.

YUEN AND MING ART.

AFTER the reaction from the Mongol conquest, some of the pupils of these artists were welcomed at court. The nearest to Kakei is Danshidzui, whose treatment of bamboo groves in wind and rain is exceptionally beautiful. But when, in the fourteenth century, Ming artists tried to revive the glories of Bayen and Kakei, it was as if some colder spirit restrained their hand and tainted with a shade of affectation the ambitious stroke.

THE QUADRILATERAL OF KIOTO SCHOOLS.

JAPANESE art of the fourth period divides itself naturally into three stages, of which the first is that of the transplanting and the appropriation. Its work centered in four great Zen monasteries at Kioto. At Tofukuji, in the southeast, lived Cho Densu, priest and painter, himself a teacher of Ashikaga Yoshimochi, Yoshimitsu's son and successor. At Sokokuji, in the northeast, a Chinese priest and painter, Josetsu, had founded an art academy from which issued many of Japan's most noted masters. At Daitokuji, in the north, had become naturalized, under the family name Soga, a professional Chinese landscape-painter, Shubun, who, retaining more of Kakei's original fire than his Ming contemporaries, found here a freer scope for his genius. From the gray, weather-beaten verandas of Daitokuji to-day one looks out over sanded courts, streaked with carpets of moss, across crumbling walls, and between ancient pine-trunks white with lichens, to the long, successive swells of rice-farms and millet-patches, which break at last in a line of golden foam against the ramparts of the eastern hills. The walls of the rooms are themselves hoary with the stained monochromes of Shubun and his son Jasoku.

THE SHOGUN'S COURT SCHOOL.

BUT in the northwest, at the palace-temple Kinkakuji, with its unrivaled pine groves,

garden lakes, and storied pavilions, the shoguns Yoshimitsu and Yoshimochi surrounded themselves with priests, poets, and artists, like the Chinese emperors at Hangchow. Here the Japanese layman Naomi was the presiding genius, superintending gardening, building, dramas, and fêtes, criticizing the latest imported Sung treasures, and painting himself in a style worthy of Mokkei. He is the first type of a shogun's court painter and critic, afterward made professional and hereditary in the Kano family.

THE CULMINATION UNDER YOSHIMASA.

IF Yoshimitsu had been the Cosmo de' Medici of Kyoto, his great-grandson Yoshimasa was surely her Lorenzo. Shogun in 1449, he too resigned, in 1472, in order to spend his time in literature and art at his new northeastern mountain palace of Ginkakuji, where he ruled as hierarch of the fourth period's second and culminating stage until his death in 1490. Here Soami, the grandson of Naomi, succeeded as master of the feast of culture.

SESSHU.

BUT from these prolific nests of art should there not arise some central genius powerful enough to seize the scattered threads of tendency and weave them all into a single fabric of supreme expression? Such was indeed the function of the great priest Sesshu, who at first became a pupil of Josetsu at Sokokuji. He spent nine years in Ming, following and sketching in the footsteps of Kakei, examining the great Sung originals, and painting on the walls of the imperial palace. He was recognized as easily the superior of all living Ming artists. When he returned in 1469, laden with thousands of sketches, he seemed to Japan like the supreme embodiment of the Chinese genius which they worshiped—like Kakei newly risen in the flesh. He realized to the full the wealth of his unique opportunities in a long life of superb work down to 1507.

SESSHU'S STYLE.

IN quality Sesshu must be ranked side by side with the greatest Sung masters; yet he is no mere imitator. He reigns, in his own right, as a new, supreme type. His style reaches the farthest limit of simplicity and force. The strokes of his angular black outlines shoot about like splinters shivered by lightning from the heart of an oak. His river landscapes are as direct and eternal as

a charcoal sketch by Millet. Unlike Kakei, a figure-painter also, he invests such closely woven compositions as his "Jurojin" (Fig. 1), the personification of the spirit of longevity, with a mystery of charm which reminds us in the West of Leonardo alone. The old, old face, charged with a consciousness of all humanity,—and of what spiritual races beside!—peers Merlin-like from the sympathetic tangle of pine-boughs, plum-stars, and bamboo wands. In Sesshu's screen of the drama of human life, parasites of habit bind the masculine limbs of the maturing pine; the willow, woman-like, droops in tears; wild hawks pursue the innocent soul of the heron, while its mate seeks religious asylum under shadowy lotus leaves; a pair of mandarin ducks, symbols of conjugal love, spurn earth in their flight to a secluded paradise; while the old philosopher owl, which, alert in the gloom of his own reflections, is dazed by the sunlight of facts, stares from his branch, blandly unaware of the tragedy which is perpetrated beneath him. But the grandest of all Sesshu's bird-and-flower compositions is the stork stepping out from its nest of gnarled plum branches richly crossed by the woof of tall river-grasses. (Fig. 2.)

KANO MASANOBU.

BEFORE Yoshimasa's death, Sesshu had recommended to him Kano Masanobu as a man fit to be his chief palace decorator. In style inferior only to Sesshu himself, his commanding position virtually established the office of court painter, which remained a monopoly of his family till 1868. Like Sesshu, he is great in all subjects. His portrait of Confucius has intense intellectual expression. His finest landscape is a design of a Chinese terrace. (Fig. 4.)

KANO MOTONOBU.

THE third stage of the art, its gradual decay, fills the sixteenth century. At first the fall was not apparent, thanks to the extraordinary genius of Masanobu's son, Motonobu. The Ashikaga were tottering to their fall. A new era of civil warfare had begun. The barons had rent nine tenths of Japan from the shogun's rule, and were thundering at the gates of Kyoto. But in art Motonobu stood firm and alone. In Yoshimasa's time a dozen great genuises had disputed his father's supremacy. Now he had no rival but his brother Utanosuké. He was heir to all the Chinese traditions, all the Japanese Zen

styles. There was no fresh importation from abroad, to be sure, and faith within was beginning to wane; but Motonobu was a genius greater than his environment, who painted now for the sake of painting. His snow-landscape screen, with herons and blackbirds (Fig. 5), and his brother's colossal eagle (Fig. 3), will hold side by side with Sesshu's masterpieces. He died in 1559, after a long life of undisputed triumph.

NOBUNAGA AND HIDEYOSHI.

THE last third of the sixteenth century witnessed an interregnum between the Ashikaga, whom Nobunaga destroyed, and the Tokugawa. Hideyoshi, the low-born general of Nobunaga, after the latter's death ruled Japan as military dictator from 1582 to 1598. The so-called Napoleon of Japan, he conquered Korea and invaded China. In the stress of such martial deeds idealism died. In palace life it was an age of frank material splendor. Hideyoshi tried to base the customs of his court upon the model of the Tang emperors, thus, like Napoleon, investing his parvenu reign with a reminiscence of the greatest imperial power his hemisphere had known. In Kano Yeitoku, the gifted grandson of Motonobu, Hideyoshi found an artist capable of gratifying his decorative ambitions. Yeitoku filled his master's palaces with enormous mural compositions, in rich, dark colors and gold, representing the magnificence of Chinese court life in the eighth century. The Zen motive of monochromatic nature-study was thus at last worked out, and it could now be only a short time before art would naturally return to Japanese subjects.

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V.

REAWAKENING OF JAPAN.

FOR two centuries a Chinese wave had submerged most earlier Japanese landmarks. Nothing native had seemed of interest. National history and poetry were neglected. The Tosa panoramas of life were thrown away as so much waste paper.

But the new wars had at last redrawn attention to life and character. The Korean invasion had stimulated national pride. Japanese ships had explored far to the south, and a Japanese colony was powerful in Siam. Moreover, interest in Western countries had been excited by the coming of many Portuguese, Spanish, Dutch, and English. Could the dawning age have been left free to take the best in Western thought as its inspiration, Japan might soon have become the rival of England.

ISOLATION.

YET the time was not ripe. No conditions of true freedom could then have issued from either East or West: from the West, because Europe itself was in the deadly throes of

a Catholic reaction; from the East, because the mass of the Japanese people were not yet educated up to the responsibilities of self-government and international relations. Already, it was believed, the Jesuits were tampering with national allegiance; hence the remarkable edict of seclusion which virtually shut Japan off from the world in 1639. The long peace which followed enabled national consciousness and ability to expand to the full limits of their racial area—to take, as it were, an inventory of their re-



FIG. 1. SESSHU'S "JUROJIN."

sources before plunging into the unknown issues of world competition.

RISE OF THE COMMERCIAL CLASSES.

THE true relief from the feudal system in Japan, as it had been in Europe, was the rise of the industrial classes in the large cities. The opportunities of peace, and the peculiar aloofness of the samurai life, fostered this independent growth. Before Ashikaga, the

ble characters. The successor of Hideyoshi, his desire to rule, like Yoritomo, where his strength lay, determined the center of population to his new city of Yedo, in the north. A keen statesman as well as a warrior, he undertook to establish by profound measures an everlasting peace for the nation. Cool, firm, not over-scrupulous, but on the whole just, the Japan of two centuries and a half was built upon his character.



FIG. 2. SESHU'S STORK AND PLUM-TREE.

farmers and the soldiers had been scarcely differentiated. The artisans, who formed part of the households of the nobles, were aware of no caste inferiority, and craved no great education. But when the Tokugawa erected the samurai into an aristocratic institution, the people, with new opportunities of wealth, began to push out toward a social culture of their own. This, which is almost the only new constructive element in the coming age, gives us the right to call its fifth civilization the Second Japanese Period.

TOKUGAWA IYEFASU.

THE founder of this period, Tokugawa Iyefasu, was one of Japan's most remarka-

THE PROBLEM OF IYEFASU.

THE world lay plastic to his will. Unity was the prime desideratum, and unity could be derived, not from individuals, but from institutions. Weak successors were inevitable; there must be a system to stand the shock. Now, the strongest institution in Japan was the class right of the daimio and samurai. This must not be abolished, but strengthened, elevated from mere feudal privilege to a constitutional bulwark of the shogunate, purged of its turbulent and irresponsible atomcity, and consolidated by a caste law as immutable as the standards of a soldier's honor. The third Tokugawa, Iyemitsu, pur-

suings the spirit of his policy, crowned the system in 1642 by obliging the daimio to dwell a part of each year in the capital city, and thus added to the local functions of the peculiar institution its importance as a civic aristocracy.

THE FIFTH CIVILIZATION.

UNITY confirmed, the Tokugawa thought next of intellectual and moral development. It seems that Iyeyasu had no new ideas on court organization, custom, or art; for he took over bodily from the Ashikaga the visible details of a daimio's environment. He quietly passed behind the extravagance and ostentation of Hideyoshi's heyday to the simplicity and somberness of an earlier age. Mural decoration returned, in a measure, to monochromatic landscape; but this did not mean a surrender to Zen contemplation. Distrustful of religious zeal, the Tokugawa wished to humiliate both Christianity and Buddhism. The former was crushed; the latter was offset by a deliberate importation of Confucianism from a now weakened and pedantic China. This was Iyeyasu's new contribution to ideals, a practical and agnostic moral education which would subordinate theory to discipline, conviction to honor.

ITS ESSENTIAL DUALITY.

BUT neither Iyeyasu nor his immediate successors could foresee that in this careful plan lay germinating the seeds of a national weakness. They could not know that, in consolidating Japan's higher life into a changeless institution, they were opening a wider and wider gap between it and the modifiable factors of the race; that the common people, cut off by barriers of caste education from the



FIG. 3. KANO UTANOSUKÉ'S EAGLE.

finer elements of culture which normally leaven society from above, would be forced to evolve in separation a more plastic type of civilization for themselves. It is as if the sparkling, sun-breathing surface of a river were suddenly frozen, and hung forever, an isolated crust, over the living stream that wore deeper and deeper into its bed.



FIG. 4. KANO MASANOBU'S LANDSCAPE WITH TERRACE.

THE POPULAR LIFE.

BESIDE the general fact of growing wealth, the distinctive culture of the middle classes was a gradual self-education along seven or eight new lines. The first of these was a wide diffusion of printed literature among

tions throughout the ranks of a people who learned to prize the education requisite for their perusal. Fresh literary research and creation were encouraged by this outlet. Temple and private archives were searched for manuscripts. A school of genuine criticism arose.



FIG. 5. KANO MOTONOBU'S SNOW LANDSCAPE WITH HERONS AND BLACKBIRDS.

the people. It is true that printing had been practised for centuries in China, that Chinese books had been imported into Japan, and that some volumes, especially Buddhist texts, had issued from native presses. But the motto of Zen had been rather to build afresh from thought than to acquire fragmentary knowledge from external reading. Books had been rare, and the property of the rich. A large part of the treasures of the past had remained only in manuscript.

BOOK-PRINTING.

BUT this scattered wealth of the Asiatic world became now diffused in cheap publica-

BOOK-ILLUSTRATION.

ANOTHER adjunct of popular education was the pictorial designs with which books now became embellished. Heretofore illustration had been a special profession of illuminators. Now, cut from wooden blocks and printed in black outline, it could furnish a mirror of life more vivid than words, and one that could appeal even to the illiterate.

STUDY OF HISTORY.

A RECASTING of Japanese history in more or less popular form was the inevitable result. Between 1650 and 1720 half a dozen impor-



FIG. 6. SOTATSU'S PORTION OF FLOWER-SCREEN.

tant histories had been published. The dense forgetfulness of Ashikaga centuries was pierced. The usurpation of the Kamakura shoguns was exposed. The literary treasures of the Fujiwara, and the patriarchal simplicity of early Yamato sovereignty, were demonstrated. A tide of revelation which Tokugawa repression could not stem was washing away a gap beneath its feet.

REVIVAL OF SHINTO.

AGNOSTIC scholarship, despising Buddhism as an importation, now turned to the buried archives of Shinto as the source of an ancient national faith and ideal. The "Kojiki," a semi-mythical record of Japan's primitive age, virtually unknown for a thousand years, was now dug out, carefully edited, and published. It was a political weapon of keenest edge, for it seemed to prove the religious sanctity of a mikado who for seven centuries had been relegated to inaction and poverty. It required severe measures on the part of the government to stem the rising tide of indignation.

FICTION.

A FIFTH innovation was the cheap romance, mainly semi-historical, in which, in easy syllabic type, an imaginative synthesis of fact was left to tell its own story. The resources of Chinese chivalry and intrigue also

were drawn on for material. Hence the universal knowledge in Japan of Asiatic legend.

THE THEATER.

STILL more telling in its power was a new school of dramatic representation. The "No" opera, of stately form, slow chant, pantomimic dance, and severe poetic text, had originated with the Ashikaga. But a people's theater, where realistic scenery, unconventional acting, and a common vernacular should render any romantic or historic theme whatever, was a Yedo invention of the latter part of the seventeenth century. Here was a mirror of life which reflected for the capital's populace that contemplative recast of things which is the basis of culture.

SCIENCE.

STILL another novelty was the passionate collection and analysis of facts. Study of plant and animal life was zealously pursued. And here the thin stream of European knowledge flowing in through the Dutch at Nagasaki was turned to good account. Especially did medicine and surgery establish the foundations of true scientific practice.



FIG. 7. PRINT. GEISHA FISHING.

TRAVEL.

LASTLY, the newly awakened popular interest in everything Japanese led to extensive traveling from end to end of the land. Illustrated guide-books of such itineraries are among the most beautiful productions of the nineteenth-century press. It should now be clear why the fall of the shogunate and the daimio system was only hastened by the advent of Perry in 1853.

THE FIFTH PERIOD OF ART.

WE have now to investigate the bearing of this complex set of conditions upon the nature of art in the Tokugawa age. If this were indeed a period of blossoming, art should have reached its final triumphs. The fact is that esthetic energies were weak, uncentered, and scattered through a host of misconceptions and petty contradictory efforts. There was no clear ideal to lift design above narrow literalism. But especially as the social world was split into irreconcilable halves, so had to be the several ministering arts. Both the aim and the technic of the aristocratic and the plebeian schools remained alien to each other. Each missed the invigoration that should have been derived from their normal friction.

THE DISPERSION OF THE SCHOOLS.

THERE were additional causes of weakness. The efforts of each were broken up into



FIG. 8. HOKUSAI'S GIRL AND CHERRY-TREE.

small and half-hearted experiments. At least nine distinct genera of schools, to say nothing of the species, can be traced by the historian; and their average excellence is so low and unimportant that we could hardly declare a fifth culminating period to exist at all, were it not for the power, novelty, and scope of three among their number. One of these, the Korin school, is aristocratic. The other two, the Ukiyo and the Shijo, were plebeian.

DECORATION.

It would be unfair, however, to the Tokugawa age not to allow it whatever credit is due to an absorption of art-energy in decorative industries. This is both an effect of the repressed ideal and a sign of the period's being one of popular discipline rather than of supreme creation. Naturally the foreign collector has made the charm of ornamented utensils the basis of his art classification. Our method is dissimilar, and for two reasons: first, because material

and technical secrets furnish less esthetically important quality than design; and second, because we find that the design of this age, as of all ages, follows the guide of contemporary painting and sculpture.

KANO TANYU.

LET us first notice the aristocratic school of the earlier Tokugawa. This was the court-painting machinery of the Kano family,



OKIO'S FARM-HOUSE IN SNOW.

handed down from Ashikaga. Its leading genius was the grandson of Yeitoku, Tanyu, who executed his master's intention to bring back decoration to the simplicity of ink-painting. Even in colored work the heavy splendor of Yeitoku was avoided. Tanyu's subjects and forms were the outcome of a conscious eclecticism which looked back to Motonobu and Sesshu as models. The lack of sincere faith shows itself in a looser and more decorative composition, the secret of which was soon caught by the hundreds of Kano relatives and pupils now distributed among the local courts of the daimio. By the eighteenth century this afterglow had faded into an almost empty tradition. It is notable, however, as inspiring early work in lacquer and porcelain, and the new architecture exemplified by Nikko.

THE GENROKU CARNIVAL.

THE end of the seventeenth century marks the first open consciousness of the threatened duality, and the rise of popular thought and art. Seeds of revolt were ripe in both court and street. The scholars fraternized with the people. In the great fairs of the period, Genroku, jugglers and mountebanks dressed in semi-European costume stirred merriment. A riot of oddity in fashion arose even among the knights. Extraordinary attitudes, strange, conspicuous designs on garments, and the wearing of swords upon the wrong side, were affected. These childish pleas for individuality accompanied a bizarre and showy life of license. Never was dissipation so easy, never ladies so fascinating. If the movement had been a little more serious it would have become rank demoralization.

ARISTOCRATIC ASCETICISM.

It was sufficient, however, to alarm the government. An order of strict repression was issued for the samurai camps. The painted and printed illustrations of city gaiety were excluded from the *yashikis*. No knight might enter the vulgar and demoralizing precincts of the theater. In the weakness of this open dualism we have something like that between the profligate court of Charles II and the Puritan populace of England, only with the social ranks reversed.

THE SCHOOL OF KORIN.

It was at this individualistic age that a new aristocratic school arose to compensate for the decay of the Kano. This was the splendid school of Korin, which based itself upon an expansion to larger scale of suggestions of natural impression found in the ancient Tosa Makimono. It turned especially toward the delineation of plant and flower forms. In such subjects its breadth of drawing and wealth of color are inim-



FIG. 10. GANKU'S DEER.

itable. Unlike Sesshu's line-rendering, it threw in its masses with solid impasto, running the wet, glowing colors and thick gold pigment into one another, like the glazes on faience.

This grand impressionistic school had also an eye to industrial design. Koyetsu, one of its founders, began inlaying lacquer with disks of pearl and lead. Sotatsu, the other, was purely a painter. Korin inherited from both. His brother, Kenzan, adapted the school design to pottery. Sotatsu's painting here reproduced (Fig. 6) is from a screen owned by M. Bing of Paris.

THE UKIOYE.

BUT the most original, if not the best, of all Tokugawa schools, though confined to Yedo's popular artists, was that which monopolized book-illustration, color-printing, and theater advertising. As in its painting proper, it confined its attention to contemporary life. So minute was its observation that it mirrored the passing fashions of the years. In function it was like Tosa art in the third period, but with differences. The latter had been an aristocratic art, and still, like the Kano, burdened the Tokugawa courts with its later inertia. Ukiye was forced to create fresh aim and technic, and that solely out of popular subject, talent, and patronage.

COLOR-PRINTS.

ITS strength came from designing for printed illustration. Though its strange tints and brutal frankness have been condemned by scholars as vulgar, it solved, as never elsewhere has the world's art, the problem of a primary grammar of harmony in a few flat juxtaposed tones. Hence the wide influence of Japanese prints upon art education in the West to-day. Such color-prints were issued by the thousand, in single sheets, as a cheap substitute for painting.

FROM MORONOBU TO KIYONAGA.

THOUGH early in the sixteenth century a shadowy artist, Matahei, had revived the painting of popular subjects, the true origin of Ukiye lies with Moronobu's strong monochrome line-prints in the Genroku age. Kiyonobu and O

lar designs by hand, found about 1740 that they could far more cheaply print the colors also from wooden blocks. It was the flatness of their two tints, green and rose, that led to their solidity of design. In 1765 Harunobu used from five to ten blocks in giving landscape and architectural background to the rich garments of his graceful groups. By

1785 Kiyonaga had reached the height of the art by substituting for evolution in variety of tints true atmospheric detachment, and an enhancement of the breadth of his simple flat masses. This, and his nobility of design, left him momentarily above the prevailing vulgarity of Ukiye.

HOKUSAI.

THE gradual decay from Kiyonaga is due to the intolerance of even esthetic ideals by a people who, now quite certain that they are to be allowed to care for nothing but novelty and pleasure, have taken the bit in their teeth, and have declared frankly for a carnival of riotous excess. Utamaro openly lives in Yoshiwara. Hokusai wonderfully mirrors for us the average thought and bad taste of the populace. A *fin-de-siècle* cleverness and extravagance vitiate their work. A little later the school ends with



FIG. 11. SOSEN'S MONKEYS ON CHERRY-TREE.

Hiroshige, who designs printed landscape in colors so graded as to belie the principle of his predecessors' strength. Ukiye design also stamped itself upon many small decorated industries.

THE SHIJO SCHOOL.

A NARROWNESS of Ukiye lay in its Yedo boundaries. It was almost unknown in Kioto. The latter, and its neighbor Osaka, had, how-

ever, an entirely distinct popular school of their own. That its artistic merit should be high is due to the long refinement of Kioto's industrial classes. Rich families of merchants transmitted the tradition of fine living along with their beautiful ancestral homes. They craved an art of their own, and early in the seventeenth century many experiments were made to naturalize some picturesque suggestions of modern Chinese style. At last Okio issued, about 1770, with his new, vivid power of drawing Japanese subjects. Unlike those of the Ukiyo, these drawings were of the landscape and the bird and flower life which gladdened Kioto's mountain suburbs. It was the esthetic originality and beauty of Okio's professed realism that founded a school. Its outcome was better than its theory, for it really involved the ideal of a civic pride in local natural scenery.

JAPANESE LANDSCAPE.

BEFORE Okio there had never been a distinctive school of Japanese landscape. Tosa scenery was confined to vague backgrounds. Ashikaga landscape had been drawn from Chinese motive. There yet remained many characteristic beauties of mountain and tree form for a new appreciation to render. These landscapes seem weak beside those of Kakei and Sesshu, yet they have their justification. They feel their way into the mold of new proportions. Here are light, sunny, green expanses of rice-field, bounded by pine-shaded red temples, and backed by a blue film of mountains. Especially are these things loved when sanctified by snow. (Fig. 9.)

ANIMAL-PAINTING.

ANIMAL life offered another untried field. Motonobu's fauna and flora were Chinese. No one had rendered the fine specific drawing of line, mass, and texture in lithe, furry bodies. Almost every Shijo artist is a fine

animal-painter. Okio excelled in swimming fish, Sosen in incredibly minute studies of monkeys; Ganku is the greatest delineator of tigers and deer. The finest known examples in the last two lines are here pictured (Figs. 10 and 11) from the collection in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

HOYEN.

BUT the last great master of the school is Hoyen, who died at Osaka in 1867. Like Okio, he was great in all subjects. His feminine delicacy of touch is unsurpassed. How like the modern French is his rough sketch of a farm hut characteristic of the wide Osaka plains! His, too, is the greatest rendering of a wild-plum branch since the days of Tanyu.

SUMMARY.

IN recapitulating the movements of these five periods of Japanese art, from 600 to 1870, it should be remembered that the first step toward a true knowledge of such a complex whole is a rationally chronological ground of division between the broadest and most general qualities of their several esthetic styles. This I have tried to furnish. To repeat: in the first period, Corean-derived religious sculpture had stood at Nara for patriarchalism and faith; in the second, Chinese-derived religious painting had stood at Kioto for



HOYEN'S WILD-PLUM BRANCH.

oligarchy and power; in the third, Japanese historical painting had stood at Kamakura and Kioto for war and individuality; in the fourth, Chinese-derived landscape-painting had stood at Kioto for the idealization of nature; and in the fifth, Japanese realistic and genre painting had stood at Kioto and Yedo for the education into national self-consciousness of the common people. Should a sixth period fortunately supervene, may we not trust it to stand for a demonstration of the value of Asiatic ideals as a factor in the whole world's coming type of civilization?

THE CONFEDERATE TORPEDO SERVICE.

BY R. O. CROWLEY,

Formerly Electrician of the Torpedo Division, C. S. N.

ORGANIZATION AND FIRST EXPERIMENTS.



At the outbreak of the war, one of the most pressing needs of the Confederacy was some effective method of defending its water approaches, especially the James River, leading direct to Richmond, its capital city. The South had no ships of war, and the few old-fashioned brick-and-mortar forts located here and there were mostly armed with smooth-bore iron cannon, relics of a past age, and rusty from neglect.

To look back now, it seems wonderful how very defenseless we were at the start, and how apparently easy it would have been for a single second-class war vessel to have steamed up to Richmond in the early days of the conflict. For the defense of the rivers men's minds turned toward torpedoes, which were then but little known in the military world. Scores of plans were submitted to the War and Navy departments, some advocating mechanical torpedoes,—that is, those which exploded by contact or by timed mechanism,—others strenuously urging electrical torpedoes. Those generally intended for use on land naturally fell into the hands of the War Department, while electrical torpedoes for use under water came within the province of the Navy Department. It is of the latter class that this article treats.

The idea of using torpedoes on the Confederate side originated, I believe, with the Hon. S. R. Mallory, Secretary of the Navy; and he directed the distinguished Captain M. F. Maury to make experiments, with a view to their general employment, if practicable. His work began in the spring of 1862, and continued for a few months only with electrical torpedoes. He had arrived at no definite conclusion from his experiments when he was despatched on an important mission to Europe, where he continued to make experiments in electricity applicable to torpedo warfare, discovering an ingenious method of arranging and testing torpedo mines. The fact that there was no practical

result from his experiments in the South was due simply to the want of time to organize his forces and collect material.

At that time the Federal government had no system of torpedoes; indeed, they did not consider it "honorable warfare." They had no necessity for submarine defenses, because early in the war we had no ships to attack them. Frequent reports reached us that they intended to hang or shoot any man they should capture who was engaged in the torpedo business. It was, therefore, a very risky business on our part, as we were constantly exposed to capture. As some slight security against being summarily executed by the Federals, in the event of my being captured, I was furnished with a document from our Navy Department, which read as follows, as near as I can remember:

The bearer, R. O. Crowley, is in the service of the Confederate States Navy as electrician; and in case of his capture by the United States forces, he will be exchanged for any general officer of their army who may be in our hands.

(Signed) S. R. MALLORY,

Secty. of the Navy.

Approved.

(Signed) JEFF'N DAVIS, Presdt.

This document I always carried on my person, although I had no great confidence in its efficacy.

The experiments made under the supervision of Captain Maury consisted of placing a series of hollow spherical shells of iron, containing about fifty pounds of powder, and extending across the bottom of the river, and connecting them electrically by insulated copper wires leading to galvanic batteries on shore. Inside these shells fuses were placed, which were to be ignited by the passage of an electric current through a fine platinum wire.

It was confidently expected that the simultaneous explosion of these shells under a passing vessel would instantaneously destroy the vessel and all on board. Experiments soon demonstrated, however, that fifty pounds of powder in from ten to fifteen feet of water would scarcely do any harm; and very soon the whole plant was entirely disarranged,

the wires broken, and the shells lost, by a heavy freshet in the river.

Captain Maury was succeeded by Lieutenant Hunter Davidson, and it was at this time that the writer was appointed electrician of the Torpedo Division. Our headquarters were on board a small but swift steam-tug called the *Torpedo*, and two Parrott rifles were put aboard of her for emergencies. In the cabin of this little steamer we studied, planned, and experimented for months with various fuses, galvanic batteries, etc., and finally we determined on a system.

Our first object was to prepare a sensitive fuse of fulminate of mercury, to be exploded by the incandescence of fine platinum wire by means of a quantity current of electricity. We succeeded in this, and our fuses were made by taking a piece of quill, half an inch long, and filling it with fulminate of mercury. Each end of the quill was sealed with bees-wax, after fixing a fine platinum wire through the center of the quill and connecting the protruding ends of the platinum wire with insulated copper wire. Enveloping the fuse was a red-flannel cartridge-bag stuffed with rifle-powder. The fuse, thus prepared, was ready to be placed in a torpedo-tank containing cannon-powder.

I have been thus particular in describing the fuse because on it depends entirely the certainty of explosion. Our torpedo-tanks were made of half-inch boiler iron. There was an opening to pour in the powder and to receive the fuse. The opening was then fitted with a screw-plug, in which there were two holes for the passage of the wires, and packed with greased cotton waste to prevent leakage of water to the inside. There was a heavy ring by which the tank was slung into position, and through this ring was passed a heavy iron chain attached to a mushroom anchor about twenty feet distant. These tanks were generally manufactured at the Tredegar Ironworks, and subjected to a heavy hydraulic pressure to show any leaks or defects.

Before we decided on the shape of the tank we prepared some ordinary copper soda-water tanks, capable of holding about one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds of powder, and anchored them floating midway between the bottom of the river and the surface of the water. It was soon found, however, that, owing to their oscillating rotary motion, the electric wires became twisted and the electrical connection was broken. We also found that such floating tanks spent half their explosive force *downward*, and that

copper was too soft to allow a fierce tearing power to the confined gases.

We experimented a long time with tanks of various sizes, and at various depths of water, and finally decided that a tank containing two thousand pounds of cannon-powder was sure to destroy utterly a ship of any size at a depth of not more than thirty feet.

To give some idea of the many difficulties we encountered, I will mention, first, the scarcity of cannon-powder; secondly, we had only about four miles of insulated copper wire in the entire Confederacy; thirdly, we could obtain only about four or five feet of fine-gage platinum wire. Battery material was very scarce, and acids could be purchased only from the small quantity remaining in the hands of druggists when the war broke out.

In the autumn of 1862 we planted three of these copper torpedoes, each containing one hundred and fifty pounds of powder, in the Rappahannock River, below Port Royal, the intention being to destroy any Federal gunboat passing up. Our plans, however, were disclosed to the enemy by a negro, and no attempt was made to steam over the torpedoes. In December of that year, when Burnside was about to attack at Fredericksburg, it was deemed prudent to abandon our station near Port Royal, to avoid being cut off if the Federal army should succeed in making Lee retreat.

To this end, I was instructed to proceed without delay to Port Royal, to save all the wire possible, and bring off our galvanic batteries and other material. This was a hazardous undertaking, as our station was outside the Confederate lines, and the enemy was in strong force on the opposite bank of the Rappahannock. In pursuance of orders, I arrived at the station about sunset one evening, and after making due preparations for the transportation of our men and material, the galvanic battery was charged and the circuit closed, and a tremendous explosion took place, throwing up large columns of water, and arousing the inhabitants for miles around. We then began to retreat, and did not get inside our lines until near day-break the next morning, being much delayed by the muddy roads.¹ Such was the con-

¹ On arriving at Milford depot, on the Fredericksburg Railroad, next day, I found immense numbers of sick and wounded soldiers retreating from Fredericksburg toward Richmond.

I boarded the ambulance-train myself, in company with a lieutenant of engineers belonging to General Lee's staff, on his way to the War Department at Richmond,

sternation of the few inhabitants of Port Royal at hearing the explosion, that the town was immediately deserted, and I understood that about forty persons slept that night in a small log hut on a hill about two miles distant.

OPERATIONS ON THE JAMES RIVER.

HAVING our system now perfected, we established a torpedo station, some five or six miles below Richmond, by submerging two iron tanks, containing one thousand pounds of powder each, in twelve feet of water, leading the wires ashore, and connecting them with a galvanic battery concealed in a small hut in a deep ravine. From the battery-house the wires were led to an elevated position near by, where the man in charge could keep a lookout for passing vessels. The position of the torpedoes in the water was indicated by two sticks, planted about ten feet apart on the bluff, and in a line with each other and the torpedoes; and the watchman's instructions were to explode them by contacting the wires as soon as an enemy's vessel should be on a line with the two pointers. All this being prepared, we awaited the approach of a Federal gunboat. As was usually the case, one came when least expected, on a beautiful clear day, when our entire force except the man stationed as lookout was absent in Richmond, preparing other war material.

We were apprised by telegraph of the rapid approach of the gunboat, and immediately hastened toward our first station; but we arrived too late. The man in charge had not seen the United States flag for a long period, and never having previously seen a gunboat so near, lost his presence of mind, and fired one of the 1000-pound powder-tanks when the gunboat was at least twenty to thirty yards distant. A great explosion took place, throwing up a large column of water to a considerable height; and the gunboat by her momentum plunged into the great trough, and caught the downward rush

with plans of General Lee's intended route in the event of his being forced from Fredericksburg. When our train arrived at Ashland, we found the village in possession of Colonel Kilpatrick, of the Federal cavalry, who immediately summoned everybody to surrender and get off the train, which was then demolished and the engine run off the track. Here was a predicament, and I thought that the time had perhaps arrived when it would become necessary for me to show my document signed by Secretary Mallory. But, upon reflection, I concluded to keep as quiet as possible; so I went up to Colonel Kilpatrick, and said: "Colonel, what shall you do with citizens?" "Nothing," said he; "you may stand

of a wave on her forward deck. The guards were broken away, half a dozen men were thrown overboard, and other damage to the gunboat was caused. The steamer then turned about as quickly as she could, and prepared to retrace her route down the river, after picking up the men who had been washed overboard. There was a brilliant opportunity to accomplish her total destruction by firing the remaining torpedo as she passed back over it. But alas! the man had been so astounded at the first explosion that he had fled precipitately, without waiting to see what damage had been done, and the gunboat was thus enabled to return down the river in safety.

The partial success of this attempt at exploding torpedoes by electricity immediately established the reputation of the Torpedo Division, and created great excitement all over the South, it being an undisputed fact that but for this explosion a Federal gunboat would have been moored at the wharf at Richmond that morning, and would have captured the city.

A description of the defenses of the James River would be incomplete that did not include the barricade at Drewry's Bluff. The river here is very narrow and deep. The right bank is a high, precipitous bluff, and the left low, flat land, so that the fort on the bluff commanded a wide sweep of country. The barricade was formed by driving piles, and then making square cribs of them, with the interior filled with broken granite, of which there were large quantities at Richmond. These cribs were stretched across the river in an irregular line, and were exposed a little at low tide. Between the cribs several steamboats and schooners were scuttled and sunk. No direct passage was left open, even for our own vessels, except a very labyrinthine route on the left bank, just large enough for small tugboats.

When the time came for our own iron-clads to pass down the river, the Torpedo Division was sent to break up some of the cribs by exploding torpedoes on the top

aside." "All right," I replied, and immediately vanished in the background.

If he had only known what a nice capture he would have made of my friend the lieutenant, and also the aide-de-camp of the Governor of Virginia, who happened to be on the train with a large amount of money belonging to the State, which he was taking to Richmond! The next day I started for Richmond on foot, the railroad bridges and tracks having been destroyed by the Federals. We found their cavalry all along the route, even up to the very fortifications, which they could easily have entered, with scarcely any resistance.

of them. In this manner a passage sufficiently wide was effected without damage to the remaining cribs. The barricade was left in such a shape that it could thereafter be quickly reconstructed so as to close the passage entirely.

Blowing up these cribs was great fun for our party, besides affording us practice in experiments. Numbers of fine fish were stunned by each explosion, and, floating to the surface, were speedily captured by us. There were no other barricades in the James River of any magnitude during the war. There was a slight one of stone cribs and sunken vessels at Howlett's Reach, but it was not considered effective. In fact, the main reliance on the barricades was that they would prevent a surprise movement by the enemy at night; and it was not believed that the one at Drewry's Bluff would do more than hold a determined enemy at bay for a few hours, while the shore batteries on the bluff could be pouring plunging shot on the decks of attacking vessels.

Immediate steps were now taken to establish other torpedo stations at several points lower down the river, using in every instance 2000-pound torpedoes. At our lowest telegraph station, which was located on General Pickett's Turkey Island plantation, opposite Presque Isle, we erected a lookout tower, about one hundred feet high, from which the Federal gunboats at City Point could be seen distinctly. At Presque Isle we stationed a scout whose duty it was to signal the man in the tower when anything suspicious occurred. Presque Isle is only a short distance from Bermuda Hundred, which is near City Point. The lowest torpedo station was at a place called Deep Bottom, about five miles above City Point by land, but more by water. As there were a good many free negroes in the vicinity of Deep Bottom, we had to do our work with great secrecy, generally planting the torpedoes at night, in a position previously surveyed by day. At Deep Bottom we located the galvanic battery on the right bank of the river, in a pit about four or five feet deep, the top covered over with twigs and brush, and in another pit, some distance off, a place was prepared for the lookout; this pit was also concealed by twigs and brush.

We were duly advised of the advance of General Butler's army from Bermuda Hundred toward Drewry's Bluff, the entire Federal fleet also advancing up the river, covering his right wing. The Federals had been told by the negroes that there were

torpedoes at Deep Bottom, and used great caution in advancing. As soon as the fleet rounded the point below Presque Isle, the Federals began shelling our tower, and it was soon demolished; but no one was hurt, as our men took away the telegraph instruments, and rapidly retreated up the river road. A force of marines was landed on both sides of the river, in order to discover the whereabouts of our batteries. A squadron of boats, heavily armed, went in advance of the fleet, dragging the river for wires and torpedoes. Their grapnels, however, passed over and over our wires, without producing any damage, our lookout, from his concealed station in the pit, noting all the movements of the men in the boats, and hearing every word of command. After a while the Federal commander, apparently satisfied that there were no torpedoes there, ordered the *Commodore Jones*, a double-ender gunboat carrying eight guns and manned by a force of two hundred men, to move up to Deep Bottom, make a landing, and report. This was done, the gunboat passing over our torpedoes; but our man in the pit kept cool, and did not explode them, because, as he afterward said, he wanted to destroy the ironclad *Atlanta*, recently captured by the Federals from us near Savannah, Georgia.

The *Commodore Jones* steamed up to the wharf at Deep Bottom, and found our quarters deserted. This looked suspicious, and the order was then given for her to fall back. Our man now concluded that the entire fleet would retire, and he determined to destroy the *Commodore Jones*. As she retreated she passed immediately over one of the two torpedoes planted there. All at once a terrific explosion shattered her into fragments, some of the pieces going a hundred feet in the air. Men were thrown overboard and drowned, about forty being instantly killed. The whole Federal fleet then retreated some distance below.

The Federal marines on shore continued their explorations, and our man in the battery-pit suddenly jumped out, and was as suddenly killed by a shot from the marines. The small boats again began dragging for our wires, and finally caught them, and by underrunning them to the shore at length discovered the man in the lookout pit, who was immediately taken prisoner and carried on board one of the vessels composing the fleet. He was subsequently imprisoned at Fort Warren, but about a year afterward was exchanged. Both he and his assistant, when taken aboard the fleet, were securely

placed in a conspicuous position on the wheel-house of a double-ender gunboat,—the foremost vessel,—in order, as they were told, that if any further explosion took place they should share the consequences.

Thus was accomplished at one blow, and almost as quick as lightning, the complete destruction of a war steamer by submarine torpedoes. So far as I know, it was the first instance of the kind in the annals of war. Its effect astonished the world, and its immediate result was the safety of Richmond from a second peril. General Butler, finding his army completely uncovered on the right wing, was unable to accomplish anything by land, and retired to Bermuda Hundred.

Shortly afterward the land forces again advanced, and compelled us to abandon all our torpedo stations below Dutch Gap.

While we were busily engaged in perfecting our system of submarine defenses, making it necessary that we should have unobstructed navigation of the river, some mechanical torpedoes were planted, under the direction of army officers. As these were entirely unreliable as to certainty of explosion or contact, and were as dangerous to us as to the enemy, our chief, upon being advised of it, demanded their removal. The Secretary of War gave a reluctant assent to his demand that we should drag them up and put them out of harm's way. There was not much accord between the army and the navy in those days, however; and we were not fully advised in the premises, as will be shown herein. The steamer *A. H. Schultz*, formerly used as a passenger-steamer between Richmond and Norfolk, and commanded by Captain D. J. Hill, was at the outbreak of the war laid up as useless at the wharf in Richmond. Later she was taken possession of by the Confederate government for the purpose of transporting prisoners to and from Varina, on the James, the point of exchange. One day she started down the river, having on board four hundred and fifty Federal prisoners. She passed the barricades at Drewry's Bluff safely, and landed her prisoners at Varina, where they were duly turned over to the Federal authorities, and it was expected that she would then bring back to Richmond a like number of exchanged Confederates; but owing to some misunderstanding on the part of the commissioners of exchange, no Confederates were brought up by the Federals to Varina, so she was obliged to start on her return to Richmond. When she reached a point just below the

barricades at the bluff, she came in contact with one of these mechanical torpedoes placed there by army officers, and an explosion followed, killing two firemen and Confederate soldiers. The steamer sank in five minutes, and was a total loss. On her downward trip the torpedo probably ran down-stream with the strong current, for this reason the steamer did not come in contact with the percussion fuse; but on her return the torpedo, still swinging with the current, offered a fair mark for the steamer's hull coming up. It was a most fortunate thing for the South that the *Schultz* did not strike the torpedo on her downward trip. The Federals, most of whom were just recovering from the hospitals, and in a weak and sickly condition, would probably all have been drowned, and universal condemnation would have fallen upon the destruction of four hundred and fifty prisoners under a flag of truce.

OPERATIONS NEAR WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

NOTHING more of consequence took place on the James River, and we were transferred to Wilmington, North Carolina, to defend Forts Fisher and Caswell, at the mouth of the Cape Fear River, from any attempt of the Federal fleet to pass the forts. Here we were confronted with a new difficulty—of laying torpedoes in the sea, in a narrow channel; and our resources in the matter of copper wire and battery material were very scarce. We had plenty of cartridges and powder only. The channel in front of Fort Fisher was about half a mile wide; but at the bar, over which it was necessary for a vessel to pass to enter the channel, there was scarcely room for more than one or two ships to pass at a time.

We first planted in the regular channel near the bar seven torpedo-tanks, each containing two thousand pounds of powder. It was thought that at least one of these vessels would be covered by a vessel in passing; and we knew from experience that if one vessel was destroyed by the explosion of a torpedo, no other vessel would dare to renew the attempt.

Of the electric wires, one from each torpedo connected it with a wire leading to the end of the battery, which was located in a bomb-proof comprising a part of the fortifications; another wire led from each torpedo to the opposite end of the battery, and was disconnected until desired to be exploded. All these wires were intrenched in the

from the shore-line to the battery. These latter wires were numbered from 1 to 7, and sights were placed showing when a ship covered any particular torpedo.

About this time we received a supply of wire, acids, battery, and electrical appliances through the blockade from Europe, and we intended to plant a torpedo right on the bar, the entrance there being very narrow. Everything was prepared for it; but the appearance of the Federal fleet put an end to the attempt, so we had to rest contented with the seven already planted.

Among the apparatus received from Europe was a lot of Wheatstone exploders and Abels fuses. With these we hastily prepared several copper tanks of a capacity of one hundred pounds of powder, and planted them about three feet deep in the sand on the land side of the fort, about three hundred yards in front, and led the wires in trenches to the traverses of the fort. This was done in expectation of an assault by the Federal land forces. The Federal fleet, however, proceeded to bombard that angle of the fort, and one by one our guns on that side were demolished. At the same time it was discovered that the heavy shells, plowing up the ground in front, had utterly destroyed all our wires, so that the plan of exploding the 100-pound tanks on shore failed entirely.

The result of the bombardment of Fort Fisher is well known. No attempt was made to pass our batteries until the fort was in the hands of the Federals.

As in former instances, our plans were betrayed. One or two nights before the attack, the writer was up at a very late hour, talking to his assistant about our preparations, plans, etc., in a room of a building occupied in part by the midshipmen and officers of the naval squadron doing land duty in Fort Buchanan, which commanded that part of the channel nearest the Cape Fear River. Our conversation was fully overheard by one of the ordinary seamen in the next room, who deserted in a boat that night, and went to the Federal fleet. But for the intelligence conveyed by this deserter, it is believed that the Federals would have made an attempt to pass our land batteries.

Above Fort Fisher, toward Wilmington, we had planted two submarine batteries of one thousand pounds of powder each, connected by electric wires with a Wheatstone exploder located in an old earthwork on the bank of the river. During a heavy thunderstorm the wires were struck by lightning, and both tanks exploded simultaneously,

damaging nothing, but frightening the fleet, and causing great watchfulness in their slow advance toward Wilmington. The Cape Fear River could be entered by two channels, one leading up to Fort Caswell, and thence via Fort Campbell into the river, and the other leading up to Fort Fisher and via Fort Buchanan into the river.

The first-named route, via Fort Caswell, or the "old inlet," as it was called, was entirely undefended by submarine torpedoes, and probably would have been easy to turn with a small ironclad, as the two forts there were old brick-and-mortar constructions armed with old-fashioned smooth-bore guns; but the channel-way was comparatively shallow and tortuous. The other route, via Fort Fisher, was more commonly used by the blockade-runners, as there was no impediment to navigation except the bar in front of the fort.

I have previously noted the great scarcity of materials. To get up a battery without glass tumblers to hold the acid, and without platinum strips to immerse in the nitric acid, was a great difficulty. There was no glass manufactory in the South. Platinum strips could not be obtained. The only platinum suitable for that purpose was being used in the batteries in the telegraph offices. I finally arranged a battery as follows: with the zinc plates formerly used in the Wollaston battery in our early experiments, I had a number of zinc cells cast in the shape of an ordinary glass tumbler, having a projecting arm for a handle as well as to connect it with the next adjoining cell in the series. The inside of these zinc tumblers was amalgamated with mercury, and a solution of sulphuric acid, composed of one part of acid and thirteen parts of water, was poured into each tumbler or cell. In this solution was placed a cylindrical porous cup, open at the top, and filled with nitric acid. In the nitric acid was immersed a piece of cast-iron having four projecting leaves and a projecting handle connected with a corresponding handle of the adjoining zinc cell by an ordinary brass clamp. It would appear, at a casual glance, that the nitric acid would almost instantly consume this cast-iron strip; but it did not, and we found that it would remain several hours without perceptible change, and then the nitric acid would become changed into probably a nitrous oxide gas, and effervesce suddenly. It was necessary, then, only to refill the porous cup with fresh, pure nitric acid. The composition of this battery had been suggested to the

writer's mind from having seen, several years previously, a similar battery used by a Dr. Boynton, a public lecturer, to produce electrical phenomena.

This battery, as will be observed from its construction, would stand a great deal of rough usage. Its electrical heating-power was great, but its electromotive force was not sufficient to produce heat at a greater distance than two miles of a metallic circuit.

The operations of the Torpedo Division proper were confined principally to the James and the Cape Fear rivers. Our force was small, though sufficiently elastic to have extended to other points if we had had the necessary materials. It comprised the officer in charge, the electrician and his assistant, two men at each station, two or three telegraph operators, one or two scouts, and the crew of a tugboat, commanded by an executive officer—in all, about fifty men. Of the men at the stations, one was usually either a boatswain or a master in the navy, and the other a young man as a relief, generally a man who was incapacitated from doing active duty as a soldier in the field.

Submarine torpedoes containing powder could not be effectively used in the Mississippi River, principally on account of its great depth, varying from twenty to one hundred and fifty feet, the immense volume of water to be lifted offering too much resistance.

It would not do to calculate the weight of a perpendicular column of water, with a diameter of say three or four feet, in this connection, because powder, exploding equally in all directions, has a tendency to lift a column conically shaped—that is to say, with a lower diameter of about four or five feet and a diameter at the surface of from twenty to thirty feet. To lift a column sufficiently strong in its upward ascent to crush the hull of a passing vessel in water one hundred feet deep would require such an immense quantity of powder as to make it virtually impossible to handle it.

Again, the bed of the Mississippi River is continually varying by the unceasing deposit of accumulations of soil caused by the caving in of its precipitous bluffs, so that a torpedo, when planted in some localities, would in a few months be covered by an immense sand-bar, and thus the effect of an explosion would be deadened. Submerged floating torpedoes, anchored in the channel of a swift current like the Mississippi, could not be depended on to maintain their position very long, and, as has already been ex-

plained, would soon part the electric wires by their continual oscillating rotary motion.

These objections—that is, the depth of the water and the difficulty of handling a large quantity of powder—do not, of course, apply in their entirety to guncotton torpedoes, which, being several times stronger than powder, and occupying much less space, could be used in many places to much more advantage. Guncotton is also much safer to manipulate than powder. One does not absolutely know when powder will explode accidentally, but guncotton cannot possibly explode, if kept moist with water to a certain degree, except by means of a detonating fuse of fulminate or other quick-flame material. But I am wandering from the subject. Guncotton was not practically known as an explosive during the war.

It is only the breaking or crushing of the hull of a vessel by the upheaving force of a column of water which makes torpedoes so destructive. It is not the flames of powder, or its suffocating or burning gases, which produce the awful death, in many instances, of all on board, but the instantaneous disruption of the hull, driven inward by the weight of the water, crushing everybody between decks, and instantaneously sinking the craft, and drowning those who are carried down by the rapid sinking of the wreck. An ironclad is more quickly and easily destroyed than any other class of vessel, for the reason that such an immense weight of metal armor carries down to the bottom everybody between decks the instant the hull is shattered by a torpedo, the heavy weight of the iron armor above causing the hull to oppose a more inert resistance to the upheaval of the water underneath. I believe several instances occurred in Southern rivers, during the war, where wooden vessels, coming in contact with *mechanical* torpedoes containing only a small quantity of powder, were simply lifted out of the water at the bows, without serious injury to the hull.

A review of the facts and experience here stated shows that a system of submarine defenses, to be effectual, should be protected by a small fortification and a land force sufficient to repel any attack by infantry for the purpose of breaking up the electric batteries and destroying the wires on shore, and, in addition to these, by a powerful electric-light reflector to light up the position at night; and the defenses should have one or two small steam-launches with a Gatling gun on board, and apparatus for striking the enemy's vessels with a spar torpedo while engaged in

an attempt to drag for the wires under the water. Since the late war science has developed many improvements in this direction, but none that will prevent the passage of a land fortification by a swift iron-clad man-of-war except submarine torpedoes.

OFFENSIVE TORPEDO WARFARE.

So far we had been acting on the defensive, and the torpedoes described might be called defensive torpedoes. It was now determined to apply offensive torpedoes; if the enemy would not come to us to be blown up, we would go to them.

The first thing to be done was to prepare a fuse which was not dangerous to handle, and which would explode quickly on contact with any substance.

To this end we made some sheet-lead tubes, the rounded end being of much thinner lead than the other part.

These tubes were about three inches long and one inch in diameter. Into this tube was inserted a small glass tube, of similar shape, filled with sulphuric acid, and hermetically sealed. The vacant space about the glass tube was then tightly packed with a mixture of chlorate of potash and pulverized white sugar, and the mouth of the lead tube was closed by fastening a strip of muslin over it.

Now, if the rounded end of the leaden tube is brought into contact with any hard substance, the thin lead will be mashed, the interior glass tube broken, and the sulphuric acid becoming mixed with the preparation of chlorate of potash and sugar, an immediate explosion is the result. We then prepared a copper cylinder capable of containing about fifty pounds of powder, and placed several of the leaden fuses in the head, so that no matter at what angle the butt struck the hull of a ship, one of the fuses would be smashed in, and flame from the potash and sugar ignite the powder. At the bottom of the copper cylinder there was a socket made to fit on the end of a spar.

We discussed the matter of exploding spar torpedoes by electricity, but the difficulty of arranging a contrivance to close the electric circuit when the torpedo came in contact with the hull of a ship, and want of conveniences for stowing a galvanic battery in the launch, induced us to adopt the fuses above mentioned instead.

This was a formidable weapon, and one extremely dangerous to handle. We first experimented with an empty cylinder fitted with leaden fuses. The copper cylinder was

fastened to a spar attached to the bow of a small steam-launch. Thus prepared, we "rammed" an old bulkhead, or wharf, at Rocketts, in the lower part of Richmond, at first unsuccessfully. We then tried it loaded with twenty-five pounds of powder, and, lowering the spar torpedo about two feet under water, again rammed the bulkhead. The effect of the explosion shattered the old wharf and threw up a column of water, completely drenching the occupants of the launch.

Our steam-launch, or "torpedo launch," as it was called, was prepared for an expedition against the enemy's fleet snugly anchored off Newport News. Just at this time a new difficulty presented itself. The launch burned bituminous coal, the smoke from which could be discerned at a long distance, and the sparks from which at night would disclose its presence to an enemy. Some one suggested that we might obtain anthracite coal by dredging at the wharves and in the docks at Richmond. This was accordingly done, and we obtained a supply of the anthracite, for which an almost fabulous sum was paid.

Our launch was about twenty feet long, about five feet beam, and drew three feet of water. She was fitted with a small double engine amidships, and there was sufficient space in her bow for three men, and aft for an engineer, who also acted as fireman. An iron shield was then fixed on her, completely covering the men from plunging rifle-shots.

Thus equipped, and all being ready, we towed the launch down the James River, on a dark night, to a point about ten or fifteen miles below City Point, and then let her go on her dangerous mission.

There were only four persons on board of her, namely, the commanding officer, a mate, a pilot, and an engineer.

From reports afterward made, we learned that she steamed down toward Newport News until the approach of daylight, and then hid in a swamp until the next night, when the attempt was made to blow up the U. S. S. *Minnesota*, then the flag-ship of the Federal fleet, and the largest war vessel in the Union service. The launch steamed all through the fleet that night, being frequently challenged by the deck lookouts. Finally the *Minnesota* was seen looming up grimly in the darkness, and, letting down the spar torpedo in the water, the launch rammed the ship just below the water-line on her starboard quarter.

The effect was terrific, the shock causing

the *Minnesota* to tremble from stem to stern. Several of her guns were dismantled and a big hole was opened in her side by the explosion of the 50-pound torpedo.

Owing to the strong tide prevailing at the time, and the violence of the ramming, the launch perceptibly rebounded, so that at the instant of the explosion, which was not simultaneous with the blow, a cushion of water intervened between the torpedo and the hull of the *Minnesota*, thus weakening the effect and probably saving the ship. She was so thoroughly disabled, however, as we afterward understood, that she had to be towed off, and underwent repairs in the docks. Our men were greeted with showers of bullets from the deck of the ship, but they struck harmlessly against the iron shield of the launch, which quickly steamed away under cover of darkness, and escaped.

This, I believe, was the first instance of successful ramming with torpedoes and the subsequent escape of the attacking crew, most other cases happening subsequently resulting in the death or capture of the attacking party. The effect of this daring attack exercised a great influence on the Federal fleets everywhere. It was necessary to double the watches and exercise untiring vigilance against any further attempts.

During the last year of the war arrangements had been perfected to secure a large quantity of insulated wire, cables, acids, batteries, and telegraph apparatus, etc., from England, an officer having been sent there for that purpose. Every material requisite for the extension of our torpedo system throughout the entire South was obtained, and a small advance shipment did actually reach us through the blockade at Wilmington. The remainder was put on board a swift steamer, with the intention of running the blockade and returning with a full cargo of cotton; but from stress of weather, or other causes, the steamer put into the port of Fayal, and, as I understood, was wrecked in that port, either from the stupidity of the pilot or from treachery. The entire cargo was lost, and it was impossible to duplicate our material before the war ended.

TORPEDO OPERATIONS IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.

PERHAPS there is no harbor on the Atlantic coast so well adapted for defense by submarine batteries as that of Charleston. All the requisite accessories for a successful defense by this method exist in a remarkably

favorable condition. The main ship-channel passes toward the city, between Morris Island on the one side, and Sullivan's Island on the other, with Fort Sumter between the two islands. Each of these points offers sure protection to galvanic batteries, and each is capable of being made the central point of independent systems. The submerged battery wires radiating from each position could not be destroyed by dragging in the daytime without coming under fire of the land batteries, and with the aid of calcium lights thrown on the position at night, any attempt at dragging would be extremely hazardous. Besides these natural advantages, the depth of water is not too great for effective explosions.

As previously stated in this paper, we were without the necessary material to extend our system to Charleston harbor; besides, the exigencies of the situation at Richmond and Wilmington were too pressing to permit us to think of Charleston. However, some attempts were made by the local military authorities to lay torpedoes in the harbor, and a large one was planted in the main channel, the wires being led into Fort Sumter.

On April 7, 1863, the Federal fleet commanded by Admiral Du Pont moved up the channel northward toward Sullivan's Island, the frigate *Ironsides* in advance, followed by the ironclad *Keokuk* and the wooden vessels. At a distance of about one thousand yards these powerful war-ships opened fire on Fort Sumter with terrific effect, and received, in return, a heavy fire from all the adjacent forts. The *Ironsides* passed over and over the torpedo before mentioned, and everybody awaited with intense anxiety the moment when it was expected she would be blown to pieces by its explosion. It failed to "go off," however. Several reasons were assigned for the failure, but probably the true reason was wet powder and want of system in properly testing the wires and the torpedo-tank.

The Federals believed that the harbor was thickly studded with explosives; and although this belief exercised a very considerable moral effect, it did not prevent them from advancing bravely to attack powerful forts, not knowing at what moment their ships might be destroyed.

THE "CIGAR-BOAT."

IN the "Southern History Society Papers," Colonel Olmstead gives the following account

of an interesting episode in the service which did not come under my eye:

During the summer of 1863 there was brought to Charleston, South Carolina, by rail from Mobile, Alabama, a peculiarly shaped boat known as the "cigar-boat." Its history is linked with deeds of the loftiest heroism. This boat was one day made fast to the wharf at Fort Johnson, opposite Fort Sumter, preparatory to an expedition against the Federal fleet. It was built of boiler-iron, about thirty feet in length, with a breadth of beam of four feet, and a vertical depth of six feet. Access to the interior was had by two man-holes in the upper part, covered by hinged caps into which were let bull's-eyes of heavy glass, and through these the steersman looked in guiding the motions of the craft. The boat floated with these caps raised only a foot or so above the level of the water. The motive power was a propeller worked by the hands of the crew, cranks being provided in the shaft for that purpose. Upon each side of the exterior were horizontal vanes, or wings, which could be adjusted to any required angle from the interior. When it was desired that the boat should go on an even keel, whether on the surface or under the water, these vanes were kept level. If it was desired to go under the water,—say, for instance, at an angle of ten degrees,—the vanes were fixed at that angle, and the propeller worked. The resistance of the water against the inclined vanes would then carry the boat under. A reversal of this method would bring it to the surface again. A tube of mercury was arranged to mark the descent. It had been the design of the inventor to approach near to an enemy, then to submerge the boat and pass under the ship to be attacked, towing a floating torpedo to be exploded by means of electricity as soon as it touched the keel.

Insufficient depth of water in the harbor prevented this manner of using the boat, however; and she was then rigged with a long spar at the bow, to which a torpedo was attached, to be exploded by actual concussion with the object to be destroyed.

While the "cigar-boat" was at the wharf at Fort Johnson, with some of her crew on board, she was suddenly sunk by the waves from a passing steamer. Days elapsed before she could be raised. The dead bodies of the drowned crew inside were removed, and a second crew volunteered. They made repeated and successful experiments in the harbor, but finally they too went down, and, from some unknown cause, failed to come up. Once more a long time passed before the boat was raised, and then the remains of the devoted crew were taken from her; nevertheless, still another set of men came forward and volunteered for the perilous duty.

Finally the expedition started; but it never returned. That night the Federal sloop-of-war *Housatonic* was reported as having been sunk by a torpedo in the lower harbor; but of the gallant men who had thus accomplished what they aimed

to do, at the risk of their own lives, nothing definite was ever known until after the war, when divers, in endeavoring to raise the wreck of the *Housatonic*, discovered the "cigar-boat," with the bleached bones of her crew, lying near the wreck of the noble ship she had destroyed!

OPERATIONS AT SAVANNAH.

As in the case of Charleston, the torpedo operations at Savannah were without system, and were left entirely to the discretion of the local military authorities.

On March 3, 1863, three ironclads and two mortar-boats advanced up the Ogeechee River to attack Fort McAllister, and bombarded it for a whole day, without any practical results.

During the action the ironclad *Montauk* came in contact with a mechanical torpedo, which exploded under her bow, but without serious injury.

OPERATIONS IN MOBILE BAY.

A GREAT many mechanical torpedoes were planted in Mobile Bay and in the ship-channel, but none were operated by electricity. There was no regular system employed. Some of the torpedoes were merely cans of tin containing a small quantity of powder, with a trigger attachment for exploding them. Others were made of sheet-iron, with a fuse which exploded by pressure, the fuse being protected by a cap of thin brass covered with a solution of beeswax. This latter plan was known as the Rains patent,—invented by Brigadier-General Rains,—and was used in various places, both on land and water. Others were made of oaken kegs and barrels, well painted, and arranged to explode by mechanical contact. These barrels were firmly attached to heavy spars anchored at one end, and kept at the proper angle by chains passing through the spars, thus keeping the barrel torpedoes floating about five feet from the surface.

In the early part of August, 1864, Admiral Farragut, commanding the Federal fleet off Mobile, secured the military coöperation of General Canby for attacking and investing the forts in the harbor. On the morning of the 5th of August the fleet, numbering fourteen steamers and four monitors, carrying in all about two hundred guns, and manned by twenty-eight hundred men, made its entrance into Mobile Bay. In the early light of the morning the attacking fleet moved steadily up the mainship-channel, whereupon Fort Morgan opened on them, and was replied to by a gun from the *Brooklyn*. A

moment later the Federal ironclad *Tecumseh* came in contact with a mechanical torpedo, an explosion followed, and she disappeared almost instantaneously beneath the waves, carrying with her her commander, T. A. M. Craven, and her entire crew, numbering nearly one hundred and twenty men, most of whom were drowned.¹

No other casualties resulted from torpedoes, and it was a mere chance that the *Tecumseh* was sunk. No doubt the superincumbent weight of her iron armor carried her to the bottom so quickly, and it is probable that not more than fifty pounds of powder did the mischief.

OPERATIONS ON THE YAZOO RIVER.

SHORTLY after the fall of Vicksburg the Federals advanced against Yazoo City, Mississippi, both by land and water. Anticipating such an event, a few rude mechanical torpedoes were planted in the Yazoo River, about three miles below the city. They were simply common acid carboys filled with powder and arranged to explode by contact with a trigger. On account of the frequent sudden rise and fall of the river, they required considerable attention to keep them in proper position. Here, again, as had frequently occurred at other points, the destructive force of a given amount of powder had been greatly exaggerated. A carboy would contain about twenty-five pounds of powder, and this quantity is insufficient to do more damage than knock a small hole in the hull of a vessel. On the occasion of the attack there was a sudden rise in the river, and some of the light-draft gunboats passed over the torpedoes safely; but the iron-clad steamer *De Kalb*, the flag-ship, mounting eight guns, and being of heavier draft, struck the trigger of one of the torpedoes, which exploded under her port bow, knocking a hole in her hull. The pilot, as soon as he felt the shock, ran her toward the shore, and she sank in twelve feet of water, close to the river-bank. No one was injured.

I have already stated that it was the common belief that summary execution would follow the capture of any person engaged in the torpedo service. Judge of my feelings, then, a few days after the capture of Richmond, to see a lieutenant

of cavalry, accompanied by two orderlies, present themselves at my residence, with orders from General Terry to conduct me to his headquarters in the Capitol building! The very fact that it had so early been ascertained that I was in that service seemed to indicate prompt measures on the part of the Federals to justify common rumor in their intention to make an example of me. However, I went to the Capitol. I was much surprised, however. After a short conversation, General Terry informed me that I must report to Admiral Porter on his flag-ship, then lying at the wharf in Richmond. I started immediately, escorted this time by the lieutenant only. On arriving at the wharf, I went aboard the flag-ship,—I think it was the *Malvern*,—and walking into the cabin, found myself in the presence of President Lincoln.

After I had introduced myself, and stated the occasion of my visit, Mr. Lincoln called for Admiral Porter. When he came in, Mr. Lincoln said, "Porter, here is the young man you were expecting." This looked ominous to me. Why had I been expected?

However, in a few minutes we were all three pleasantly engaged in conversation.

Admiral Porter then informed me of his desire that, in company with some of the officers of his squadron, I should go down the river and point out where our torpedoes were located, so that they could be removed. "The war is ended," said he, "and we must clear the river for navigation." I told him there was no danger whatever to be apprehended from the torpedoes planted by the regular torpedo service, because they could be exploded only by electricity, and our galvanic batteries had been destroyed, and the connecting wires torn up and carried away; but that there were doubtless many others, planted under the direction of army officers, which were mechanical in their operation, and as likely to be fatal to friend as to foe, and of the location of these I knew nothing.

The next morning the *Unadilla* steamed down the river to the various stations where we had planted torpedoes, and took bearings of the positions. In a few days a regularly organized force had removed all the explosives, and all other obstructions to navigation, and the river was once more safe for travel.

¹ One can never recount too often the heroism of Captain Craven on this occasion. As the vessel was sinking beneath them, he and the pilot, John Collins, met at the foot of the ladder leading to the top of the turret. Craven drew back, saying, "After you, pilot."

"There was nothing after me," said Collins, who was saved. "When I reached the upmost round of the ladder, the vessel seemed to drop from under me." The *Tecumseh* lies in the channel to this day.—EDITOR.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

MARCHIONESS D'YRUGO, MARIA THERESA SARAH MCKEAN.

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

(SEE THE FRONTSPIECE.)

IN these latter days, when the male coronet is commonly bartered for the female dowry, we are apt to lose sight of those earlier days of the infant republic when American women were wooed and won by scions of an older race for their own loveliness and worth; when the Catons were united to the Wellesleys, and the Bingham to the Ashburtons; when the ministers from England, France, and Spain chose their wives from among Philadelphia's sprightly belles. But there was no matrimonial alliance that caused more wide-spread excitement a hundred years ago than the marriage of Maria Theresa Sarah McKean, or, as she was familiarly called, "Sally McKean," to the handsome cavalier Señor Don Carlos Martinez d'Yrugo, ambassador from his Catholic Majesty the King of Spain to the United States. She was the daughter of Thomas McKean, the only member of the Continental Congress who served consecutively from its beginning to its end, and who also signed the Declaration of Independence and for a score of years was chief justice of Pennsylvania. She possessed personal beauty of no ordinary cast, and a brilliant intellect, so that she was sufficiently attractive, without the need of golden inducement, as a bride of the grandee of Spain who later became the Marquis Casa d'Yrugo.

Sally McKean was born in Newark, Delaware, July 8, 1777. When scarce nineteen she attended a state dinner in Philadelphia at which the Chevalier d'Yrugo, who had just arrived in the country, was a guest. A gossip of the day describes her costume on this occasion as "a blue satin dress trimmed with white crape and flowers, and petticoat of white crape richly embroidered, and across the front a festoon of rose color caught up with flowers." The gossip continues: "The next to arrive was Señor Don Carlos Martinez d'Yrugo, a stranger to almost all the guests. He spoke with ease, but with a foreign accent, and was soon lost in amazement at the grace and beauty of Miss McKean." The marriage took place in Philadelphia, April 10, 1798; and before his return to Spain with his American wife, in 1807, three children were born to them, the youngest of

whom became the noted Duke of Sotomayor, prime minister of Spain. The American marchioness survived her husband seventeen years, dying at Madrid, January 4, 1841.

Stuart painted two portraits of the Marchioness d'Yrugo and two of her distinguished husband; but whether the pictures are different, or one merely a replica of the other, I am unable to say, one of each being in Spain, and one of each in the possession of Mr. Thomas McKean of Philadelphia, a great-grandnephew of the marchioness. They were painted soon after the marriage, and are fine examples of the American master-painter's art. The portrait of the marquis exhibits a daring and beautiful color-scheme most skilfully treated. The coldness in the engraving of the portrait of the marchioness is lacking in the original, where warmth and mellowness predominate, as is usual in Stuart's work.

The earliest picture that can be recognized as from the brush of Gilbert Stuart is a pair of Spanish dogs that belonged to the eminent Dr. William Hunter of Newport, Rhode Island, and which Stuart is said to have painted when in his fourteenth year. What are claimed to be his first portraits—those of Mr. and Mrs. Bannister—have been so nearly destroyed by "restorers" that nothing of the original work remains to show whether the pictures had merit.

Stuart's first instruction in art was received from Cosmo Alexander, a Scotchman, who passed a few years in the colonies painting a number of interesting portraits in the affected, perfunctory manner of the period. Of Alexander nothing was known until recent investigations by the writer discovered him to be a great-grandson of George Jamesone, whom Walpole calls "the Scottish Vandyke." He took Stuart, then in his eighteenth year, back with him to Scotland to acquire a greater knowledge of art than was possible in the colonies at that time; and Stuart is claimed to have become at this period a student at the University of Glasgow. But this tradition is shattered by the cold record, which fails to hold his name on the matriculation register.

TEN MONTHS WITH THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.

BY EMORY W. FENN,
Late Major in the Cuban Army.



PREVIOUS to the departure of our expedition, in February, 1897, arrangements were made to meet a large steamer off the English island of San Salvador, where Columbus first landed. There we were to transfer men and cargo. On our arrival, the steamer not being in sight, it was decided to wait a reasonable length of time. A sailing-vessel was sent to purchase such provisions as could be procured on the island, for our stock was nearly exhausted. After eight days the steamer arrived, the cargo was transferred, and we started for Cuba.

Although the departure of our expedition—the largest ever carried by a filibuster—was well known to the Spanish authorities, we easily eluded the large fleet of Spanish cruisers and small gunboats which were constantly patrolling the Cuban coast. A little before midnight, on the twenty-third day out from New York, we dropped anchor a hundred yards from the entrance to the harbor of Banes, on the northeast coast of Cuba, the city having been captured and destroyed some months previous by a Cuban force under General Torres.

Although the night was dark, land could be seen directly in front and on both sides. No lights were in sight, and the death-like stillness was broken only by the waves as they washed the shore.

A small boat was lowered; the harbor was explored to make sure that no enemy was present; and two men were landed to arouse the country people and to bring assistance from the nearest Cuban forces. Torpedoes were laid in the channel, connection by electric wires being made with the shore, and a cannon was landed and planted to command the entrance. Thereupon we entered and proceeded up the long, narrow channel for over half a mile, when a plank was thrown ashore, and the work of discharging the cargo began. Twenty-four hours later our steamer passed out, homeward bound. From the neighboring hilltops two Spanish cruisers could be seen lying quietly at anchor in the bay of Nipe, only eight miles distant.

On the second day a small Cuban force

arrived, under the command of Major Bruno Marino, a full-blooded negro about fifty years of age, standing over seven feet in his stockings, slender in stature, with erect form and broad shoulders—a man unable to read or write, but endowed with intelligence, having considerable experience as a civil engineer and apparently familiar with every inch of the country. The railroad in the banana plantation at Banes was laid out and constructed under his supervision. He had been sent to the United States to act as guide to General Garcia's expedition. He is now lieutenant colonel, having been promoted for the assistance given our expedition, and is in charge of the forces near Banes, with headquarters at Tasajeras. His camp is laid out in street and good houses have been built for his men.

Unarmed citizens were constantly arriving and as fast as they could be armed were mustered into service. Eight days after our arrival, everything having been safely placed in deposits, and no enemy having appeared, the members of the expedition were given horses and escorted to a large farm-house in Cortaderas, about fifteen miles from Banes, where we were to remain until the arrival of General Garcia. Two weeks later the general arrived with some four thousand men, mostly infantry, having marched over three hundred miles since being informed of our landing. His troops were poorly armed, many of them, indeed, being without arms. They were representative of the wealthiest as well as of the poorest families of the island. About two thirds of them were blacks. They were poorly clad, many wearing breech-cloths only, and few besides the officers having shoes. Each soldier was fortunate as to have a hammock carried on his back in a cloth sack, which also contained meat, vegetables, tobacco, and cooking utensils, each soldier doing his own cooking.

Garcia's forces were divided into regiments, but little attention was given to military organization. He ordered our cargo taken inland, where such parts of it as we not needed for immediate use could be more securely deposited until required for distribution to the various forces under his command.

As the Spanish authorities had given

attention to the making and repairing of roads in time of peace, it was impossible to use carts, the existing roads being, as a rule, only bridle-paths. Our cargo being large, and the available supply of horses and mules being small, it was necessary to carry the greater part of it by hand. For this work General Garcia assigned about one thousand men, under the command of Brigadier-General Mario Menocal, his chief of staff, the remaining forces being assigned to guard duty at the place of deposit and at various distant points from which the enemy might be expected.

General Menocal's forces were soon on the march, each man carrying his rifle and a large box of cartridges, weighing from fifty to seventy-five pounds, either on his head or in his hands. From early morning until late at night they trudged along through rivers, over mountains, at times knee-deep in mud, then over lava stones that would draw blood from less hardened feet. They made few halts during the day, and at night slept either on the ground or in their hammocks. Day after day their march was continued, until the last box had been safely deposited where there could be no possible chance of capture by the enemy.

A week after the arrival of General Garcia, the members of the expedition received their reward for the work which they had performed in safely landing over twenty-three hundred rifles, one and a half million rifle-cartridges, some five hundred machetes, two cannon (a twelve-pounder Hotchkiss and a dynamite-gun), three thousand rounds of cannon ammunition, three thousand pounds of dynamite, a large supply of electric wire, batteries, etc., together with medical supplies and various other items too numerous to mention. Their reward was, as a rule, a commission as second lieutenant; but in some cases, for special work, a first lieutenancy, and in two cases a captaincy, was given. We were then assigned to duty. I, having been appointed chief of the torpedo department, was attached temporarily to the staff of General Mariano Torres, commanding the Division of Holguin. General Torres is a veteran of the ten years' war, about sixty-three years of age, short and stout, with a full gray beard and the appearance of a well-to-do farmer. Since the ten years' war he has passed seventeen years in Jamaica, but he cannot speak English. He is a poor organizer, with no knowledge of military tactics, but a good strategist, always selecting good positions, and holding them against large odds until driven away by

flank movements. He assumes entire charge of everything in his division, sending commissions for cattle, distributing cartridges, meat, salt, and sugar to his forces, and taking personal supervision of his detail of horses. In fact, nothing can be done without his orders.

The headquarters of General Torres were in Veguitas, some fifteen miles from Cortaderas, in a large house which had formerly been used as a country store.

Torres had under his command thirty-one hundred men; but as his forces were divided into small bands stationed in various parts of the division, his force in Veguitas was a little under three hundred, and was encamped in small shelters built by driving four forked sticks into the ground; sticks were laid in the forks, and other sticks were placed over these to support the roofing of banana- or palm-leaves. These houses were a protection from the sun, and, as a rule, were dry.

Six weeks after our landing, a large Spanish force, consisting of three gunboats and transports carrying three thousand infantry, entered Banes, six miles from Veguitas, in the hope of finding our cargo. They were soon driven out by the forces under General Garcia, with heavy loss. About two weeks later, General Garcia having departed, leaving only the forces under General Torres, the Spaniards returned with five gunboats. To prevent this force from landing, General Torres sent thirty men, with instructions to conceal themselves in the woods and open fire on the gunboats. This was done, and for two days and nights a heavy artillery fire was kept up from the gunboats, which at last went away without having made a landing. The Cuban loss was one killed and two wounded, while, according to the Spanish report published in the daily papers at Gibara, their loss in killed and wounded was thirty-six. During a part of this engagement, as the roar of heavy artillery firing reached our ears, General Torres was reclining in his hammock in Veguitas, with a smile on his face.

Two weeks later the general decided to attack Sama, a small port on the northern coast, about seventeen miles distant, the twelve-pounder Hotchkiss cannon recently landed having been left in his division. Major Frederick Funston, with several other Americans, commanding the artillery under General Garcia, having arrived, marching orders were given on the morning of May 9. After many difficulties, in many cases cutting roads through the dense underbrush, we went

into camp late in the afternoon, just back of the high hills surrounding the city. During the night a long trench was dug, under the direction of Major Bruno Marino, on the ridge of a high hill overlooking the town, and a little before dawn the cannon was placed in position. At daylight the order to fire was given, and a twelve-pounder shell was sent crashing through the roof of a small wooden fort eight hundred yards distant. This was answered almost immediately by a volley from the many small forts surrounding the town. At the fifth shot our cannon was disabled, the carriage having broken near the axle. It being impossible to repair it there, or to continue firing, we were obliged to retire to the nearest repair-shop, some thirty miles distant. But the infantry continued the attack for four days, burning several buildings, and capturing many cattle and some horses, when they were driven back by a large Spanish force under General Luque, which had arrived to reinforce the garrison.

After returning to Veguitas, a two weeks' vacation was given to the troops, that they might go to their homes for a much-needed rest; for they had been in actual service, without rest, for over four months.

Our operations were confined to the province of Santiago de Cuba, a large proportion of the inhabitants of which are blacks, descendants of native Africans imported in the days of slavery. Most of the men are of medium stature, with broad shoulders and well-developed muscles. They are peaceful in disposition, seldom, if ever, quarreling among themselves, and are brave and fearless in battle. As no attention has been given by the Spanish authorities to their education, less than one quarter of the country people in this province are able to read and write; but they are gifted by nature with a large amount of intelligence. Their homes are hardly more than roofs. The families are large, often numbering from sixteen to eighteen. Children under five years seldom wear clothing. Lamps are almost unknown, candles being generally used.

Vegetables are plentiful, and meat is now furnished to the families by the prefect, an officer of the civil government appointed for each township to protect and care for the families, also to furnish horses, vegetables, and other articles necessary for the troops in his vicinity. As the Cuban soldier relies mainly upon vegetables, and, when the enemy is not near at hand, often camps in the same place for weeks at a time, it is necessary, in order not to exhaust the supply, to divide

the forces into small bands of from five to five hundred men, according to circumstances. The vegetables chiefly used are green plantains (a banana, but not a variety sold in this market), green bananas, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, and the nutritious yucca. These vegetables are either boiled or roasted on the coals.

The camp is usually chosen in an open place near a road, where fresh water may be had, and grass found for the horses, the officers and assistants being, as a rule, mounted. The camp is for a short time only, no houses are built; but if it is expected to remain several days, the soldiers erect small shelters. A majority of the officers are provided with a large piece of canvas, which is stretched over a roof over their hammocks. The hammocks are hung to trees, or to posts driven into the ground. Each soldier does his own cooking, but each officer is attended by an assistant. Fires are started with flint and steel, matches being used, except, perhaps, for a short time after the capture of a town. The principal fire-wood is cedar.

As soon as a camp site has been selected, guards are placed, but only on the roads. The Spanish troops never enter the woods. The horses are then unsaddled and taken to pasture, hammocks are hung, and fires are built. Soldiers who are not supplied with vegetables are allowed to look for them; and while usually they are to be found near at hand, it is sometimes necessary to go several miles before finding them. At night sentinels are required to do guard duty near the headquarters, to receive any messages that may arrive, and to see that all is quiet in the camp. Reveille is sounded on the bugle at daylight, and every one, officers included, is obliged to turn out. Coffee or *sambum* (sweetened water) is then made, and about one hour later roll-call is sounded, after which the soldier has very little to do but rest until 5 P. M., when roll-call is again sounded. The retreat is sounded at eight, when every man must be in camp, and at nine "silence" is sounded, and all remove their clothing and retire for the night.

The Cubans eat but two meals a day, one about 11 A. M., and the other about 6 P. M. They often march by moonlight, and most of their attacks are made at night, while the Spanish forces never march or attack except by day. In a Spanish camp the horses are not unsaddled during the day, and at night the men often do not remove their clothing, and the entire camp is well guarded.

Medicine is scarce, and fever is common.

with all classes. The few small sugar-plantations which are still grinding, by special permission of the Cuban government, are required to furnish one third of their production to the forces, the remaining two thirds being sold to families. In Santiago de Cuba cattle are scarce, and in order to furnish meat special commissions are sent to Camagüey, each commission bringing from fifty to five hundred head at a time. When meat is required for the troops, the animal is usually killed in the morning; each man is then given his ration, which he cuts into thin strips about two inches wide, which are salted and dried in the sun. Everything that cannot be used is left to the vultures, which always appear in large numbers; nothing within their reach is left to decay in the open air.

Under the orders of the civil government, tanneries and small factories have been established at various points, where hides are tanned, saddles and a few shoes made, and rifles repaired.

THE vacation being at an end, by special orders of General Garcia our attention was given to the railroad line running from Holguin to Gibara. This is a narrow-gage road, twenty-seven miles long, stone-ballasted, and well built. It is protected by some seventy-five small forts and by a large number of small towns garrisoned with Spanish troops. All supplies entering Holguin are shipped over this line.

Our force being insufficient to attack and destroy the road without heavy loss, it was decided to destroy the bridges, made of heavy timbers resting on stone foundations. As this work devolved upon the torpedo department, I prepared several small bombs made of bamboo cut into the required lengths (open at one end only), and loaded with dynamite. A small electric fuse was then inserted, and the opening stopped up with a cork made of wood and fastened with wire to notches cut in the bamboo.

On the night of June 9, 1897, with a force of fifty men, three bridges were completely destroyed, including their foundations, blocking traffic for twenty-eight days. No enemy was met, and no shots were exchanged. Early in the morning of July 6, with a force of seventy-five men, the largest locomotive on the line was completely destroyed, one and a half miles from Gibara. For this operation I utilized an old iron soda-water tank found in the ruins of Banés. This was in two parts, one half only being used. In this forty-two pounds of dynamite were placed, and tamped

with a largestick; two electric caps were then inserted, and a cover of hard wood three inches thick was tightly bolted on. This was carried to the line on the back of a mule, and under cover of darkness placed under one rail, opposite a telegraph-pole which was to act as a mark. An electric wire was then run under the grass to a point a hundred and fifty feet distant, near a small patch of woods where our small force was concealed. After removing all signs of our work, and sweeping the track with a small branch, we lay down to wait for daylight. The track inspector passed at six, evidently reporting the track clear, for shortly after seven the train, consisting of the locomotive and two cars, one an armed car and the other a passenger-coach, came in sight. It was moving very slowly, and as the locomotive arrived opposite the telegraph-pole the explosion occurred, and nothing remained but the cars. A charge was ordered, but under a terrific fire from the armed car it was impossible for our small force to reach the line without heavy loss; and as we were surrounded by no fewer than nine small forts, we were obliged to return to our base at once, fearing delay would give time to mobilize troops and block our retreat. Our loss in this operation was three wounded. On the night of July 22, with a force of sixty men, two bridges were destroyed. A few shots were fired from a small fort on the line not one hundred yards from one of the bridges, but no one was injured.

On August 7, by special orders from General Garcia, I was sent with eighty-six men to Los Piones, fifteen miles from Tunas. We arrived there August 22, without having seen any Spanish troops. Here I received permission to visit the seat of the Cuban government in Camagüey. The capital consists of a large number of wooden buildings, built in a beautiful valley, and surrounded by high hills. It is protected by a small force of from one to two hundred men. Each official has a house of his own, and one for his assistant. As the law does not allow a visitor to remain at the capital over twenty-four hours, my stay was necessarily short, and, with a guide furnished by General Roloff, Secretary of War, I returned in time to be present at the siege of Victoria de las Tunas. In this engagement the Cubans had seventeen hundred men—twelve hundred taking part in the siege, and the remaining forces being stationed on the road to Puerto del Padre to intercept any Spanish forces that might be sent to reinforce the garrison. Trenches were built on the night of August

27, and our cannon, consisting of one twelve-pounder Driggs-Schroeder, two twelve-pounder Hotchkiss, two two-pounder Hotchkiss, and one dynamite-gun, were placed in position. At daylight on the morning of August 28 the firing began, and it continued until the morning of August 30, when the garrison surrendered. We captured two Krupp cannon, with over one hundred rounds of ammunition, some six hundred rifles, several hundred thousand rifle-cartridges, and over two hundred prisoners. Our loss was about one hundred and six in killed and wounded, nearly one half being officers. It was not possible to learn the exact Spanish loss; but judging from the dead and wounded found in the town when we entered, and the wounded sent out to us during the fight, it must have been very heavy.

In this engagement the dynamite-gun was used with perfect success for the first time, over one hundred shots being fired, and only one shell failing to explode.

The prisoners were returned, and a receipt was taken for them. The wounded were taken to a fort on the road to Puerto del Padre, twelve miles from Tunas, and word was sent to the Spanish commander at Puerto del Padre that they could be moved by an unarmed force with safety, but that no armed force would be allowed to come for them. In accordance with this order from General Garcia, they were taken to Puerto del Padre by an unarmed force.

A few days later a Spanish armed force three thousand strong left Puerto del Padre to reconnoiter Tunas. After marching ten miles they were turned back by Colonel Carlos Garcia with a force of four hundred and fifty men, after one hour's hard fighting. Colonel Garcia is a son of General Garcia, is about thirty years of age, and a dentist by profession. Although he has never received a military education, by his bravery and ability in battle, he has won the rank he now holds in a little less than two years. His troops are well organized, and he has given special attention to the matter of supplies. He is fond of good living himself, and has two milch cows taken wherever he goes, to supply his own mess. At the siege of Tunas he led one of the best infantry charges made during the war, taking the cavalry headquarters, a large stone fort, by storm, after it had been partly destroyed by the artillery. For this he was placed in command of a brigade.

Our loss in this operation was two killed and three wounded, while the Spanish loss in killed and wounded was over one hundred.

On account of the tactics employed by the Cuban forces, and the divisions made in them, together with the fact that small bands often operate alone, there is not a sufficient number of doctors properly to attend to the wounded. One doctor, and in some cases two, are assigned to an entire division. These doctors appoint assistants from the men in the ranks, who, after a little instruction, are given a few bandages, cotton, carbolic acid, quinine, etc., and assigned to the various regiments in the division. These men are expected to give the first aid to the wounded, and administer such medicines as they may have when they are required; but even then it often happens that they are not present when the men are wounded, and it is necessary to take them many miles on horseback, or in hammocks hung on a long pole, before their wounds are dressed. Owing to this delay, small wounds often prove very serious. After their wounds are attended to, they are taken, as soon as practicable, to one of the many small hospitals in the woods, where they are given every attention possible under the circumstances.

These hospitals are nothing more than deserted country houses, with beds made by driving four forked sticks into the ground, two at the head and two at the foot; a heavy stick is then laid in each pair of forks, and thin sticks, laid lengthwise of the bed, rest on these. The frame is then covered with banana-leaves, and, if it is possible to procure it, a sheet completes the bed. These hospitals are in charge of a *practicante*, but under the general supervision of the doctor, who visits them as often as possible; and in some cases, as after a heavy engagement, a doctor or several doctors are assigned to them, and remain as long as their services are required. As soon as a new patient arrives he is placed on a new bed, as the same bed is never used twice, and is given an attendant to do his cooking and attend to his wants.

These hospitals are well supplied with bandages and medicine, and the prefect is required to keep them supplied with vegetables, sugar, milk, etc. The general in whose division they are furnishes meat, and the country people bring chickens, eggs, and any little dainties they may have. As the wounds are mostly from Mauser balls, few amputations are necessary, and the patients recover rapidly; but when the wounds are from Remingtons with the ordinary lead ball, or the lead ball with a thin brass jacket (explosive ball), they often prove fatal, and if the patient recovers, the improvement is slow.

After several other small engagements I returned to General Torres, making the trip from Los Pílonos to his camp near Holguín with one guide, and without meeting the enemy. On the night of November 19 two railroad bridges, and on other nights large sections of track, were destroyed.

With a force of three hundred men, General Torres was encamped for over a month within less than five miles of Holguín, which at the time was garrisoned by fifteen hundred Spanish troops. Prisoners captured near the town were taken to camp and then given their freedom, that they might inform the Spanish commander of our presence; but no move was made to molest us. Spanish forces seldom sally forth in the east; so, in order to fight, the Cubans were obliged to attack fortified towns. With the exception of the large cities on the seaboard, and a few large inland towns, the entire eastern part of Cuba was free, and might truthfully be called "Cuba libre."

On January 23, 1898, I received from General García a pass to the Cuban government, with permission to ask for a leave of absence, so that I might return to the United States in order to arrange some personal matters. I left his camp at Mejía the next day, and as I was familiar with the roads did not take a guide. That night I camped in a house near the river Cauto, and on the morning of the 25th, as I was about to cross the road between Bagüano and Holguín, I ran into a Spanish force, two thousand strong, under Major-General Linares. Owing to the dense woods I did not discover this force until less than twenty feet from them. I was immediately surrounded, my revolver taken from me, and I was ordered to dismount. I was then taken before Brigadier-General Joaquín Vara de Rey, who after asking my destination ordered me taken to General Linares; and by him I was ordered to the rear, under guard, as a prisoner of war. A rope was then fastened to my left arm, the other

end being held by a private. The march to Holguín was then continued.

My clothing at this time consisted of an old pair of patent-leather shoes, many sizes too large, and a pair of trousers (both given to me by Major Joyce when he returned in December); also an old undershirt and a straw hat. Not being accustomed to walking, my feet soon became blistered and swollen, and my back was blistered by the hot sun. In this condition I was hardly able to keep up with the troops; and when they went into camp for the night I dropped from exhaustion. Captain Armando Mantilla de los Ríos, of the Eighth Regular Infantry, searched me for papers. He found the pass from General García, also several letters from members of General García's staff which I was carrying to their friends in America. These papers proved the truthfulness of my statements as to my destination, and that I was not on official business. He then reported to General Linares, stating my condition, and requesting that he be allowed to remove the rope and become responsible for me. This request was granted. A sergeant and three soldiers were ordered to guard me, and the captain sent me supper from his own mess.

The next morning I was obliged to cut my shoes in order to get them on; and when we camped for lunch at about eleven, I was unable to march farther, and Captain Ríos obtained permission for me to mount. That night I was allowed to sleep in my hammock, under guard; and as we were to enter Holguín the next day, Captain Ríos gave me a shirt and an old coat. Several members of General Linares's staff, among them Major Don Domingo Arrairs, ex-instructor in the Military Academy at Madrid, had interceded in my behalf; and when we arrived in Holguín I was sent to Havana, under guard, with a request that I be allowed to return to America. There General Fitzhugh Lee furnished me with a passport and my passage.



THE SLEEPLESSNESS OF JOHN COLTON DOW.

BY JOSEPH EDGAR CHAMBERLIN.



JOHN COLTON DOW, bank president and director in several important railroad companies, was born on a farm in western New York. He never had been a "poor boy," and never pretended to be self-made. His father had become rich, as riches went in those parts, by good farming of the old-fashioned sort, and by means of various thrifty country investments and speculations. He had sent the boy to school and afterward set him up in business in Rochester, whence, after some fortunate speculations of his own, he had gone to New York. Beginning slowly, John Dow by and by had "branched out," as he expressed it, into larger operations, and now, at the age of sixty, the old giants of Wall street being dead, was accounted a great financier.

He was crafty and far-seeing. The railroad properties which he directed were directed for his own profit rather than for that of the stockholders. He was simple in his life, and without hypocrisies with regard to transactions which ruined other men. He often said, "We are all down town to make money." He held that business on a large scale necessarily crushes some men, just as the construction of great buildings, railroads, or aqueducts involves the sacrifice of human life. Men simply must not get in the way of falling derricks—or wrecked enterprises.

Dow's father had worked hard all his life on the farm, no matter how much he thrived; and as long as the boy was at home he had toiled with his own hands, as all other boys did in the country about. Even when he was attending the Mercertown Academy, John lived at home, riding or driving to the town, and getting up very early in the morning to help at the "barn chores." During three or four winter months his father kept no hired man. There were always on the farm half a dozen horses, twice as many cattle, and from fifty to two hundred sheep, with swine and poultry. In the winter it was necessary to begin the evening care of the stock soon after four o'clock; and as soon as John got home from the academy he put on his old clothes and went to the barn. Usually it was seven o'clock before the chores were all done.

All that was forty and more years ago.

Dow's tasks at this moment were very different. He was engaged in a railroad deal of the utmost importance to him and a great many others. It involved the consolidation of several lines; the stock of one conservative old road which resisted the consolidation would be considerably depreciated if the deal went through, and that of several less profitable roads would be appreciated. There was money to be made—a great deal of it—both by the appreciation and by the depreciation. In the reorganization, the men who were in the deal would be in a position absolutely to command future events. The larger part of the work fell on Dow, and there were features of it that worried him somewhat.

He had gone to bed one night thinking keenly about this deal. His wife always slept in a second bed in the room with him. She knew now that her husband was restless, and the knowledge kept her awake. Her being awake helped to keep him awake; she knew this, and tried to keep very still. No light was burning anywhere in the house, but the electric light filtered in from the street through the shutters. Dow rose to make the inside blinds tighter.

"Can't you go to sleep, John?" his wife asked.

"Oh, I guess so, by and by, Sarah. I've got a business matter on my mind, and yet I've got to be fresh for to-morrow, for it's going to be settled then. Try to go to sleep yourself."

"Yes, I will." She was silent a moment, and then she said, "Had n't you better go at the barn chores?"

"I guess so."

He turned in bed, and his wife apparently slept.

For as many as thirty years Dow had been troubled by a tendency to sleeplessness; but he had an excellent means of his own with which he had generally been able to overcome it. Without this, he believed he would have died long ago with some illness induced by insomnia and nervous exhaustion.

He resorted now to this means of bringing sleep. In his fancy, he put himself back on the old farm, with the stock to take care of. He knew every detail of the work now as well as he had known it when a boy. The tasks performed every day, year after year,

through the impressionable time of boyhood, had so cut their way into his memory that nothing could efface them.

To do all these things in the imagination was a familiar, mechanical, monotonous thing; it occupied the mind just enough to turn it, usually, away from other things, but not enough to keep the brain awake. Often Dow fell asleep in an early stage of the chore-doing. Often, again, he had to go further; and on the rare occasions when he had finished the work and was still awake, he began them again at the beginning. Only in two or three nervous crises had he succeeded in getting through the chores a second time. It was a point of necessity not to neglect a single detail; it was the perfectly regular recurrence of these details that composed his mind and brought slumber.

"Just one single point more before I go at the chores," said the millionaire to himself now; "if I don't let Bartholf into this deal, how will it affect my operation with his Central? If I don't let him into this, I shall have to down him in order to manage that. Bah! I could keep this up all night. I must drop it all, and sleep, and keep my head clear for to-morrow. Well, here goes."

With a pitchfork on his shoulder, John Dow started out to feed the sheep. There was in his mind a queer thing about this stage of the proceeding. He could see himself starting out to begin this work as a boy of sixteen or seventeen. Up to this point it was like telling a story from the outside, as it were. But when he actually began the work, as if directing his own steps, he saw, if he ever stopped to think of it, that it was the consciousness of the John Colton Dow of the moment, at whatever age he actually was, which was at work. And yet this grown-up consciousness was at least outwardly clothed as the boy had been, in the woolen cap, the old clothes, the "comforter" about the neck, and the striped yarn mittens; and he did all the work exactly in the fashion in which the boy had done it.

All day long the sheep and cattle ran together in the barn-yard, where they gnawed at the remains of corn-fodder scattered in the morning, or burrowed deep in the straw-stacks. But the racks in which John had to feed the sheep at night were in a kind of shed made by leaving open the lower end of the large hay-barn; this shed was separated from the barn-yard by a fence with bars.

John went up into the barn and brought around by the front way a big forkful of wild hay, which he stuffed into one of the

long racks. Then he stepped to the bars and called "Ca-day! Ca-day!" and in an instant the flock came swarming in. At first all the sheep made a rush as if to go straight over him; then, when he swung his arms and shouted, they veered away in a terrible panic. But they recovered in an instant and started back; some stopped and stamped, in queer sheepish menace; then all came pouring back eagerly, bumping against him. He closed the bars against the cattle, and put a forkful of hay in the other rack. He had to force his way through the mass of them, pressing their oily bodies to one side and the other. They were squeezing to get at the racks. Two young wethers were butting fiercely at the edge of the flock. A white-faced ewe forced her nose between the boards under the protection of the wrinkled old ram's horns.

John Dow knew well many individual sheep's faces in the flock, and always looked about for them. He got more hay, and scattered it on the ground at the edge of the shed for several lambs and timid sheep that dared not join the wild competition at the ricks. As they ate, the sheep and lambs wagged their stump-tails madly, as if that helped them to eat faster. John paused an instant and listened to the sound that the flock made in feeding—a dull, rattling roar, with a squeaking note running through it, made by the grating of the teeth on the wiry hay.

He lingered still another moment, thinking of the resemblance of some of the sheep faces to people he knew. There was one big wether, with wool projecting from his cheeks like side-whiskers, which looked almost exactly like a man in Wall Street. Dow thought of the man, and this brought back more of the Street, and with it the deal; a dozen phases of the business glided into his mind, not by a rush, of which he would have been clearly conscious, but quietly, as if resuming what belonged to them.

Dow had been quiet in his bed while he was in imagination feeding the sheep, but now he stirred uneasily, and his wife stirred in her bed also. He heard her, and the sound made him realize that he had lost the thread of his "chores," and was worrying over Wall Street. By an effort he broke off short from that, and went back to the barn.

Now he went to the stable, where the milch cows and the horses were kept—the horses in stalls, their tails toward the middle of the stable, and the cows with, their necks in stanchions, on the other side, their heads toward the middle of the stable.

The horses whinnied as he came in, but he went past them and propped open the door that led from the barn-yard directly into the cow-stable part. A big black-and-white cow, followed by a smaller red one, came scuttling along from the straw-stacks, her hind feet describing each a half-circle with every step as she trotted clumsily. He had to drive the red heifer back, because the young cattle were left over night in a tight shed which was built out as a lean-to on the side of the hay-barn. At the straw-stacks he separated the milch cows from the young cattle with some difficulty; each kind often wished to go the wrong way.

Then it was necessary to get the cows into the stable in the right order. They must come in in the order in which they "bossed"; the tyrant of the herd, the old black-and-white cow, must have her place at the inner end of the row of stanchions, and so on outward, leaving the last place, nearest the door, for the youngest and timidiest heifer, or else there would be trouble and hooking not only in going in, but all night as well. The leeway at the end of the row gave the timidiest one a chance to get out of the way when the others crowded; and they were all used to that arrangement and permitted no other if they could help it.

He did not feed them now, but ran out to give hay to the young cattle, which could not be fed until the cows were out of the way. Then the pigs were to be fed before the stable work was done. Their pen and little yard lay between the hay-barn and the stable. He could hear the pigs demanding their supper with loud grunts which began in a very guttural bass and ran up into a sharp, scolding squeal. Often, in his retrospective chore-doing, Dow fell asleep when he came to hearing the querulous, monotonous squealing of the pigs. Now his senses wavered an instant, recovered themselves, and started to wander; Dow quickly applied himself, with apprehension of the danger of getting back to Wall Street, to the task of bringing their dripping food from a barrel that stood in the shed between the kitchen and the wood-shed.

When he came back to the pen, the pigs, some of them white, some black and white, were standing on their hind legs, their open jaws in a row, and squealing at the very tops of their voices. He set his two pails down on the ground, and took up a stick that he kept standing against the pen, to beat away the pigs so that he could get their food into the trough. The trouble that he

had to take in order that their greed might not prevent them from having their supper brought to his mind, this time, the greedy struggle of men in Wall Street to get into deals which bigger men than they were managing—a greedy haste that generally proved fatal to their chances. He recalled, for instance, the amusing case of Whitman and the Consolidated Flouring Mills deal.

Once more Dow's thoughts were in Wall Street instead of at the old farm. The greed, the savage selfishness, the brutal clamor of the Exchange grew curiously out of the squealing and struggling of the pigs; for an instant the two things were confused in his mind, and his senses wavered again. He was almost asleep; then the image of a man rose out of the commingled impressions. It brought back ideas and schemes, and fully woke his consciousness. In a moment Dow's mind was in the full surge of the great deal, like a leaf sucked up by a whirlwind. He was so wide awake that his thoughts could hardly have been more tense. They struggled on with all the features of the business, weighing first this expedient to overcome a difficulty, then that; and perceiving in advance the complications and enmities that would arise. Enmities! What did he care for them? They are necessary in business. The gift of a financier is to make a man serve him, to save his own dollars, even though he is the financier's worst enemy. And yet, scorn them as he would, a thousand strifes and stabbings of the past came back to John Dow now. All the enemies that he had ever made in Wall Street seemed howling about his bed. Enterprises out of which he had sucked the life in order to build up his own fortune came to haunt him like living things. All these transactions had been "business" before; why did they seem like crimes now?

Dow sighed deeply, and turned in bed, and waited for his wife to make the inevitable sign that she had heard him. She lay quiet for a few moments, and he fancied that she had not heard him. The distant rumbling of late cars and omnibuses rose into a little roar, but he did not notice it. But he was fretted by the ticking of the great hallclock on the landing half-way down-stairs—a slow and wearisome sound, the alternating ticks on two keys, one pitched a little higher than the other. That had never bothered him before in all the years he had heard it; it did now. He sighed, and turned again.

"Can't you get to sleep yet, John?" his wife asked.

"I have n't been asleep yet, Sarah."

She said nothing more, knowing that to question him would be to worry him, but settled herself again as if to sleep. Meantime, with a pull of his faculties, Dow resumed his tasks. Where was he? Oh, yes; he was feeding the pigs. He went to the corn-barn, took up a basket that stood there, filled it with ears of corn, and carried it to the pen. He threw the corn into the middle of the pen, and the swine rushed at it with loud "woofs," scooping the kernels off the cobs with their lower jaws.

John took his way to the stable. Before he reached it he heard the cows calling, and rattling their horns against the stanchions. As he came in they blew loudly through their nostrils, "Whoosh! whoosh!" holding their heads low toward the floor, and glaring with eyes that showed the whites. They were as greedy as the pigs, but manifested it in a less unpleasant way. He left them rattling their horns while he gave the horses their grain. These were eager to be fed, too, but their eagerness was pretty; they whinnied low, and pawed gracefully. His own young black mare simply laid back her ears, in token of displeasure at having to wait so long. One or two poked their noses into the feed-box before he had taken the measure out, and others did not, according to their nature. The black mare kept her ears laid back, not touching the grain until he was well out of the stall. He liked the mare to this day. She had always treated him with a fine contempt, as of a superior for an inferior.

It grew dark; the cows still "whooshed" and rattled; but they were not to be fed until they were being milked. John ran to the house, lighted a lantern, and got four tin ten-quart pails; and here his father, who had been feeding the poultry before dark, or finishing some bit of winter work that he always had on hand, joined him for the milking. His father seemed in these fancied chore-doings an old man, though he had scarcely been that in the days when John was at home. Of his father's clothes the picture was always vague in John's mind; he remembered little except the collar of the white cotton shirt, with a black necktie. The father's face was smooth-shaven and grave, and he was silent. He took a three-legged stool from a corner and began to milk the youngest cow at the door, just as John fed to her in a pail the mash of bran, meal, and water that he had mixed. With the lantern hanging on a peg behind the cows, John, on the stable floor, mixed and

fed to every one of the cows a mess of this; and by the side of the tub or pail in which he gave it he threw down a few nubbins or broken ears of corn.

When the cows were all feeding, John took his own one-legged stool from the corner and went in behind them, passing them all until he reached the old black-and-white one. Then with calls of "So!" and "Stand around!" he balanced himself on the stool and began to milk. The first streams struck the bottom of the pail with a whining, high, continuous sound, which thickened to a lower pitch presently, and soon became a mere murmur through the thick foam on the top of the deepening milk.

Here was another place where sleep often came to John Dow; but this time it did not. He milked only two cows, for the heifers gave less milk than these older cows, and his father had begun his fourth cow before John had finished his second. The pails were taken to the big pantry or milk-room; then John ran back to the barn and pitched down for the cows and horses a great quantity of hay from the loft, filling the mangers with it. The horses were not watered until later in the evening.

Now the stalls of the cows and horses were to be bedded down with straw. Dow seldom had to pursue the chores to these wearisome concluding things. Why did n't he fall asleep? He felt himself making a conscious effort to do so, with consequent intenser wakefulness. His bodily powers—his nerves and muscles and bones—seemed fiercely demanding the sleep they needed, and sharply accusing the brain of not letting them have it. He felt the exquisite torture of strife between the benumbing, spasmodically relaxing body on the one side, and the tense, restless mind on the other. The keen discouragement of this state made Dow let go his hold on his chore-doing. He felt the wheel of his thoughts moving surely around to business affairs. He wished to turn in bed and fill his lungs with a deep breath, but feared to attract his wife's attention again; her thoughtful solicitude was a kind of tyranny to him. He was ashamed to think that it would make him angry if she spoke again; but he knew it would. He held himself motionless in bed, though he had to strain nerves and muscles to do so.

Then, with a quick effort, as if seizing himself by the collar, he forced himself back to his tasks, littering the stalls with straw. He made the horses stand from side to side to avoid his pitchfork; the black

mare laid back her ears flatter than ever, and even lifted one slender hind foot threateningly.

It was a forced proceeding, and not sleep-inducing. But Dow kept on doggedly. At last he must do his final task—bring in the stove-wood and kindling for the morning. He took down the lantern from its peg in the barn, and, lifting it high, paused a moment to look about and think whether everything was faithfully done. He heard the low, even, grinding noise of the animals' feeding, mingled with the rustling sound made by some of them as they pulled and nosed their hay about. One of the horses blew the dust out of his nostrils with a long "pwww." Dow went out, passing through the door that led into the sheds.

Between the stable and the wood-shed there was a roughly boarded room that served as a tool-house; here were put away for the winter the reaper, the mowing-machine, two ploughs, a cultivator, and some other implements of the sort that were just coming into use when Dow was a boy. They made an uneven mass at the farther end of the shed. These implements had nothing to do with his winter chore-work, and in his habitual sleep-inducing toil Dow did not regard them at all, though sometimes he might be vaguely aware of them in passing. But now a caprice impelled him to stop; he held the lantern high, and looked steadily at the dust-covered machines.

The mowing-machine seemed to be leaning restfully against the timbers of the end of the shed. He could see the nearest parts of it; the rest was in shadow. He thought of all the clamor and hot toil of which the ma-

chine was the center in summer, and a sense of the dull, still, dusty repose of its present position suffused him with a grateful promise of something like its wooden unconsciousness. Alongside the mower, partly beyond it, he noted the dim outline of the big old-fashioned reaper. The most conspicuous part of it was the reel, which rose high above the rest of the machinery; on this wooden sweep sat a privileged old white hen, which would never roost in the hen-house if she could keep out of it, and by her side her two overgrown August chickens. The fowls stretched their necks far out and stared at the lantern in sleepy astonishment. It was not yet quite seven o'clock, but these creatures must have been asleep for hours, and would sleep peacefully for almost twelve hours more!

On the ground, at the side of the two larger machines, lay the cultivator on its back, its blades or hoes in the air, like the upturned feet of a many-legged animal. John Dow did not notice anything grotesque about the attitude of the cultivator; he only felt, without thinking, that it had a part in all this dreamless, dead rest and sleep of the hard-toiling implements laid up under the dust.

Some such dust was slowly sifting over his consciousness. He started—relaxed—then was awake; a dim conceit of the sweetness of such a burial from hot and crushing toil possessed his mind, but only for a moment. From the uncouth heap something palpable seemed to be stealing, sweeping out upon him—some formless and black but very welcome thing; and he slept.

DUAL HOMESICKNESS.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

WHILST I in Old-World capitals sojourned,—
In storied cities, rich with Time's acqurest,—
A pilgrim from our wide, unstoried West,
Forever homeward I in spirit turned:
For me through each Atlantic sunset burned
My homeland dawn in braver splendor dressed.
The bird divine that sang from bosky nest,
Beside my brown thrush scanty tribute earned.

But now, when I once more sit down at home,
What fond perversity my soul pursues!
She roves afar, beyond her native pale,
And slips Manhattan Isle to pace through Rome;
Or leaves the brown thrush for the wingèd Muse—
For moonlit Cadenabbia's nightingale.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

In Relation to Heroism.

THE series of papers appearing in THE CENTURY on the "Heroes of Peace" has been successful not only in finding many readers, but in attracting warm appreciation. It seemed particularly appropriate that a magazine which so often had proclaimed the martial virtues should conspicuously chronicle also those heroes whom we have with us always. So Mr. Riis was asked to tell about the "heroes who fight fire," and Mr. Roosevelt to tell about the heroisms that constantly illustrate the dangers and the bravery of the civic police; Mr. Kobbé has set forth the heroisms of the lighthouse service and of the life-saving service, and has called attention to the innumerable acts of unusual courage shown by men engaged in hazardous occupations, as well as by men whose occupations are the farthest removed from danger—like, for instance, the artist Hovenden, who perished in the endeavor to save the life of a child. Articles are in preparation for this series narrating the adventures of various other heroes of peace on land and sea.

No one who reads such records can fail to be convinced that every-day acts of genuine valor are being performed, not only by those peaceful armies and navies whose business it is to save human lives, such as the life-saving corps along our coasts, and our fire departments, but in unexpected emergencies by unlooked-for heroes. In fact, almost every serious accident, where numbers are imperiled, develops or betrays at least one hero. The heroism that crops out where there is no organization to keep up the *esprit de corps*, where there is no prospect of promotion or other reward—this amateur heroism is particularly significant and creditable to human nature. It is not impossible for individual cowardice to show itself in battle, or in a fire company, or under a police uniform; but it may be said to imply something like courage for a soldier, policeman, or fireman to show himself a coward before his comrades. Where a man, therefore, has nothing but his conscience and his own heroic instincts to urge him along the path of peril, he deserves, of course, all the more credit.

In all our glorification of the hero, both in war and in peace, it ought to be borne in mind that a large part of the world's finest heroism necessarily escapes notice. Picturesqueness, a good setting, has much to do with popular recognition of the heroic. Violent contrasts; and if there is squalidness, then extreme and peculiar squalor—elements like these concern the repute of a hero. If we cannot have him leading the ranks, sword and flag in hand, we want to see him ministering not to any ordinary sick, but to the very lepers.

The kind of heroism with which we have been deal-

ing is the heroism of physical action. If an enormous quantity of such heroism escapes not only the chronicler, but is scarcely heard of, and is, indeed, not recognized as such even by the hero himself, how much more there is of moral heroism in the world that will never get into the newspapers or magazines! It would be interesting to gather together conspicuous instances of moral heroism in modern life, though it might sometimes be found difficult to draw the line between physical and moral heroism. Young Shaw, leading the desperate assault of the colored troops at Fort Wagner, is a splendid figure of physical courage, but he is quite as much a moral hero. The young student of medicine who acquires, along with his profession, nearly all the contagious diseases, is he physically or morally brave? And yet we generally mean by moral bravery acts which do not endanger the body, or, if so, only remotely. Another difficulty would meet the chronicler of moral bravery. There is no greater opportunity for the display of moral heroism than in the domain of politics and statesmanship; and yet there is an extraordinary difference of opinion as to the moral quality of political decisions and acts. Those very acts of a statesman which are acclaimed by his admirers most loudly as admirable and heroic may be the actions that his detractors declare to be most unenlightened and pusillanimous. The chronicler, however, could make a long and generally accepted list of shining examples of moral heroism; and yet, still more than in the case of acts of physical heroism, the great mass of examples would remain outside of the power of observation.

It is, in fact, the unnumbered and ever-occurring acts of moral heroism that indicate the character of individuals and of nations. If any heroic action of this kind becomes known and attracts applause, the hero himself often is well aware in his heart that the deed for which he is praised required far less bravery than did those secret decisions of the spirit concerning which no whisper will reach a living soul.

Force.

If two men should get into a quarrel when dining at the house of a friend, and should take off their coats, pull out knives, and begin to gash and cut each other till one dropped dead on the floor, the other guests at the table would not think they had been well treated. In some parts of some civilized countries people do kill each other on questions of so-called honor, but the custom is being gradually abandoned; the duel is resorted to with comparative rareness, and legal measures are taken, instead, for the settlement of disputes. Fighting, stabbing, and shooting in the private walks of life are not looked upon as matters of course; nor do individuals,

as a rule, live in a constant state of preparedness for mortal combat.

And yet nations that call themselves most civilized and most Christian, and even those in which the duel has sunk into greatest disrepute, still devote a large proportion of their wealth to armament, and stand ready to kill at the tap of the drum. And in these nations even the most humane may be among the most strenuous in favor of some particular war.

There seems to be inconsistency here, and it is worth while to try to get at the reason of the difference in the attitude of men toward individual murder, or arranged combat between two, on the one hand, and wholesale slaughter, on the other. Some moralists assert that there is no difference, except that the "great general" is the great murderer. But there are few who hold that view, except in regard to ruthless conquerors, the "butchers" of war.

Those who deprecate unnecessary war, but who do not oppose war as a last resort, might formulate their view somewhat in this way: Men have gradually agreed to give up physical contest as a means of deciding individual or corporate differences. They "go to law" instead of fighting. They agree to be content with peaceful methods for the clearing up of their controversies. But this does not mean that force is altogether eliminated from the contest. Force is not applied by the individual in his own behalf (except in case of attack), because he has delegated to the common government the right to employ force. His foe is "arrested," not by himself, but by his "servant," the public official designated and set apart for the purpose of arresting. He does not lock his dangerous enemy up in a dungeon; the state does that for him. The state "executes" instead of the next of kin. So in civil proceedings, where there is no question of bodily harm, the element of force is still imminent; for beyond the judgment of the court stands the officer, ready to carry that judgment forcibly into effect.

Force is, indeed, behind all the forms of civil government now existing. In the United States the city has its police, the county its sheriffs, the state its court officers and militia, the general government its marshals and its army and navy. Thus is order maintained at home, and thus is the national will exercised upon other nations.

So much of human nature being vicious and depraved, so much of it irrational, emotional, and violent, the best of human nature being what it is, the time when force may be dispensed with, either in home or international regulation, does, indeed, seem very distant. But those do not err who would hasten the time when, as in individual controversies there is a trial or arbitration before force is called upon to do its full work, so in international disputes the high court of arbitration shall in all possible cases avert or precede the employment of arms.

But above the question as to the conditions in which

force shall be brought to bear as between nations is the higher consideration of the justice and righteousness of the cause in which it may be employed. May the guns of our own beloved Republic ever be

Stern toward the cruel, potent for the weak, . . .
And shot with the arguments of God.

A Service of England to America.

It is a circumstance of no little importance that the Cuban difficulty has afforded a new exhibition of British friendliness toward America, the sincerity of which it is impossible to doubt. Nor, as in our Civil War, is this sentiment confined to the common people; what is significant is the almost official character of this sympathy,—shown in the warmth of the greeting to our ambassador by members of the royal family at a moment of great tension; in the ill-restrained outburst of cordiality toward us in Parliament; in the well-timed call of the British ambassador upon the captain of the *Maine*, and in Sir Julian's discreetly worded address to the President on behalf of the powers; and, in general, in the friendly tone of the prominent newspapers of London, representing various shades of political opinion, culminating in this sentence from the "Times": "Our sympathies, so far as the Cuban question is concerned, are with the American people, as against Spanish misgovernment and inhumanity." If these, and many similar individual expressions, could ever be forgotten by us, then should we indeed deserve to be classed among those republics which are ungrateful.

What is chiefly welcome in these utterances is the evidence that England does not fail to understand American motives in entering, as the country did in Mr. Cleveland's administration, upon the embarrassing task of protesting against the prolongation of the Cuban war. England, at least, knows that America is actuated by no spirit of aggression and by no desire for territory, and that only after long forbearance has been reluctantly spoken, for the entire civilized world, the word which, in the opinion of the government, the accident of propinquity has made it our special duty to speak. America's very abhorrence of war is a measure of the solemn and conscientious conviction with which that desperate issue has been faced, in the hope of accomplishing a great good for mankind at large. Such aspirations we have learned largely at the feet of England's poets, statesmen, and jurists, and the best return we can make to her for her chivalrous and generous grasp of the hand is to make her feel that it is not unexpected. This new interchange of sympathy realizes the statesman's noble vision of race patriotism, and signifies the extinction in America of the anti-British "jingo."

In this crisis no one should doubt the purity of motive on the part of the mass of our people, nor fail to recognize the great benefit to civilization in the better understanding of the two great English-speaking nations.

April 21, 1898.

OPEN LETTERS

The Terrible Upheaval in the Straits of Sunda.

WHILE glancing over the series of questions in the prize competition relating to The Century Dictionary, I noticed the query as to which was the more destructive, the volcanic outbreak in the Straits of Sunda, in 1883, or that at Pompeii, in the year 79.

As I passed through the Straits of Sunda a few days after that terrible catastrophe, I was a witness of some of the after-effects of that gigantic upheaval.

It was early in August, 1883. The good ship *Santa Clara* of New York city, after a three months' stay in the Bay of Manila, weighed anchor, and filled away for "home," laden with sugar and hemp. She had sailed from New York eight months previous, with a cargo of oil for Yokohama. She had been chartered to run down from Yokohama to Manila in ballast, and load sugar for New York. The period of what, in nautical parlance, is called "lay days" ran out, and our sugar cargo was not complete. According to the terms of the charter, this subjected the shippers to a heavy demurrage. But our "hustling" Yankee captain compromised with the shippers by filling out with hemp at a very high rate.

So here we were at last, "homeward bound," our captain ambitious to make the round voyage inside of a year, the rest of us eager to get back and enjoy the fruits of our labor, sailor fashion, which would probably be getting rid, in three days, of the money it had taken us twelve hard months to earn. My back aches now, and my hands get sore, when I think of the weary "boxhauling," anchoring at night, and heaving up anchor at the first glint of dawn; the setting of every rag that would draw in the light winds prevailing, when we could get a favorable "slant" down through some narrow strait; the constant drudgery necessary in navigating through the Philippine Islands, the Celebes Sea, Macassar Strait, and the Java Sea.

Twenty-eight days out from Manila we were off Batavia, when a German man-of-war spoke us, notifying the captain that a few days before there had been a volcanic eruption on the island of Krakatoa ("old Thwart-the-way," the sailors called it), in the Straits of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra, accompanied by an earthquake and a tidal wave that sent up a wall of water ninety feet high, wiping the town of Anjer completely off the map, breaking the island of Krakatoa into two parts, and causing a loss of life then estimated at about ninety thousand; but later estimates, I believe, placed the loss between thirty and forty thousand. The captain further said there had been no time to survey the Straits of Sunda, and he advised great caution in working through them, as there was no knowing what new reefs might have been thrown up. Thanking the German captain, we dipped our colors and squared away. The next forenoon we reached the entrance to the straits.

We had a light working breeze, and the wind was fair. Captain Rivers ordered sail shortened until we could just about carry steerageway. Off Anjer Point we hove to. What a change in that place since I had last seen it! Then the ship had been surrounded by the natives in boats loaded with fruits, sweet potatoes, yams, monkeys, parrots, Javanese ornaments, tobacco, and everything that would appeal to "poor Jack's" fancy; and now there was—one solitary boatman with sweet potatoes and yams; where the town had been not a house was to be seen; not another thing to indicate human life!

On questioning the native boatman, we learned that his life had been saved by the accident of his having gone into the interior on some errand. The poor fellow's family had perished with the rest. The captain bought the boat-load of vegetables, and after it was aboard we felt our way cautiously along, keeping a sharp lookout for broken water.

When off Java Head the captain concluded that we were out of danger, and ordered all sail made. With the water perfectly smooth, and a strong, fair wind, we were soon bowling along at the rate of twelve good knots an hour.

We had been working all hands; but now, with the long stretch across the Indian Ocean to the Cape of Good Hope before us, we started the regular "watch and watch."

At four bells in the middle watch (2 A. M.) I was roused by the cry of "All hands on deck!" to shorten sail. I tumbled on deck, rubbing the sleep out of my eyes. The next order was, "Keep the men standing by." Sailor-like, we all growled, and wondered what the "old man" meant by rousing us out when we had a fair wind, a smooth sea, and everything, as we supposed, to his liking. Then a turn across the deck to the weather side brought my heart into my mouth; for there on our weather bow ahead (as I could see under the foot of the foresail), and to leeward, as far as the eye could reach, were apparently "breakers." Still we stood on, the long lines of foam coming nearer and nearer with frightful rapidity. Murmurs of fear were heard from some, but most of us braced ourselves for the shock, and were momentarily expecting to feel the keel grinding on the rocks, and see the spars come tumbling down about us. A moment more, and we were in the white water; but we felt no shock, and did not hear the grinding noise we dreaded. Our way was slowly checked, but not entirely stopped. A little shower of spray, and some of the white water, breaking over the weather-rail by the forebraces, soon explained the mystery. The white water was pumice-stone, and the sea was covered with it for miles and miles. When we ran into these dead ashes of the volcano the ship was going at least eleven knots an hour. For the rest of the night we did not make over four, and the wind had not diminished in any

degree. It was a bright moonlight night, and the scene was indescribably beautiful. We seemed to be sailing through glistening white snow, the intense phosphorescence in these waters giving the same diamond rays from the particles of pumice-stone, as they turned and rolled in our wake, as are thrown from clear snow on a still, cold, frosty night.

The daylight brought unpleasant sights. Here and there a dead body would be seen floating along, with trunks of trees, pieces of boats, and other reminders of the awful calamity. We ran out of this pumice-stone sea that day, but from there down to the cape we would see occasional patches of it. Our thrifty captain took advantage of the circumstance to lay in enough pumice-stone to smooth paint and scrub bright-work for the next ten years. Eleven months and twenty days from the time we passed Sandy Hook, bound out, we were again anchored in New York Bay.

E. J. Henry.

Should Higher Education be Provided for the Negro?

THE most ardent advocates of the interests of our colored Americans are puzzled as to what is the best practical education for this particular people. The question used to be a local one, growing out of Southern opinion and prejudice. Happily, the question has become national. Philanthropists at the North, who have been generous in gifts for the educational advancement of the colored people, have become skeptical when the subject of higher education for this people is suggested. It is an open secret that those who magnify industrial training for the colored people receive the most munificent gifts to foster their work, both North and South. That the North has experienced a change of heart respecting this problem of educating the colored people goes without saying. No one can be censured for this, for the scare of the times is, for all people, "over-education." The cause of apprehension on the subject mentioned may be in what a writer stated in an open letter in THE CENTURY some time ago: "If the negroes are made scientists rather than classical scholars, it may avoid to some extent the prejudice against whatever tends to put a colored man on a level with whites. They might come to look upon a scientific negro as they would upon an improved cotton-gin—that is, a promising addition to the resources of the country." From such reasoning one readily sees that it is not the highest good sought from a practicable standpoint, but the best policy in view of "existing conditions." Whenever the education of a people is based upon policy at the expense of the perfect development of the race, that system of education is a failure. It is far from our thought, however, to advocate a classical education for the masses of the colored people—or of any people, for that matter. We do claim stoutly, however, that for specialists, as "teachers," "model pastors," and "leaders," to use another's terms, a thorough education is as essential for colored people as for white people. It is an exceed-

ingly novel idea of education which abridges its breadth and scope to local environment. No man is properly educated unless his capacities are ranged in the fullest line of the service for which he is fitted.

The colored man is too shrewd not to believe that what is good enough for a white man's son is just good enough for his own son. The example of Talladega College, in Alabama, and other institutions in the South, is commended by some for "dispensing entirely with Greek and altogether with Hebrew. Students, instead, are given a thorough acquaintance with the English Bible, with an abridged but very exacting drill in church history, systematic theology, etc." Such a curriculum is a maker of "the model pastor," "the negro's greatest need." We would add that "model pastors" are somewhat scarce in the churches, and our white churches should profit by the curriculum mentioned.

The only manly and practical way to face this question is to settle the point whether thoroughness in biblical study is as essential to the leadership of colored clergymen as it is to white clergymen. Is a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew necessary for the average biblical student? There is a good deal of blind reasoning in the trite phrase, "thorough acquaintance with the English Bible," with no discriminate knowledge of what really constitutes the English Bible. We admit in all candor that "knowledge puffeth up," model pastors and leaders not excepted; and we are forced to the conclusion that one seldom finds a colored man with a classical training who does not betray in some way a consciousness of his high attainments; and there are preachers who read the Bible in the original tongues who instinctively feel that they are caught up to a high state above their fellows. But this lofty-mindedness proves nothing in respect to race; for consciousness of superior attainments is not always absent from white preachers, though it may not be so frankly shown as by the colored students.

If the institutions which educate the colored people *en masse* even modify their curriculums on the theory that the colored race should have a special education, their usefulness will be virtually at an end.

We doubt seriously whether a scientifically educated negro will satisfy the country in contradistinction to her classically educated whites. The "improved cotton-gin" would certainly put a high premium upon itself; and in the South especially the racial status of wealth would doubtless be reversed. The country is no more willing to receive the "scientific negro" than it is willing to acknowledge the social status of the negro. Classified education will not settle the race problem as such, but an all-round practical training will; and those institutions educating the colored people as *people*, and not as a *race*, in lines developing their special and varied gifts and callings, are giving birth to a new race and hastening the dawn of a new civilization in America.

Robert A. McGuinn.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Doorless Wolf. A FABLE.



I SAW, one day, when times were very good,
A newly rich man walking in a wood,
Who chanced to meet, all hungry, lean, and sore,
The wolf that used to sit outside his door.
Forlorn he was, and piteous his plaint.
"Help me!" he howled. "With hunger I am faint.
It is so long since I have seen a door—
And you are rich, and you have many score.
When you'd but one, I sat by it all day;
Now you have many, I am turned away.
Help me, good sir, once more to find a place.
Prosperity now stares me in the face."
The newly rich man, jingling all the while
The silver in his pocket, smiled a smile:
He saw a way the wolf could be of use.
"Good wolf," said he, "you're going to the deuce,—



The dogs, I mean,—and that will never do;
I think I've found a way to see you through.
I too have worries. Ever since I met
Prosperity I have been sore beset
By begging letters, charities, and cranks,
All very short in gold and long in thanks.
Now, if you'll come and sit by my front door
From eight o'clock each morning, say, till four,
Then every one will think that I am poor,
And from their pesterings I'll be secure.
Do you accept?" The wolf exclaimed, "I do!"
The rich man smiled; the wolf smiled; I smiled, too,
And in my little book made haste to scrawl:
"Thus affluence makes niggards of us all!"

Oliver Herford.



Diplomatic Reserve.

A DIALOGUE.

SCENE: *Private office of an Assistant Secretary of State, within a few miles of the Potomac.*

CHARACTERS: *The Assistant Secretary of State.
Mrs. Vandersicle.*

Mrs. Vandersicle. Oh, good morning, Mr. Secretary I sha'n't detain you but the briefest moment. I know how busy you public men must be, and particularly now when things are in such a—what shall I say? I don't wish to characterize, but that is not necessary; you know precisely what I mean, no doubt. I sha'n't detain you long, as I say, for my carriage is waiting at the door, and I have several calls to make this morning. The fact is, I am a member of the Woman's Diplomatic Club,—you know it, of course; they're all in our set,—and this winter we are going to give our attention exclusively to international questions, so of course I came to you.

Secretary. I shall be very happy, I'm sure, to lend you whatever aid I can; but—

Mrs. Vandersicle. Yes, yes; I know. I really mean to be very brief. The fact is that I am to read a paper,

at the next meeting of our club, upon the subject of "Harbor Defenses of Our Great Cities." It is a subject of which I know absolutely nothing, but I thought that you were so familiar with it that you could give me what hints I should need in order to prepare the paper.

Secretary. But—

Mrs. Vandersicle. Of course you must n't think I am so uninformed in our public matters as not to know that there is a great deal of which you would not like to tell me, and I can see the reason why. If an enemy should find out just where our disappearing-mines or submarine guns were planted, they might send their marines to dig them up or spike them, after which there would be no trouble in making a descent upon our coast. So, you see, I don't mean to ask you any embarrassing questions. I only wish to get a clear idea of the method of fortifying a harbor—say, for instance, how one would protect Washington, provided a fleet from, let us say, Holland, should suddenly dash across the ocean, ready to land military stores and all those horrid things they carry.

Secretary. But, my dear madam—

Mrs. Vandersicle. Don't think that I wish for a moment to pry into any of the government archives. I hope I know better than to come and interrupt a busy man during a crisis of so much importance to the country. It would not do, of course, to tell every one who came in here just what preparations the government would make in view of impending hostilities; but I think that, since you and I have known each other so long, you would not mind giving me a hint or two that would make my paper seem effective and well informed. I should not mention, of course, the source of my information; that is, I should not give your name. I could say, "a gentleman high in authority in the State Department," or, if you think that is saying too much, I might say, "in the Post-office Department," or, "the Patent Office." Maybe that would not seem exactly the thing; but still, there's no reason why a man in the Patent Office might not have acquired information of what goes on in the State Department.

Secretary. I should be happy, of course, to oblige you; but prudence—

Mrs. Vandersicle (apparently a little offended). I hope you don't for a moment suspect me of any intention of communicating what you might tell me in quarters where it would do harm. You know that I am too loyal a woman—too patriotic—to do anything to embarrass the government at a time when every citizen must see the importance of proceeding with the utmost caution. It is my idea only to secure general information. Perhaps I had better simply put you a few specific questions, though of course you can guess just exactly what I want to know. Has n't there been some talk of using dynamite? It seems to me that I remember reading in the papers—or maybe Charley read it to me—about a dynamite-catcher, something that throws that horrid explosive stuff up into the air. I should think it would be enough for men to shoot each other decently, without blowing one another all to bits. But, after all, I suppose you can't fight in kid gloves; and if people are coming over here to blow you up, the best thing you can do is to blow them up first. But still, don't tell me even that, if it is a diplomatic secret. I suppose you

know hundreds of things that no one else knows, unless it is the President and his cabinet, of course, and they have to. Do I make myself clear?

Secretary. Well, of course, I should be very glad—

Mrs. Vandersicle. I repeat that I appreciate fully the immense responsibility and confidence reposed in you by the Executive, and I would not do the first thing—not the first thing—to embarrass the government. In fact, I don't want to write this paper at all. I tried to get out of it. I told Mrs. Jameson that my daughter's coming-out reception took place next week, and that I had promised to help in the private theatricals for the benefit of the Colored Nursery, besides my usual Thursday reception, where I am to have a real German baron; but I must n't take up your time talking of my own affairs. I only wanted to explain to you that it is not my fault that I am here to-day. Perhaps, instead of asking specific questions, it would be better that I should get from you a general idea of how they go to work—what they do, you know. Now, these mortar-batteries—I am ashamed to say that I don't know just what that means, whether they mean that the batteries are built of cement, or whether—but then you understand those things so much better than I. Is it true that the rapid-fire guns do fire as rapidly as they say? It seems hardly credible.

Secretary. Well, as to rapid-fire guns—

Mrs. Vandersicle. I don't think that it is worth while for me to attempt to understand these complicated mechanisms. Charley always said that I had no head for machinery, and I am sure I have n't. In fact, I can never get this subject clear in my mind unless I can see a picture or a map, or something of that kind. Don't you have here charts, or plans, or patterns, so to speak, of the harbor defenses, showing just where they have the big guns and the rifles and the muskets planted? If you do, perhaps you could just leave me with the chart for a little while, and I will try to get a clear idea of it all by myself.

Secretary. All such documents (*she attempts to speak, but he finishes rapidly*) are in charge of the Secretary of War.

Mrs. Vandersicle. But it would n't take me a moment to drive over there. I won't ask you to go. Just give me a note to him, or your card will do—or send a boy. Better yet, suppose you send me a chart of Washington harbor this afternoon by a messenger-boy? I will take great care of it, and not put any pencil-marks on it.

Secretary. I regret extremely my inability—

Mrs. Vandersicle. There, there; not another word. I think I can take a hint. Very likely I should not understand it, after all, and it would not be of the slightest use. I wish that, instead of writing this paper myself, I could get you to give us just a little informal talk on the subject. You need not write anything out; just come informally, and give us a ten or fifteen minutes' talk on the subject. I'd rather hear a few minutes' talk from a practical man like yourself than all the fussy papers that they will read there. To tell you the truth, I don't believe in these women's clubs. I think it would be much better if we were all at home attending to our own affairs. But, after all, what is one to do? Mrs. Jameson was so flattering, and she positively insisted that they could not get along without me. I told her

that I was not one of the progressive kind, that I was brought up in the good old-fashioned way, and that I should be heartily glad when all this nonsense was over. Why, all last year we talked about political economy, and I give you my word I don't know what it was all about, and I have a shrewd suspicion that no one else does. I told them at the very beginning that it was too hard a subject for us. I wanted to discuss the silver question—not that I know anything about it myself, but I could get hints from Charley, who is full of it. But Mrs. Jameson's husband writes on political economy for the reviews, and so she insisted that the silver question was only temporary, while every well-informed woman ought to be up in political economy. But let me see; I must ask you one or two questions while I am on the subject of harbor defenses. Are these torpedo-boats practical?

Secretary. Practical?

Mrs. Vandersicle. Yes; do they really work, or is it all newspaper talk? (*She looks at her watch.*) But goodness! I can't keep the carriage another moment. You see, our horses have not been long in the city, and they don't stand at all well. I know Joseph gets quite wrought up if I keep him longer than fifteen or twenty minutes. I really must go, and I will depend upon you to send to my house any documents you have that will aid me in preparing a paper. But you will have to send them this afternoon, as I have to read the paper tomorrow at six. Good-by. I hope you have not been led by my indiscreet questions into making any diplomatic revelations. I understand perfectly the reticence your position imposes upon you; and although you have not said too much, I feel that you have cleared the subject up for me famously. Good-by. Do call soon, if you can. Charley was saying this morning that it was an age since he had seen you. Once more, good-by.

Secretary. Good-by.

Tudor Jenks.

Half-Mo'nin'.

It sho do look ter me, Miss Marthy, lak de Kintown niggers is de talkin'est set o' niggers de Lord ever let live. I ain't never is see nuthin' lak it—no, I ain't. Dey ain't mo' 'n two quality niggers, 'scusin' myse'f, f'om one end o' dat onchrishcum town ter t'other, whut knows how ter behave deyse'fs lak white folks, an' keeps dey moufs shet. 'T ain't none o' dey business whut I sees fit ter clothe myse'f in. Dey so consarned 'bout my gyarmints, an' half dey own black skin a-showin' though dey rags! Yas, missy; I sho is went ter Sam Bell's fun'al in des de gyarb you done heard on. No, ma'am; I ain't to say no kin ter him; but look lak de occasum demand me ter show my han', an' I 'lows ter 'splain de situashum, an' see if it don't 'pear lak to you it alter de case. 'Ca'se you done got de book sense, missy, ter see things is white when dey looks black; an' dis heah am a white an' black queschum. You know yo'se'f, honey, dat Sam an' me done been layin' off ter git married too long ter talk 'bout; an' it done been give out in meetin', an' ain't nuthin' gwine stop nary one ob us, had n' 'a' been fer my ole divilmint b'ilin' up in de mos' inconvenient time. You knows it yo'se'f, Miss Marthy, dat divilmint I done mentions, 'ca'se you done see it bile. You ain't done fo'got, de time o' dat big dinin' o' yourn, it mighty nigh bile

clean over an' spile de dinner; 'ca'se I ain't never is no cook when it turn loose—can't tell sugar f'om salt.

Well, de week 'fo' our prospectin' weddin', dis heah white illushum weddin'-veil all boughten, an' dis heah fool nigger all ready to marry Sam Bell, f'om dat veil cl'ar down to bran'-new white stockins an' slippers. Well, me an' Sam, us hab a passel o' hot words, one night, 'bout nex' to nuthin', an' I ups an' tole him I ain't gwine marry him, ef he 's de las' nigger on de Lord's green yearth. Now you know yo'se'f, honey, dat I ain't mean it, 'ca'se I allus is love' Sam, an' I ain't never is been de same cook sence dat night. Seem lak I ain't hab no heart in cookin'; it done shoooken up de las' nerve I got. But, honey, I allus is a proud nigger, an' when I ain't hear nuthin' f'om Sam de nex' day, an' de nex' week, I ups an' marries Steve Cole—he been pesterin' de life out'n me for a plumb yeah. An' Sam Bell he right spunky hisse'f,—he ain't gwine be outdone,—an' he ups an' marries dat little yaller Sally Ann Smiff.

But dat illushum weddin'-veil I done boughten, dat war Sam's veil, boughten fer him, an' I ain't wo' it none when I marry Steve. Seem lak I could n't 'a' saw de preacher though dat veil. I wo' all my yether weddin'-clo'es, but seem lak dat veil hurt me cl'ar to my heart. It lay in my ole trunk, wid its bunch o' orange-blossoms turnin' yaller, an' look at me des lak a ghos' ever sence. An' it smite my conscience mighty hard when Sam tooken sick wid de pnumony, an' Sally Ann war n't none too good ter him.

Oh, yas 'm; Steve made me a ve'y good husban',—buy me ever'thing I wanted—rings an' jew'lry an' a black alpacker,—but he ru'd orf las' winter wid Judy Williams. But I ain't 'low to let dat spile my p'lasure, 'ca'se you know, Miss Marthy, I ain't never is love' Steve—to say love him lak I done Sam. An' Sam, Miss Marthy, have a hankerin' after me to his dyin' day; his las' words say so. Dat 's why I done do as I tellin' you—'ca'se I know it all my fault. When he done tooken wuss, nuthin' 'd do him but I mus' come over an' set by him day an' night. An' when he done die, an' Sally Ann send over de widder's weeds she done borried fer de fun'al, an' ax me would I please drape 'em on her bonnet, I gits to thinkin', an' I say to myse'f, "I 's de one dat oughter been wearin' dis heah crape veil." An' it come into my haid dat Sam 'd lak to have me do a little mo'nin' an' weah a weed or two myse'f, I reckon, 'ca'se our hearts done been united, all but de preachin'. Sally Ann allus is hol' her haid high, 'ca'se she 'low I could n't git Sam; she 'low he jilt me. Well, I drape her bonnet; but I say to myse'f: "Dese heah widder's weeds grows pow'ful closter my heart, an' I reckon I gwine parcipitate in dis heah fun'al, too."

'Co'se you know yo'se'f, missy, dat I knows 't ain't gwine be proper fer me to weah de same kind o' veil as Sally Ann weah, fer I ain't to say de widder; but it do 'pear lak ter me I 'm de nex' thing to it. I ain't Steve Cole's wife, an' I ain't Steve Cole's widder, 'ca'se Steve ain't daid; an' I p'intedly ain't calc'latin', nohow, to weah no mo'nin' fer no husban' dats been oncontented wid me in dis life; an' I ain't 'zackly Steve's lawful grass-widder nuther, 'ca'se we ain't never been subdivided by de jedge. F'om de weed stan'p'int, honey, not countin' de grass prospec's, I ain't see as I be 'zackly nuthin'. In de whole field o' my 'spe'unce, I ain't see no weeds

sproutin'; I ain't see no chance to weah no weeds fer nobody.

An' you see, missy, I ain't never is wo' my white illushum weddin'-veil, nuther; an' it 'pear lak ter me dat dis heah am de occashum fer me ter weah dat weddin'-veil dat I done boughten fer Sam an' I ain't never is wo' fer nobody else.

You know yo'se'f, Miss Marthy, dat black an' white am half-mo'nin'; an' it 'pear ter me lak it ain't no mo' 'n right fer me to go ter Sam Bell's fun'al in half-mo'nin', 'ca'se I 'se done been mo' 'n half-way on de road to bein' his legal wife, right in de middle o' de law. Look lak dat gimme a *half a chance* now, an' I 'solves ter foller him on dis heah las' journey o' hisn in *half-mo'nin'*, whut 'll speak out in meetin', an' p'int out how many halves dey is in dis heah cake; 'ca'se you know, honey, clo'es does talk, an' I 'lows dey ain't gwine to be no mistake no longer. "T wa'n't trespassin' on de widder's rights ter full mo'nin'; 't wa' n't showin' no onrespec' to nobody; an' it seem lak I owes him dat much aftah all dat 's done passed 'twixt him an' me. So I des slicks up my ha'r (Sam allus is used to say it shame de raben's wing, an' my skin ain't fer behind in color—Sam ain't never is like light-complexshumed niggers, nohow), an' I des puts on my black alpacker, an' I th'ows dat white illushum weddin'-veil over my haid,—an' dat veil ain't never is look so white befo',—an' I puts a black crape bow in de place o' de o'ange-blossoms, an' I goes to dat fun'al o' hisn as nigh to bein' his late wife as de situashum 'lows. An' I reckon I 'tracted 'bout as much 'tenshum as de sho'nough relic', wid all her groans an' takin' on. You know, Miss Marthy, dat I does know how to deduc' myse'f at fun'als. I ain't one o' yo'-all's niggers fer nuthin'; yo'-all's niggers certain'y does show dey raisin'—dey certain'y does. An' I done been ter too many quality fun'als, f'om ole mistus down, not ter say nuthin' 'bout my immanual on etiquette. An' it look lak, takin' 'em bof together, I sho is able by dis time to git th'ough a fun'al lak white folks.

Margaret Church.

Noble Edwin Grace.

(After W. S. Gilbert.)

It was a maiden fair—
Elvira was her name.
Her hair was red upon her head;
She was a comely dame.

It was her lover tall—
His name was Edwin Grace.
His bright blue eyes of extra size
Adorned a handsome face.

"Elope with me," quoth he;
"We 'll skip it in the night;
Then we will wed." She cried, "'Nough said,"
And eke, "All right, all right."

He reached her house at ten,
And called to her to fly.
He could have wept: the maiden slept,
And did not hear his cry.

At last a sash went up;
Her father looked below.
"She sleeps quite sound, but I 'll be bound
I 'll wake her. Don't you go.

"Come round to the front gate."
The sash was closed once more;
And Edwin Grace, with dubious face,
Walked round to the front door.

The door it opened wide;
The parents stood within;
They said, "We hope that you 'll elope;
We hear that you have tin."

Then Edwin laughed, "Ha, ha!"
He also laughed, "Te, he!"
Such a papa and a mama
I ne'er before did see."

Elvira soon came down
In pretty dress of gray,
And Edwin cried, "My sweet young bride,
Elope! away, away!"

Her dad his blessing gave,
A blessing gave her ma.
They quickly sped, and soon were wed;
Then Edwin cried, "Ah, ha!"

"Your father thinks that I
Am blessed with lots of mon';
I' faith, I spent my dernier cent
To get us spliced as one.

"But be of portly heart;
Your father 's rich" said he.
"We 'll wear no rags: his money-bags
Suffice for thee and me."

Charles Battell Loomis.

The Unannounced Engagement.

SHE played her banjo; but each note
So cried aloud his name,
She hushed it with her bird-swift hand,
And blushed rose-red from shame.

"What makes you blush, dear?" whispered he;
"And why, pray, don't you play?"
Said she: "How can I, when the thing
Betrays me in this way?"

Said he: "What thing? And what's betrayed?"
Said she: "Oh, can't you hear?
The banjo sings what's in my heart,
And that's your name, my dear!"

Elizabeth Harman.

A Klondike Wooling.

THE lover, sighing, whispered low
To maiden blushing shyly:
"You have, I 'm told, a heart of gold,
That 's valued very highly."

She answered then: "A heart of gold!
I 'm much inclined to doubt it.
How can I know if it be so?
What shall I do about it?"

The youth replied: "If there be dross,
A test will soon betray it;
And I opine that 's in my line—
Pray, may I not assay it?"

Elliott Flower.



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BY ORDER OF THE ADMIRAL.

A STORY OF THE TIMES. BY WINSTON CHURCHILL,

Author of "The Celebrity," "Mr. Keegan's Elopement," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

I.

THE North Atlantic Squadron was landing men on the ledge at Maryport, and the wide green down beyond the beach was already flecked with the white puffs of the skirmish-line, and answering balls of smoke darted out from behind the bushes and trees of the distant hillside, whither the enemy was retiring in good order. Men, hip-deep in the water, lifted field-guns from the bows of stranded launches, and, after a "Heave ho!" from the young officer with sword in the air, ran them, sixteen to a drag, high up on the rise to the right, where a battery was executing "action front." Now, Society was banked on this rise; but Society had to retire without its dignity. The first Hotchkiss in position sent all the grooms to the horses' heads, and all the horses to the right about, the nervous leaders of the red-and-black coach being the first led away into the scrub-oaks.

There was one horse that stayed, a drag's length from the flank gun, but it was very plain that his wishes were not consulted in the matter. His mistress was a tall, lithe girl in a covert riding-coat, and the admiral forgot to watch the manœuvres, and slapped his thigh with delight, and swore she kept her seat like a pennant on a yard-arm. For nothing appeals to a seafaring man so much as a good horsewoman. With a disdainful sweep of her crop she motioned off the

grooms who crowded about her, and they stood back agape with admiration. When the second gun swung into line matters began to look serious. The hunter quivered from head to foot, his nostrils wide open with fright, and the veins strung out over his long body. He plunged, but she sat as erect as ever; then he stood up until his mane brushed the lapel of her coat, but she merely bent her head and stroked his neck; and finally he bolted, but she had him before he reached the edge of the brake, and brought him back again by sheer force of will to the flank gun, beside the admiral. Something like a cheer rose from those who were looking on, and many crowded around to congratulate her. She took this calmly.

"Bless me!" the admiral cried to his flag secretary, "she's a thoroughbred. What's her name, Renwick?"

"That's Miss Knowlys, sir."

"By George, sir!" said the admiral, with enthusiasm, "what are you young fellows about? She'd be an honor to the service."

"I rather think she would," said Renwick, a little bitterly; "there are some bachelors in the squadron who would give their promotion to marry her."

"All bosh!" the admiral retorted. "When I was young the navy did n't talk that way. We carried 'em off, sir; that's what we did."

"You would n't have carried *her* off," said Renwick, under his breath.

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"Present me," said the admiral.

Renwick looked at him, and decided that he meant it. So they pushed through the knot of people that surrounded her, and the admiral was duly presented.

"The service is the place for you, Miss Knowlys," said he. "I've picked you out for one of my young officers; and I'm sorry I'm not young myself."

Everybody laughed, for the admiral was a favorite, and famous for his brusque speeches. For an instant the red swept over the girl's face, but she was equal to the occasion.

"I am sorry, too, admiral," she said; "but tell me which of your officers you have chosen."

The admiral looked around for Renwick, but he had fled. Casting his eye over the battery, it fell upon the young lieutenant standing between guns, clean cut from shoulder to heel. His uniform clung tightly to his figure, for he was dripping wet from the wade ashore, and he gave his orders in a voice that made the men jump to their stations. The admiral leveled his sword in that direction.

"There!" he exclaimed, with an earnestness which must have convinced her that he was far from joking. "Mr. Buckner is the best of the young officers in this fleet. You won't find a better one in the navy, and that's saying a good deal."

Even the directness of this speech did not disconcert Miss Knowlys. She drew herself up still straighter in the saddle, and looked the young man over critically. Her hair lay in tight folds under her riding-hat, for the tussle with the hunter had not disarranged her in the least.

"Perhaps Mr. Buckner might seriously object," she said, with a smile.

"Object!" roared the admiral. "Not while I'm on the active list."

This speech of the admiral's created another laugh. Then a certain Mr. Everett, who had driven the red-and-black coach, spoke up.

"Lieutenant Buckner?" said he, with interest. "It seems to me I read something about him in the New York papers. Did n't he defend a sailor in court, or something of that kind?"

The admiral looked Mr. Everett over, and grunted:

"Yes, sir; he did."

"How?" asked Miss Knowlys, laconically.

"He was sent to get the man, and got him, Miss Knowlys; that was all. The police had telegraphed us that they had locked him up on

a criminal charge; but he was a valuable man, — a quartermaster, — so Mr. Buckner was told to get him off before we sailed. He had him marched over to court, defended him himself, and cleared him, and was on board with him half an hour before we weighed anchor."

Miss Knowlys changed the subject.

"Explain what they are doing, admiral," she said; "I am more interested in that."

"Well," said the admiral, with good nature, "maybe you are able to understand it better than the average young woman. You see, we put the marines ashore this morning to take the part of the enemy. They have tried to prevent us from landing, and now they have fallen back to a position on the hill which they hope to be able to hold. But a detachment has gone through the woods to turn their right flank. You understand?"

"Perfectly."

"Now," he went on, "that rise just over the gully here is our next stopping-place for the artillery, and if we can take that we'll come pretty close to raking 'em. You know what 'raking' means, Miss Knowlys?" he demanded suddenly, scrutinizing her from under his shaggy eyebrows. The admiral was one of those who hold instruction precious.

"Of course," said Miss Knowlys; "I've studied tactics."

"You?" cried the admiral, incredulously.

"Why not?" she replied, laughing. "That is n't forbidden to women, is it?"

"What in the devil should a woman do with tactics?" he said. Surprise made the admiral forget himself.

"Will you allow me to make a suggestion?" she said, as she pulled her hunter up on the bit.

"A suggestion?" he repeated, aghast. "Certainly; certainly."

"Then I should n't put all the artillery on that next rise, if I were you, admiral. There's a smaller one, covered with pines, about an eighth of a mile farther on to the right, which will hold two of the guns. A company of infantry can make the detour in the gully without any trouble. In that way you cut off one avenue of retreat."

The admiral fairly danced with ecstasy.

"Swing me! Miss Knowlys," said he, "if you're not a military genius. I'll have that suggestion of yours acted upon. Orderly!"

The orderly stood to attention; but an idea had struck the admiral.

"Ask Mr. Buckner to step here a minute."

Buckner seemed surprised. He looked

around for the admiral, and at last perceived him in the group about the young horse-woman. He shifted his revolver and canteen into position, obeyed the summons, and

"My orders are to advance to the next rise, sir, as soon as possible."

"I did n't ask for your orders, sir. Every officer should have plans of his own. What



"‘PRESENT ME,’ SAID THE ADMIRAL."

saluted with his sword, with some of the sensations of a school-child at an oral examination. But he was suddenly aware that the gray eyes of the tall girl on the hunter were upon him, and he challenged them.

"What are your plans, Mr. Buckner?" said the admiral.

should you do with the guns, if you had anything to say about placing them?"

Buckner flushed. He knew the admiral's eccentricities—his unintentional cruelties as well as his bluff kindnesses.

"There 's another mound northwest, admiral," he answered slowly, "where I should

put a couple of guns, provided the infantry could be spared."

There was a trace of triumph in the admiral's expression.

"Very good, sir," he said. "Send my messenger to Commander Ball, to say, with my compliments, that you will occupy the position."

As he turned to execute the order, Buckner had his doubts whether the admiral had considered the Signal Corps; experience had taught him the danger of hints from subordinates. He might have been spared, he thought, the display he had just gone through before the girl and the crowd of civilians. But her glance had burned itself into his memory. It had, indeed, been a mutual recognition by two unconquerable spirits, since not for an instant had she lowered her eyes before his; but she had looked him through and through, as if to examine the claim which had been made for him. Whether she read him rightly, as he stood facing that critical audience, is a matter of surmise. But the admiral saw in his demeanor a record of painstaking attention to duty, and of warm and loyal interest in the service, and, above all, he knew and valued him as an officer whose word must be obeyed to the very letter.

When the guns went crashing down the slope and through the gully, Buckner, keeping pace with them, was wondering what manner of girl this might be. He had known many in his short life, from very much all over the world, but never one who, for the mere pleasure of it, would force a spirited horse to stand alongside a battery in action. And as they opened fire from the hillock he little thought that she was following the line, and alone, for her groom had been unhorsed at the second fence. But presently, to the amazement of all who saw her, she came sweeping through the brush as along a turnpike, and drew up near the rear ammunition-box, and thence watched the firing with a calm but eager interest, the hunter resigned now. And there was much to admire in the way that battery was managed. Tactics were observed here as religiously as under the eyes of the admiral; the guns were served and aimed with precision; and implicit silence was maintained.

At intervals, when the lazy sea-breeze cleared a little the white, stifling smoke from under the pines, the girl could see the gunners, with set, grimy faces, and black hands dripping with the powder-wash, and through the haze a tall figure in blue, the

contagious spirit of whose leadership pervaded the men of the gun's crews, and was even felt by her. In answer to the thunder came the rattle of the infantry of the support in the valley, and the popping of the enemy's rifles on the hillside to the north, until the picture of a battle, in all its reality, was clear before her. For an instant the taste of it lingered, and was very sweet; for she had never known strife but as the forerunner of victory.

Then she was shaken with an indefinable feeling of hatred against the young officer whose very power was evident in the smallest of his acts. Always to command and to compel obedience—that would be to live. All her life she had lived this creed with all her might, but now she was brought face to face with one whom she knew she could not command.

A fascination which she did not care to analyze kept the girl there amid the noise and the smoke, to the wonder of the men at the rear box. For Buckner, at the front, directing the firing, had not seen her. He had gone into this sham action with that energy which characterized all he did. Another might have thought it play, but for Buckner it was work, and hard work. She watched with a kind of envy as he stooped to sight a gun, lock-string in hand, or paused to follow with a careful eye such movements of the opposing force as he could discern. Then, without a warning, between the recoils of the two guns there rose a blinding flash, and the girl behind knew that a tragedy had taken place somewhere within the white cloud in front of her. Without thinking twice, she rode boldly into it, to where a man lay stretched, black and motionless, on the ground. Others, too, had pushed about him, and for the moment the gun was deserted. Leaning over her horse's neck, she scanned the face with an eagerness which passed unnoticed, and straightened again with a quick relief on hearing a voice of command beside her:

"Serve the gun from the other box!"

The men knew with whom they had to deal, and went silently back to their stations. Buckner was kneeling over the man. His breath was coming in short gasps now, and his eyes had rolled in the sockets so that the whites only were visible. The cadet in charge of the gun had uncorked his canteen, and Buckner was washing with his handkerchief the powder and blood from the charred face, for there was a long gash in the temple.

"We must get him to the rear, Denny,"

he said, "and send word to the doctors. Pick out a man who can run."

With quick fingers he tied the handkerchief about the man's head, and, lifting him easily

"I am afraid he will," replied Buckner, starting on again. He wished to resent her interference, but, other feelings conflicting, he was silent. She pressed on after him, and



"LEANING OVER HER HORSE'S NECK."

from the ground, which was strewn with the remains of the shattered case, had taken two strides rearward when he perceived the girl on the horse beside him. He stopped short in astonishment.

"I heard you say that some one must run for the surgeon," she said a little tremulously. "I am sure he will be too late."

then asked, with a note of pleading which sounded strange to her:

"Do let me go; it may save him."

"Then go," he said; "and you can't ride too fast."

She was away with a bound before the words were finished, down the wooded slope and on to the sandy road, Buckner watch-

ing her until the trees shut her off from his view. Then he smiled strangely as he laid his burden down near the men at the rear box.

"I've seen men hurt before," said No. 10, who had fought in Corea; "and unless that young lady rides, sir, it's all up with Riley."

"She 'll ride," said Buckner, grimly. "I don't know her, but I think she 'll ride."

"I know her," said Denny, the cadet; "and

they beheld with surprise a young woman, mounted on a superb horse, coming toward them on the run, heedless of the brush. The doctor's surprise bordered on discomfiture when she halted in front of him; but, being one of the most chivalrous men in the navy, he took off his rusty fatigue-cap, and stood with bared head at her stirrup. The younger men of the corps stood behind him, cap in



"HOLDING HER WITH ONE ARM." (SEE PAGE 334.)

I believe she could command this battalion. You did n't hear her telling the admiral to put guns here, did you, Buckner?"

"She told him that, you say?" asked Buckner.

"Yes, she did; and he told Renwick she was a thoroughbred, and that—"

"And what?" Buckner demanded sharply.

"Well," said Denny, who was mischievously, "he said he had picked her out for you."

In the meantime Dr. Wardwell and his assistants and hospital stewards were resting quietly in the second gully to the rear, when

hand, determined not to be outdone in gallantry by their chief.

"Doctor," she said, "an ammunition-box has exploded on the second rise to the north, and one of the men is seriously hurt. I have come to ask you to go there with all the haste you can, and to bring a litter."

Now Dr. Wardwell was deliberate; he never moved without being sure; and he wondered what had happened to the Signal Corps.

"But, my dear young lady," said he, "there are no guns on that rise."

"Yes, there are," she retorted impatiently.

"The admiral changed his mind and had some put there."

"And who is in charge of them?" asked the imperturbable doctor, suspiciously. Like most chivalrous men, he would not trust a woman out of what he deemed her sphere. It was with difficulty that Miss Knowlys refrained from tapping his bald head with her crop.

"Oh, I don't know who is in charge," she cried, with a confusion which did not escape the younger surgeons; "but I think it is a Mr. Buckner."

And she was far down the gully before the doctor had regained his accustomed self-composure.

"Well," he remarked afterward to himself, as he hurried laboriously after the litter, "in all the years I've served, I'm blessed if I ever knew the like of that!"

II.

THE next time Buckner saw her, which happened to be the day after, she was trotting a bay four over the Maryport drive. She wore a box-cloth driving-suit which fitted her like a uniform, and she held the reins as one who has been born to it.

"Who is she, Renwick?" Buckner brought himself to ask.

"She's the girl the admiral has picked out for you," said Renwick; "and a nice billet you'll have of it. But perhaps the admiral is right," he added reflectively; "you might manage her."

"But who is she?" repeated Buckner.

"Well, she's Miss Knowlys of New York. Her parents are dead, and her guardian is old Ainsworth—or, rather, she's his guardian. She has two or three places in this country, one of them near here, and a stable of her own, and a steam-yacht of her own, which she commands herself. She's the champion woman golf-player on the local links. Everybody knows her, everybody respects her, and everybody wants to marry her. And the man on the box was Everett, the millionaire, who is trying it this week. There you have about all of it. But they say Everett is n't making much headway, Buck, and all the other fellows are discouraged. Why don't you try your fling?"

That night Buckner received a summons. When he reached the cabin the admiral was writing as if his life depended upon it; so Buckner stood up straight, and waited.

"How is your man coming on, Mr. Buckner?" asked the admiral, presently, without looking up.

"He's doing well, sir."

"Humph!" said the admiral. "Would n't be if that young woman had n't stepped in."

"We have no horses in the service, sir."

"Who the devil said we had?" the admiral shouted, laying down his pen. "We have signals, have n't we?"

"Yes, sir," replied Buckner, respectfully; "but we could n't have used signals from that rise."

"And why not, sir?"

"We should have required two more men from the Signal Corps, and after you gave the order it was too late to get them."

"Too late!"—and the admiral pounded on the deck with his heavily soled boot. "And who in Halifax was to blame? I?"

"The maneuvers were arranged beforehand, and the Signal Corps had their orders, sir."

The admiral produced a kind of grating noise from his throat—a noise peculiar to choleric old men, and to choleric old seamen in particular.

"Get out of my cabin, sir!" he cried. "I won't have any d——d impudent subordinates here to give me instructions about cut-and-dried orders! What the devil would have happened in war?"

Buckner marched out, the admiral's Irish orderly saluting him sympathizingly as he passed. But before he reached the ward-room hatch he heard the admiral's voice:

"Call Mr. Buckner back, orderly."

"Mr. Buckner," said he, when Buckner stood again before him, "you are confoundedly impudent, sir—confoundedly impudent!"

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"Don't beg my pardon, sir! I ought to place you under arrest."

Buckner decided that silence was the right thing here, and was silent accordingly. The admiral began to fumble among the loose papers on his desk, and at last fished out something that looked like a note, and a feminine note at that.

"Read this, sir," said he.

Buckner read:

BEAUREGARD, MARYPORT, July 17.

DEAR ADMIRAL: Will you give us the pleasure of your company at dinner to-morrow evening, eight o'clock, to meet Miss Knowlys? And I am going to ask you, quite informally, to bring with you one of your young officers. I leave him to your choice entirely. Hoping you have no other engagement, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

MARY E. REYNOLDS.

"Miss Knowlys? That's the young woman that rides, is n't it?" the admiral demanded.

"I believe she does, admiral."

"You believe she does? You know she does, sir!"

"Yes, sir."

The admiral coughed.

"Would you like to go, Mr. Buckner?"

"Very much, sir." Buckner wished that he could answer with such readiness all of the admiral's invitations.

Accordingly, the next evening, at half-past seven, the admiral and Buckner went ashore in the barge, and, stepping into Mrs. Reynolds's brougham, which was in readiness, were driven rapidly to Beauregard. The admiral maintained an absolute silence on the way, and Buckner had enough to occupy his thoughts without thinking of breaking it. When they arrived there were eight people in the drawing-room; and though their names were announced as they entered, on greeting the admiral Mrs. Reynolds made a rather strange remark.

"You have not told me, admiral," she said, "which of your officers I have the honor of receiving."

The admiral seemed taken aback.

"Why, madam," he began, "I thought you—"

"Ah, admiral, I gave you a choice, you know."

"Bless me! so you did," said the admiral; "and I found that the captain could spare Mr. Buckner."

Mrs. Reynolds looked a kindly welcome, and began to introduce Buckner to those of her guests who were nearest. But his eyes wandered ahead to an arched oriel window, from which a girl, all in simple white, seemed to command the room—one of those regal women whose clear-cut profile should have adorned a gold coin. Everett was standing with her and talking earnestly, and Buckner had time to note the color on her cheek before she turned to greet the admiral with a motion which seemed of relief. And then he found himself standing with his hostess in front of her, listening to those empty words which custom has decreed to be necessary; and Buckner recalled the time when he was presented to a certain royal personage abroad, and remembered that he was then much more self-possessed and at ease. The bow he now received was gracious, he had to admit, but as distant as the sun; and he wondered whether it was possible that this could be the girl who had shown such reckless bravery and good-fellowship only two days before. To his surprise, he began talking quite naturally with Everett, for Miss

Knowlys had chosen the admiral. And it was the admiral who had the honor of taking her out. He was a cavalier as he stooped to draw her chair, and the light of youth was on his seared face when he took his seat at her side.

That lottery which goes with a round table was kind to Buckner, and placed him on Miss Knowlys's left. And it so chanced that the lady who came out with him had passed the age when animated conversation with young bachelors is possible. She was, moreover, an enthusiast on the subject of domestic missions, and, finding a bishop on the other side of her, was soon plunged into her favorite and all-absorbing topic. And the bishop's partner, an independent young woman from Baltimore, seeing that he found some one else more interesting, declared to Mr. Everett that clergymen, and especially bishops, were bores out of the pulpit, and that if he did not talk to her she should have the blues; and this, by the way, he was very glad to do. No method has yet been discovered by which water can be made to run up hill, and dinner conversation is very much like water in this respect. Hence, when it came to Mrs. Reynolds, there was nothing left for her but to talk to the admiral, and she acquitted herself of this task in such a masterly manner that he rose from the table a wiser man; for women, too, he reflected soberly, improve with age.

Being thus thrown on her own resources, Miss Knowlys turned to Buckner.

"Which is the best of the recent works on navigation for beginners, Mr. Buckner?" she asked.

Buckner looked up in surprise. Then it occurred to him that she was merely avoiding topics which might prove embarrassing.

"Is it for you?" he inquired, smiling in spite of himself.

"Yes; I have always wished to learn navigation, and now I intend to begin. Will you write it down for me?"

He wrote the title of the book on a card.

"Now," she went on, "I shall need a sextant. Can you recommend one?"

"Several." He put down the make of one underneath. "You really wish to learn this?" he asked incredulously.

"Certainly."

"And for what purpose?"

"Well, you see," she replied, with what seemed an evasion, "I have a yacht, and I should like to know how to navigate it myself."

"If you have never used a sextant, I

should be very glad to show you something about it," he said. "I will bring mine ashore, if you say so, and give you a lesson some time this week."

"You are very kind," said Miss Knowlys, in a tone which made Buckner doubt her seriousness. But he knew that she had learned tactics, and he thought that any woman who has the courage to do that for pleasure might overcome navigation.

"What else shall I need?" she asked.

"Bowditch's tables," said he, gravely, "and to be any use as a skipper you should know something about deviation of the compass and about marine engines. Have you studied calculus?"

"At college. I have always been interested in the sciences," she said, with disarming ingenuousness. "Please put those things down before you forget them. But I fear I am boring you; I intended to ask the admiral."

"Not at all," Buckner made haste to protest; and, to atone for any flippancy on his part, he drew another card from his pocket, and wrote down the names of treatises on deviation and marine engineering.

"There," said he, when he had finished; "those ought to last you for a while."

Miss Knowlys took the cards and tucked them into her belt, leaving Buckner puzzled but curious. His surmises were interrupted by his left-hand neighbor, who wished to know for the bishop the number and denominations of the chaplains in the navy, and whether, as a rule, the officers and men showed much interest in divine service; and by the time he had struggled through these problems Miss Knowlys was waiting for him with a remark which staggered him completely.

"I am thinking of placing two rapid-fire guns in the bows of the yacht," she said calmly, "and am undecided whether to buy the Hotchkiss or the Driggs-Schroeder. I should like your opinion."

"Well," exclaimed Buckner, "I believe you are going in to captain a filibuster!"

"I should like to," she said, with a ring of intensity that made him glance at her quickly. Months afterward these words came to him again, just as she had spoken them, her head flung back and her lips parted. She looked then as if she might have led squadrons into battle.

"You were born a captain, Miss Knowlys," he cried, the man and sailor in him surging up and drowning the hollow words that he had formed; "and there is n't one of us

who would n't ship with you to the end of time!"

For an instant her eyes met his, and fell again.

"It is you who are the captain," she said, so low that he scarcely caught the words; for Mrs. Reynolds had stopped talking to the admiral.

III.

THE fleet was staying a week at Maryport, and although sextant instruction had been arranged for the first bright afternoon, the days remained persistently cloudy. A stretch of that cold, damp weather so common in our New England resorts had set in, and all day Sunday the barometer fell. Moreover, unexpected duties had turned up which kept Buckner on shipboard. They were to sail on Tuesday. Monday morning, when Buckner came on deck, he looked anxiously over the bleak sand-hills which separated the men-of-war from the reach; for they were anchored within the inner harbor. The officer of the deck was bundled up in his mackintosh, for a fine rain was sweeping down the wind, and the four miles of the reach were lashed to a boiling foam. Bad weather at Maryport was always judged by the condition of the reach. Nevertheless, Buckner went ashore in the hope of seeing Miss Knowlys. He had been once to call on her, but she was out, and he intended to call again. It was only eleven, however, when he landed; so he wandered about without a fixed purpose, thinking he might run across her at some of the haunts he had come to know. But only a few trades-wagons were to be seen on the drive, where the wind blew the loose sand in sheets, and piled it high against the lodge-gates on the north side. Even walking was uncomfortable here, but he knew that had she wished to drive, the wind would not have restrained her. He went as far as the golf-links, which was cold and green and bare, and was occupied by a lone enthusiast in a gray sweater and no cap. Buckner had an appointment to lunch at one with Renwick, at the hotel, so he began to make his way thither along the beach, in a rather depressed state of mind.

But the dreariness of the day had laid hold of him, and he told himself that if he were wise he would go back to the ship, and not attempt to see her. She was nothing to him, after all, and surely he was nothing to her. Had he been, he would have received some sign of regret on her part at missing him when he called, and would have been asked

to come again. He had felt strangely out of place when her lodge-keeper, on opening the big iron gates, had looked him over critically, as much as to say that pedestrians were an uncommon sight there; and he had been obliged to trudge up the whole length of the long drive on the wet gravel, because a walk was not deemed necessary. Finally, when he had reached the door, the man had told him curtly that Miss Knowlys was out, as if he deserved a stinging rebuke instead of a welcome. Yes; he would go back to the ship; common sense demanded it. What could there be in common between him and this wilful, imperious girl, whose very wealth placed her so immeasurably beyond him?

When Buckner had once made up his mind to a thing he seldom wavered. He was now on the stone walk which ended at the ledge, and he quickened his pace, in the hope of catching the midday boat to the ship. The afternoon could be put in on the electric work he had laid out for himself, and to-morrow he would be at sea and beyond temptation. He had, indeed, almost comforted himself with this reflection when he came in sight of the yacht-pier, where he was to learn that decisions are often governed by circumstances. He perceived a group of people at the end of it, and a cat-boat tugging at the lee side. As he drew nearer he recognized the cockswain and boat's crew of the captain's gig, and Everett, who was talking to the cockswain, and pointing from time to time over the reach; and beyond them, on the edge of the pier, a girl was standing, with her hands thrust into the pockets of her skirt, giving directions to a boatman, who was protestingly reefing the sail of the cat-boat. It was Miss Knowlys.

When he saw Buckner the cockswain left Everett abruptly, and started toward him on the run, touching his cap respectfully.

"Beg your pardon, sir," he shouted, for the wind drowned his voice; "but this here young lady is bent on crossing the reach to-day, and we can't do nothing with her."

Buckner had already guessed as much from the situation, and from his knowledge of her character.

"Very well, cockswain," he said. By this time he had reached Everett, who shouted excitedly:

"For God's sake, Buckner, say something to let her know what it means. She won't listen to me."

Buckner did not reply; but he knew that *this was not a matter for realization on Miss Knowlys's part, and that if she had made up*

her mind to cross the reach she had weighed the chances. She was still standing over the boat with her back to him, not paying the least attention to his arrival. He pushed past Everett, and confronted her. For a while they stood facing each other, both calm and both undaunted. The boatman below was murmuring as he tied the last knots in the close reef.

"What are you going to do, Miss Knowlys?" Buckner asked at last.

"Nothing in which you can assist me, Mr. Buckner," she said.

"So you mean to cross?" said he.

"Yes," replied Miss Knowlys, somewhat defiantly; "I do."

Buckner looked out over the seething water beyond the tip of the ledge, and then at the reefed sail, which was cracking in the wind.

"It is impossible. I would n't send the best cockswain in the squadron across to-day."

"And you are not sending me," she said, smiling quietly.

Buckner smiled too, half in vexation, half in admiration. But still he had confidence in his ability to prevent her. The boatman who had reefed the sail had come out now, and was standing beside them. He too regarded Buckner as the solution of the problem.

"Shall I take in the sail, sir?" he asked.

"It is my boat," said Miss Knowlys, "and not Mr. Buckner's. You will do as I say."

Buckner moved between her and the steps, for he saw determination in her eye. In view of the circumstances, he felt that even force would be justified if everything else failed.

"Miss Knowlys," he said mildly but firmly, "you must not go. It is my duty to prevent you, since it would be suicidal a day like this."

But as he spoke she leaped lightly down on the landing, awash with the back seas, and before those on the wharf could act from surprise she had stepped aboard and cast off, and the boat was drifting rapidly away. Buckner had a quick vision of the awed faces about him on the pier, and of the girl standing like a Victory at the tiller of the receding cat-boat, and then he sprang after her.

There was one chance in a hundred of landing safely on the tiny space of slippery deck forward of the mast, and one moment's hesitation would have lost that chance. Buckner did not hesitate. He put his strength into the leap, and grasped a sail-

ring as he struck, for even then the boat was heeling greatly. He clambered aft along the weather-coaming, and steadied himself in the pit beside her. The bow was ripping through the short seas like a sharp saw, and the spray swept over them both. But she gave no sign that he was there. She had the boat on the wind and headed across the reach, and there was resolution in her poise, and marvelous strength in her wrist as she handled the tiller. Buckner knew few men who were her equal. He watched her in a species of fascination, notwithstanding that he knew she was taking both herself and him out to almost certain destruction.

Thus they sailed in silence until the big rollers from the Atlantic began to break over the bows and to fill the cock-pit, and drench them both until they ground their teeth to keep from shivering. But still she kept on without a falter. Her eye was true, and her hand steady, and she saw the squalls and luffed in spite of the silver, stinging spray and the gray mist it spread over the water to windward. Many a time they would have been clinging to the keel had she been of weaker stuff. But she never failed, and not once did she look behind her. Buckner did, as they rode with a dizzy, oblique swing over a huge roller, and he saw the crowd of blurred people on the wharf, for many had run down in the interval. Some were waving wildly, and one mad figure of a man stood out before the rest, in a pose of despair. It must have been Everett.

Buckner grasped the sheet, and unwound it from her left hand. Then he managed to get off his coat, and she did not resist when he wrapped it about her shoulders, but she threw it off.

"Why did you come?" she asked.

"Because you came."

"But that was my own affair, not yours."

Buckner was silent.

"I have the right to risk my life," she went on presently, "but not another's. Had I thought you would—do what you did, I should not have started—this morning."

"My life does n't matter much," he said.

Her look fell upon him for an instant, and was gone before he marked it. His mouth was set in firm, deep lines, and the wet linen of his sleeves clung to the curves of the muscles over the shoulders, betraying strength of body. She could not refrain from contrasting this man who had leaped with him who had not.

But she gave no show of weakening; she was

made of that fiber which danger toughens, and struggle she loved above all else. A contest brought every latent power into play, for her strength sprang from a lifelong exercise of self-command. The man at her side felt this when the helm answered her slightest touch as well as when by sheer power she drove the boat into a battle for which it had no heart. She seemed to know instinctively the limit of its endurance. Thus they sped over waves the angry heads of which foamed with a fierce desire, and fell into deep, green hollows where the bit of sail trembled for lack of air; and from far beyond came the never-ending roar of impotent charging on the rocks of the point.

And this point, jutting like a wedge into the reach, gave Buckner the gravest anxiety. He saw, in fact, that eventually nothing short of a miracle could keep them clear of its fringe of rocks. There, on calm and sunny days, the sea raced in eddies or lingered in amber pools, chasing the pebbles in and out of the crevices. And as a child in play may unconsciously reveal some sinister trait of an elder, so the receding swells sometimes bared the treacherous rocks which lurked beneath the surface. Each had its record of crime. But now the wind, their stanch ally, had driven the water before it like a strong tide to cover them, and was busy gathering what prey it might to be ground on their hungry teeth.

There was, however, another and more immediate danger to think about, and Buckner braced himself beside the girl, to be ready at the slightest warning. His eye never left her, except for a restless glance at the elements and about the boat, intuitive in the seaman. Though he marveled at her pluck and fortitude, long habit had taught him the accurate measure of human strength against relentless wind and sea, and he knew before he sprang from the wharf the inequality of the combat in which she had engaged with such intrepidity, and that a time would come, in spite of will, when muscle and sinew could hold out no longer. The steering of a cat-boat in a high wind and sea requires no small strength of back and arm, and both were already numb from cold; for at intervals more and more frequent the combers dashed clean over them. They were chilled to the bone, and the pit in which they stood was half filled with water. But still she held on with a grit born of generations of spirited men and women; and Buckner did not attempt to interfere. For he knew that she would rather have died

than willingly give up to him, and he gloried in her mettle. Fortunately the little craft had been stoutly built to withstand rough waters. Like a live thing, it stopped when hit, and trembled from stem to stern, but always to take new courage and forge ahead again. Thus passed what seemed hours, and they were approaching the other shore. And then, as they rose to a tottering crest and balanced in mid-air, while the smooth hills shaped themselves invitingly before their eyes, Buckner knew that it might be the last time. They sank down and down into the chasm which yawned to receive them, and the girl saw the black shadow of the wave as it hung before striking, and felt the tightening grip of an arm about her. With a supreme effort she nerved herself for the blow, and the next instant it came, sweeping her from her feet and hurling her against the washboard at the side.

But she did not faint, although the shock had stunned her. When the water had cleared from her eyes, they were rocking in the trough with a lazy swing, and Buckner, still holding her with one arm, had grasped the tiller with the other.

"You are hurt?" he said anxiously, looking down into her face.

She smiled bravely, and shook her head, the drops shining in her hair. And even then she forgot that they were lying almost helpless to the fury of the storm, and that her strength was gone. Her pride came surging back, and with it the determination to show that she would carry out the task she had begun. She half rose, and attempted to take the place at the helm, but he pushed her gently back again.

"It is my turn," he said.

Had the power passed from her hands into his? She saw then, in a flash of comprehension, what she had failed to see before, because she would not, that it was he, and not herself, who had all along controlled their destinies. There was something in his voice which was sprung from authority, and which forced obedience without question. Never in all her life had any man put his will in direct opposition to her own without having to bend; but now this quiet young officer had spoken a few words, and his victory was complete. And, strangely enough, she rejoiced that it was so. She regarded passively his deft handling of the boat, and in spite of the place a sense of security stole unawares upon her.

They were going faster now, for Buckner was steering for a little inlet between two of

the green mounds. Though Miss Knowlys had sailed with remarkable skill, she had failed to take into account the leeway, which had been appalling. They had been steadily drifting down upon the point with the hidden rocks. But Buckner had not mentioned his fears to her. Making a rapid calculation, he eased the sheet until the wind was on their starboard quarter, and even then there was little hope of passing through. By degrees the roar of the breaking waves became louder and louder, and once the centerboard grated ominously against something on the bottom. They were yawing fearfully in and out of the troughs, and Buckner had to exert all his strength on the long tiller in order to guide the boat. Yet he glanced from time to time at the girl, solicitously. She was pressing close beside him on the seat, tired and cold, but still with a heart for the worst.

"You are sure you were not hurt when the wave struck us?" he asked again.

"Indeed I was not," she answered quickly; "you were the one who took the force of the blow."

He said nothing for a while, but she guessed he was turning something in his mind. This half-hour of mutual trial had revealed to her the simple, manly character which his brother officers had come to know so well. But she had seen it put to the test.

"Why did you try this madcap excursion?" he said suddenly. For the moment anger at her having uselessly risked her life got the better of him.

She did not reply, but he thought he understood.

"He was a fool to dare you," said Buckner, half aloud.

"Dare me!" she cried scornfully. "It was I who dared him to come with me; and he refused; he said it was impossible."

"He should have stopped you."

"And yet," she began, "if I had not come—"

"If you had not come—" he repeated, his voice shaking.

"I should never have known what a man can be."

They had all but entered the white arena.

"Do you think we shall pass it?" she asked abruptly.

"If we can keep clear of the hidden rocks," he replied, gritting his teeth. "If we are pounded down on one of them we shall be smashed to bits; but then," he added grimly, "we challenged death when we came, and must take the chances."

"I am not afraid," she said.

But there had arisen within them a yearning for life not felt before.

They were now on the borders of the foam. Buckner recalled the time when he had sailed through the surf in Hawaii and won a wager from one of the *Boston's* mess. He tried to remember what the islanders had taught him, and then, without realizing it, he found himself repeating over and over a rule on the subject from Luce's "Seamanship" that he had learned at Annapolis. But the words had no meaning here among these great, curling waves; their very anger, pent up by the long miles of sea, was bursting them when they felt the land beneath. They tossed the two with exulting power on their high shoulders, and dropped them in derision. More than once, when they sank, dripping rocks rose to the surface beside the gunwale, and disappeared. On the point above they saw, against a background of low, hurrying clouds, the forms of people gazing helplessly down at them. But they had almost worked through a corner of the foam, and, once beyond, they might defy the rocks and hope to make the inlet, or at least to strike somewhere on the smooth sand of the beach farther on. The knack of the surf-handling had come again to Buckner; his hand became steadier, and his eye more practised, so that he was able to avoid the rocks by a quick turn of the rudder, or to escape with a jar. He tried not to think of the danger. But the odds were too great, and at length the crash came, sending them both forward on their knees. And they knew from the grinding, and the heavy unwillingness of the boat to lift again, that it was going to pieces, and then they felt it sinking under them. Buckner tore a life-preserver from the stern, and buckled it on Miss Knowlys in the minute before the boat settled. The next wave swept them clear.

It seemed to Buckner as though he were never coming to the air. He had all but given up. His clothes were heavy, and the long struggle had worn him out. He rose, only to be beaten down again. But at last he opened his eyes, and looked about for Miss Knowlys, and with an intense relief saw her beside him. She anxiously held out her hand to him; but one of the seats of the boat was floating near, and he seized it. For a space they rose and fell with the waves, the crests washing over them, while he gathered strength.

Fortunately, when they struck they had all but crossed the breaking water off the point, and Buckner saw that they were being carried by wind and current somewhat to

the right of it. This discovery filled him with new life, for it meant that they might reach the sand, and to go ashore on the point meant certain death. By striking out when the wave gave an impetus, he contrived, indeed, to make some headway toward the deeper water, and to drag the girl after him. Again and again she implored him to leave her, and to save himself; but her voice was feeble, and the sound of the waters drowned it. Buckner felt his strength going, then his reason. There was a buzzing in his ears, and the board was slipping from his fingers, and he knew that some one was holding him; but who? And then he was torn from the grasp and carried to the depths by an overpowering weight, and caught like a chip in the undertow, and hurried back oceanward. There rose before his eyes a red flame, like a sunset.

THE first thing that Buckner recognized, when he awoke the next morning, was the bald head of Dr. Wardwell. After that, familiar details in his surroundings began to strike him, and presently he knew that he was lying in his own state-room on board the flag-ship. The vibration told him that he was going out to sea. Now Buckner knew that he did not wish to go out to sea,—at least, just then,—so he racked his brain for the reason. At last he found it.

"Well, young man," said the doctor, cheerfully, "I thought you'd be back pretty soon. You've been the cause of a great deal of needless anxiety. But I will say that you had a rather close call until you dropped off last night."

"And Miss Knowlys?"

"Ah, the young lady?"—and Dr. Wardwell gave a knowing smile.

"Yes," exclaimed Buckner, impatiently.

"Now, don't sit up that way," said the doctor; "and don't worry about her. She pulled out of it better than you did, though she did n't deserve to. But here comes Renwick; he'll tell you all you want to know."

"I've been waiting for the chance," said Renwick. "I suppose you don't know that a life-boat picked you up, and that Miss Knowlys was hanging on to you. She could n't have done it without the very best kind of sand, for she fainted while they lifted you into the boat. She saved your life, Buck. The people on the point saw you go down when you got beyond the rocks, and the Lord only knows how she caught you again and held you up; but she did."

"And she has recovered, you say?"

"It seems that she was well enough to write this morning," said Renwick, glancing at the doctor. "And, by the way, half Maryport has sent out here to inquire about you; and the admiral walks up and down and swears at the staff. This is only the second time he has mildly suggested that I take a look at you."

"And I take it for granted that the admiral sent those roses," the doctor remarked; and he winked slyly as he left to attend sick-call.

IV.

A WAR was going on down among the West Indies—a war that almost from its beginning had given the ships on the home station a great deal of trouble, since it had become incumbent upon them to prevent any men or supplies or munitions of war from the United States reaching the insurgents. For American citizens, whether from sympathy or motives of gain, or both, continued to send southward cargoes in the fastest vessels, and in such quantities that in the end the whole of the Atlantic squadron was called out for police duty. But the admiral was glad of the change; it was active service, he said, and better than nothing. Some of his officers thought differently.

In the first place, New York city was nothing to the admiral, and in the second place it was a matter of indifference to him whether or not the mail service ceased entirely. It had been long since the days when he used to dog the footsteps of the mail orderly, and they had passed out of his mind; and he had taken the flag-ship, which was the swiftest in the fleet, beyond the hope of mail or anything else. He was there to catch filibusters, not to read letters.

Buckner thought it hard, no doubt, but complained to nobody. One warm night in October, when they were off the Florida coast, he ran across the admiral on the quarter-deck. Now, the admiral had a strongly sympathetic nature, and a keen perception, though he did his best to hide the first of these qualities, and he beckoned to Buckner as he lighted his cigar. It is not too much to say that the admiral had had a good dinner, for he liked salt fare as well as fresh.

"You never heard from that young woman you rescued off Maryport, did you, Mr. Buckner?" said he.

No question but that the admiral meant *this kindly, and it was accepted by Buckner in that spirit.*

"It was she who rescued me, admiral," he replied evasively.

"Tut!" said the admiral; "not what I heard. But you had no business to let her go."

"What could I have done, sir? She would go."

"Grapple her, of course," cried the admiral—"grapple her! That's how I'd serve a headstrong young woman! Push 'em off the wharf, sir!"

This was an unanswerable argument. And it may be a breach of confidence to tell it here, but there is an abundance of proof to show that when the admiral was young none was more timid in this respect than he; and even now, it was whispered, he laid down his sword when he went home.

Buckner had heard from Miss Knowlys in addition to the few words of gratitude which he received on leaving Maryport. His answer had been the result of many hours of labor and indecision, for he was not of a nature to take counsel in such matters. Twice, his letter composed, he had hung with it over the box, and twice brought it back to tear it to pieces in the privacy of his room. The third composition he had left inadvertently on his desk, stamped and addressed, and it had been hurried into the mail in some mysterious way. This number three, which had been carried off by fate, was more guarded in its wording and less fervent in its tone than either of the others, and it is to be surmised that number four would have contained still less warmth; for the more Buckner reflected, the more he hesitated to take advantage of a mere accident.

Then orders had arrived to sail southward, and, touching at Hampton Roads, a letter had come to him through the Navy Department. This had been a month ago. And this letter, while it raised in Buckner a hope he had hardly dared to think of, had so worried and perplexed him that his silence and preoccupation were remarked upon by every one on the ship. "I do not know where you are," she had said, "or where you are going. This is to tell you that I am about to undertake something which I have long had in my mind, for a cause to which I am strongly attached. I may never see you again, but I shall not forget, believe me, one who does not fear danger, and who risked his life so readily to save mine." This was all, but enough to excite alarm in Buckner's mind: for, knowing her temperament and love of adventure, he could form no estimate of the

length she would go when moved. She had a certain kind of judgment, it is true,—that judgment which guides after the launching,—and he made no doubt that this very coolness had saved her on more than one occasion, just as it had saved them both when they crossed the reach together at Maryport. But, being absolutely her own mistress, she could, if she chose, proceed to execute one day an affair planned only the day before.

cations and an occasional newspaper; but the squadron's mail was held at Washington. Buckner thought once of writing to Mrs. Reynolds.

Then came the news that a craft of unusual speed, which had been building at one of the private yards, had been sent to sea, armed, ostensibly for a trial trip. This is the common method of procedure for the sale of a ship to a belligerent by a citizen of a neu-



"SHE MADE A PRETTY PICTURE."

What the new undertaking she spoke of was Buckner could not even surmise, and he felt a helpless rage at being where he could not possibly reach her; for he thought, not without a thrill, that his word might have some weight with her now. As it was, he could only walk the deck and re-read the letter in the hope of finding a clue; but it seemed only to laugh at him.

Thus days passed, and weeks, of cruising up and down in the Gulf Stream, with awnings up, and no ice, and little or no news of the world. They never ran into port, the admiral sending a gunboat in once or twice a week, which brought out official communi-

tral country. The boat being of much higher speed than any of the revenue-marine steamers which had been looking for her, they had lost her when she got to sea. Each ship of the squadron, therefore, was at once detailed to a separate cruising-station, provided with an accurate description, and given the strictest orders to be watchful. The admiral chose the most probable field for his flag-ship, that farthest south and east, and he offered a reward out of his own pocket to the man who sighted her.

The second night on the new station, which chanced to be black and muggy, the mid-watch fell to Buckner. When he got

his instructions the ship was going at quarter speed, for they were sailing without lights, and every man of the watch had his ears open and his eyes straining into the darkness. At six bells the cadet on the fore-castle reported what he thought to be the beat of a ship's engines. Buckner hailed the quartermaster, and they stood together for some minutes, listening, when they plainly heard a propeller turning at a rapid rate. Buckner was soon convinced that the steamer was headed southward, and the fact that she carried no lights arousing his suspicions, a search-light was swung around and brought to bear on her. To his surprise, instead of the craft they were attempting to intercept, a low, rakish-looking boat, like a yacht, lay disclosed by the white beam. The smoke hung behind her in a cloud, and she was moving at a rate which, the quartermaster gave his oath, was not under twenty knots. Buckner sent his report down to the captain at once, and asked for permission to follow. It was given, and one turn of the annunciator set the big cruiser throbbing to the chase, the fire from her towering pipes casting a fitful glare over her decks. At the close of the hour that remained of Buckner's watch there was no perceptible change in their positions.

His curiosity being greatly aroused, he decided to remain on deck and see the end of the affair, and sat discussing it with his relief over coffee and toast on the engine-room grating. Another hour went by, and it seemed as if the forced draft of the flag-ship was telling, though the stranger put forth every effort. Then came daybreak—not the multicolored sunrise that is the glory of the West Indian seas, but a sparkling haze which a light wind was doing its best to clear. The two ships rose and fell on the long, lazy roll, each panting with effort, the yacht lying a shade or two on the port bow. For yacht she was; there could be no doubt of it now, in spite of the dull gray of her hull and spars, and the light guns on her fore-castle.

Presently the captain climbed the ladder of the bridge, and stood on the horse-block with the glass to his eye. He was followed shortly by the admiral.

"Hum!" said he, grumbling; "a new game, sending private yachts down here to run blockades. Why the devil can't those fellows stay at home? That's the place for 'em. I've seen her before," he added, looking through the glass, "when she was white; and those Hotchkiss guns don't belong on her bows."

Buckner, standing behind him, gave a start, for the admiral's words aroused a memory. The yacht was now about a mile and a half away, and dead abeam, and the captain turned to the officer of the deck.

"We might give her a blank charge now; don't you think so, admiral?" he said.

The admiral waved assent. Then he began to eye Buckner.

"A little trip for you, Mr. Buckner," said he; "you can run over there for breakfast."

As Buckner went below for his sword the blank charge was fired. But the yacht kept steadily on; and it was not until a four-pound shot had whistled between her masts that she concluded to receive visitors; whereupon the cruiser slowed down, dropped a cutter, and Buckner was off to the yacht. She made a pretty picture in the morning light, her glass and bright-work dazzling in the rays of the rising sun, and every line part of a harmonious whole. As the cutter drew near, a gangway was lowered, a salute fired, and the American flag run up at the stern; and when Buckner came over the side he was received by a little man, bronzed and bearded, in a private uniform. Buckner saw at a glance that he was the sailing-master. Another seaman in the same uniform stood beside him.

"What yacht is this?" said Buckner.

"The *Grenadier* of New York."

"Be so kind as to give Lieutenant Buckner's compliments to the captain."

The little man glanced at his companion, and smiled broadly.

"The captain, sir?" he repeated.

"Certainly," said Buckner; "I take it for granted that the captain and owner are one."

"Right you are, sir; they are that," said the sailing-master, apologetically; for naval officers were not to be trifled with after such an occurrence as this morning's. "The captain is in the saloon, sir, at eggs and toast."

"The devil take his impudence!" thought Buckner. "Does he imagine we are doing this sort of thing for pleasure?" he said aloud, "and that I have all morning to look over his cargo? Why is n't he on deck?"

Staying up after a mid-watch is n't the very best thing in the world for a man's temper; and at these words the sailing-master hurriedly crossed the deck, and disappeared down the saloon hatch, leaving Buckner in the act of composing an address. This was about ripe for delivery when the little man returned alone, an expression on his jolly face which was pitiable to see; for laughter

was held in abeyance by an evident fear of the officer's displeasure.

"The captain's compliments, sir," he said, "and asks if you will be so good as to step below?"

Buckner picked up his sword, and took a stride forward, for there is a limit to all patience.

and he grasped Miss Knowlys's hand in both his own, and said—nothing.

This state of affairs might have continued for some time had not some one discreetly coughed at the back of the saloon, which caused Miss Knowlys to turn quickly.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" she cried, her confusion bringing a yet deeper flush to her



"‘THE CAPTAIN, AT YOUR SERVICE.’"

"I will that," he cried; "and I'll give him a lesson in courtesy!"

The sailing-master tumbled down the hatch two steps at a time ahead of him, and moved aside with agility as Buckner swept into the saloon. And then he stopped as if suddenly turned to stone, his sword clattering against the hard wood of the deck. Before him, with the dignity which never deserted her, sat Miss Knowlys. There was laughter in her eyes and color in her cheek as she made him a bow.

"The captain, at your service, Mr. Buckner," she said; and then, with a little tremor: "I hope you will pardon her incivility."

Not then did Mr. Buckner consider the fact that he was there as the representative of the United States government, and dealing with a filibuster. His official capacity returned on deck, where it rightly belonged,

face. "Mrs. Ainsworth, let me introduce Mr. Buckner."

An old lady in black came forward. She had gray curls, and her generous features spoke plainly of a spirit of youth and humor that was unquenchable. Her smile won Buckner at once.

"Mrs. Ainsworth is my aunt by adoption, the wife of my guardian, and my best friend," Miss Knowlys explained; "and she has humored my whims out of all reason."

"And I fear once too often, Victoria," said the old lady, holding up her hands in mock dismay. "Who ever dreamed that I should come to this? But, Mr. Buckner," she added, a twinkle in her eye, "it is a strange age we live in, when young women become filibusters, and command ships, and old ones give their consent. We might as well have breakfast, Victoria."

"The admiral said I might stay for breakfast," said Buckner.

His cutter swung at the gangway, and his men passed conjectures on what was going on below, while Buckner made a third at a very jolly breakfast-party, and Miss Knowlys's Japanese steward tried not to laugh as he passed the plates.

"I told Victoria not to do this," said her

stop at that. She must needs load her yacht, and come down here herself. I 'm sure I don't know what will happen to us now." The prospect, however, did not seem to disturb the old lady's appetite.

"You never would have caught us," said Miss Knowlys, complacently, "had it not been for the starboard engine."

"It's a marvel you were n't sent to the



"I TOLD VICTORIA NOT TO DO THIS."

adopted aunt, as she broke her eggs; "but she will never listen to me. And I don't know how she persuaded me to come. I suppose I had n't the heart to refuse her; and, after all, it has been a pleasure. You see, Mr. Buckner, when she must do a thing, she must, and there's an end to it. But you ought to know, having had an experience. And then this war got into her head, and the idea that every one should help who could. I say it is right and proper for a woman to give money to such a cause when it appeals to her. But Victoria would never

bottom," said Buckner, with a shudder. "Why did n't you come to when we fired the blank charge?"

"I wished to see what kind of gunners you had in the service before I decided whether it was worth while. You must know that I did not care to lose my cargo," said the incorrigible Miss Knowlys; and she threw him a roguish sidelong glance as the old lady bent over her cup. "And, by the way, Lieutenant Buckner, back to your duty! You have not yet demanded an account of the munitions of war I carry."

This speech reminded Buckner that he had laid down his white gloves, and that life was not composed of breakfast parties.

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned, "what will the admiral say?"

The captain of the *Grenadier* struck a bell on the table beside her, and summoned the sailing-master.

"Bring me a bill of the cargo," she said.

The bill was brought and laid at Buckner's plate, but it swam before his eyes.

"Give that to the admiral, with my respects," said Miss Knowlys; "and I will escort you to your boat, sir."

Together they mounted to the deck, and stood for a space looking over the glistening sea to where the magnificent man-of-war rode, all white in the sunlight.

"Good-by," she said; and added, lest the word might betray her: "Tell the admiral I am waiting to hear from him."

Buckner pressed her hand, and was gone over the side. In no very happy frame of mind did he direct the cockswain to return to the flag-ship, and he stood for a long time in the stern of the cutter, with his eyes on the *Grenadier*. Then he sat down to contemplate the very serious problem which confronted him; for in his hand he held the damning evidence of the *Grenadier's* character, and there was only one honorable course to take. As he approached the sea-ladder he saw Renwick and several of his fellow-officers watching him, and all hands seemed to take a deep interest in the capture of the yacht. Buckner was met by the officer of the deck, who told him that the captain was with the admiral in his cabin.

"Well, Mr. Buckner, what news?" said the admiral, as he entered. "You must have stayed for breakfast, after all, sir."

"Mr. Buckner had a hard night's duty, admiral," said the captain, kindly; "and he earned a breakfast, if he got one."

"The yacht, sir, is the *Grenadier* of New York," said Buckner. "I have here a list of her cargo." And he handed the paper to the captain, who gave it to the admiral.

"Humph!" said that officer, knitting his brows. "Something of a catch, this: '2000 Krag-Jorgensen rifles; 50,000 rounds of ammunition'—who is trying to smuggle this damnable stuff?"

"Miss Victoria Knowlys, sir, is the captain and owner of the *Grenadier*."

"A woman?" exclaimed the captain, in astonishment.

"Yes, sir; a woman," said the admiral, who

was staring very hard at Buckner—"a woman who would have done credit to a uniform, had she been a man."

He turned to his desk, and began to write, clearing his throat at intervals, while the captain and Buckner stood by in silence. When the admiral had finished, he reached for an envelop, addressed and sealed it, and handed it to Buckner.

"Deliver this to Captain Knowlys," he said; "and, with the captain's permission, I direct you, Mr. Buckner, to take charge of the yacht *Grenadier*, and conduct her back to New York. You may rejoin the ship when she puts into the Roads."

"And Miss Knowlys?" exclaimed the bewildered Buckner.

"She is your prisoner, sir," answered the admiral, severely, but with the trace of a smile about his mouth; "and I warn you not to let her get away from you this time."

Unfortunately military etiquette does not permit the expression of gratitude in matters of this kind; but joy almost got the better of Buckner as he left the cabin to prepare for the trip. Not one of the hundred questions put to him would he answer, and he wasted no time in returning to the *Grenadier*. And now the captain herself was awaiting him at the gangway. She saw the happiness in his face, and dropped her eyes.

"I am to conduct you to New York!" he cried.

He gave her the note from the admiral; but when she had read it she left him without ceremony, nor did he see her again until lunch-time. And Buckner went up on the bridge, and got the yacht under way.

It is sufficient to say that the return voyage of the *Grenadier* was made quickly, in sunshine and over smooth seas. How could it have been otherwise? They sighted Sandy Hook on a Saturday morning, and Buckner went below to find Miss Knowlys. She was sitting in the saloon with a book, and he paused at the door.

"Victoria—" he began; and then he stopped, for his voice sounded strange.

"Yes?" she said.

"We are near New York."

"Did you come down here to tell me that?" she asked, rising to meet him.

"No," he said, summoning his courage with a long breath; "it was to ask you to marry me."

"I can't help myself, sir," said Victoria, "since the admiral has expressly commanded it."

IN AINO-LAND.¹

BY MABEL LOOMIS TODD.

THE legend runs that when a certain god and goddess were selected at creation to evolve from chaos the island of Yezo, they were endowed equally with materials and ability to complete the task. To the god were allotted the eastern and southern parts of the island, while the goddess was to attend to the western portion. They began together, vying amiably with each other during the progress of their work. But, alas! the goddess one day met a female friend, and, after the manner of women, stopped to chat with her. This friend, sister of Aioina Kamui (one of the most ancient forefathers—indeed, the Adam of the Aino race), must have been a seductive talker, for the two conversed idly a long time about their neighbors and acquaintances, while the god in the east kept steadily at work. Looking up suddenly, and seeing how nearly completed his portion was, and frightened at the state of her own unfinished regions, the goddess hastily threw together her remaining materials in a careless and slovenly manner, leaving this western coast in its present rugged and dangerous condition. But, add the Ainos in telling their legend, no one, even if disposed to grumble at the dangers of these shores, should presume to blame the Creator for such a state of things, as it is wholly the fault of his deputy and her tendency to gossip. The moral is said to be often pointed by their lords at women who talk too much: "Set a watch over your lips, and attend to your duties; for see how rough the west coast of Yezo is, and that all owing to a chattering goddess."

The chattering, nevertheless, may have credit for a very picturesque bit of work. The steep cliffs, often richly wooded to their summits with ancient trees, sometimes rise in bare and rocky impressiveness many hundred feet above the sea. Innumerable streams rush in white torrents down these majestic heights, using every ravine for their swift descent, until the whole face of the coast appears laced with the flying spray of continual cascades. Tiny fishing-villages find a precarious foothold at the bases of

cliffs that are entirely inaccessible, on beaches that are almost too narrow for the single row of thatched dwellings huddled against the steep rock behind; while constant surf, beating white and high before them, seems to make a village highway by the sea equally impossible.

In the summer of 1896, as a lay member of the Amherst College expedition which visited northern Japan to view the total eclipse of the sun, I had the rare opportunity of seeing the absolutely primitive "hairy Aino" of that region.

In the southern portion of the island, near Hakodate and Sapporo, and about Volcano Bay, travelers have visited these shy and silent people. But several hundred miles north are many Ainos who, until the summer of 1896, were strangers to the members of any race but their own or the few Japanese who are establishing small fishing-villages along the coast. The dwellers in the province of Kitami are too distant to be sought by visitors; and a foreign woman, the Japanese officials informed me, had never before reached Kitami.

Skirting the rough western coast by steamer, and rounding Cape Soya, the eclipse party located at Esashi, which must not be confused with another town of the same name near Hakodate. The news of the arrival of strange white foreigners spread quickly among the neighboring villages. Walking with stately tread, bushy-haired and bearded groups of Ainos often passed the expedition headquarters, apparently looking for nothing unusual, and giving no evidence of curiosity, yet never failing to see every foreign figure within their range. Humbly accompanying their lords, women and children frequently followed, far less imposing than the men. Somewhat larger, and apparently stronger, than the Japanese, although not taller, the older men are actually patriarchal, with long beards, and masses of thick hair parted in the middle. Many faces have a benign and lofty expression.

Driven gradually through ages from the south to Hokkaido, the Ainos are among the few races yet retaining, in this over-civilized world of ours, an utterly unspoiled simplicity. Their origin has never been satisfactorily traced, but they were certainly in Japan long

¹ The pictures in this article, with the exception of the drawing on page 346, are from photographs taken by Professor W. K. Burton and kindly lent for publication.

before the present race of Japanese had arrived, and names clearly originating in the Aino tongue are still retained all over the empire. Gentle and subservient to the conquering race, it is evident that they formerly held more egotistic views than now, even fancying themselves the center of the universe, as is shown perhaps by an old national song:

Gods of the sea, open your eyes divine.
Wherever your eyes turn, there echoes the sound
of the Aino speech.¹

Amiable and full of kindly hospitality, the Aino seem to possess no ambition or capacity for mental training. It is said that the descendant of a certain prince or high chieftain is now perfectly content to black the boots of an American in Sapporo. They are barbarians pure and simple, in spite of a distinctive folk-lore and the practice of considerable ceremony and forms of etiquette upon special occasions. The salutation between Aino men is elaborate and respectful. Stretching out their hands, the fingers are allowed to pass softly back and forth along the palms for some time, during which verbal greetings and best wishes are exchanged. Stroking their long beards slowly is the part most obvious to a foreigner, while a gentle and inarticulate sound in the throat is intended to convey consideration and appreciation. The formal salutation sometimes lasts only a few minutes, though often much longer.

When a person of high rank in the nation comes to an Aino house, a ceremonious *sake*-drinking takes place. One drop is whisked off the "mustache-lifter" to the god of the sun—in the Aino language, Chippu Kamui; another to the god of the mountains, Kimon Kamui; then to the god of the sea, Atoi Kamui; to the god of Hokkaido, Mushirori Kamui; to the god of villages, Kotangoro Kamui; to the god of the house, Tsuigoro Kamui; to the god of fire, Abe Kamui; and to the god of all, Obishida Kamui, who is included last with a comprehensive sweep of the mustache-lifter toward the whole room. It is only the first cup of *sake* which must be thus dispersed to the reigning powers; afterward all the drops are religiously kept for the active participants in the ceremony, who may then proceed to enjoy themselves with light hearts.

Women give very humble greeting to men, a part of which consists in rubbing the up-

per lip with the forefinger. Preliminary motions having been made to attract a man's attention sufficiently for him to indicate that she may proceed, she waits his invitation to speak. When a man is met out of doors, women always step aside to give him room to pass. But with all this humility, and although they do all the work with ceaseless industry, and even the consolations of the most primitive religion are denied them,—for they are not even allowed to pray, since they are generally supposed to possess no souls,—nevertheless an angry woman is one of the things most dreaded in Aino-land. The variety of epithets and bad names for an offending person which she has at her command is really startling. She does not scruple to make faces at and otherwise annoy and frighten any one who may have incurred her anger; and the men are terribly afraid of a woman in this state of mind, for there seems hardly any end to the vindictive performances with which she will afflict a man who has displeased her, especially if he be her husband. The worst thing she can do is to hide or destroy his "god-sticks." The deities can hardly be supposed to know who makes away with the sacred symbols, and a man who neglects his *inao* becomes an outcast. The gods deserting him, men follow suit. But women, continually repressed, and allowed no part in religion, probably become at times so reckless as to fear neither gods nor men. Indeed, suicides among them are not uncommon. After early youth they are by no means to be compared with the men in fine appearance. Many girls are handsome, but the women of middle age are characterized by a stolidly dull expression of indifferent and weather-beaten resignation.

Long ago, in the first days when travelers caught glimpses of Aino women, it is not strange that they were described as wearing mustaches, since from a short distance away the heavy blue-black tattooing about the lips gives exactly that effect. The process of producing such mouth-decoration is described as exceedingly painful; but the Aino women have borne it heroically, sustained by their certainty that it is beautifying. Horizontal slashes are made with a sharp knife, crossed by slanting cuts very close together, and subsequently opened wider. The coloring-matter, made from the soot of birch-wood scraped from the bottom of an iron kettle, is then rubbed in unflinchingly, and afterward washed with water in which ash-bark has been soaked to produce an indelible stain. For two or three days the

¹ There is a marked difference between the music of this nation and that of the Japanese. Generally major instead of minor, it is entirely melodious to Western ears.

lips are so swollen and sore that speaking or attempting to eat is almost impossible. Many women have their hands, wrists, and arms similarly treated, showing permanent rings and bracelets in every available spot; and I

tiful dark eyes are shaded by long, thick eyelashes. In the younger generation, too, the luxuriant black hair is sometimes simply coiled instead of being cut in the singularly awkward native way—perfectly short at the



ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

AINO WOMAN (SHOWING TATTOOED UPPER LIP) CARRYING CHILD IN JAPANESE FASHION.
THE HEAD-BAND SUPPORTS ANOTHER BURDEN IN THE ROLLED-UP MAT.

saw a few with ornamented foreheads. Tattooing was forbidden by the Japanese government about eleven years ago; and while not absolutely suppressed, it must be done surreptitiously, and is far less general than formerly.

Young Aino girls are often attractive. Their clear, somewhat brunette skin shows a warm russet red in the cheeks, and beau-

tiful dark eyes are shaded by long, thick eyelashes. The profile and rear views are rather absurd. Aino women have handsome teeth, white and even, and they do not blacken them, as a former Japanese fashion decreed for the married women of that nation. Inordinately fond of jewelry, of whatever material, the richest woman is she



DRAWN BY EDWARD POTTHAST.

AN AINO VILLAGE.

who owns the largest number of necklaces. These are made of large porcelain or stone beads, with big circular ornaments suspended from them—sometimes pieces of leather studded with bits of brass or German silver. The beads are undeniably picturesque, many being of a brilliant turquoise blue, and oddly mottled ones brought from Saghalin, the penal island of Russia. The necklaces are worn at bear-feasts, when everything is in gala array for the only great occasions of the Aino year.

Bear festivals, now becoming rarer, are the opera, theater, afternoon tea, reception, and dinner-party of the Ainos. Shooting bears with poisoned arrows, like tattooing the mouth, has now been forbidden by the government. The poison with which the hollow groove in the arrow-head was filled was made from a combination of the brains of crows, tobacco-ashes, and two kinds of insects—one of them the *krombi*, a water-insect found attached to sticks and stones; the other called *yonsike*. In early spring, when the deep snows of a Yezo winter are yet hard upon the ground, the mighty Aino hunter

sets forth upon the only pursuit which seems to him worthy of manly attention. After the bear has been killed, either in its den, where it lies still partly torpid, or just outside, having been annoyed into emerging, or in the pit where it has been decoyed, the hunters make profound obeisance to this object of their admiration. Upon returning to the village, the whole scene is related realistically to those left behind, while the deities are praised for their gracious presence, which brought success to the hunt, and sake is taken in unlimited quantities with the bear's meat at the great feast.

Getting stupidly drunk upon sake is, indeed, the chief vice of this otherwise amiable and harmless race. It is said of the Aino men that nine out of ten are sake drunkards. Fortunately, the women are not considered worthy to receive enough of the precious liquid to reduce them to any such state.

Bear-cubs are often taken alive, nourished, and brought up by the women in the same way as very young infants. This curious cus-

tom, stated by some travelers, has been as vigorously denied by others; but Esashi held many eye-witnesses to its reality. When the baby bear gets too large to be a safe playmate in the house, a great entertainment is made, guests are invited, even from distant villages, and the women are arrayed in all the pomp of jewelry and beads, some going so far, it was asserted, as to wash their hands. The men put on their head-dresses of shavings, and the sacred sticks of willow wood are placed in the hearth as offerings to the gods. The little bear is then killed in a very cruel manner, after the situation has been explained and his pardon asked for doing away with him. Sake is again drunk to excess, much as during the other bear-feast, and for two or three days scenes of revelry prevail.

There are no roads outside the villages in northern Yezo, no jinrikisha,—those most fascinating man-power carriages,—no kago, or swinging cars, and no side-saddles; nevertheless, while the astronomers were adjusting apparatus and testing object-glasses, my exploring expeditions went on,

though in a primitive method. The country is thickly covered with scrub bamboo, very tough, and breast-high, through which a few foot-paths have been worn; but the beach at low tide forms the best road, and many a mile of Kitami sands has felt the galloping feet of my rough little Yezo pony as I traversed the country from one village to another.

The Hokkaido horses themselves deserve a separate word. They seem to possess an abundance of good qualities which their appearance would scarcely justify one in anticipating. Ordinarily they can use two gaits, a short, quick trot,—rather an indiscriminate sort of scramble,—and a smooth gallop, rapid and comfortable. Both Aino and Japanese are fearless and skilful riders along the narrow paths through the tall undergrowth.

Casual travelers visiting Aino villages in the more accessible parts of the island, with an ordinary Japanese guide, see little of the striking race customs; but a friend of ours at Esashi had been for many years governor of a Hokkaido province. He is not only thor-



DRAWN BY G. M. CARPENTER.

INTERIOR OF AINO HOUSE, WITH AINO MAN AND WOMAN, THE LATTER WEARING THE CEREMONIAL BEAD NECKLACE.



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

AINO DRINKING SAKE.

oughly familiar with the nation, but has a personal acquaintance with every individual Aino within a radius of many miles. Giving me most generously of his time and his influence with these retiring people, as well as of his skill in speaking their isolated language, my facilities for acquiring an unusual acquaintance with their curious habits were of the best. Coming with their special Japanese friend and master, I was treated more as an honored guest than as an inquiring stranger full of doubtful intentions. Everything of possible interest was joyfully brought forth.

The dirtiness of the Ainos, both personally and in their houses, is quite as phenomenal as the cleanliness of the Japanese. Bathing and washing utensils are unknown; the eating-bowls are merely wiped out with the fingers after a meal; and the dwellings are dark, uncomfortable, and far from fragrant abodes. Each has two small holes for windows, one in the east side, the other in the south. The east end of the house, and its window, are sacred; and outside is a row of poles upon which the master of the house has stuck the skulls of animals killed in the hunt, among them many inao, in honor of the numerous deities whose aid is constantly invoked. The raised part of the floor, like an ordinary Japanese

house, has its square or rectangular hole where, during my visits, fagots were always burning. The smoke, supposed to find its own way out of a hole in the roof, seemed to prefer loitering among the beams overhead; and the medley of household possessions, as well as the drying fish above the fire-hole, was draped inches deep with soot. A jumble of domestic debris usually lay in corners and about the sides of the room, and always piles of elm-fiber (*atsu*), ready to be pulled apart into threads and woven into the coarse cloth (*attush*) worn by both men and women. This wood-fiber is obtained from two kinds of elm, *Ulmus montana* (*ohiyo*), and *Ulmus campestris* (*akadama*).

During one of my rides a number of rivers had to be crossed, either by fording or by a flat-bottomed boat pulled over by a rope. One village of about twenty houses was close to a stream; and as we rode directly to the ferry in order to get as soon as possible to a Japanese house, a mile or two beyond, for luncheon, several thickly bearded men followed to watch, and perhaps to assist, the embarkation, while a handsome girl ran after to beg that we should stop on the return; for she must see the foreign lady, and feared no other would ever visit the village. A withered old crone, bent quite double, and walking with much difficulty by the aid of a long staff the curiously carved top of which reached high above her head, hobbled after, giving voluble directions to the men about getting us over the river. Quite different from the expres-



DRAWN BY EDWARD POTTHAST.

AINO WOMAN WEAVING CLOTH FROM ELM-FIBER THREADS.

sion of the older women generally, her face had a keen, cunning, almost sinister look, and her bushy white hair stood out on both sides as if electrified. Huge hoops of German silver ornamented her ears, and a broad brass bracelet her tattooed arm. Her mouth, too, was heavily tattooed, and she held her elm-fiber robe tightly together with one shriveled hand. Her small, sharp eyes followed us across the river and after we had struck into a quick gallop on the beach beyond.

A weird fascination hung about her, and fortunately, in returning, a hard shower compelled us to take shelter in the house where she seemed to live. About were grouped daughters and granddaughters, both generations with babies strapped upon their backs Japanese fashion, and all but the youngest girls displaying the disfiguring blue-black stripes about the lips. Fagots burned, as usual, in the square hole, and about it lay a number of lazy Aino men. The whole household made way politely for the drenched foreigner and her companions; after hats and gloves had been taken to the fire to be dried, tea and sweetmeats were produced.

One of the younger girls promised to give an Aino dance; but afterward, overcome by shyness, she slipped away. Several women were sewing characteristic figures, cut from blue Japanese cotton, upon aprons and kimonos of elm-fiber; and one was weaving the woody cloth itself in a primitive loom the parts of which were handsomely carved.

It was a strange scene—the dark room, the fitfully flickering fire, the idle men with their noble faces, the industrious women working by the firelight or leaning toward the faint light coming in at the open door from the clouded day without, the visitors in the midst of them, treated as honored guests, yet not disturbing the family routine.

Sharp-nosed dogs with beautiful, thick yellow coats peered in at the door, while just outside the dripping horses waited to be remounted, ready to resume their miscellaneous scramble or the free, wild gallop back to Esashi.

The native implements are of much interest, and have sometimes been handed down from parent to child through several generations. Frequently a family has only one of

each article, and that highly prized, which accounts largely for the prevailing disinclination to sell their possessions. To buy any of the utensils, ornaments, or treasures from an Aino house requires tact and diplomacy even more than that necessary in purchasing old mahogany or blue china from some unwilling but hesitating elderly woman on a lonely New England country road. My knowledge of the Aino tongue being even less than my familiarity with the Japanese, I left all these little amenities to my friend, only telling him that I would buy everything they were willing to sell. The result of his persuasiveness, and the promise of unlimited sake as well



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

ONE OF THE TRIBE.

as the purchase-money, are a miscellaneous collection of Aino robes of elm-fiber, and one of highly ornamental salmon-skin, bows and poisoned arrows, weaving apparatus with a strip of cloth, carved mustache-lifters, tobacco-boxes, knife sheaths and handles, and a sort of rude stringed instrument. He also induced them to part with other dearly cherished heirlooms; and one or two very old pieces of Japanese lacquer, made for Aino use, have found their way to a distant land, as well as many simpler utensils of white-birch bark. The larger part of this collection has been sent to Professor Morse at the Peabody Museum in Salem.

Contrary to the usual custom, one woman

thought she would like some money, and rather sadly, yet with much pride, brought forth a box containing five bead necklaces. She was certainly a person of great consequence. She fingered her possessions lovingly, looking regretfully at her cherished riches, though allowing me to examine them, while she said softly, in her curious native tongue, that the foreign lady might take her choice. Personally she would undoubtedly have been satisfied with little money; but an old Japanese man in the village, of much apparent authority, sent word to her that, as he had originally purchased the beads before she had come into possession of them, he would tell her their exact worth. Whereupon he proceeded to estimate the value, bead by bead, producing a result which made the gentle Aino woman open her soft brown eyes in amazement under their long lashes, and was the cause of considerable discouragement in the breast of the would-be purchaser. I finally brought them away, and with them two "god-sticks"—the inao already mentioned; notidols, but offerings to the gods. Maple and willow are commonly used for these, one end being converted into long curly shavings, either pulled apart in a fluffy mass, or kept in different sorts of careful ringlets. The fluffy one is dedicated to the god of fire; the smoothly curled one to the god of the mountain. They refused money for these sticks, which are made with some sort of sacred ceremony, but signified their entire willingness to accept a few quarts of sake and rice. These luxuries, dedicated to the gods in whose honor the sticks were made, are rededicated, after a sufficient time has elapsed, to the service of the master of the house and his friends in a more practical way.

Well-to-do families have one, two, or several round cases made of old Japanese lacquer, in which is kept everything of great value. When misfortune overtakes him, the owner of these covered boxes will part with them only at the very last, and an

Aino will often work a whole year to purchase one. The Ainos near Esashi had quite taken me to their innocent hearts, and every day several came with one thing and another, learning that I really enjoyed their utensils and ornaments. When an old woman appeared at the eclipse station carrying one of these precious round lacquer cases, with permission for me to buy it, I felt that I had indeed won their affection.



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

AN OLD AINO CHIEFTAIN.

The Ainos are very superstitious, and fortune-telling prevails, not by lines in the palm, but in ways quite as picturesque, and doubtless not less effective. After dark the fire is extinguished, and two small bamboosticks, crossed and tied together, are laid before the fortune-teller, who begins to pray aloud. Before long, so an intelligent Aino told me seriously, the bamboo sticks stand upright, unaided, and by some of the more devout are said actually to dance, thus indicating that the spirit of the god has entered into them and is quite prepared to reveal the unknown. The fortune-teller is then moved to speak their fate for others in the assembly, who keep their heads devoutly bowed.

Medicines and care of the sick are recent innovations. When a person became

ill he simply wrapped up his head and lay down uncomplainingly to die, the chief attempt to circumvent fate being prayers to the gods, although certain plants were used in strange decoctions for familiar diseases. Superstitious ceremonies accompanied the drawing out of evil spirits, and charms were given to bring back the god of health.

When death has actually taken place, the subject is so full of horror that the people wish to forget it as soon as possible. Some necessary formalities have to be endured, for large household fires and feasts begin, crowds assemble, the chief treasures of the dead person are brought out, and countless god-sticks are made and placed about the body and the house. Finally the corpse is buried, and the survivors at once try to forget the place of burial, although sticks cut in the form of a

spear, for a man, are placed at the grave; but the Ainos will not tell where their dead are buried, and it is a remarkable ethnological collection which can boast a "grave-post" or an Aino skull. Each grave is in a separate locality, far away in the forest, or among the mountains; and so great is the fear of ghosts that the graves are almost never visited. The posts are apt to disappear soon, and the whole matter is covered with oblivion.

As an Aino stands in deadly terror of an angry woman, so he fears nothing so much as the ghost of an old woman, thought to be full of maliciousness and power for evil. A sort of belief in a personal immortality is thus shown to be inherent. Some of his certainties about a future existence would be of decided interest to the psychical societies. Few tribes remaining will, it seems to me, so well repay study, yet there are few of whom so little can be known. With no written language there can be no reliable records, and their own dread of speaking of the dead is an impediment to the accurate transmission of verbal history.

Unavoidably the Ainos are being pushed to the wall by the keen and brilliant Japanese, and it has been well said that they live "a

petrified life." The situation is not without parallel in our own relation to the Indians. Yet the Japanese government makes wise laws for the protection of the Ainos, and acts toward them in an altogether civilized manner. A society exists in Sapporo for their assistance, which numbers among its members several distinguished Japanese scholars.

One result only is inevitable from the collision of two races, where one is mentally inferior and the other is masterfully conscious of itself. Although the latest census gives the number of Ainos as about seventeen thousand,—a slight gain over the previous year,—the impression seems to be generally prevalent that they are steadily dying out. Half-breeds, Aino and Japanese, rarely survive the second or third generation. The race evidently lacks force, and will be entirely unable to hold its own in the march of nations. The bears are decreasing in number; tattooing, using poisoned arrows, and other characteristic customs, are forbidden by law, and will soon be only matters of tradition. The gradual extinction of an entire race will be one of the pathetic features of further development of the Hokkaido.

COLE'S OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.

GEORGE ROMNEY, THE PAINTER OF "THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER" (1734-1802).¹

BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE.

ROMNEY has always cut a rather romantic figure in English art, because of his lively spirit, his wayward imagination, his mingled strength and weakness, his promise of things never fulfilled. Of all the English painters he was the most mercurial in temperament, the most swayed by personal feeling. Restraint was not a word in his vocabulary. He had an impetuous way of throwing principles to the dogs which seems to have been placed to his credit as artistic righteousness, and an impatience of effort that his admirers have naïvely accepted as proof of peculiar genius. As for laws, he made them unto himself as the wind blew, and changed them again as the wind blew; and the only certain thing about him was

his uncertainty. A Euphorion-like fancy carried him along whither it would. Sometimes its drift was right, sometimes it was wrong; but, right or wrong, Romney was always being blown from one extreme to another. There was no such thing as repose in his life, and no man counted him happy till he was dead. The contrast with his two great contemporaries seems to emphasize his fickleness: for Sir Joshua was a character with a philosophy, and Gainsborough was a temperament under control; but Romney was largely an impulse.

He came out of the north of England, having been born at Dalton, in Lancashire, December 15, 1734. His father was a cabinet-maker, and wished his son to follow him; but the boy would be a painter, and so, at nineteen, he was apprenticed to Steele, a

¹ See the frontispiece of *THE CENTURY* for May, 1898, and that of the present number.

local portrait-painter living at Kendal. The apprenticeship was never completed. After a year or so Steele ran off to Gretna Green with an heiress, and later went to Ireland. Romney, who was always a bundle of nerves, had been a participant in the escapade, and was so overwrought by it that he fell sick of a fever. In the studio deserted by his master there seemed no one about to care for him, except a young girl named Mary Abbott. She succeeded in nursing him back to life, whereupon Romney, in an impetuous burst of love or gratitude, married her. He soon began portrait-painting on his own account among the country people. What he had learned from Steele no one knows, but possibly his local constituency was not too exacting. At any rate, he had some success. At twenty-seven he had saved up a hundred pounds, and, leaving his wife and two children in the country, he set out for London. Here he attracted attention to himself almost at once. The year after his arrival he won the second prize of the Society of Arts for a picture called "The Death of Wolfe"; but he never received more than a present of twenty-five guineas in lieu of it. Romney thought that Reynolds had sided against him and in favor of a painter named Mortimer, and this was the first cause of ill feeling between the two men. Subsequently Romney became a member of the Incorporated Society of Artists, was admitted to study in their schools, and exhibited with them and also at the Free Society; but he never sent anything to the Royal Academy, of which Sir Joshua was president, and never became a member of it. He was successful in London, but not at all satisfied, and he thought to win more renown by making a journey to Rome. He had already paid a short visit to France when, in 1773, in company with a miniature-painter named Humphrey, he started for Italy. Rome was hardly the place for one of Romney's make-up, and, notwithstanding the fact that he copied Raphael and studied Michelangelo, he seems to have got less from their art than from the Italian life about him. At Parma he admired Correggio to some purpose, and possibly Titian's paintings at Venice taught him something about color; but the most that he got out of Italy was the name of having studied there for two years.

Romney got back to London on borrowed money; but he took a house in Cavendish Square, where fortune and many sitters soon smiled upon him. For twenty years he was successful, and a formidable rival of Rey-

nolds; but his wife and children in the North were no sharers of his good fortune: he did not go near them. There was another woman (he used to call her "the divine lady") who at least shared some of his attention, and was responsible for some of his pictorial popularity. This person was none other than Emma Lyon, afterward Lady Hamilton, whom he met in 1782, and who posed as a model for some twenty-three of his pictures. He was devoted to her, and quite heart-sick when she left London for Naples with Sir William Hamilton; but whether he was her lover or not cannot now be determined. It is improbable that he was, for when Romney met her, and all the time he knew her, she was deeply in love with Charles Greville. Her contented life with Greville, and her pathetic letters when she was forced to part from him, prove this fact conclusively; and it is not likely that she was at that time entertaining a second lover in Romney. She was a type of beauty that appealed to Romney as a painter, and the relationship between them was probably that of friends. When she went away he continued his portraits and his attempts at historical canvases, growing perhaps a trifle more erratic as he aged, but still holding his own against competitors.

In 1790 he made a second trip to Paris, and returned with the ambition of building a large house at Hampstead, and fitting it up with casts from the antique. He thought that the casts might help him as models in working upon historical pictures. The house was built, Flaxman in Rome got the casts for it, and in 1797 Romney left Cavendish Square. He was no sooner in his new house than he fell into a despondent, dejected mood. His overstrung nerves lost their elasticity, and he began to fail in mind as well as in spirits. As for his hand, that too lost its cunning, and he did little more at Hampstead than fret over his countless unfinished, never-to-be-finished canvases. Cut off from his friends, dreary in spite of his fame, and feeling that his vital forces were deserting him, he looked about like a helpless child for some one to save him from destruction. It was then that he began to think of his wife, whom he had not seen for thirty years. In 1799, when he had become half mad and quite feeble, he went back to her, apparently without notice of any kind; and she, good soul, received him, nursed him, took care of him until he died in 1802. A moralist might think, and perhaps not unjustly, that this quiet, simple forgiveness on



FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING, OWNED BY EDGAR SPEYER.

MRS. DAVIES. PAINTED BY GEORGE ROMNEY.

(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)

her part was worth all the pictures Romney ever painted; yet he, irresponsible creature that he was, probably never thought himself guilty of any wrong-doing. Nature had not endowed him with much moral stamina. He was largely an impulse.

It was Romney's misfortune to be born with a susceptible and excitable disposition in which reflection and philosophy were not factors. Always headlong in action, he did a thing first, and perhaps thought about it afterward. His marriage, the desertion of his wife, the return to her, were unpremeditated acts. He took up a picture, and threw it down, in just the same way. A fine frenzy soon burned itself out, and the subject of it no longer interested him. All his life he struggled for expression in art, and yet it was not so much persistent endeavor as a series of quick, impetuous dashes, from which the painter generally came off baffled. Brilliant enthusiast and passionate lover, a man with something to say, he wasted energy in misdirected effort, and groaned in spirit because he accomplished so little. In one of smaller gifts such results would meet with less regret; but in Romney's case it was most unfortunate, for he was endowed with the artistic sense in an uncommon degree. His eye was very sensitive to impression; his spirit was buoyant, spontaneous, predisposed to poetic rhapsody; his sentiment refined, delicate, freighted with charming conceits. To be sure, most of his acute perception and his emotional sympathy went out to the surface of things. The significance of an object, or of nature as a whole, was something that he did not inquire into too deeply. It was not the meaning of a face, but its look, that caught his fancy. All the Lady Hamilton pictures, and most of his allegorical portraits, have no ulterior meaning beyond form and color. He was not born with a profound mind to correlate facts and epitomize in paint the great world truths. Yet, with that fatuity of genius which so often leads the mind to mistake its weakness for its strength, Romney was forever straining up imaginary flights, seeking to ascend the brightest heaven of invention, striving after the sublime in historical painting. Needless to say, he was continually falling back in disorder. He was an observer, not a thinker; but experience never seemed to teach him that truth. He remained an impulsive aspiration to the last.

Such education as Romney possessed must have been picked up at haphazard. Things that interested him he worked out in his

own way, for he was a very bright student while the interest lasted; but it is not possible to imagine him pursuing any regular course of study, or enduring much of the drudgery of art. From Steele, his first master, and from the London schools, he must have learned something. In France there was only one contemporary painter who seemed to interest him, and that one was Greuze. The shy young girl with arched head and sidelong glance appealed to Romney as to Greuze, and the two men were in perfect sympathy as regards their views of art. Indeed, if we can believe the tale of the "Parson's Daughter" and the Lady Hamilton heads, Romney's sympathy was so perfect that he accepted something of Greuze's type and manner without hesitation or compunction. As for his browsings among the old Italian masters, he understood little, gained little, as compared with Reynolds. All the sources of his information put together did not give him a sound technical education. He never was fluent in the grammar of art. One feels in his canvases the presence of a bright spirit that would be free, but is held fast by the medium—confined, like the jann in the bottle, and continually crying, "Let me out! Let me out!" His drawing was faulty, for he had only an elementary knowledge of anatomy; but he was decidedly picturesque in his outlines, and though he could not always model a face, he could paint it cleverly enough. He was facile, too, in painting stuffs, draperies, and flowing hair; but with flesh he was too often florid, and with contours, again, too hard. As for his color, there was plenty of it, and sometimes it had depth and harmony; but usually the gamut was limited, the notes a trifle shallow and lacking in resonance.

During his successful years in Cavendish Square he was exclaiming: "This cursed portrait-painting! How I am shackled with it!" He moved into his large house at Hampstead that he might rid himself of it and have a final try at the historical piece. That was his life's dream, but it was never realized; for composition on a large scale was beyond him. It was no more a forte with Romney than with Reynolds. His Miltonic and Shaksperian subjects have little to commend them. The pictures of Muses, Bacchantes, Ariadnes, and Nymphs in landscape were better, because they were merely portraits of handsome women in costume. His best and most complete work was his portraiture; yet even here he was not always

satisfactory in composition. How many figures he placed awkwardly upon the canvas, with not enough room at the top for the head, and not enough at the bottom for the feet! How many pictures by him have added canvas at the ends and are cut down at the sides! Not to go beyond our illustrations, the "Parson's Daughter" is a square picture framed in an oval to help the composition; the charming picture of Lady Derby is cramped at the bottom and empty at the sides. One might draw up a long list of these forms and faces pushed into spaces too large or too small for them. Romney was aware of these shortcomings. Hundreds of canvases were begun, and abandoned before finished. Many were cut to pieces in fits of discouragement. When he died his house was found to be full of "starts"; and, unfortunately for the painter's fame, he is now being judged by these sketches. With all his faults, Romney is deserving of a better fate than that; for occasionally he produced such portraits as "Mrs. Cawardine and Child," "Lady Cavendish-Bentinck," "Miss Sneyd as Serena," which cannot be praised too highly. He could, and did, do these fine, sensitive portraits; and once in a while he struck off the character of a man

with surprising sturdiness: but the great mass of his work suffered from his want of perseverance. Impulsively he dashed at a canvas, without having thought it out; and then just as impulsively he threw it aside in disgust.

Romney was not unlike his contemporaries Reynolds and Gainsborough in his general point of view and in his technical execution. He had the same feeling for the winsomeness, gaiety, and coquetry of women; he often had the same subjects to paint from; and he set his palette with substantially the same warm-keyed pigments: but he was never their equal in breadth of view, in skill of hand, in painstaking effort. A painter born, he lacked the accomplishment of perfect expression, and could but inadequately tell the bright vision he saw in the well. The personal enthusiasm, the feeling for beauty, are manifest enough; they bubble up impulsively; and if at times they are somewhat crude, they nevertheless have the indescribable charm of unpremeditated art. Romney was nothing if not spontaneous. The great pity is that he had not his spontaneity under control. He longed for free utterance, yet could not endure the patient toil that alone leads up to it.

"PURPLE-EYES."

BY JOHN LUTHER LONG.

Author of "Madame Butterfly."

I.

THE FEVER JAPONICA.



ARLAND was charmed with his reception. Before he could open his head (in his own perhaps too picturesque phrase) the two girls had buried their delightful noses in the mats, and were bobbing vividly up and down, sibilating honorifics at him in the voice and manner used only to personages. The mother joined them an instant later, making a phalanx; and she was nearly as beautiful, and quite as graceful, as her daughters. So that at one moment he would have presented to him the napes of three pretty necks, and at the next, with a conjurer's quick change, three pairs of eyes that

smiled always, and three mouths that did their best (which was very well indeed) to assist the eyes. At first, I say, he was charmed, then a little bewildered, then bewitched. And perhaps it was well that his conversation-book was the only thing about him that spoke Japanese; for Garland's vocabulary, even when it was fairly accurate, had grown indiscreet since coming to Japan.

He perceived, however, by a surreptitious glance at the conversation-book when the napes of the necks were in view, that they were addressing him as "Augustness" and "Excellency," and that the mother was insisting that he should take immediate possession of her "miserable" house and its contents. He wondered dreamily--and he drifted into dreams with the most curious ease--whether the girls would be included.

Finally he began to feel it his duty to be tired of this fawning, as his fluent American democracy insisted upon naming it. He sat bolt upright, and frowned. But the charming kotowing did not in the least abate. He had heard somewhere that the only way to stop this sort of thing short of apoplexy was to compete in it.

He tried to reach the mats with his own nose. It seemed easy, but it was a disaster. There is a trick in it. He plunged forward helplessly almost into the lap of one of his hostesses. Garland sat up, with their joint assistance, very red in the face, but quite cheerful; for though the mother looked greatly pained, the girls were smiling like two Japanese angels. (The phrase is again Garland's: there are no Japanese angels.) Garland had the instant intelligence to perceive that this had at once stopped the kotowing, and precipitated a piquant intimacy.

"I say," said he, idiomatically, "I nearly broke my neck trying to say howdy-do in your way. Now won't you kindly say it in mine, without the least danger to life and limb?"

He held out his hand invitingly, and the one on his right went into debate as to which one to give him. She knew there was some foreign etiquette in the matter.

"In doubt, shake both," said Garland, doing it.

The one on his left emulated her sister to the last particular (the mother had retired for refreshments), but he noticed that the hands she gave him were long and white. He glanced up, and found himself looking into a pair of blue eyes. Garland began furiously to turn the leaves of the conversation-book. The one on his right laughed a little, and said:

"What you lig as', please?"

Garland closed the book, and stared.

"Ah, if you lig more bedder for do so, speak the English," she said, with a quiet flourish that was lost upon Garland.

He flung the conversation-book into a corner. Black-Eyes, as he had mentally named her, in despair of her Japanese name, which was Meadowsweet, smiled ecstatically.

"Ah-h-h! You lig those—those English?"

"Like it? It's heavenly! I say, fancy, if you can,—but you can't,—depending upon a dictionary for your most sacred sentiments for three months."

Wherein it will be perceived that Garland had learned the whole art of Japanese politeness—gentle prevarication.

"How that is nize!" breathed the blue-eyed one, fervently.

Garland turned suddenly upon her, then questioned her with his eyes. She understood.

"Those—thing—you—speak-ing," she barely breathed once more.

"Oh!" said Garland. But it meant more than print can express. "Tell me, if you please, what your name is."

It was Miss Purple-Wistaria; but the Japanese of this was quite as impossible as the other.

"Do you mind me calling you Blue-Eyes?" asked Garland. "When it comes to Japanese proper names—I have already taken the liberty of mentally calling your sister Black-Eyes, and if you don't mind—"

"You call those blue-eye?" asked Miss Meadowsweet.

"Why, yes," said Garland. "What do you call them?"

"Purple-eye."

"Well, I like that better, anyhow. It shall be Purple-Eyes."

"She got other already English name," confided Black-Eyes, with the manner for her sister he did not like.

"Oh! What is it?"

"Sarann," laughed the dark one. "Tha's jus' joke her fadder. He all times joke upon her."

Garland did not quite understand. He decided that he did not wish to, for the blue-eyed one looked very uncomfortable.

"I shall call her Purple-Eyes," he said.

The disagreeableness of the other continued.

"Yaes; tha's good name—for her," she added, with an intention that was distinctly odious.

"In America that would be the most beautiful name a man could give to a beautiful woman," said Garland, severely.

The dark one looked a bit frightened. The blonde one gave him the merest horizon of her eyes as she raised her head. Gratitude was in them.

"Now, won't you go on, and tell me how you knew me before I opened my blooming head?"

He had again addressed himself to Purple-Eyes; but Black-Eyes answered:

"What is that—open you' head, an' blooming you' head?"

Garland informed her.

"Oh-h-h!" laughed the dark one. "Tha's way know yo' fore open you' blooming head!"

She suddenly reached into the bosom of the kimono of the blue-eyed one, and brought forth a photograph of Garland; whereat Garland got red again, and again the blue-eyed one drooped her head.

"Oh, I say," Garland began, without a very distinct idea of what he was going to say. "Brownie sent you that—aha, ha, ha!"—he had happily drifted into the very thing,—“and wrote you that I would arrive with a letter from him; so that you would know me—you know; and of course when I arrived—of course when I arrived—why, of course—oh, hang it!”

They both waited breathlessly upon his words.

"Of course," echoed Black-Eyes, sympathetically—"of course—tha' 's correc', an' tha' 's also—*nize*. Of course—you arrive when you arrive."

Garland wondered whether she was guying him.

"Yes—why, of course," said he once more, and a laugh *en masse* cleared the air.

Garland, in a panic, was searching his pockets.

"What lot pockets!" sighed Black-Eyes, insidiously desiring to compose his nerves.

"Sixteen," admitted Garland. "I wish they were only one, just now. By Jove, I've lost that letter!"

The graceful mother arrived with the tobacco-*bon* (there appeared to be no servant), and Garland, professing an ignorance which seems problematical after three months in Japan, desired to be initiated into the art and mystery of the Japanese pipe. The tender was made to Purple-Eyes, but Black-Eyes undertook it.

"So," she said, rolling a pellet of the tobacco, and putting it into the pipe; "an' *so*," as she fearlessly put a live coal upon it with her fingers; "*so*," as she put it to her own lips and sent out a tiny puff; "an'—an'—an' *so*!" as she laughed and put it to his. And yet Garland found himself wishing that the other one had done it, and believing that she could do it better! And this was already perilous business.

It was afternoon when Garland arrived, and the mother's actions, though covered by diplomatic entrances and exits, with a view to impressing him to the contrary, indicated to him that she was cooking. And presently Purple-Eyes got up and lighted the *andon*. Garland, who delighted in her grace of motion, had not yet learned that each movement was the result of much study and the practice of *certain* stoical rules of decorum. However,

he rose as far as his knees, and said he must go. A glance of alarm passed between the girls, and both stiffened in consternation.

"Sa-ay—tha' 's not *nize* for us," accused the dark one, with valor. "Brownie he write unto us that you so kine with him, you give him you' las' pair boots, an' go naked on you' both feet. Tha' 's way we got do you. *But*—account you go'n' go 'way, we cannot. Hence we got be always 'shamed 'fore Brownie—an' aeverybody. Tha' 's not *nize*—for us." Garland had not risen above his knees, and she came hopefully forward. "Please don' go 'way!" She turned to Purple-Eyes in the peremptory way that Garland resented. "Sa-ay—why *you* don' as' him stay among us? Sa-ay—don' you wish?"

Garland's eyes followed. Unconsciously they besought her.

"We *lig*—if you stay—among us," said Purple-Eyes, haltingly.

But there was something else—just the timid lifting of an eyelid. Garland answered this with a rift of pleasure which shot across his face.

"Me? I *lig* also if you stay among us—I."

But now it was spoken to the mats. There was the edge of a smile visible, and Garland felt her courage.

"Well, if *you* like," said Garland,—he laughed suddenly,—"*I* like too."

"Thangs!"

They both said it at once; but some splendid reward passed from Purple-Eyes to Garland.

So presently they had a feast, in which four little tables stood in a circle, one for each. There would have been only three had not Garland insisted that the mother should dine with them. He had not the least idea how fearfully he had disarranged domestic matters, for the mother, of course, instantly did as he requested. And then the three of them served him, and cunningly joined in engaging him while one or the other prepared the viands. But finally it was a very joyous meal; and only when the Osaka beer came on did Garland at all suspect how much out of the ordinary it was for them. They had forgotten to be taught how to open the bottles!

II.

THE SHADOW ON THE SHOJI.

AND he went to sleep that night, when sleep came, on a floor that was as dainty as any bed, in a huge wadded overcoat called a *futon*, on a wooden pillow that rocked and

screeched a little (as if afraid to screech more) when he turned. An andon burned dimly behind a screen, and he was aware of the slumberous aroma Japonica, as he characterized it. But he could not sleep—of course not. For, less than six feet away, behind the translucent walls of paper, he could hear the melodious dithyrambs of the three voices. He could catch a sleepy word now and then, which he knew came from the blue-eyed one. They were much fewer than those of the other two. Some vague picture of those eyes, patiently sad, as he had conceived them, kept itself between him and sleep, until finally it was sudden morning, and the splendid light of Japan, subdued by the *shoji*, was shining in his face.

He lay indolently awake for a long time. Presently a noise not much greater than the alighting of a fly upon a stretched screen drew his attention. He perceived a dampened finger slowly working against the other side of the *shoji*, until presently the paper parted, and the finger came through. It was very pink at the tip. Slowly it reamed the hole larger, then disappeared, to be replaced by an eye. And the eye was blue. Garland nearly laughed aloud, until he remembered that he was the objective of the eye. Then unconsciously he arranged his hair a little, and began to pose. But the humor of it came down upon him again, and he laughed. The eye instantly disappeared, and he could see the shadow of its owner gliding away. In a panic of regret, Garland called out:

"Don't go, Purple-Eyes!"

The shadow hesitated, and then returned.

"How you know tha' 's Purple-Eyes?"

"By her own confession—now."

Her pretty laugh sifted through the *shoji*.

"You want me come unto you?" asked the voice beyond. "Tha' 's what I dunno."

Garland was (in his own phrase again) quite paralyzed. He might have thought, but he did not, that she was only tendering the offices of the servant they did not have; but he called out, with a mixture of bravado and trembling which alarmed them both:

"Yes; come in!"

The damaged *shoji* slid haltingly aside, and she entered very slowly and softly, and he thought of the pictures of the Sun-God—dew as she came through the opening and down the burst of prodigal light it let in. As she prostrated herself Garland noticed that her hair had been newly dressed (an operation of several hours), and that she wore a dainty blue kimono, too gay for any

but a geisha to wear. But it became her royally.

"You look more than ever like a picture on a fan," greeted Garland, with even more admiration in his eyes than in his voice.

Instead of being pleased, as any other Japanese girl would have been, Purple-Eyes slowly shook her head.

"Alas! you naever see no picture on fan lig unto me."

"But I have," insisted Garland.

She shook her head again.

"Well, then, if not, why not?"

"They got not those purple eye—an' pink face—an' flaming hair—"

She sighed, and looked askance at Garland. He seemed fully to agree with her. She changed her tone to one of resigned solicitude and ceremony.

"You sleeping well—all those night?"

"Well, by the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress, if I were a Japanese artist, that is the kind of eyes and face and hair they should all have! Yessir!—every blamed one of them!"

The girl caught her breath, and something flamed up her face and lighted her splendid eyes anew. She dared to look at him. It had all sounded quite true. Wistfully she dissembled—this at least was truly Japanese.

"You sleeping well all"—she lost her purpose for a moment—"all those night—all?"

"Blue eyes for me, every day in the week."

"You sleeping well?" Joy was all too plainly in her voice now—irrepressible joy.

He laughed, and caught her hands rapidly. She did not deny him, and he kissed them.

"Oh, you are delightful!" said he.

"Me? I don' sleep—moach."

"You look as fresh as new porcelain."

"Yaes; I been fix up."

She consciously let him look her over.

"No; I did n't sleep at first. I was listening to your voice," Garland confessed, quite without reservation.

The girl was confused a little.

"You don' lig be annoy with those voice?"

"Why, it is divine!"

A white shaft of fear crossed her face.

"Tha' 's—jus'—fun—I egspeg?"

"Tha' 's ver' earnest," he gaily mocked.

He was pleasing her now. She even went with his mood a little way. Joy was such a beautiful and tempting and elusive thing!

"Lig goddess, mebbey?"

Garland nodded seriously.

"Tha' 's nize—for me."

"An' for me."

"But not the goddesses?"

They laughed together, and she drew confidently a little closer to him.

"Listen; I go'n tell you a thing. You *not* in fun—*not*?"

"I mean every word," declared Garland, "and more than I have words to mean."

"Tha' 's nize. Eijinsan 'most always fun. Nobody but you aever lig those hair an' eye. Aeverybody hate me. *Why?* Account they say I b'long pink-face people. Account my fadder he *sei yo jin*—a west-ocean mans. I di'n' do so unto those hair an' eye! I cannot help. *Me?* When I see you got those purple eye lig unto me, an' also those yellow hairs, an' all pink in the face, I thing mebby you go'n' lig me liddle—lig I was brodder an' fadder with you. Also, I thing mebby you go'n' take me away with you—beyond those west-ocean, where pink-face people live. *Me?* Don' you thing those pink-face people lig me liddle if I come unto them?"

"God bless you—yes," said Garland, with something suspiciously tender in voice and eyes. He still had her hands, delighting in them, caressing them. The girl's face was irradiated. She poured out all her soul for him.

"*Me?* Listen 'nother time. Before I know you' eyes purple an' you' hair yellow lig unto me, I lig you! *Me?* Sa-ay—I lig jus' your *picture!*" She laughed, confessed, and shifted a little closer. "You don' hate me account I doing those?"

"No," said Garland, guiltily—"no, I don't hate you."

"Sa-ay—you go'n' take me at those pink-face people?"

Garland was silent.

"If you don', I got go myself. *Me?* I got go!"

Garland nodded, and she understood him to have assented. This was wrong. But her joy was superb, and Garland had a very soft heart.

"Oh—*how* that is nize! *Me?* I got go. I dunno—all times seem lig I b'long 'cross west ocean. Seem lig I different from *aevery*-body else. *Me?* I got have somebody *lig* me—somebody *touch* me—hole my hands—*so—so—so!*" She illustrated fervidly.

Garland, alarmed at her dynamic emotion, released them. She returned them to him.

"*But*—nobody don' *wish*. Others—Japan people—they don' lig be ligued. But me? I *got* be—else I got pain in my heart an' am ill. You aever have those pain at you' *heart*—lig you all times falling down—down

—down? Tha' 's mos' tarrible. Tha' 's lone-some-ness. *Me?* I thing I go'n' die sometime account that. Tha' 's lone-some-ness to cross west-ocean to pink-face people. Yaes; tha' 's why I *got* do those. Oku-Sama—tha' 's my modder—she saying 'most all times, 'Jus' lig pink-face people. Always got be lig by 'nother—touch by 'nother—speak sof' by 'nother.' An' tha' 's *you*—yaes! You lig me, an' you touch me, an' you speak sof' unto me the ver' first time I seeing you. *Me?* I *know*, those time I first seeing you, that you don' hate me account I got those pink face upon me."

"No," admitted Garland, seriously.

"*How* that is nize! It make something rest—go 'sleep inside me. I got that peace. Jus' when you touch my hand at first I got some happiness. But *now*—I got that peace."

She began regretfully to detach herself. Garland detained her. She was very dainty and very confiding—very wise. And Garland had vanquished his alarm of her.

"*Me?* I don' wish; but I got git you some-things eat. Soon you starve. I *got*."

"Where is Black-Eyes—and your mother?" asked Garland.

The girl seemed reluctant, but told him that they all worked in the neighboring silk-mill, the pulsations of which he had heard all night.

"Never mind. I'd rather famish," said the impulsive Garland, with a strange remorse. "Will you assist?"

"Yaes," laughed the girl. "*Me?* I been famish—many times."

"Heavens!" breathed Garland, inventing all her daintiness once more. "How much do your mother and sister earn?"

The girl seemed quite indifferent as to this. "Sometime fi' sen; sometime ten—fifteen; one times, twenty-two."

"And you?"

"*Me?* Oh, jus' liddle."

She earned more than the other two.

"And what does it cost you to live?"

"Live? Half those fi'—ten—fifteen sen."

"And you save the rest? That is very prudent."

The girl looked bewildered; then she explained:

"Other half send Brownie."

He let her go. She leaned over him bewitchingly.

"First some breakfas'; then I go'n' help you famish—all day!"

She came back in a moment. The sleeves of her kimono were tucked out of the way, and there was rice-flour on her pretty arms.

"You go'n' to naever tell—'bout those fi—ten—fifteen sen, an' all those?"

"No," said Garland; "I will never tell."

"Else they go'n' kill me," she threatened gaily.

"I prefer to have you live," he laughed, as brightly as he could.

"Tha' 's secret among jus' you an' me?"

"Yes," said Garland.

She started away, then came back.

"Me? I lig have secret among jus' you an' me." With a radiant face she fled.

And here was Brownie's poor little skeleton stripped naked. He had lived at the university like a gentleman. He was still living in Philadelphia like a gentleman. Garland wondered whether it would make any difference in Philadelphia if it were known that it was the pitiful "fi—ten—fifteen sen" that his mother and sisters earned each day that supported him. A great disgust for Brownie and a great pity for Purple-Eyes were the immediate postulates. And is not pity akin to love?

III.

THE DANCE OF THE RED MAPLE LEAVES.

THE question of making one's toilet in the interior of Japan is still a serious one for the American who lives behind closed doors and cherishes his divine right of privacy. Garland had solved the vexation for all his contemporaries (according to Garland) by making his toilet as to half or quarter of his sacred person at a time (depending somewhat upon the danger of surprise), thus reducing the chances of exposure by one half or three quarters. Purple-Eyes brought him the requisites for his toilet, and the moment she was gone he bared his shoulders and chest, and plunged into the delightful water, perfumed, like everything else, with the aroma Japonica. But his pretty hostess reappeared through the movable walls at an unwatched place.

He abandoned a momentary impulse to scuttle behind the screen because of the admiration he saw in her eyes, and then he half turned that she might see the muscles of his back.

"How you are beau-ti-ful!" she said slowly, as her eyes traveled, quite without embarrassment, over his athletic form.

"Thanks," he laughed, with pleasure in the little incident.

Garland turned a little farther, and raised his arms above his head in the way of athletes.

She handed him a towel he had dropped.

"I thing I come tell you we got large tub for bath," she said then.

"Where is it?" asked Garland, suspiciously.

"There."

She pointed.

"That 's what I thought. You must excuse me. I can't perform that sacred rite in the fierce light that beats upon a front porch."

"Yes? Eijinsan don' lig?" She did not understand.

"No," admitted Garland.

"Also, you lig for me go 'way liddle?"

Garland said yes, and she went.

When she returned, it was with a delightful breakfast of fish, rice, and persimmons. She put the little table between them, and on her knees, on the other side, taught him how to eat as a Japanese should. This is really not difficult, except the chopsticks; and with these she had to help him so often that their fingers were in almost constant contact. Alas! Garland made it as difficult as possible.

Her joy overflowed the mouth and eyes which it seemed should know nothing but tears.

Afterward he helped her, with masculine joy of his own inaptitude, to reform the apartment, and secrete the things which had made it successively a reception-room, sleeping-chamber, and breakfast-room. You may judge whether or not this was delightful to a fellow like Garland, and also whether it was perilous.

It is not often that one has the felicity of ending one's breakfast with a song, and then of ending the song with a dance. She brought her samisen quite without suggestion from Garland, and said with naïveté:

"I go'n' sing you a song. You lig me sing?"

"Try me!" challenged Garland, with an admiration in his eyes which pleased her greatly.

"Long down behine the Suwanee River" was the curious song she sang, in Japanese English.

Garland laughed.

"Don' you lig those?" she pouted. "I learn it for you."

He said it was lovely, and begged her to go on.

But his eyes wandered from the fingers on the strings to those on the plectrum, and then away to the lips above; and when she turned into the chorus he joined her with his inconstant eyes still there. It was only an indifferent tenor, but the girl thought it full of

fervor. It was only that it joined and mingled with hers—as she fancied their spirits doing and might always do.

"How that is nize!" she breathed in frank ecstasy. "You got voice lig—lig—"

But there was nothing at hand to compare it with, and she laughed confessingly.

"Nothing," said Garland.

"Yaes—nothing," she admitted.

"Sing another," begged Garland, with enthusiasm.

She did—"When the swallows flying home"; and then still another—"T is the last rosebud summer."

"Where did you learn them?" asked he.

"That day when I got your picture. *Me?* I thing you lig me sing, mebbly. Well, I git those song; I make them United States' language, so you comprehend."

"God bless you!" said Garland.

The girl leaned forward with dewy eyes.

"Sa-ay—you lig me also dance—jus' one—liddle—dance—for *you?*"

She came bewitchingly nearer. Garland glanced again at her geisha-like costume. Had she thought all this out for his entertainment, he wondered?

"Yes," he said.

"But—you naev—naever go'n' tell?"

She raised her brows, and held up a finger archly.

"On my sacred honor!" laughed Garland.

"No one?"

"Not a soul."

"Tha's go'n' be 'nother secret among jus' you an' me foraever an' aever?"

"Forever and ever," announced Garland, as if it were the service.

"Account if you aever do, they go'n' kill me!"

"What! Kill you?"

"Dade!" She nodded ominously.

"Who?"

"Black-Eyes an' those modder."

"Oh!" said Garland. He understood.

He was left to guess that this dainty flower had been taught the arts of a geisha to assist also in keeping up Brownie's state.

"I lig dance for *you*," confessed the girl, joyously. "Others? No; I do not lig. They as' me, 'Where you got those pink face?' *Me?* I don' lig those. I rather work in those mill. My modder an' my sister gitting all times an-gery—account I don' dance. *But*—tha's in-sult upon me! I don't *lig* be in-sult. So! *Me?* I jus' don' dance for no one—but—but—but—jus'—*you!*"

She vanished through the shoji, and pres-

ently returned, a symphony in autumnal reds and browns.

"I go'n' dance for you that red maple-leaf dance. *Me?* I am that leaf."

"You look it," said Garland, more tenderly than he knew.

The girl spread her garments that he might inspect her.

"This is a forest," she went on; "an' you—sa-ay—you a *tree!* Aha, ha, ha!"

She laughed, made him a noble courtesy, and murmured a little tune to which she floated down from the top of a maple-tree. For a while she lay quite still, shivering a little. Then the wind stirred her, and she rose, and swept down upon Garland, then back and into a whirl of other leaves. Then hither and thither, merrily, like an autumn leaf, until she shivered down at his feet, with bowed head.

She was making it more and more perilous for Garland.

IV.

"HOW THAT IS NIZE!"

THAT night they had a gay little supper, with a tiny servant, whom Garland guessed, with entire accuracy, had been borrowed for the occasion.

"You got nize day?" asked Black-Eyes.

Garland caught a startled glance from Purple-Eyes, and answered discreetly that he had had—oh, yes; a very pleasant day, giving no damaging particulars.

But Black-Eyes fancied from the blankness of his countenance that he was indulging in the same kind of prevarication with which she would have met such a question. She devoted herself to him all the rest of the evening. As he retired for the night, the last thing she said to him, with a reproachful glance at Purple-Eyes, was:

"To-morrow you go'n' have mos' bes' nize times. *I go'n' stay home with you!*"

And she did, making it a very dreary day for Garland. He could not help thinking of Purple-Eyes at the factory, with her dainty hands begrimed.

But presently, when she returned, there was no grime upon her hands. She was dainty and smiling.

"You got nize day?" she asked, with her head coyly down. She knew he had not.

"No," he said savagely. "I'm glad it's over."

The flame was in her face again. But she kept it down.

"I thing Black-Eyes ver' be-witch-ing."

"But she is not—*you*," he said.

She looked slowly up. The little weariness which had been limned upon her face by the day's drudgery was gone, and in its stead was a vague glory reflected from within.

"How that is nize," she whispered—"for me!"

"For me," said Garland, approaching her, threateningly. She did not retreat. She subsided a little toward him—just a little—that he might know she would never retreat from him. Her eyes smiled confidently.

He stopped where he was.

"Who is to be chatelaine to-morrow?"

"What is that chat—?" she asked.

"Who is to keep the house?"

"Me. Me one day, Black-Eyes next."

She saw his face lighten.

"You lig that?"

"I like half of it."

She thought a moment until she understood; then she lifted her shining face.

"Ah, Eijinsan, how be-witch-ing you are!"

V.

LOVE TO THE SOUND OF THE TEMPLE BELL.

THE next day they went up to the temple on the mountain-side the plaintive bells of which Garland had heard. Purple-Eyes was tall, and walked with less difficulty than most Japanese girls, so they walked. It was a day of dreams. Garland remembered afterward the smell of the incense, the voices of the chanting bonzes, that the tea-house on the mountain-side where they rested called itself the House of the Seven Golden Crystals; the rest was Purple-Eyes—and happiness. Japan had been growing upon him for three months, and now unhappiness made but little impression.

The day remained in his mind with the sum of his dreams—this lotus-eating, nectar-drinking, happy-go-lucky Garland!

Thus it curiously went on. One day it was Black-Eyes, and the true Japan, and the real Garland. The next it was Purple-Eyes, and the ideal Japan, and the lotus-eating Garland. What is more like lotus-eating than being adored? At first Garland used to smile at the strange dual life which circumstances had wrought out for him. Then he used to wonder which was better. Later he tried to decide only which he liked better. Now he no longer differentiated at all. His analytical edge was quite dulled. Still, he had heard that this fever of Japan always wore off. Some said it lasted as long as two years, some said five; no one had said ten. And what then?

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"Why, then? *Me!*"

He had spoken the last three words aloud, and they had been answered by the laughing, dewy-eyed subject of them.

He looked at her.

"Well, one ought to be content," he laughed.

"An' you—content?" she smiled back.

He did not answer at once.

"Do you know that you have been growing more bewitching every day since—"

"Sinze *you*—an' *joy*—came at Japan?"

From the opened shoji she flung him the gay greeting he had taught her, and disappeared; for it was Black-Eyes' day, and she had yet to dress for her work.

That day he harbored madly the notion of marriage with Purple-Eyes and a residence in Japan. It had quite infected him before night, and was distinctly, but less and less strongly, in his mind for several days. But then came a letter from his elder brother, in answer to his own of a rather confessional and emotional sort, asking him what he meant by living upon three working-women. It told him to go away—to the devil—anywhere—but away from there. It was like a cold douche. The fever Japonica, as every one had said, was at last gone. So small a thing as his brother's letter had cured it. Now he smiled. He had meant to write to Miss Warburton, offering to release her.

VI.

"SAYONARA?"

I KNOW not what he said to Purple-Eyes, but with her tears there was a certain buoyancy that had not been there but for some hope. And why not? For Garland was a very sweet and gentle fellow, who abhorred pain. The three went to see him off, and he tried desperately to be gay; but something was pulling at his heart-strings, and there were tears perilously near his eyes. Black-Eyes did not marvel at this. She had always understood that it was the way of west-ocean men. But they were only too evidently ready to be answered by other tears in the dewy eyes that were blue. And *this* was annoying to Black-Eyes. She made her sister tremble by a look. So she of the blue eyes could only grasp and hold Garland's big hand in both her own exquisite ones when the others looked away. When their eyes returned hers looked off to the big funnel, though she still held the hand. But when she looked at Garland again he had his handkerchief to his eyes; something inside had given way.

Then hers came from her sleeve, too. So at the last it was quite a little tragedy.

Sad it is that one forgets that one has eaten of the lotus; but thus it is with the lotus, and thus did Garland.

That night, in bed, Black-Eyes undertook some criticism of Garland. Her sister flared up in a way that was new and superb.

"Tha' 's lie! He 's the mos' bes' nize gent in the whole worl'." And she fell to sobbing.

"What is the matter?" asked the mother, who was kinder than Black-Eyes.

"I got that lone-some-ness," sobbed the girl, in answer.

"Poor little pink-face!" said the mother, touching her cheek. "Always must be touch by some one!"

"Me?" said Purple-Eyes, with a power and assurance which were startling. "I am glad I have that pink face!" She laughed. "And I am glad I have *not* that brown face! Aha!"

The mother asked in alarm:

"Has the Eijinsan told you strange things?"

"The strangest and most beautiful things in all the world!" breathed Purple-Eyes. "Not *told* them, but looked them—thought them—to me."

"And you believed?"

"I believed."

"That is very sad," said the mother. "It is the way of the west-ocean men."

"Ah, it is his way, thank Shaka! and it is *not* sad. It is very joyous."

"Shaka grant that it is not, my daughter. To the Eijinsan you are only a plaything, I fear."

"He may have me for a plaything," said the girl, defiantly. "Who has not playthings?"

"When a plaything becomes shabby—"

"But I am not, and I never shall be."

"In a little while we shall know," said the mother, finally.

"In a little while we shall know," repeated the girl, joyously.

VII.

"WHAT YOU BED?"

LATER they found the letter—in the discarded conversation-book. It said that Garland was having his final outing before becoming a Benedick; and the missionary on the hill told them that that meant that he was to be married upon his return to America. Purple-Eyes drew a sharp breath, then faced the other two savagely. She was

able to laugh presently; but it was a very piteous laugh.

"Tha' 's what I know! Aha, ha, ha! He—he—tell me all those." But the pitiful lie stuck in her throat, and her lips were dry. "He tell me *everything*! Yaes"—to a look of doubt from Black-Eyes—"he go'n' marry that other for jus' liddle—"

"Speak Japanese," said her mother, who was not so clever at English as her daughters; but the request fell like a lash upon Purple-Eyes' heart.

"I will not!" she flamed forth. "I will speak his language. He will come for me. If he do not come, I shall go to him. He go'n' marry that other—*if* he marry her—*if*—jus' liddle— *Me*? He go'n' marry me las' an' foraever!"

Suddenly she became aware that she had betrayed her secret.

"Oh, all the gods in the sky!" she cried in anguish. "Tha' 's lie. He *not* go'n' marry me. He *don*' say. Jus' I thing so—jus' I—" She had to debase herself still further, if she would be shriven. "He *not* go'n' come for me. I *not* go'n' go at him. *Me*? Tha' 's correc', Oku-Sama; I jus' his liddle plaything. He *don*' say nawthing. Jus' I thing so."

Her mother nodded.

"And when he tires of the plaything—"

She threw an imaginary something into the air.

"Yaes," whispered Purple-Eyes, humbly bowing her head; but when her face was down she smiled. It was all very sure to her. As she looked up she saw something like malevolence upon the face of her sister.

"But—also he *not* go'n' marry that other foraever!"

Her sister smiled unbelievably.

"I bed you he don'!"

"Ah! *What* you bed?" challenged Black-Eyes.

"That heart in my bosom!" answered Purple-Eyes.

VIII.

LONE-SOME-NESS.

GARLAND did not reach the end of his ante-Benedick wanderings until a year later. Then he found, among other letters awaiting him, one in a long, dainty envelop addressed in English and Japanese. He knew it was from Purple-Eyes before he opened it. It was seven months old.

"That is ledder from me, Miss Purple-Eyes, unto you, Mister J. F. Garland. That is nize day in Japan. I lig if you hoarry soon coming at Japan 'nother time. You been 'way

ver' long time. I lig if you hoarry account aeverybody hating me more an' more. I got those feeling again 'bout somethings I want an' have not got it. That is lone-some-ness. That is to cross west-ocean. You have also got those? Me? I been that sad aever sinze you gone me away from. I been that ill. I thing mebby I go'n' die soon. Aexcep' you come. Say you go'n' come, that I don' die? Black-Eye she all times make amusement 'bout you don' come. That is a liar. She don' know you who you are. She don' know you that you go'n' come soon as you kin. Mebby you go'n' marry with those pink-face for liddle while? Me? I study those conversation-book so I kin write unto you. Also, I fine those ledder you lose when you first arrive among us at Japan. You desire those ledder? Me? I keep it upon my bosom among those photograph of you. Mister J. F. Garland, I don' keer you do marry those other for liddle while. Then you go'n' marry me las' an' for-aever. Jus' hoarry. Yit I am not gay. I cannot be gay until you come again. That is sad for me. Also, you do not lig for me be gay, but lig unto widow till you come. Then, Mister J. F. Garland, I shall be that happy. Mebby you ill an' cannot come unto me? Then I come unto you, if you wish me. What you thing? That is a picture of me lig I promise. I fix up same lig those day you hole my hands. How that was nize! That is first time I aever been my hands hold so nize—so sof. Mister J. F. Garland, that is you hole my hands that sof. Me? I don' let no one else do those unto my hands—lig you wishing, mebby. Jus' you. Mister J. F. Garland, you go'n' hol' my hands all times this afterwhile? Say, don' stay marry with that other so ver' long. Account those lone-some-ness. Please sen' me picture of those other you marry unto. I lig see how she is that beautiful. Please write me ledder aevery day. Please come back that soon. So I kin be joyous. It is that sad for me."

Every laboriously formed letter, printed like the first copy of a child at school, told him what this had cost her; and the little flourishes at the end, where she had grown more certain, what pride she had in them! The picture was exquisitely colored, as only the Japanese can color them, and had been very costly to her. He set it before him, and with his head in his hands studied it. The eyes were very blue, but no bluer than her own. They looked into his half sadly, half gaily, tempting him again. The Japan fever came back upon him, and for a moment—ten—he lived that lotus life with her over again. He was tired. He had been tired ever since leaving Japan. In those eyes he saw again the invitation to rest. The hair, with its brassy luster—he could see the sun on it again—smell its perfume—feel it under his hands. The lips were parted a little, as they nearly always were, and within showed the brilliant teeth.

"Oh," he cried out, as he rose, "get thee behind me—moon-goddess!" He laughed woefully, and took up the picture again. "I thought it gone—the fever."

There was a knock on the door, and a messenger-boy handed in the answer to a note.

"Yes," it ran; "I shall be at home at eight—and so glad!"

It was twenty minutes to eight.

Garland hurried into his evening clothes, and hastened away, leaving the rest of the letters unopened. But he came back, from down the stairs, and again set the picture up before him. Then he strode softly up and down the apartment, a smile half sad, half gay upon his face. The little clock chimed the few notes which told him it was a quarter past eight. He smiled—another kind of smile. He had forgotten! He looked again briefly at the picture of Purple-Eyes. There was moisture in his own. Then softly, as if it were sentient, he turned it face down, and went out.



HEROES OF THE DEEP.

BY HERBERT D. WARD.



THE fishing-fleet is like a large wheel of life, of the three hundred and fifty spokes of which twenty-five pass in and out of the bay every day, a quivering procession, freighted with hope, with gain, with sorrow, and with disappointment. The beautiful harbor of Gloucester stretches from Norman's Woe to Eastern Point, and the fish that enter are daily measured by the hundred thousand weight.

There is no port in this country to which the Naval Department, in case of war, would sooner look for sailors to man the fleets than this old town which, in 1606, Champlain (the first white man to tread the shores of Cape Ann) called "Le Beau Port." For the great fishing-fleet holds nearly seven thousand souls under its gurried decks, and every one of these has faced, as a matter of course, dangers that would give the average reader many a nightmare, if he could experience but a touch of their reality. What novelist would think of sketching the story of a dried codfish? What novelist could do better?

It is always with a vague regret that we read the sagas, and are thrilled by the vikings's exploits. It seems as if the deeds of daring had gone by forever, and as if the heroes of the deep were a myth of the past. Absorbed in the Norse romance, we forget that the vikings were only pirates, and that they dared for slaughter and for booty. If the Gloucester of to-day had only existed then, what heroic saga would it not have inspired! For to risk life for glory, or riches, or rescue, or love is in the heart of every man to do; but to risk life for a bare existence, for other people's profit, and for an anonymous end partakes of that commonplace sublimity which does not form the favorite plot of poets, although once in a while it is the subject of a daily paragraph.

For the vikings are not dead. From Portland to New Orleans, our harbors are full of them. They lounge upon our wharves, and *we* do not recognize them. They loiter

on our streets, and we know them not. But if there is a more modest, unconscious, or braver fellow than Jack the Fisherman, our eyes have yet to rest upon his face. He is the hardiest and most daring, the best sailor in the world to-day. Any Continental kingdom would give its wealth to possess him for its defense. He is the envy of every maritime nation. Has he no value for us, beyond the halibut and the cod, the haddock and the cusk?

In the old days the wharves of Gloucester town were busy with the making of fish. The flakes were white with awnings protecting the drying cod from stain of sun. In the inner harbor the catch is still dexterously weighed, and pitched from dory to dory, till it is washed, and fit to be salted in platoons of savory hogsheads. But, comparatively speaking, the years of the great fares have gone by, and the harvest of "summer boarders" has come. Five women occupy the wharves for one full fare from Georges, or one long trip from the Banks. Too many of the awnings are replaced by the white umbrellas that shelter the aspiring impressionists. Facing the crumbling corner of a once prosperous wharf, you find a lone lady in bicycle-gaiters laying in water colors, not the color of the water, or of the dismantled vessel before her, or of any other dead or living thing. Little our modern artistling thinks that every quivering plank upon which she treads is charged with years of drama from the living sea.

Only the other day, seated upon the edge of a dory, on the deck of a vessel that had just discharged its small fare of fresh fish, I happened to get into conversation with a red, fat-faced Swedish lad. He was not much over nineteen. He had not outgrown blushing when you mentioned shave. He is of the kind that ships a boy and lands a man. Nor did Hans suspect the reason of the change. His was the majority given by experience, not by years. But I drew out his record from him as I draw a refractory charge out of a muzzle-loader. He was lying in a nest of dories, smoking lazily, and rav-

ished by the July sun. He looked incapable of motion or ambition. He was the last fellow your popular novelist would pick out as a hero.

"No," he said, in his broad foreign accent, without deigning to look up; "I never see any one drowned or saved. The most courageous thing I ever did was to get drunk and get sober again. Yes; I saw my dory-mate saved by a plug-strap."

For the benefit of the reader who has not made his trip, it is necessary to explain that every dory has a plug in its bottom. This is like a large bung in a barrel. Through this plug runs a piece of buoy line, which ends in a loop about eight inches or so long on the waterside. This is the plug-strap, which is probably instrumental in saving twenty lives a year.

"Last winter," admitted Hans, reluctantly, "I was off Greenland, and me and my mate was about two mile baitin' up trawls. It was terrible cold, the water freezing where she struck. The dory was almost full of fish. All to once a big wave capsized the dory and threw us into the water. When the dory came up, I caught the grab-line; but my mate was too far off, so I let go, and swam off, and towed him, and we held hands across the bottom. Only one could hold on to the grab-line at once, so I put his other hand in it, and holt on to the other. He was growin' pretty weak. He was washed off twice, and I haul him in each time. They took us off in about an hour; another minute, and I guess we 'd 'a' both gone. It was the grab-line that saved him."

He stopped, and puffed with a languid unconsciousness which it seemed, somehow, bad manners to disturb.

"Don't you remember seeing anything really grand—that is—heroic?"

The questioner floundered helplessly before the young fisherman's puzzled look.

"Naw," Hans smiled contemptuously; "I don't think."

Yet the boy himself had artlessly confessed to what was as much a deed of heroism as that of the engineer in sticking to his throttle for his passengers' sakes at the moment of collision.

But the fisherman considers such an act as a matter of course. The average summer boarder, eagerly gossiping on the hotel piazzas, and idly watching the white schooners slip in and out of the harbor, is seldom awakened out of that spurious superiority which the pale-faced, well-dressed alien generally feels toward the weather-

beaten, simple "native." Yet once in a while even this fond illusion is dispelled.

It happened not many summers ago that on a calm afternoon arose one of those sudden, virulent squalls that are common to Ipswich Bay and Gloucester Harbor. It seemed as if the barometer had not time to fall. The dory fishermen had long since returned home. Only those were left who go down to the sea for pleasure. All these sloops, large or small, were in charge of experienced sailors who had, at the first signs of danger, scudded for moorings, or had run down the sails—all but one little party. It was the smallest keel of the pleasure fleet, and this time manned by four children. As the squall began to threaten, upon the eighteen-foot jib-and-mainsail boat the eyes of the Point and the Cove were anxiously fixed. The children, two girls and two boys, belonged to two families, and their mothers ran to the nearest point of land to watch them. The clouds were racing like black war-horses, their manes taking frightful shapes. Large schooners were now under bare poles, dropping quick anchors. Alas! in the mouth of the bay that crazy little boat braved the portent with both sails spread, and wobbled like one bereft of reason. Boyish figures were dimly seen rushing frantically to the mast and back to the cockpit. Then a groan of anguish arose from our group; for, without further warning, the squall burst. The foam, the rain, and the spray, with angry teeth, advanced from the west, enveloped the boat, passed on, and hid the tragedy from sight.

When the spray cut our faces, and the wind made ears almost useless, I heard a voice bellowing from windward:

"It's no use! They're goners! Nothing in God's heaven can save 'em now! Their halyards are fouled."

Kind hands bore the mothers into the house; for their children were, for them, already dead.

The man who howled at us was one of the "natives." He was an offshore fisherman. He had a trap and a few lobster-pots, and earned a living in the easiest, safest possible way. He stood there, bracing himself against the hurricane. He was "oiled up," alert; he had a new look upon his face: the heavens had fallen, and he was in his own element.

At that moment there was a break in the clouds. To our amazement, by some freak of Providence the crazy craft was still in sight. Now head on, now head off, with her jib blown out, careening fearfully, the tiny

boat still lived. But the worst of the squall was yet to come.

"If I only had my dory!" cried the fisherman, with the tears running down his face. But his dory was far out on his hauling-line, and the waves were dashing high upon the rocks. His dory was impossible.

"Take my boat, Joe."

Now that keel tender of mine, well built for its purpose,—that of pleasure-sailing on smooth seas,—was too narrow and cranky for a man to trust his life to in a gale like that, and the fisherman shook his head mournfully. Just then another gust swept down.

"There she goes!" some one cried, in horror. The sail-boat was rapidly drifting down upon the rocks, and in danger of upsetting at any moment. A white, fluttering speck could be seen on the reeling deck. One of the little girls was waving her handkerchief at her father, who was pacing the beach in the helpless, aimless fashion of one dazed by agony.

Then the fisherman looked at me. He had children, too,—a good many of them,—and he loved his wife. But there was a look upon his face that perhaps had never been there before, that might never come there again.

"Get me the oars," he commanded, "and help me to shove her off!"

We started down to the dancing float. He jumped into the cockle-shell, and I shoved him off. Now it seemed as if he would go upon the rocks, but he did not strike. Twenty times the sea smote him, and he looked engulfed, but he rode free. In the jaws of the squall, he got to the driving, careening boat, and boarded her—no one knew how. In a moment the refusing halcyons, tangled by ignorant little fingers, were in his strong, skilled hands; and before night it was all down the coast that the boarder children were saved, and that there had arisen a new hero.

A few weeks after, the Massachusetts Humane Society, gave him a silver medal, and I have no doubt whatever that the little episode has passed almost out of his mind, and clean out of that of his neighbors, by this time. It sometimes takes a squall to make a hero. Yet perhaps now and then, on a winter's night, he looks at the gleaming white badge of honor within its velvet case, and rubs it up to keep it bright. And his children and his children's children will turn it with wonder in little fingers, and treasure it with puzzled reverence. For by

its argent the fisherman's family are ennobled, and enter the aristocracy of the Massachusetts coast.

This is only one of a few cases where the man gets the medal. But there are a hundred more who have done deeds as brave as this, and braver, whose names have drifted out of easy memories, even as the scud drifts to the lee. A newspaper-file may hold them embalmed, but that is only another proof of their obliteration.

The men who go forth upon the sea to fish have, beyond all other mariners of peace, extraordinary opportunities of showing hardihood. Theirs is the most dangerous calling upon the ocean. Perils of fog are their daily bread. The dangers of drift and collision, when the gale tears them from their shoal anchorage, or when the liner plows through their puny fleet, are the dead reckoning of their calling. Then the squall that heaves the vessel down till her masts lie level with the foam, the lee shore at night in the winter hurricane, the iceberg, and the chance comber—these are fearful experiences to the fishing-schooners of from eighty to a hundred tons. From these causes alone about six vessels and at least seventy-five lives a year are offered up by the Gloucester fleet upon the altar of fish.

But there is one other peculiarity of this vocation, which, I believe, for pure hazard or undiluted danger has not its equal in any other department of labor—that is, the necessity of fishing with trawls. It is bad enough to dare the worst seas in the hemisphere in a vessel the decks of which do not rise more than two feet above the level of the water; but to add to that the hauling and baiting of trawls in heavy-laden dories, in the gale and fog and ice—this is throwing sixes for life, with only the gambler's luck or habit in one's favor.

The dory is the gull among small boats, with its flat bottom, its flaring sides, its movable thwarts, its plug. It is the fisherman's home, his refuge, and often his coffin. It is so light that it takes only a little sea to catch it unawares and tip it completely over. No matter how heavily laden, it will, cat-like, when sunk, turn itself over and rise to the surface. It affords no protection from the sea save through the skill of its occupants; no shelter from the icy gale but the oilskin and mittens of the man at the buoy-line. While it is the fisherman's best friend, it is also a treacherous one.

At least a half a dozen instances are recorded of a vessel having sent out its whole

crew, two by two, in dories, to set or haul the trawls, and not one having returned, and the captain and the cook being left to bring their vessel back home as best they could.

On the morning of January 25, 1893, the schooner *Grace L. Fears* lay at anchor on Burgeo Bank. She had ventured that far north to catch halibut. The crew jumped over her sides into their dories to haul their trawls. In one of these boats were Howard Blackburn and his mate Tom Welch. As they left the vessel's side it began to snow lightly. These men were too used to this kind of sea hazard to mind it at all. Their business was to get fish, and not to worry about the dangers of the process.

So they stuck to their trawls, unmindful of the fact that the storm had grown thick and had long since shut them in a little white circle beyond which nothing could be seen. They knew their peril, but to go back to the vessel without their gear would subject them to forecastle sarcasm.

When they did start to go back, the squall had changed the wind so that now they lay to the leeward of their vessel. This confused the men. They pulled to windward, but the vessel was not to be found. No bell, no horn, no sound but the swish of the wind and snow upon the rising sea could be heard.

As the gale increased, unable to hold their own, they anchored, and lay there till after dark, when the clouds cleared. Far to windward they saw the faint flicker of the schooner's riding-light.

"Now up with the anchor, Tom," said Blackburn, "and one more pull will get us there!"

But the sea, which had arisen as well as the wind, baffled them, and they lost water. Again they threw out the anchor. This time it did not hold, and as the dory rose on crest after crest in her swift drift to leeward, the fishermen caught agonizing glimpses of the flaring torch which is always kept burning at night on the deck of a vessel to guide stray dories back.

There came another gust of snow, a surge of seas, a scramble to bail the water and save the dory from filling; then, when they looked, the flare was gone from their sight.

Now began a desperate struggle for life which has not been surpassed in dory misadventures. A hundred times that night a curler filled the boat. What a wild scurry to bail it out with the little wooden shovel and the hat before the next deluge came!

At last the gale increased so that a drag

became imperative, or they would inevitably swamp. So Blackburn broke in the head of a trawl-keg, tied it to an iron winch known as a hurdy-gurdy, made fast a stout piece of dory-line, and threw it. Just as the drag went by the board, a sea broke clean over the dory. Welch dropped his oars, and bailed for his life; and with the first scoopful, over went Blackburn's mittens. This was a fatal loss.

With nothing to drink or eat, with freezing hands, in a frail open craft, exposed to the coldest and severest of winter storms—here was a situation terrible enough to appal the bravest heart. To hope against despair is the elemental quality of heroism. Such courage is not easy of conception. It is the viking's trait.

Now Blackburn thought and decided quickly. His hands were beginning to freeze. They were already numb and whitening. What were they most useful for, frozen? Without a word of complaint, he bent his stiffening fingers at the knuckles until they curled about the handles of the oars. Whatever might happen, his only chance of life lay in rowing; that he knew. Thus he calmly sat down and waited for his hands to freeze in this position, and began to encourage his dory-mate:

"We'll be picked up; this can't last long."

By this time the wind was so sharp that the men could not look to windward, so that even if a vessel had passed near them they might not have seen it. Ice had formed rapidly on the sides and gunwales of the dory, and the two took turns in clearing the boat of water and ice, which weighted it down.

On the morning of the second day it had come to be Welch's turn to bail. Blackburn told him to jump to his work so as to keep his blood moving. Welch answered that he could not see.

"Tom," said Blackburn, "this won't do. You will have to do your part. Your hands are not frozen and beaten to pieces like mine." The speaker showed his right hand, with all one side and the little finger beaten off by pounding ice.

But this sight did not encourage Welch, who lay down in the bottom of the dory, absolutely disheartened.

"What is the use, Howard?" he moaned. "I can't live till morning, and I might as well go first as last."

In order to protect him as much as possible, Blackburn lay down beside him so as to keep him warm. Welch's mind began to wander. He thrust his feet over the sides

of the dory, moaned, and begged in the most piteous tone for water. He broke off the ice from the sides of the boat; but it nauseated him, and he threw it away.

Blackburn, in the mean time, must bail busily in order to keep the dory from sinking. As he stopped, he heard his dory-mate whispering and pitifully trying to articulate. Blackburn called, but received no reply. When he went to the bow, in the dark of the morning, and touched his mate, he found that he had, as sole companion, a frozen corpse.

He took the body of his friend, and gently placed it in the stern. His first thought was, "The mittens!" They were too precious to be wasted on the dead.

He pulled one off; but his hands were now so swollen that he could do nothing with it.

Now Blackburn stood up in the middle of the boat, defying the icy storm and the waves with indomitable courage. He would not allow himself even to sit down, for fear that the drowsiness which overtook his mate would slay him. He hauled in the drag, and pulled for his life.

The third day found the sea somewhat moderated. The undaunted man had come up against his last resources of strength and will.

Oh, for one morsel of food, one drop of pure water! But the dory fisherman is provided with neither.

Now that it was possible to do so, the castaway hauled in his drag, sat down on the thwart, and began to row. It was then that the ingenious wisdom of his stiffening fingers began to be apparent. He was able to grasp the oars with firmness. He had no feeling in his hands, and the friction of the oar-handles upon his frozen flesh began to crumble his palms away like powder. He rowed all that day until night. The wind began to rise again. He threw out the drag; the dory did not ship any water now. It was too cold for him to go to sleep; had he done so, he would have been frozen in fifteen minutes. The only way for him to keep awake was to fold his arms about the thwart, and allow the rocking of the dory to lift him backward and forward all night long.

All the next day he clung to his oars, pulling toward the land. On the fourth night he found himself still a long way off.

Sunday morning opened calm, with an unruffled sea. There was a slight rise in the temperature, which inspired the hopeful man to renewed exertions. He determined to reach

the shore, and he put his last strength into a powerful stroke of the oars.

In the afternoon he struck the tide-rip at the mouth of a small river, and landed at a little wharf near a deserted house. The floor of the house was covered knee-deep with snow. He turned over the boards of the floor, and the bottom of the bedstead, in order to be able to lie down on the dry side. He gathered together a few old nets and lines for a pillow, and a net for a blanket. He tried to sleep now, for the first time; but such was the pain from his swollen limbs and from his terrible thirst that he could not sleep. He spent the long night munching snow and walking the floor.

That night the dory swung against a rock and filled. The next morning Blackburn rescued his dory-mate's body, all shrouded in ice as it was, from the sunken dory. He took it in his arms, and tried to lift it upon the wharf. But he was too weak for this, and the body slipped, and fell into twelve feet of water. Lying down upon the wharf, the fisherman could peer to the bottom of the river, and there he could see the cold face looking up at him plaintively, as if begging not to be deserted. Then the living man vowed not to neglect his dead mate.

He spent that day renewing his boat and rowing out again into the open in search of life. He saw no vessel, no house, no sign of life, not even a column of smoke; and almost for the first time disheartened, he turned his sinking dory back to the place whence she had started in the morning.

This was the evening of the fifth day after leaving the *Grace L. Fears*. It is difficult to understand how he survived without food.

As he was struggling up the swift current, he noticed outlines which he had not seen before—the roofs of three houses. It took him two hours and a half, and the last remnant of his strength, to reach the spot. It was moonlight, and the people saw the strange dory coming up, and waited for it.

Then Blackburn knew that he was saved. But even then he refused to eat or drink, or go into a house and be cared for, until they promised him to rescue the body of his mate, sunk beneath the wharf.

Blackburn lost his hands and most of his toes, but came back to Gloucester in safety. The story of his courage, of his unparalleled suffering, of his devotion to his dory-mate, is well known along the old fishing-wharves, and will be told for many a day.

How does such a tale of valor end? Does the heroism "strike in" and last through?

The closing pages in the stirring story are unwritten, but the capacity for bearing hardship is not exhausted, nor is the love of adventure. Captain of a stout crew, rounding

ing and the heroism of the fishermen. Such stories might be multiplied by the score once every year. It is only when a survivor with an instinct for the dramatic tells of his own



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

"'HE WAS GROWIN' PRETTY WEAK.'"

the Horn on a midwinter voyage, beating up the California coast toward the gold-frosted tributaries of the Yukon, the hero of the Burgeo Bank may be found in the wild current that sweeps to the Klondike.

I have enlarged upon this experience because it is typical of one half of the suffer-

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agony, or that of his mate, that we know anything about it at all, except from the tragic head-lines found in the files of the "Cape Ann Advertiser."

In the face of the appalling proportion of deaths from drifting dories, averaging anywhere from two per cent. to five per cent. a

year, where is the Massachusetts legislature? Gentlemen, pass a law compelling every owner and skipper to provision every dory with at least five days' rations for two men. Such a law would probably save twenty lives a year.

rode heavily, with the breakwater to leeward. A diabolic magnet, it dragged the reluctant victim close and closer. Men watching on shore, seeing that it was only a question of a short time before the boat would break up, started to Rockport to get



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

"ALL THE NEXT DAY HE CLUNG TO HIS OARS."

To one of my yachting skippers I owe a story of a practical joke which may help to lift that form of pleasantry out of the disrepute into which it has fallen.

In 1880 a coaster, bound from the eastward to Boston, came to anchor off Pigeon Cove in the teeth of a howling gale. She

a life-boat and rescue the crew. Among the watchers were three fishermen who, by their own experience, knew too well what that lee shore meant to the poor exhausted sailors on the ill-fated coaster. They saw at a glance that the life-boat would never get there in time. So the two brothers Zacharie

and Constance Surette, and George Saunders, started on the run for the schooner *Cora Lee*, tied up safely at the wharf. From her they borrowed a dory, and jumped in. As they began to row out, they talked cheerfully:

"Hurry, boys! We must n't let those fellows in that life-boat get ahead of us."

"Won't they feel cheap! See?"

They had passed the breakwater, and were facing the furious gale. By this time the schooner was riding bows under, and drifting rapidly. The three men could hardly hold their oars; it was difficult to keep the dory from swamping. After almost super-seaman efforts, they reached the vessel. It was so rough that the men on board had to leap into the sea and be picked up. Every one was saved but a dog, which refused to jump. It was none too soon. There was a desperate backing of water, a perilous turning, a pull to the harbor, a magnificent bending to the oars—then came the dull crash upon the rocks; the vessel was kindling-wood in about five minutes after the men were rescued.

When they were safely landed, one of the three heroes said:

"That's a darn good joke on that life crew."

It was the only comment upon the situation; and, as far as I can learn, no one ever bragged about the exploit, or mentioned it again. The fishermen treated it just as if it were an every-day occurrence. But a few days later the Massachusetts Humane Society sent these plucky fellows twenty dollars each, thus recognizing them as fit men to be enrolled upon its brilliant scroll.

The life-boat, it is just to add, was doing her best. She had too far to go to get there in time.

On April 25, 1895, a fishing-vessel came out from the harbor of Dyre Fiord, Iceland, to bait up and set its trawls. It became calm at night, but in the morning, when the dories went out to haul, it began to breeze up. The gale came up so rapidly that the head dories, in order to save themselves at all, cut their gear and made for the vessel, which was drifting astern so that the men could get aboard. Soon all the dories were in but one, and the skipper was in the rigging, looking for it anxiously. It was not long before he discovered it to windward, bottom up, with the two men on top.

Volunteers offered instantly. By this time the gale was a hurricane, and the sea had made rapidly. The great danger was apparent. One of the men who went to the

rescue as a matter of course, at the peril of his life, was Carl Eckhoff, an indomitable Swede. I have been unable to discover the names of the other two.

The wind, as well as the tide, was against the rescuers. Again and again they were almost swamped; but rapid bailing and skilful handling carried them on in the white hell. At last, well-nigh spent, they reached the dory just in time to save one man alive. But the other was dead. His head was fouled in the gear where he had fallen over, benumbed by the icy water. They carried him back to the vessel, and worked three hours in vain trying to resuscitate him. Then they made for the harbor.

On the following day a procession of the crews of three vessels wended its way to the churchyard. Uplifted upon the stalwart arms of mourning mates, the dory led the way. It was the assassin dory, and in it, in simple state, lay the man it had killed.

Up through the churchyard, into the plain church, the man was carried in his strange bier. There he was laid before the pulpit while the minister said over him the prayer for the dead. The freezing grave was ready. In it John Jacobsen was buried. No longer will he risk the gale or the ice. The dory that had slain him was his coffin; and the cold earth of warm-hearted Iceland has covered both man and boat in an eternal peace.

It is to be borne in mind that the majority of the fishermen are young men in their prime. Again, the greater part of them have never seen an accident. Theirs has not been the vessel to be "hove down." The memory of seventy-three vessels that were lost or damaged on the Labrador coast during the gale of October 11, 1885, and of the one hundred and fifty men or more who were drowned, has no part in their happy-go-lucky life. In truth, they look upon their lives as happy. To pity a fisherman is to administer the final insult. Precipitous seas, waves the crests of which are as carded wool, are monotonous to them. Thus the idea of rescue, which is, after all, a secondary feature of heroism, becomes to the seaman as much a reflex action as the unconscious tripping of the fingers of a pianist.

It was off the Horn. Waves such as are encountered only there in all the world raced irresistibly. The ship labored mightily through the night. In a lull the cry, "Man overboard!" rang from stem to stern. Without hesitation the helmsman put the wheel "hard up." The watch peered over the sides of the ship into the foam. All at once a man



DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.

AN ICELAND BURIAL.

rushed up the companionway. He was in his night-clothes. Without waiting a moment, he leaped the rail and plunged overboard. There was only death to be found in the boiling, benumbing waters. By some witchery of Neptune, a cross sea tossed the two men to leeward, and the ship dipped them up. They were both unconscious, and the hero had his man clutched by the hair. Even to the old sailors used to miracles of the sea *the safety of the two was not so great a marvel as the fact that the man had dared to*

jump at all; for he was a timid, seasick landlubber making his first voyage, and his seeming cowardice had been the butt of savage scorn. How, then, had he outdared them all in recklessness? He was asked the question. How could he do it?

He answered simply that he had lain awake nights planning just what he would do if he heard the cry, "Man overboard!" It was so hard for him to overcome his instinctive fear of the water that he had mentally and systematically schooled him-

self to action. Thus, while his body cringed, his soul was heroic. This habit of mind made opportunity impossible to pass by. The intuitive response to his training swept him over the rail before he knew where he was.

In this way nerve is ingrained in many a nature, through self-training, before the man realizes that it is there. Chance does not make a hero: it simply translates him to himself and to the world.

This was well illustrated, a number of years ago, by a veteran fisherman.

Addison Davis was riding on the top of a coach across the old Beverly Bridge. This was in the days prior to the iron road. As the lumbering coach approached the middle of the bridge, Addison's trained ear heard a gurgle below. He bent over, and saw a boy's head disappearing in the water. Without waiting even for the inspiration, he leaped from the top of the coach over the rail, and before the vehicle could come to a stop he had the drowning boy by the hair. When asked later how he dared to do it, his reply was:

"Oh, that 's nothing. I had to do it; that 's all."

To him, as to every other hand-liner or trawler, the instinct of rescue was as simple as that of hunger, and called for no comment.

Even the babies in Gloucester are not without this instinct, although they do not count among their playthings medals from the Humane Society. It happened, this last summer, that a couple of children were playing in a spar-yard. They had ventured out upon the rolling logs floating on the tide. The older boy slipped. He was six. Down he went, head first, of course. The other one, a child of three, ran over to where he saw his playmate disappear between the logs, lay down at full length, and grabbed him by the hair when he came up. But the logs were coming together, so the baby put one of his chubby legs between the closing of the crush, and began to shriek. Without that spontaneous coolness and ability to rescue, which he probably inherited from generations of seamen, there would have been another procession of mourning-hacks in the old town.

A child who is taught, at six months, to sit up in the stern of a dory, and who rows alone at three years, is whipped if he does not show a little common sense upon the water. I saw a rigger send his son, a boy of seven, up to the top of a hundred-foot mast to hook a block, and threaten him

with the rope's end if he tumbled off. Such is the kind of training that made Captain Sol Jacobs the "high-line" of the Gloucester fleet.

At one time, when mackerel were scarce, a school was located from the crosstrees. Captain Jacobs was determined to set the seine before they scattered. He hurried off the seine-boat, and he himself steered her with an oar, standing on the stern thwart. Almost on the edge of the glistening school, —whether it was the response of nature to strong language, or a cross wave, who could say?—Captain Sol was hurled overboard. Now there is no other skipper on the coast more beloved by his crew than old Sol Jacobs, and the men immediately began to back. It was a clear choice between skipper and fish. But the skipper, who came up puffing, all "oiled up" and weighted down, decided for himself.

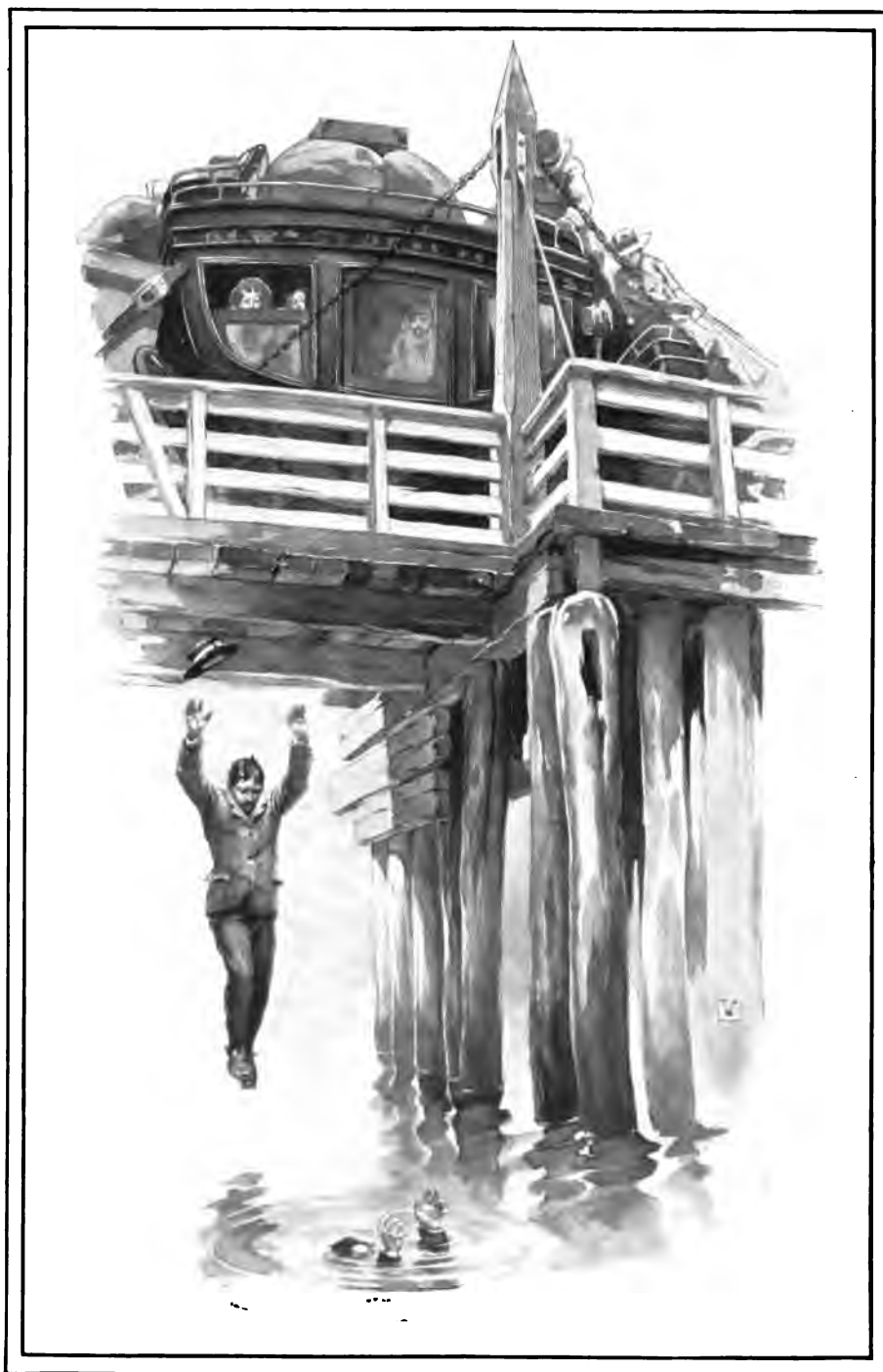
"What do ye think you came out here for?" he cried, with some expressive and, under the circumstances, valuable remarks not intended for print. "Set that seine quick, and don't ye wait for me!"

IN about a quarter of an hour, almost dead with exhaustion, the skipper was helped over the side of the boat. But the crew had by this time set and pursed up a hundred barrels. No wonder Captain Sol always has his pick when he ships a crew.

Nothing stirs the blood or the imagination more than stories of promotion on the field of battle. War seems almost worth while, and slaughter expiated, when the general in command rides up amid the roar and smoke, and addresses a private, "Well done, corporal!" Or when, after the successful charge, he singles out the heroic lieutenant before all the regiment, and, saluting, says, "You have done well, captain!"

The exploits of peace, generally more heroic because on a less dramatic plane, have a scant gallery, little applause, and result in few promotions. A man, like a cyclone, emerges from the clear sky, but, unlike the whirlwind, performs some great feat of construction, and then melts back again into the firmament that gave him life, and the world knows him no more.

Such is Hans Slate. He has been a common, every-day fisherman for some years. During the latter part of 1896 he shipped on the schooner *Smuggler* with Captain Antoine Courant. On the night of December 30, 1896, the vessel drove ashore in a gale of wind at Cahoon's Hollow, Cape Cod. In an instant



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

"HE LEAPED FROM THE TOP OF THE COACH."

the seas began to break over her. The crew had to hurry to the rigging, and it was only a question of time when the masts would go by the board and all be drowned.

It seemed hours to the men, though in

point of fact it was soon enough, before a flickering light on the beach told that the patrol had discovered their peril, and that the life-saving crew was at hand.

The first shot went wild, far over the

vessel. The masts creaked and bent under every onslaught of the waves. Would they hold out? But the second shot was better. The line was caught on the vessel, but far down the preventer-stay, and, besides all that, it was fouled on the hawser. It was virtually useless, for no one could step foot on deck and live. The men gave a groan of despair, for their last hope was gone.

At that moment a dark figure, like a wraith of the storm, slid down the jib-stay from the mast-head. The white foam bit at him. The twanging wire threatened to jerk him off at any moment; at every heave of the surf it would come up taut with a jerk, like a gigantic bowstring. Every man of the crew breathed a prayer as Hans Slate reached the bowsprit safely. Then he was lost in a terrible sea. But Hans was imperturbable. With desperate skill and with unparalleled coolness (considering that he was engulfed by iced water every few seconds), he finally succeeded in freeing the life-line from the clutches of the hawser. He tied the rope about his neck, and started back up the swaying stay. This he had to

do hand over hand. Try this on a warm summer day on a motionless boat, and experience what the feat means. Now add numbed and bleeding hands, a drenched body, an icy hurricane, lashing waters, darkness, a wire whipcord, to a swaying mast that is liable to give way at any moment, and you get an inkling of Hans Slate's modest exploit. At last he secured the precious line at the masthead,

and then the breeches-buoy was busy on its merciful errand.

Soon only three were left. Hans was one, of course. Another was a boy, who was helpless on the ratlines far below the mast-head. He had no strength to move; so Hans

took him in his arms, carried him to the masthead, and lashed him safely to the buoy and sent him over. Now only he and the captain were left, and the captain was a heavy man, I am told. Ominous sounds told that the wreck was fast breaking up under the assaults of the sea.

"You go," said Hans, quietly.

"No," said the captain; "you first, I last."

"By —, no! You go; I stay here."

The skipper tried to go aloft up the rigging. But he could not do it. Then Hans tried from under to boost him up. But that could not be done.

"It's no use," said the skipper, after another futile struggle. "Save yourself; I can't get up there. You'd better be quick! The masts will be overboard in five minutes."

But Hans uttered not a word. He climbed up under the captain, clasped the skipper's hands

about his neck, and thus shouldering him, carried him aloft. The crew said things about it. They mentioned words like "impossible" and "superhuman." But Hans did it, even with the wreck of his strength, while his hands were raw, his body bruised and bleeding, and when the gale tripped the little strength he had.

After he had secured his captain, the



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

"HANS SLATE'S EXPLOIT."



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARNER.

..THE SECOND BOAT."

remained alone upon the wreck, which was now rapidly going, waiting for the buoy to return. He did not expect to save himself, for the mast swayed horribly. Indeed, he had hardly enough life left in him to secure himself. Just as his feet had touched the land, a sound of a mighty crack overrode the thunder of the water and the wind, and the masts crashed into the surf.

"If it had not been for Hans Slate," the captain declared, "not a man of the crew would have been saved. If there ever was a hero, Hans is he." And when a fisherman says a thing like that, you may know that there is no peradventure in his estimate; for he is a judge of valor, and knows what he is talking about.

On the night of December 31, 1896, the British steamer *Warwick*, from Glasgow to St. John, New Brunswick, drove at full speed against Yellow Muir Ledge, Grand Manan. After futile attempts to save themselves in the howling gale, the crew, numbering fifty-two souls, launched the two remaining boats the next morning at daylight, crowded into them, and left the wreck. Ever drenched, ever bailing for dear life, in momentary peril of capsizing, becoming more numbed and discouraged, drifting farther from land, falling off into deeper troughs of the heaving seas, the poor men finally gave up hope; for survival was only a question of minutes, or, at most, of hours. At that crisis, when the tempest was at its height, out of the scud, the seas, and the foam, out of the hurricane, there appeared a savior. The fifty-two frozen men thought the materialization a miracle.

A few days before, when the gale was rising, the *George S. Boutwell*, a fishing-schooner from the port of Gloucester, anchored in a little sheltered spot called Seal Cove. The *Boutwell* was launched in 1869, and had been racked and tossed since the day of her birth. She was old and feeble, and her skipper, Zacharie Surette, was easing her up the coast. She had been creeping from shelter to shelter, escaping the winter storms. When this flurry arose, Captain Surette congratulated himself on his own safety; for the vessel was light, and to risk her in such a storm was sheer suicide, and he knew it. During a lull in the blow, the keeper of the North Head Light noticed the steamer grinding on the rocks. The *Boutwell* was the only vessel within twenty miles or more. The keeper ran down to the cove, jumped into a frail dinghy, and rowed out, with great danger to himself, and told the captain

what he had seen. There was not an instant's hesitation among skipper and crew.

"Don't wait to haul her up, boys! Buoy that anchor! Sharp, now! Lash the jumbo down! Three reefs in her mainsail, and let her go!"

Not a man on deck but knew it might be his last voyage. It was bad enough loaded—but light! A single cross sea would open her ancient seams. An unpropitious comber might sweep her clean. A chance squall would heave the light thing down. But Captain Surette—the same man who played his grim joke on the life-boat crew—stood by his wheel, and, regardless of the old vessel's groans and protestations, whipped her on. He was as careless of the punishing elements as the soldier who furiously, amid shrapnel, spurs his jaded horse into the enemy's trenches.

Steadily blown to leeward, at sea the two boat-loads made preparation to perish. Suddenly the *Boutwell*, like a huge gull, bore down upon them. Fearing she would go by, not knowing that she came to save, the men in the boats stood up, extending their hands, and shouting madly. It took no little seamanship to shoot up near the first boat, which, but for its air-tanks, would have long since swamped. Ropes with slip-nooses were thrown, and the men, one after another, were drawn to the *Boutwell's* deck, and immediately stowed below. Then came another three miles' battle for the second boat, and another rescue, that is simple enough to mention, but hard to accomplish and describe. Now the *Boutwell*, never before so laden, with her fifty-two saved on board, made a desperate fight to get under the lee shore, and for safety, twelve miles away.

The British government, never niggardly in recognizing noble deeds, presented Captain Surette with a magnificent pair of marine glasses, in acknowledgment of his humanity. I am glad that his crew have recently been remembered. It takes followers to make a leader. In reading the records of the last twenty years, I have found but one instance where the crew of a Gloucester vessel did not either initiate or eagerly second and invite the hazard for mercy's sake, although generally there is one man who arises in an emergency, tosses off discouragement like a feather, forgets his empty stomach, his bruises, smiles at his freezing limbs, dares the elements to murder him if they can, and then becomes the commandant of his own fate and that of his mates.

(To be continued.)

HOLY WEEK IN SEVILLE.

BY STEPHEN BONSALE.



THE great bustard is winging his way over the city which Hercules built, they say, that all the world might wonder. The chilly levanter which makes the winter in Seville so sharp, though short, has died away in a shower of rain; and when the dark clouds, which seem to feel the falsity of their position, roll away, dispelled by gentle zephyrs from the South, it is seen that the trees which were so bare have budded, leaved, and even flowered overnight. The breeze brings with it a blessed burden of fragrance and the soft breath of spring, and the balm of the jasmine, the honeysuckle, and the orange-blossom pervades my *patio* and makes a paradise of it.

Out in the *plazuela*, the little square upon which my *patio* peeps, and which has looked sodreary during our gentle equinoctial storm, one hears, at first timidly, then more boldly, the tinkle of the guitar; and the chilly silence, or the patter of the great crystal raindrops, gives place to a gentle song of the budding year.

Out in the *plazuela* upon which our iron-grated *patio* opens the neighbors are bringing daily the first flowers that bloom in their gardens as an offering to the guardian angel of the place. Behind a quaint and antique grating, in a niche high above the reach of the unbeliever, Our Lady of Song has been adored by the dwellers in this quiet spot for centuries. There are a hundred legends which recount the good offices and the miracles which Our Lady of Song has showered upon her faithful people, and there is not a market-man or muleteer in all Seville who cannot tell you the story of our gracious Lady—of how, after the defeat on the Guadalete, when the hordes of the Saracens rolled over the country like a tidal wave, the dwellers in this *plazuela*, with many an anxious fear and dread misgiving, buried the sacred image away in the hollow of the wall, there to await the dawn of brighter days. And every street-boy in Seville will tell you, with Andalusian flowers of speech, that when the proud paladins of the Reconquest came riding through these narrow streets into the

purified city, their war-horses knelt, and neither by steel nor by persuasion could be induced to pass the sacred spot where Our Lady lay buried; and how, as the proud paladins wondered, and were at heart dismayed, the wall shook and quivered as though resisting some mystic force that was pent up within, until at last the great stones fell to the ground, and there was revealed to the amazed onlookers the image of Our Lady of Song, which during long centuries had been here preserved from the contamination of the Saracen. And they will tell you that the garlands and the chaplets which the Gothic Christians, in their fond despair, had wreathed about her head were fresh and fragrant still, and that the tears which had fallen fast the day of that sad burial shone like a diadem of pearls about her brow on the day of her resurrection.

And so Our Lady of Song is the protectress of the *plazuela*, and the flowers of the blossoming year are hers. Here, too, in the dark of the evening, when the night-watchman has lighted the little lamp, the oil of which the dwellers in this region contribute from their scanty store, Our Lady listens patiently to many a prayer and many a petition which we would not dare to address to the greater saints of the holier places, or even to speak of in the more magnificent shrines of the basilica or the *sagrarios*. And here, too, it is the custom, in this sweet land of Maria Santísima, for the night-strolling troubadour to touch a gentle chord or two of the soft guitar, asking Our Lady's favor upon the adventure of the evening. Not but what the spirit of bold emprise still survives in the souls of our Don Juan Tenorios of to-day; still, it is well to seek the blessing of Our Lady, for there are steep walls to climb, and treacherous trees to be trusted, before the *azotea* can be reached where, with trembling heart and troubled eyes, crouches one who is waiting the coming of the troubadour.

Yes, spring has come; for the donkeys from Villaverde poke their noses through the iron grating into the *patio*, and with pleading eyes ask you to buy the burden of scarlet flowers which they bring; and the de-

structive tourists with their cameras, who dispel the charm they seek, are assembling in our plazuela, and taking stray shots at our patio. Poor fellows! they are enchanted, and we listen to the praises sung in uncouth tongues; and yet, it is only our formal patio they see, the antechamber to the paradise beyond. This is merely a great white sepulcher of marble, in which a fountain plays softly throughout the day, and where the banana-trees are alined in hideous green boxes, precisely like a parade of Prussian grenadiers. But the real patio, a place of pleasure and of repose, lies behind that Moorish rug which is surmounted by the suggestive, smiling features of the satyr that Don Vicente found in the Roman ruins of Italica, and modestly ascribes to Phidias or Praxiteles. Within there blossoms a luxuriant garden, — a *huerta*, an orchard, perhaps, rather than a patio, — where Don Vicente and I discuss that wonderful school of Sevillian philosophy which Hegel has overlooked, and make a feast to Ceres with figs and Manzanilla wine. In this garden, Don Vicente tells me, Don Gonsalvo rested, and said that his sword might rust. It was here, too, that Ponce de Leon dreamed twoscore years, and awoke to seek in other climes the years that had fled while he was dreaming. But I too had well-nigh transgressed. Over the portal of this sanctuary there may still be read an inscription with which Ibn-Ibu Mohammed commands his friends that by no unsatisfying word of man should they presume to sing the glories of his garden.

For days the traffic of the city has been clogged with caravans of palm-bearing donkeys, and now the day dawns on which we are to celebrate with becoming pageantry the entrance of the Son of man into Jerusalem. It is a red-letter day in our patio, which is greatly favored over all the other patios which to-day look out right enviously upon the plazuela; for, as every one knows who lives in our *barrio*, or ward, good Don Vicente is bound to one of the canons of the cathedral by ties of a Homeric friendship based upon some youthful reminiscences, which they recall in very different versions on every Sabbath afternoon when the sun shines in the patio; and the garrulous canon proclaims this friendship boldly to the world, every Palm Sunday, by presenting Don Vicente with a cathedral palm, though Don Vicente is suspected of freemasonry, and though there still runs a rumor which credits him with having advised Castelar to build

barricades, and not to give up the republic without a shot.

The bringing home of the blessed palm is in Seville a great family function, which means more than it suggests to the casual observer. The palm, to begin with, is the crown of the family tree, and stands for the unity of the household, and the concord of as many as dwell together. There is a branch of olive in every room and in every recess of the great rambling ruin in which we live; but the palm, which, alas! this year is bound to the balustrade of the balcony with mourning-bands, is our profession of faith and our observance of the Passover. Long before the bells of the Giralda call us to the cathedral, a great brass *brasier* filled with slow-burning charcoal is dragged out into the patio, and in a moment the withered and faded palm, which this year has protected us so ill from the visitation of the angel of death, is but a handful of white ashes. With it the record of a year of sorrows and a year of joys vanishes in white smoke. Sad indeed it is that both alike should leave their scars behind!

While the women are embroidering the gaudy ribbons, and with deft fingers are making the gay rosettes with which the new palm is to be bound to the balcony, we start for the cathedral, to bring home in triumph the Christian palladium under which we are all to live in the new year. We soon enter the Patio of the Red Oranges, by the Gate of Pardon, and then we drift through the many-columned aisles of the cathedral into the Sagrario, where the belated visitors to the confessional are being shriven; for who would spend the Sabbath of the Palms with the shadow of a sin upon his soul? The great temple is in gala array, in memory of the entrance into Jerusalem. Innumerable giant *candeleros*, covered with delicate workmanship, light up the altar, whence so soon all light is to be withdrawn. The radiant sun turns the golden-clasped missal-books into sheets of flame; the scene is one of regal, celestial magnificence. But one shudders as one sees the leaning walls and the great iron girders, which, it is said by great architects and builders, have been placed there a century too late; and the thought possesses one — the thought which saddens the lives of the people of Seville — that this temple soon may become, like the temple of Jerusalem, a shapeless mass of formless stones.

The great palms are placed beside the altar, and glitter like mammoth sheaves of golden wheat in the sea of sunlight that floods the chancel. One by one, the venera-

ble cardinal blesses them, and they are distributed to the canons, the beneficiaries, and the acolytes, according to seniority. In the hand of each celebrant there is now held one of the tall, waving palms.

Nothing more majestic and imposing can be imagined than this long procession of the golden palms, nodding and vibrating with each step that the canons take in their journey around the holy places. Nor are these wonderful curving lines and symmetrical figures upon the leaves of the palms produced in a day. They are the result of much care and tireless industry. When the spring is coming, the most suitable branches of the great palms which grow in the valley of Villaverde are carefully selected. They are then lightly bound about with hempen cords near the main stem, that the ascending sap may not enter these particular branches; so the palms never grow green, but the rich golden color deepens. The palms so selected are then sent to the different convents in the city, each of which is obliged to furnish the cathedral with so many palms at Eastertide. In these secluded retreats the nuns weave the palm-leaves into those strange, delicate shapes which in the distance give them the appearance of fantastic golden chalices.

The procession, headed by the venerable cardinal, who leans heavily upon his apostolic crook, now descends the steep steps of the basilica. The streets are black with thousands who have assembled there to witness the solemn spectacle; and at the near approach of the cross, which, studded with bright scintillating stones, would seem to be a pillar of fire, every head is bared, and every knee is bent; and so they remain until the rustle of the murmuring palms dies away in the distance. It seemed at one moment that the symbolic journey would never be completed by one of the chief actors. The weight of years and the burden of infirmities bear him down, and for a moment the procession stops, and the venerable prelate leans heavily upon the shoulder of his coadjutor and clutches at the hand of his theologian. There seemed to gather a misty haze before his eyes as he looked over the kneeling multitudes—as he looked, perhaps for the last time on Palm Sunday, upon the grand Gothic pile in which his tranquil life has been spent, his earthly labors crowned. But it was only a moment of physical weakness. Again the sacred emblems and the murmuring palms advance, and the cardinal proceeds, dispensing his apostolic blessing upon the kneeling multitudes as he goes. And now, the sym-

bolic journey completed, the procession enters the Gate of Pardon, and under the orange-trees with their blood-red fruit it approaches the great gate of the Sagrario. The doors are closed and barred. One of the acolytes, who bears the cross, advances, and raps three times upon the metal-work of the door with the sacred symbol. The great gates are solemnly unbarred, and then the procession disappears among the winding aisles of the basilica. The soft winds bring back to those who remain in the great courtyard the triumphal message, and we know that the allegory of the entrance of the Saviour into Jerusalem is over.

The thousands of spectators stream homeward, bearing their triumphal palms; and the palm of Don Vicente is bound, with all the bravery of the bright ribbons, above the portal of our patio, whence for the time the shadow of death has fled.

The images which appear in the Holy Week processions are all, almost without exception, examples of that wonderful school of sculpture in wood for which the city on the Guadalquivir was famous in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The work of this school, of which Hita was the apostle and Roldan and Montañes the most remarkable disciples, is distinctive from the fact that the carving of raiment is essayed, and with fair success; hence the name of *escultura estofada*, by which it is known. This year the *cofradías*, or Christian brotherhoods, paraded to the number of twenty-six, averaging two floats apiece, representing, one and all, some scene in the epic of the world's great tragedy, from the manger in Bethlehem to Golgotha. The processions should begin, on the afternoon of Palm Sunday, with the visit of five brotherhoods to the cathedral. But it was eight o'clock in the evening before the scouts of the *hermano mayor*, or elder brother, of the first *cofradía* appeared before the governor and the mayor, seated in state before the city hall, to ask for the usual permission to pass; and the dark looks of the Señor Alcalde and the attending flock of aldermen and sheriffs were blacker even than the curious *capirotos*, or inquisitorial caps and hoods, which the devoted delegates wore. We learned afterward that the delay of four hours in the appearance of the processions had been intentional—the way the *cofrades* had hit upon to mark their extreme disapproval of the conduct of the city council, which this year was so pennywise as to appropriate only the meager sum of three thousand dollars as their con-

tribution toward the really enormous expenses entailed upon the brotherhoods by the parades.

We who were seated on the grand stand, a scaffolding which covered the front of the Municipal Building, expected to witness an outbreak of civic ire from the poor mayor, who had been sitting listlessly for four hours or more in his cumbersome gala robes and in his magnificent red-and-gold chair of state. But the mayor was a wise man. It was rumored that, had he said anything, the brotherhoods were prepared either to divert the procession from the time-honored course past the city hall, and so ignore the civil authorities, or to turn about face, and calmly escort the sacred images back to their shrines. But, as I have said, the mayor was wise. He beamed upon the delegates of the *cofradia*, and with a pleasant smile, as though congratulating them on their punctuality, gave the required permission. The impertinent penitents bowed haughtily in acknowledging his graciousness, and then, bearing aloft their huge beeswax tapers, sprang as fast as they could make their way through the throng, like twin zigzagging stars, which now and then would shine triumphant through the black clouds of humanity that were banked together in the plaza, until at last they twinkled out of sight, far up the meandering street through which the *cofradias* are to come.

In another moment a squadron of cavalry appeared, slowly forcing its way through the multitude, and leaving an open path for the procession to follow. The immense crowds were flattened up against the houses like pancakes; but not a word or a moan arose from these most enduring of sightseers. And now there appeared in this great passageway, which the soldiers had cut with the flat of their swords, the hooded figure and muffled form of a very large man.

Straight before him, like a Prussian color-sergeant, he proudly bore his ensign, a huge cross, of more than heroic size, of inlaid ivory and tortoise-shell, reflecting most wonderfully the light of a thousand steadily burning tapers. Flanking the cross-bearer, but a few feet behind him, came two more standard-bearers, of lesser stature, as became their lesser importance. They carried the flying standards of the Holy Roman Empire, of the day before it was holy, with the world-conquering letters inscribed upon them in heavy golden embroidery, "S. P. Q. R." Then followed the main body of *cofrades*, or *Nazarenos*, of the brotherhood, a long trail of

light extending back as far as the eye can see in the darkness of the winding, sinuous Street of the Serpents. For a moment—for a minute—we strain our eyes in vain; but at last the sacred image rises out of the darkness into view. It is a constellation of rising stars, an avalanche of light and color, advancing majestically through the darkness which it dispels. The platform, or float, bearing the image of our Lady of Sorrows draws nearer and nearer, floating as smoothly as a gondola upon summer seas. But as it comes still nearer the secret of the prosaic moving power is betrayed by the hard and rhythmic breathing of the forty or fifty porters, who, harnessed up, with collars about their necks and trace-straps to bring their back muscles into play, are bearing wearily along the platform and the image, hidden from general view by the drapery which hangs from the float. It is perhaps characteristic of Andalusian indolence that, with all the pride they take in the successful appearance of their particular images, the brothers have never taken the precious burden upon their own backs. The porters are all imported *Gallegos*, or Galicians, who in Seville, as everywhere else on the Peninsula, are the hewers of wood and the drawers of water.

Once opposite the seated dignitaries, one of the muffled *Nazarenos* raps three times with a great silver hammer upon the platform. It is a signal which the porters are not loath to hear. The platform comes to a standstill, and the image sinks down, like a swan alighting on the soft, yielding bosom of the sea. Only, if you stoop down and look, you will see the porters, running with perspiration, and lying flat upon their bellies, like dogs that are dead beat, upon the uneven paving of the streets. Since the dazzling cross appeared in view, attracting to its mirror surface the rays of light and sending them out in brilliant reflection, every head is bare, and all have risen. Later some kneel in silent prayer before the approach of Our Lady of Sorrows, and then there follows a general buzz of conversation, the subject of which is, I regret to say, the new mantle which Our Lady is wearing to-day for the first time.

It is of magnificent dark-blue damask velvet, bordered with lace, and embroidered profusely in gold and silver, with great and peculiar beauty of irregular design. The image, which is believed to be by Roldan, is of heroic size, and the idea of great height that it gives is intensified by the raised platform

on which the image stands, and by the gorgeous gilded crown and circumambient halo which surmount and surround the head. Our Lady wears a girdle of gold studded with many precious stones, and carries in her hands, which are singularly lifelike, a kerchief of delicate point-lace, as transparent and light as a web of the fairies' weaving. It is the most precious piece of lace in the Montpensier collection, and it has well become queens in sorrow and princes in exile before now. If only half the legends are true that they spin about this lightly woven web, which has been bathed in the tears of many a woe, what stories it might tell, what gentle secrets reveal! The platform upon which the image is placed is covered with mossy banks, from out of which nod the graceful flowers of the month; while about the float on every side, and in every possible formation of candelabrum and candlestick, are burning thousands of tapers, which, taken together with the torches of the Nazarenes, flood the dark plaza with the light of the most garish day. About her neck hangs a great string of barbaric pearls, perhaps the spoil of some successful razzia made by a Seville chieftain down the Barbary coast, in the ages that are gone. Her bosom glistens like a breastplate of stars. There are rubies and diamonds, sapphires and emeralds, upon it; and many are of great price—dying gifts, for the most part, of the *tamareras*, or tirewomen, of the sacred image.

One of the cofrades now gave the signal for departure—the three short, sharp raps with the silver hammer. There was heard the low rustle of the many hempen sandals worn by the invisible Galicians, and the image of Our Lady, in all the pomp of her new raiment, floated down the plaza toward the dark, narrow street which leads to the cathedral.

The shadows were claiming it for their own when there rang out from one of the overlooking balconies an invocation (*saeta*, or arrow—winged words, as they call them in Seville) to the Lady of Sorrows, who is passing out of our sight. The strong-voiced singer stood in a bower of flowers, on the balcony of one of the ancient ramshackle houses which, across the plaza, face the Municipal Building. Her face was the face of a sibyl, dark and mysterious; her voice the voice of a prophet, shrill, piercing, and not altogether of this world. One arm was raised above her head, as though to menace *with their doom the thoughtless thousands below, who smoked cigarettes and ate sweets*

in the boxes, and discussed the toilets of the images as though they were theatrical celebrities at the play.

La Virgen de los Dolores
Siempre la traigo conmigo,
Aquel que no la trajere
No me tenga por amigo.

(The Virgin of Sorrows
I carry her always with me,
And he who bears her not
Can be no friend to me.)

On the afternoon of Holy Wednesday five more processions went out, and as many more on Maundy Thursday. It is customary to spend Thursday morning in visiting the shrines and *sagrarios* in which the sacred images hold court, awaiting the coming of the eventful hour when they are carried out on their yearly pilgrimage to the basilica. The faithful naturally flock first to the shrine in which the image is housed and the *cofradia* convened to which they belong, or in which they are most directly interested. Subsequently all in the least rigid in their observance of Holy Week visit some six or seven other churches; and it is quite natural that these churches should invariably be the ones in which are installed the most gorgeous and the most popular images. And here, in hushed whispers, are exchanged many amusing confidences between them as to the comparative artistic merits of the image before them and their own peculiar and parochial image.

After the visits and the pilgrimages to the shrines, the stations of the day are concluded by a visit to the monument in the cathedral. It is a *chapelle ardente* which represents the Holy Sepulcher. The chapel is crowded by a great procession of ecclesiastical and civic dignitaries, who, headed by the cardinal and the governor in full regalia, march from the *Sagrario* to the monument, through the winding aisles of the church, bearing in their hands great blood-red candles which shed a shuddering sanguine light, and tell of the deed that the world is lamenting.

I was so fortunate as to convince the stern cofrade on guard that I was not an emissary of the envious *macarenos*, a rival brotherhood—that, indeed, I too was quite of his opinion that there is no other image in the world like the fair, promising face of Our Lady of Hope; and so I was admitted into the sacred precincts of the shrine, and witnessed the finishing touches that were given to Our Lady's toilet. As I entered the som-

ber gray church, I found the select council of cofrades and their critical womankind scrutinizing most closely the sacred image and her toilet, upon which the elder brother of the fraternity, and the elder sister, or chief tirewoman, had spent so many hours of anxious thought during the year. These serene worthies were passing through the ordeal with surprising composure, and making a show of listening with Olympian indifference to the shower of suggestions and criticisms which fell upon their handiwork. There was one amendment which, proposed by a young and pretty matron, seemed well taken and came very near being carried. It was, Why should Our Lady of Hope carry a kerchief in her hand?—"as if Hope ever came to grief and dissolved in tears," said the vivacious matron, upon whom, I noticed, the elder sister did not look with that affection which we hear distinguished the early Christians.

"Why should Our Lady of Hope carry a point-lace kerchief?" ran the query; and the younger and more thoughtless members of the fraternity rallied to the cry, proud of having propounded a question which visibly was the occasion of some confusion in the high council. At last the keeper of the archives arrived, and the question was referred to him.

"Why should Our Lady of Hope carry a kerchief?" he repeated. "*Pues bien*, because, in the first place, our lord Don Philip II of Spain made a grant, in the year 1560, out of his private purse, of six hundred golden ducats, with which he ordered that the most delicate kerchief to be found in all Flanders be bought for Our Lady, to be worn by her on the journey to the cathedral, and on all fête and holy days for all time."

"But what should our bright and smiling Lady of Hope do with a kerchief?" continued the vivacious matron. "Does it not seem out of place in her toilet?"

"What should Our Lady do with the king's kerchief?" roared the parchment-faced antiquarian. "What should she do with it but wipe away the tears from the cheeks of those who have fallen down before strange gods, and come to her hopeless?"

The members of the young and critical party shrank away, and took refuge in the dark and somber recesses of the more distant chapel for a while; but soon they returned, undaunted, to criticize.

"There is too much kohl on one of Our Lady's eyebrows, and the rouge on one cheek makes the other cheek look pale and haggard," they asserted. This charge raised

a hot debate, and the council was not willing to have it simply voted down until the matter had been thoroughly investigated. The declining sun filled the vaulted ceiling of the church with a flood of light, but only a faint reflection of it came down into the dark nave where the image was placed. The candles about the float were lighted, but immediately extinguished, both factions agreeing that nothing is so deceptive as candle-light by day. So as a last and final expedient, a great scaling-ladder was brought, and a young and agile cofrade climbed up the ladder to the vaulted ceiling, and, catching the still strong rays of the setting sun in a mirror, reflected them down upon the upturned visage of Our Lady of Hope. And now, after careful scrutiny in this strong light, the council decided unanimously that one brow had been unduly darkened, but that the little touches of rouge which had been given to the cheeks were equable and beyond criticism. "'T is the very breath of life, the hue of health itself," said the gallant antiquarian, who kissed the tirewoman's hand in compliment and in homage; adding in a loud voice, that all might hear, "No one knows so well how to place rouge artistically as the elder sister," at which complimentary outburst the elder sister seemed only moderately pleased.

In the twilight the great doors of the church are thrown back with a loud noise as of the discharge of a cannon; the altar-boys rush ahead, sprinkling heavy waves of incense over the noisome streets; and out of the slough of the low-lying tenement district the beautiful image is carried toward the grand basilica, the central and glorious shrine.

It is after midnight, the morning of Good Friday, and there is not a single man, woman, or child in all Seville a-sleeping. It is as though some imperial edict had gone forth, and that they, in obedience to it, had come and assembled in their thousands in the great squares and public places, in the Street of the Serpents and the Plaza of San Francisco, to witness in decorous silence the strange, unusual sights that were to be revealed to them. The cafés are mobbed, but with reserved, monosyllabic mobs. While there is conversation, there is no chatter; and little by little even the clatter of the dominoes is hushed, for the players have fallen asleep, and their heavy heads are resting on the marble tables. Little by little, conversation dies away entirely; and when at last the waiters, who are tired of seeing so many

Clarinet I.

" II.

Fagotto.

Oboe.

Clarinet.

Fagotto.

FUNERAL MARCH, FOUR HUNDRED YEARS OLD, PLAYED BY THE COFRADIAS OF SEVILLE

customers and so few orders, hasten in answer to a sound, they learn that it was merely the murmuring of a sleeping man who ordered a glass of beer, but awakes to countermand it before the surprised waiter is gone. In fact, the customers only sigh for beds, and with these the proprietor has no license to provide them. The hours creep by with leaden wings. Every now and then a self-sacrificing scout ventures out to bring

the news of how goes the night, and whether the processions come or not. And so time passes until three o'clock, when suddenly the shrill sound of a saeta echoes through the café, and hundreds of the sleeping men and women jump from their dreams, and, clapping their hats upon their heads, rush for the door at the same moment. The shrill cry announces the coming of the Procession of Silence, which has stolen upon



IN THEIR PARADE AT DAWN OF GOOD FRIDAY. (COMPOSER UNKNOWN.)

us. A shrill boyish voice rings out in the stillness of the early morning with:

Mirarlo por donde viene
El mejor de los nacios,
Trayendo la cruz á cuestras,
Y el rostro descolorio.

(Behold him as he comes,
The noblest born of woman,
Bearing on his back our cross,
His face so pale and wan.)

A strange, medieval monotone music fills the air with quaint, yet not inharmonious, sound. It is a funeral march that was written for this cofradia four hundred years ago, and the cofradia could not parade to any other except this strange medley of instrumental music, in which the now uncommon sounds of the fagotto, the oboe, and the clarionet prevail. The music of this march is religiously preserved in the Church of



FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

A PROCESSION NEAR THE CATHEDRAL.

San Antonio Abad, where the organist told me, while I was engaged in transcribing it, that he believed the music dated back to the crusading days, though, unfortunately, it is merely tradition handed down from organist to organist, and not historical data, upon which he based this opinion. These strange musical expressions of sorrow die away in the distance as the noiseless Procession of Silence disappears down the quiet, ghostly streets like the fabric of a dream.

The crowds are now on the tiptoe of excitement, for a float is approaching, heralded by a great cross of repoussé silver, which excites more general attention and worship than any other. It is the *cofradia* of San Lorenzo, perhaps the most wealthy of all the fraternities, and certainly the most aristocratic. Its table of membership is merely a transcription of the names of the nobility of the province. The first and most famous image of the fraternity is the one which is called Our Father, Christ of the Great Power. While there are hundreds and hundreds of members of the *cofradia*, the cult of this image knows no parish or ward limitations, like the cult of the Virgin of the Column in Zaragoza. Here in Seville the Christ of the Great Power is the most popular and most often prayed to. The image itself is the masterpiece of Montañes, a great wooden

effigy of the Son of man bowed and crushed under the weight of the cross. Here the genius of the sculptor has breathed life into the formless block, and turned the wood into flesh and blood. Behind this Christ of the Great Power the army of penitents walk; for in sickness and in trouble and in distress, it is to this image that the vow is made, and the thank-offering brought upon relief. The army of penitents presents the most interesting scene of the many tableaux which, in panoramic sequence, the procession unfolds. Some of the penitents there are who seem to think their load of sin but light, the weight of their obligation small. These are those who have during the year made a vow that they would bear a candle in honor of the favorite image in case some small worldly interest of theirs should be protected, some venture prosper. These, principally women, walk with their long, heavy tapers on high, appearing somewhat sleepy and bored, and perhaps determined to be more chary as to making vows in the future. But the real penitents—by their works let us judge them—are the men who stagger along the uneven way bearing upon their shoulders heavy wooden crosses, under the weight of which they stagger and stumble, until at last many of them fall from sheer weariness. Some of the penitents, who are all heavily hooded and disguised in the costume of the Nazarenes, are followed by their anxious families, desirous of assisting the heavy-laden head of the house up some particularly steep hill. But this filial assistance is generally stoutly refused. I saw one aged and infirm penitent refuse all assistance from his sons, until at last overtaxed nature reached the limit of endurance, and he fell over in the street in a syncope, and had to be carried home upon a litter, with his calvary incomplete. As I have said, the penitents are disguised, so that idle spectators may not know who the repentant sinners are, and conjecture as to what their sins may be.

But there is one muffled figure that bears the heaviest cross, and walks painfully with unshod and shackled feet over the uneven stones, who, owing to the strange and peculiar penance he performs, cannot hope to enjoy the anonymity of his brother penitents. The self-imposed penance of the fathers in Seville would seem, even as the weight of their sins, to be visited upon their children unto the last generation of their seed. At least, it is true that the staggering youth before us is the twentieth of his name and line who has done vicarious penance for the

sins of his forefather, a celebrity of the sixteenth century who looked "on beauty charming" with the eyes of Don Juan Tenorio. He was finally captured, the legend relates, by a Barbary corsair, and carried a prisoner to Oran, where, manacled and chained, he spent many a long and weary day wishing that he were dead. But while he pined hopelessly in prison he made a solemn vow that, should he ever regain his liberty, he would walk barefooted, and humbly bearing his cross, behind the Christ of the Great Power in every *madrugada*, or morning procession; and, further, he vowed that he would make the annual accomplishment of this vow a charge upon his estate for all time, by providing that, should any one of his male descendants fail in its performance, his portion of the estate should go to enrich the foundation of a convent. There have been no defaulters among the old gallant's heirs; and though the present bearer of the proud name is a perfumed and scented *pollo*, a dude of Seville society, he too did not shrink from the sacrifice necessary to keeping the money in the family. And I regret to say that, as he came meekly along in this strange guise, his appearance excited much amusement among the other *pollos*, whose inheritance had come to them without so unpleasant a condition; and at the sight of his bruised and bleeding feet much money was wagered on the question of whether he would be able to lead the cotillion at the Duke of Alba's on Easter Monday.

But perhaps the strangest of all the array of silent maskers who followed the Christ of the Great Power was a little girl of some twelve summers, clothed in her communion robes, weird and ghostly apparel for this the dark hour before the dawn. Her eyes were blindfolded, and, unlike the hoods of the Nazarenes, there was not left the smallest aperture through which she might look to choose and pick her way. She carried a golden chalice in one hand, while with the other she groped and felt her way. Every now and then, misled by the deceiving echo of the music, she would turn out of the way, now to the right, and now to the left. Once she stumbled and fell, and when she rose, in her confusion, started to walk back the way she had come; but the Nazarenes caught her by the hand, and directed her on her way again. The little girl in the white communion dress symbolized that faith which is blind.

I drift away from the weird, ghostly procession, and walk alone for an hour in the

narrow and solitary side streets, where it would seem that I leave footprints in the accumulated dust of the ages, and waken the sleeping sprites and goblins from their secular sleep. I walk until the serene starlight pales before the bright harbingers of the gaudy day; and at dawn, as the mists and the shadows vanish before the warm breath of the sun, I wander out of the labyrinth into a plaza where a great crowd is gathered about the entrance of a church. The Lady of this fraternity is returning to the shrine, and her faithful ones are there to do her honor even to the last. With great care and circumspection the float is carried into the church, and with every term of impulsive endearment the crowds who may not enter say farewell to the beloved image until the following year. I have, most fortunately, been pushed into the front row, and am gazing curiously into the dark aisles through which the image is disappearing, when suddenly a strong arm is laid upon me on each side by two of the muffled brothers; they push me forward, and the gates close



FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

A PROCESSION IN A NARROW STREET.

behind me. As I look anxiously about me, and see no one but these strange, muffled faces surmounted by the tall inquisitorial caps, I conjure up visions of Jimenez and Torquemada, and feel for the first time that I am within measurable distance of a martyr's death. Fortunately, the kindly *cofrades* disabuse my mind before my hair turns gray. They are friends; we have stalked bustard together for days. They had read the curiosity in my eyes, and had pulled me in, that I might satisfy it. Warned that the elder brother will make it very unpleasant for us all if I am discovered, I skulk behind the stone pillars, and so perceive the concluding ceremonies of the home-coming. Slowly the image is carried on the float up the dark aisles, where the golden light of the morning now and then sheds its deepening rays. The procession comes to a halt before a great iron grating. Here for the last time the three raps of the silver mallet are heard, and the float settles gently down upon the ground. The *cofrades* gather around in a semicircle, and kneel in prayerful adoration. I look beyond them, and, peering curiously through the iron grating, draw back in some surprise, and—shall I say it?—awe, too. I rub my eyes, and look again. I cannot be mistaken. There, behind the grating, kneeling in rising tiers, and looking with eyes of steadfast adoration upon Our Lady, who has been safely returned to their keeping, are praying some threescore white-robed nuns of the Cistercian order, whose convent adjoins this the Church of the Montesion. The prayer concluded, the elder brother approaches the grating, and through the bars hands over to the prioress the golden crown studded with jewels which six hours before they had placed in the hands of the *cofradia* to grace the image of Our Lady upon this her day. And now, with one longing look at the image, for the return of which they have been praying steadfastly all through the long night, the nuns rise, and silently steal away to their cloisters, carrying with them the precious crown, and singing the *Stabat Mater* as they go. A few minutes later, and I have emerged from the cold shadows of the church, and, basking in the welcome warmth of the sunny plaza, well before I know it I have interrupted a lovers' tête-à-tête—she a tall, willowy girl, with the eyes of a seal, and great masses of coarse hair falling about her shoulders; he a smart *labrador*, or yeoman farmer, who has come to town for the fêtes that are to begin on the morrow, and has *stopped to bring her a sincere but unseason-*

able serenade before going on to his inn. They do not mind my being in the plaza half as much as I do myself, and the young troubadour sings as he catches the rose from her hair which she throws him:

Cuando toquen á gloria
Las campanitas,
Prometo despertarte
Si estas dormida.

(When the merry chimes ring—
The chimes that ring in the Gloria—
I promise to awaken thee,
If thou art sleeping, love.)

But she is waking and waiting with the love-light in her eyes.

THE basilica is lighted to-night with only six large candles, puny, struggling beacons which seem every moment about to be drowned in the great sea of rising shadows. The main altar is desolate and bare, and all the refulgent glory has departed from it. To the right of it, however, there stands a cross bearing on a framework the images of the twelve disciples. Over the head of each image there burns a slender taper, which sends out a tiny thread of light to battle weakly with the darkness which deepens with every moment.

About the many chapels and in the deep recesses innumerable throngs of the faithful are lying outstretched upon the ground, broken with fatigue, where they await the singing of the *Miserere*. The stern chant which rolls out from the gloom of the choir is not softened by the gentle note of a woman's voice, and it grates upon the ear and sends a chill to the heart. But this dirge will not be prolonged indefinitely; for, see! at the conclusion of each verse of the canticle a dark cloud passes before one of the candles that surmount the images on the cross, and when the cloud passes away the candle is burning no more; and now, giving out only a feeble, flickering light, but one candle remains. This last verse of the shadow-song seems interminable; the chant is pitched in a deeper key of human woe; and some of the unstrung women among the worshipers sob convulsively as they gaze through the darkness toward the light of the world, which is being overwhelmed in the gathering shadows.

The chant is over now, and the last great taper wavers and flickers until it would seem as though it too is about to be extinguished by the shadow-clouds. But no; it is firmly

grasped by an invisible hand, and slowly borne down one of the aisles leading to the sacristy, leaving behind it a yellow wake of light. Carefully hooded, this light is kept burning behind the altar until the hour of the resurrection, when every candle in the cathedral must be lighted with the sacred fire which seemed to fail, but which has lived on in the holy of holies.

A cry of terror now falls upon our ears, and the distraught women spring from the

titute, are crouching over the cold tombs of long-forgotten kings, with their eyes resting hopelessly on the altars and the shrines, where impenetrable darkness reigns. The outward and visible despair of the multitude could not have been greater if the vandal kings were knocking, as of old, at their gates, or the black death were devastating their homes, and they were fleeing to the altars and the holy places, to find there no beacon of hope or promise of guidance to lead



FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

"OUR LADY OF COMPASSION." THE FRATERNITY OF THE MACARENO CIGAR-MAKERS BEFORE THE CITY HALL.

floor and clasp one another as though in dire despair. From the choir there comes the sound as of a thunderbolt, reverberating through the forest of marble pillars and great granite arches, and then ensues a great and speaking silence, through which we every now and then seem to hear the refrain of the canticle: "O Jerusalem, turn to thy God!" A feeling akin to fear possesses the multitudes who crouch in the shadows, awe-stricken and speechless. As the sound of this thunder, the manner of making which is an ecclesiastical secret, rolls away, there follows a pause, and we are given a breathing-spell, in which we comprehend the spectacular majesty of the scene. Weary with their long vigils, their fasts, and their many visits to the sagrarios, the worshipers, in deathlike weariness of at-

them out of the sea of shadow which would seem about to overwhelm the world. And now an incident occurred, so strange, so striking, and so unforeseen, that it will be spoken of in Seville in the years that are to come, when the thousands who crouched on the tombstones that night in the dark Sagrario will have disappeared from the face of the earth altogether. The shadows have been growing shorter, and the streams of light which the silver moon sheds have been growing longer and broader and brighter; and then the shadows disappear altogether, as if by magic, all save one, which is cast by a great cross out on the battlements of the fortress cathedral. Slowly the shadow assumed the shape of the sacred symbol, and then, as the moon rose higher and the clouds rolled between, it too was gone. Few had ever

noticed this cross before, and none knew why the human architect of the great pile, whose name to-day is even forgotten and unknown, had placed it there, one cross among so many. But those who witnessed the moving scene, the joy of the kneeling multitudes at seeing this sign of grace, knew that it had not been placed there in vain; that on this night, after ages of inactivity, this cross fulfilled its mission.

The gentle sound of low, sweet music steals softly down from one of the distant galleries, and slowly the Sagrario is filled with the soft echoes of angel voices that have strayed. The first clear note is of a woman's voice, a bell-like soprano; one looks to see the upturned, pleading face of a Magdalen. And then comes the tragedy, a great volume of sweeping sound, as a summer storm blowing through a tropical scene, bending low the heads of the forest kings, and bereaving the meadows of their flowers. There rolls out a great, thunderous sound, as though the voice of the heavens was foretelling some world-wide catastrophe; and then there follows a piercing cry of despair, which, it would seem, will never cease to roll back from arch to arch, from chapel to chapel, which at last, however, dies away in a sigh of utter hopelessness.

There is another pause, and then a soft, low music of gentle yet swelling melody wanders through the great gaunt pile, and descends upon the worshipers with the blessing of a benediction. It tells of running brooks, of singing birds, and seems to bring with it into the atmosphere of tombs the sweet fragrance of flowers; and at last it too dies reluctantly away, in a sigh which is the breath of relief and renewed hope, not the gasp of despair. The thousands slowly arise, and silently steal from the edifice; for the sign of the cross is still upon them.

On Saturday morning at ten o'clock the veil which has shrouded the altar is parted with dramatic effect, and there stands revealed the great tableau of the descent of the cross. The little tinkling bells in the choirs and the chapels give the signal, and then follows, a moment later, the booming sound of the great bells in the Giralda, which have tolled so sadly during the days of sorrow. But now they ring out right merrily the glad tidings of the resurrection, and on the moment Seville sheds its habiliments of woe, and stands revealed, the gay and blithesome city of old. Bant-offerings are displayed in every shrine; from every monastery is heard the triumphal ho-

sanna of the monks, from every convent the treble allelulias of the nuns; and Lent is over.

WE are returning from the social function of the week; for, alas! even gay and lazy Seville has its social functions which must be borne with. It is the *tablado*, or inspection of the black bulls which, with great pomp and ceremony and at the cost of a king's ransom, are to be killed to-morrow by the most celebrated matadors in the kingdom. While there is a great lack of money in Seville to buy bread, there is always enough money forthcoming, even from the pauper's treasury, to pay the way into the bull-ring; and every one in Seville who is a good Christian will attend the Easter bull-fight, even if, as not seldom happens, he has to pawn his household goods and sacred images to do so.

To compensate ourselves for this boredom, we, on returning homeward, enter a gipsy garden, where, in bowers of jasmine and honeysuckle, the Gaditan dancing-girls disport themselves as they did in the days of the poet Martial. Penthelusa is as graceful and as lissome to-day as when, in the ages gone, she captured Pompey with her subtle dance—as when Martial descanted upon her beauties and graces in classic words, centuries ago. The hotel-keepers in Seville are generally very careful to introduce their patrons only to gardens where the Bowdlerized editions of the dance are performed; but I commend to those who think they can "sit it out" the archaic versions which are danced naturally to-day, as they were in the days of the Cæsars, by light-limbed enchainers of hearts, and *flamenca* girls with brown skins and cheeks that are soft like the side of the peach which is turned to the ripening sun; and in their dark, lustrous eyes you read as plain as print the story of the sorrows and the joys of a thousand years of living. Now they dance about with the grace of houris, the abandon of mænads or of nymphs before Actæon peeped; and now, when the dance is over, the moment of madness past, they cover their feet with shawls, that you may not see how dainty they are, and withdraw sedately and sad from the merry circle, and sit for hours under the banana-trees, crooning softly some mournful couplet in the crooked gipsy tongue.

But now the moment has come for the one unmixed delight and pleasure of the day—that of boldly walking straight away for half an hour or so into the Santa Cruz quarter, about dusk, and then endeavoring to find

one's way out before midnight. It is the most ancient, or, at all events, the barrio which has best preserved the characteristics of a Moorish and then a medieval town. I have walked for an hour through the labyrinth of narrow lanes through which one could not trundle a wheelbarrow with ease. The clear starlight gives me confidence in my path-finding powers, and so I keep on to the scene of Don Juan's legendary orgies, conversion, and death. I walk down the narrow Street of Life until it is intersected

and hot with the speed with which he has brought the news of where the candle of life is burning low. He and the sacristan, swinging his red lantern, lead the way through the labyrinth. We emerge at last into a plazuela, where we breathe more freely, and pause before making a dive again into the pent-up, narrow lanes which the sacristan and the messenger of ill news know as well as the letters of the alphabet. As we are about to make our second start, a court equipage dashes into the silent



FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH FENHILL.

OUR LADY OF SORROWS IN THE PROCESSION.

sharply by the Street of Death, and then I keep on to the Place of the Coffin. I am beginning to weary of these lonely byways, to which the solitude of deserts is noisy company, when suddenly an iron gate which I had not noticed in the wall before me springs open with a click, and two choristers, bearing great lighted candles, spring out before me as though sped by some magic catapult. Then follows a glittering canopy embroidered in silver and gold. It is borne by four acolytes. Under it walks the priest, bearing the blessed sacrament, and the sacred olives to anoint the dying. The gate is the postern of the church, and behind the priest walks a young workman, covered with the dust of his labor,

plazuela, which now reverberates with the vibrating sounds of clattering horse-hoofs and jangling chains. I hear a low alto from the two royal occupants of the carriage, who a few hours before I had seen admiring the bulls, and the spirited horses with unusual severity are thrown upon their haunches, and the woman who has worn an earthly crown, and the other, who might have, descend from the carriage, and are conversing in low whispers with the priest before the startled footman has reached the door. They have offered the royal equipage to transport the blessed sacrament to the home of the dying. But the messenger of death smiles through his tears: the royal carriage could never reach the



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

OUR LADY OF SORROWS.

corral, or tenement, where he lives; some of the streets are so narrow that even a stout mule would have difficulty in squeezing his way through. I expected that then the royal women would withdraw. But no; the sacristan bows low, presenting them with

candles, and they too follow in the train of the priest and the mourners. We march on in silence for a minute or two through the streets, which are so narrow now that, looking up, one cannot see the stars above. At last we stop at a great portal which is sur-

mounted with the arms of a famous family whose house has now become a tenement hive. The night-watchman is awaiting, on bended knees, the coming of the priest. Inside the patio we find a great deserted garden, rather than the courtyard of a tenement. Flowers are growing in wild, luxuriant profusion, and vines cover the unbeautiful sights from view; and as we enter, the innumerable birds in the swinging cages, dazed and blinded by the light of the candles that we bring, think that daylight has surprised them in their slumbers, and after a few sleepy chirrups begin to pipe away their morning song.

The priest springs up a flight of rickety stairs; only the sacristan precedes him with the red lantern, and then withdraws. For a moment is he alone with the dying; then he reappears at the door. The confession must have been short, or has the happy sinner lost consciousness and remembrance of sin? The priest appears on the balcony, and beckons us to draw near; and the mourner and the night-watchman, the curious beggars from the street, the humble dwellers in the tenement, and the women of royal lineage, all walk reverentially up the ramshackle stairs, and fall on their knees in the presence of death, and pray for the repose of the departing soul, while the priest sanctifies the dying body with the anointment of the sacred oils.

Down below, in the garden, where I remain, there was a bed of flowers—of roses and of pinks—which was more orderly and seemed better cared for than the rest; and I understood why as I saw near by, in the crotch of an apricot-tree, the image of the Virgin of Victory, to whom the gardeners pray; and I knew that the fruits and the flowers of this garden were devoted to the cult of Our Lady. A woman is kneeling and sobbing bitterly before the image, and soon she comes to me, and tells me, in the open-hearted way of the people, that she who is in agony up there, over whom are being spoken the strange Latin words that float to where we stand, is her sister. "You know," she said, clutching my arm convulsively, "we began to dance and sing and make merry in the bower of the honeysuckle when the Santa Catalina rang out the Gloria, and we danced like mad; for we had not danced—not once—throughout Lent. Suddenly she fell, and a red stream flowed from her mouth. Sir, friend, do you think my sister is dying in mortal sin? The love of life was in her eye—when death came."

I SPEND the Easter morning in the belvedere of the Giralda, this old Moorish watch-tower
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about which to-day roll waves of incense which arise from the high pontifical mass that is being celebrated in the cathedral below. I ascend the winding passages which whisper of Al-Mansour, the world-conqueror of Islam, and Don Juan of Austria, his Christian emulator. I would like to ride up here, too, as these great men did, on a steel-clad destrer; and on the summit, half-way betwixt heaven and earth, weave my day-dream, as they did, or worship the glory of the rising sun, and bid it be the emblem of my course, as they did. But perhaps it is better not to invite comparisons. A little king, the seventh Ferdinand, rode up here, too, with great flowing plumes and bright armor, and the good Castilian chroniclers, who love not to say slighting things of their kings, cannot refrain from remarking that the seventh Ferdinand looked quite ridiculous and out of place.

I seem to be reading a page from the book of life by a flash of lightning as I conjure up the picture which the Moorish chronicler draws of the world-conqueror standing there alone under the great roof of the tower, communing with his God, while the chieftains clash their arms in the Court of Pardon beneath, and the faithful outside cry to him to be up and away, that there must be no pause in the course of the conqueror, from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same.

And I remember a desolate spot by Shellah, down the Barbary coast, on the banks of the stagnant river which the sea has walled up with barriers of sand, and a low mound over which there once rose a humble desert mosque, which has long since fallen in. The herdsmen who dwell near by pay no great attention to this heap of rubbish; to them it is simply a Marabout's tomb, and there are many Marabouts' tombs in Morocco, and many of them are more splendid to behold. But every now and then there come to this desolate spot a band of roving Berbers, and they prove by the sheep-bound archives of their race which they carry, and the astronomical calculations which they make, that here lies buried their erstwhile conqueror Al-Mansour, the lord of the world.

And every now and then, appearing brightly through the fresh green leafage of the trees along the Guadalquivir, comes into view the funeral of the girl who died yesterday. Shining brightly,—for the Sevillans wear bright colors from the cradle to the grave,—the coffin of the dancing-girl is striped with red and yellow, and is sur-

mounted with a great palm, which tells the passer-by that she who is borne on the shoulders of her brothers to the court of peace was a maiden, an unblown rose plucked before its time. Gay ribbons and streamers gently float behind the funeral cortège; the few mourners grasp them in their hands, and in the distance would seem engaged in some gay ribbon figure about the hearse. Toward them there comes over the bridge a proud picador, the bright harbinger of all the red and gold and yellow bravery which an Easter bull-fight displays. One by one the mourners drop away, and, crossing themselves, join the brighter crowds, the gayer throngs, that are filling with a great panorama of color the avenues which lead to the Place of the Bulls.

We will follow the funeral cortège only a little way up the river beyond the city walls

to the burial-place which the Guadalquivir floods every spring, and where the roses, like the flowers of Pæstum, bloom twice or thrice every year; and then we too return to the city, and with the other mourners are swept along by the great crowds that are hurrying to the place of sacrifice; and we too join in the buzz of admiration as Penthelusa, the sister of the dancing-girl of Martial, as of the dancing-girl who is borne to her grave to-day, springs down from her cart, and, straightening out her white mantilla and arranging the folds of her fantastic *pañuelo*, which was embroidered in the distant Philippines, joins her friends of the *afición* ("fancy") with the cry:

Olé, viva mi tierra!
(Holé, long live our land!)

—the land of Maria Santisima.

FAIRYLAND.

BY J. RUSSELL TAYLOR.

YOU need not travel to a star;
The way is easy, and not far—
An hour's walk, a mile from town.

The herons of the old lagoon
Lead you along the path; for sign
Are arrowhead-blossoms, frail and fine,
Beside the water: then the wood
Takes you; but only by the blood
Leaping, and by the sudden start
Of the overfull and thrilling heart,
You know you see it face to face.

The greenwood bowers a sunny space
For song-sparrow tinkling; and below
July's green lap is full of snow,
Is drifted rich with white and pink
Of bouncing-bet from brink to brink;
The haunted air resounds between
With humming-birds, obscure and keen,
Like burnt-out stars that dart and float,
With but a last fire at the throat.

You saw but common summer flowers?
Heard but a hum that drowns the hours?
Your blood leaped not, nor shook your heart?
Ah, well; I know no other chart.
The path is for your feet as far
As that which lessens to a star.

MODERN DUTCH PAINTERS.

BY ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY.

HOLLAND has been the etchers' country from the time of Rembrandt, Vandyke, and Cornelis Visscher to the present; but it is also preëminently the colorists' country.

Its amber canals reflect and tone the landscape like a Claude Lorrain glass, or the mellow varnish on a Hobbema. The interiors of the peasants' houses are dark and rich and colorful. In lighter keys, but still subdued, as though a restraining hand held the artist back from vulgar riot in color, and opened his vision to the subtler refinements of soft, diffused light, there are the clouded skies of the Northern sea-coast, the fogs which drift inland, the silvery green of the moist meadows—nature in her more pensive and poetic moods.

The Dutchman is not a *poseur*, evolving his color-scheme from preconceived ideas, and affectedly following a receipt for clever facture. He has always been an earnest student of nature—the nature about him, which is very different from the highly keyed nature under more brilliant skies, as Fromentin discovered when he wrote from Scheveningen:

“The grass here is sear, the dunes pale, the beach colorless, the sea milky, the sky cloudy, but wonderfully aërial. Red is the only color which asserts itself in this subdued gamut, the tonality of which remains so grave.”

Certain lessons the old Dutch masters learned on these sketching-grounds: first, to draw perfectly; and, later, the secret of values.

“I do not know,” continues Fromentin, “what was the opinion of Pietre de Hooghe, of Terburg, or of Metzu concerning values, if even they had a name to express that subtilty in relation; all the same, the life of their works, the beauty of them all, depends on the knowing employment of this principle. Their delicacy and mystery came from air around the objects, shadows around the lights, transposition of tones, the most marvelous employment that has ever been made of *clair-obscur*—the art of rendering atmosphere visible.”

This heritage the modern school of Holland received from their fathers. The French had

it also from theirs; but it has been the glory of the Dutch painters that they have preserved the old traditions, while the French think that they are more artistic because they have abandoned them in daring exploration and innovations.

With their skilful use of drawing and values the Dutch have preserved their pre-eminence as tonalists, and have added to these painter qualities a certain sentiment which gives their works a charm both to the connoisseur and to every person of feeling.

The prime movers in this modern school are well known to us in America through their works. A half-dozen of the more prominent men were introduced to the readers of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE in March, 1889, by Mrs. Harry Chase, in her admirable article “Dutch Painters at Home.” While these masters still hold their own, and cannot be passed over in any article on contemporary art in Holland, there have arisen a number of younger men worthy to be ranked with those who have already won fame, and of whom we are certain to hear and see more in the early years of the coming century.

Some of these, as Isaac Israëls, ten Cate, Bosch Reiz, and others, have studied in Paris, and have interested themselves in the problems attacked by the modern Frenchman; others, as De Zwart, Offermans, De Bock, and indeed the majority of the coming men, while distinctly original, belong virtually to the Dutch school as we know it, either in color tone or in subject. Still, among all this procession of the men of tomorrow there are no direct pupils or imitators of their elders, and some are seeking new and adventurous paths. Some, like Veth, are doubtless inspired by Dürer and other old German masters; others, as Toorop, by Buddhist theogonies, or by Javanese and Hindu art. Bauer has been impressed by travel in the Orient, Der Kinderen by medieval decorative painting, others by the symbolists, the idealists, the impressionists, or the mystics; but all are deeply earnest, striving honestly and ably to express themselves, and deserve to be heard, and will be heard in the near future.

The Hague is the artistic center of Holland. Amsterdam, with her great gallery, her many talented artists, and her colony at Laren, is a close rival; but The Hague, as the seat of government and the residence of the aristocracy, is perhaps the better patron of art, while its academy attracts the student.

Of the artists residing at The Hague who have made their reputation, who have already "arrived," as the French express it, no one is better known to us than Josef Israels. He is by preference the painter of poverty, and of that kind of poverty which sets its seal of deformity upon body and soul, which cramps the brain, coarsens the face, and frenzies the eye, or leaves it in lusterless despair. He is a tragedian who never goes beyond nature, but shows us her glooms and sterner phases with a realism touched with pathos—the Tolstoi of the painter's art.

"My pictures are too black and sad?" he asked half apologetically. "I must change my style and be more cheerful? No; I am afraid I am too old for that; and I have the happiness to have some friends who like them, though there are others, like myself, who are not satisfied."

So modestly and simply spoke the most celebrated of living Dutch painters, as we stood in his studio before one of his interiors, an unfinished painting showing a boy rocking his baby sister in a primitive, swing-like cradle.

Israels is a cheery little man, cordial and vivacious in manner, with nothing in his personal appearance to suggest the deep seriousness of his paintings. There is something very charming in his perfect freedom from affectation or arrogance. It is as though the world's praises had blown by his closed door, and he was quite unaware of them. He was genuinely pleased with the recognition which his masterly "Alone in the World" received in Chicago, a picture owned and sent by his contemporary and friend, the artist Mesdag. He laid aside his work with the most kindly courtesy, and entertained us for an hour, turning over portfolios of drawings, showing us a photograph of the painting which he had just sent to Vienna—a market-woman trudging beside her dog-cart, recalling to mind Ouida's story, "A Dog of Flanders." He took us to a room filled with etchings from his paintings, showed us his wardrobe of costumes, his glass studio for the painting of outdoor effects in winter, and a long corridor hung with studies.

The gaunt figures of his "Fisherwomen of

Zandvoort" stood in a shadowy corner of his studio. There was something so determined in their stride, so doom-foreboding in their set faces, that one felt them akin to those women of the *halles* who brought Marie-Antoinette from Versailles to the fate which awaited her in the city.

Israels's studio is simple in its appointments—a true atelier, or workshop. The show studio of The Hague, famous the world over for its luxurious accessories, is that of H. W. Mesdag, the foremost of Dutch marine painters, and perhaps of all living artists who make a specialty of the changing aspects of the sea.

Though of an artistic family many of whom are well-known painters, Mesdag had reached the age of thirty before he decided to become an artist. His gifted cousin, Alma Tadema, whose long residence in London causes him to be classed among the English painters rather than with his Dutch compatriots, was already famous when Mesdag first thought of devoting himself to art.

"Paint nature as you see it," he said to Mesdag, "and we shall then see whether you are an artist or not."

Mesdag painted; and Tadema and the world at once recognized that here was a man endowed with both the perception and the executive ability of an artist. His glorious, stormy skies, wonderful expositions of cloudy gloom or splendor, seem to have been brushed in by some Magian prince of the power of the air who has used a magic flying-carpet as his studio.

He has made himself familiar, also, with every phase of that most fickle of elements, water, and has painted it with virility and vitality, keen observation, and greatness of imagination, in all its changing moods of turbulence and beauty. He knows every sail at Scheveningen, and which fisherman's boat bears canvas most resplendent with patches of dark red and warm ocher. He is in sympathy with the rough lives of the fisherfolk, and has shown us their hours of peril and toil, of weary waiting and anguish, as well as the joy that comes when skies are fair and the catch is abundant. He loves to paint the returning fleet as the keels grate on the sand and the boats are surrounded by groups of laughing, buxom, bare-legged fisher-wives, some hurrying shoreward with their baskets, and others wading out into the sandy surf for their share of the spoils. A magnificent picture, which he calls "In Danger," stood upon his easel. A heavily laden sloop is approaching a dangerous coast. The shallow-

ness of the water is told by its turbid color, and the surf pounds heavily over the almost sinking vessel, which drifts at the mercy of its vehement onward rush and its treacherous undertow. He has painted a panorama of Scheveningen, which is on exhibition at The Hague, and is a most clever bit of realistic painting, as well as far more artistic than the generality of works of this order. A long gallery hung with paintings by him and Mrs. Mesdag admits to the panorama, and doubles its interest.

Mrs. Mesdag has a reputation for her flower-paintings and her magnificent still-life pictures, showing great Japanese vases of cloisonné, jade, or carved ivory, of which she has a costly collection, several rooms being filled with the *objets d'art* which have served as accessories in her pictures. Of late she has turned her attention to landscape with figures. She sent to the Antwerp Exposition an important canvas, "Sheepfolds in Gueldres at Nightfall." Mrs. Mesdag is a notable housewife as well as a talented artist. Never was home more beautifully kept, its treasures of art and bric-à-brac being immaculate and in perfect order. Nearly all successful artists are picture-buyers, but few have so ample a fortune to devote to such acquisitions as Mesdag. His collection is famous, and comprises a large number of celebrated and valuable works by modern masters, chiefly of the French school. It is a painter's collection, each picture purchased, not because the artist was in the mode or the painting a sure investment, but because its buyer loved it; and the gallery is therefore an exponent of Mesdag's personal art sympathies, a coherent and harmonious collection.

Popular applause and pecuniary success are never so dear to the artist as the esteem of his peers. To be given distinguished rank by those of his contemporaries whose opinion he respects is the sweetest reward which he can receive.

Jacob Maris tastes this fruition, and wears in middle life the laurels unanimously voted him by his brother artists. He enjoys the reputation among his fellows of being the foremost living landscapist in Holland. A serene and benignant contentment radiates from his dignified presence. "He looks successful," as a man should when his lines have fallen in pleasant places.

He is chiefly known for his harbor views—cities approached by winding waterways studded with forests of masts, traversed by heavy Dutch craft, and reflecting luminous

skies. The domes and towers blend and fade in the blue distance, or catch golden glints and tremulous lights reflected in the sapphire water by long, waving lines of brightness.

One stands puzzled, at first, before these enchanted landscapes. They are so familiar that we feel we ought to recognize the locality. That harbor is certainly Dordrecht; but what gilded dome is that which dominates the scene and gives the unifying touch, the key-note, to the entire composition? This calm stretch of hazy moorland, across which the hyacinthine mists drift, is unmistakably Dutch; but that windmill is Belgian in its shape. We are charmed, but at the same time puzzled until we understand that Jacob Maris is not a realist; that it is many years since he has made a sketch from nature; that he seeks only to secure a harmonious composition, a symphony in color and line, and depends for his details upon his wonderful memory and imagination. His pictures are essentially Holland, but a Holland that one recognizes everywhere and nowhere. He constructs, demolishes, and reconstructs until he has created a landscape of his own that recalls the old, picturesque Holland which is so rapidly disappearing.

We watched him painting. How admirably his personality agreed with his temper of mind—a man of breadth physically and mentally, with iron-gray waving hair falling away from a calm, meditative face! He painted slowly, musingly, trying touches here and there, tasting his tints as an epicure tastes delicacies. "A *chercheur*," a companion called him. Each picture is to him a new problem of light, of color, of subject, from which is to be evolved an exquisite harmony. He is an idealist, a romancer with landscape. His pictures are not nature pure and simple, but nature viewed through his temperament. He transposes tones to a lower gamut, always preserving an impression of light either present or about to burst forth. The mists are light and shifting; dawn is just going to break; another moment, and the sky will be flooded with splendor; and meantime there is a sensation of happy anticipation which is most inspiring. He is a hard worker, but one understands that work with him is luxury. There is no feverish haste, no worry, no drudgery, or weariness, but tranquil enjoyment from which he finds it difficult to tear himself away. With all his personal achievement, he is not a self-centered or a selfish man. His sympathies go out readily to his brother artists, and especially to younger aspirants. He is the

teacher *par excellence*, and many of the younger painters have acquired their insight through him.

Jacob Maris is the eldest of three brothers, each of whom has acquired distinction in art, but in widely differing styles. Matthew Maris is established in London, and is a painter of figures. He is a modern of the moderns, has great technical power, and is endowed by nature with exquisite sensibility. His palette is a very delicate one, ranging through the tender and pearly tones of gray, silver, and white, so that his pictures are pale and ghostly almost to affectation. Poetic and mystical, he is greatly admired by a few, and considered eccentric and incomprehensible by the majority.

William Maris, the youngest of these talented brothers, resides at The Hague, and makes a specialty of painting cattle and ducks. It has been said of him by an eminent art critic that no Dutch painter so well knows how to depict the life of an animal. There is a refreshing sensation in viewing one of his pictures, his skies are so clear, his foliage is so fresh and luxuriant. His ducks and ducklings are altogether charming. The canals on which they float are limpid, the water-cresses succulent, the reeds and rushes graceful. The lush foliage bends over the water, and dimples it with shadowy passages which contrast with the clear reflections; while the downy brood disport themselves with all the exuberance of youthful duckhood, scattering silvery splashes and sparkles of light until the desire to possess each of these charming canvases almost leads one to "make ducks and drakes" of one's fortune.

Two of the older landscapists, who have labored earnestly for years, producing excellent work, but not so well known as it deserves to be, and who have disquieted themselves very little on this account, are Jan Weissenbruch and P. J. C. Gabriel. We found the former in his unpretending studio at the back of a quaint little court which reminds one of Pieter de Hooch. He was literally buried by his studies and sketches. He would not call them pictures, for he finishes very slowly, and loves to keep his canvases on the easel for years, caressing them, adding tone and mellowness, but never quite sure that he cannot still further improve them. His water-colors are in gouache, juicy and strong. The pools and puddles are very wet; the skies have wonderful clouds, full of light or delicately veiled.

Gabriel lives in a modest house near the suburbs. The walls of his studio and of an ad-

joining room, with the hall and the staircase, are covered with studies of landscapes—amber canals; old windmills of the Belgian type, set up on stilts, silhouetted against glowing sunsets; wide, dark fields threaded by lines of fire, where the water catches the sunset reflections; or morning skies, with turtle-dove clouds glinted with mother-of-pearl. Gabriel is a dreamer. Deafness shuts him away from much social intercourse; but with the barring of one gateway to the soul, that of vision seems to have been opened wider. He has a genius for finding compositions, and discovers a picture in every scene.

It is only a short distance from Gabriel's home to B. J. Blommers's—the "Villa Joane." Blommers is one of the most successful of the Dutch genre-painters. His studio is unusually large, and is filled with such objects as will help him with his work. Costumes are tossed about on the old furniture in true artistic disorder. One sees that Blommers is master in his own studio; for the dust is undisturbed by the housemaid, and the spider spins on the pane. One end of his studio is constructed to represent the interior of a peasant's cabin. There is a small shuttered window which dimly lights the model, while the artist paints in stronger light. There is a rough fireplace where a fire can be lighted, a cupboard-like alcove bed, a shelf of pewter and old delft, a quaint cradle, and other bits of peasant furniture.

"I find my pictures," he explains, "in the real homes of the peasants. I make sketches for them there, then arrange my models here, where I can paint more at my ease."

When we interrupted him he was engaged on a painting which was full of feeling. A sick mother was seen on the poor bed in the background of the picture; but the attention was attracted more particularly to a group at the table in the foreground, the father clumsily feeding his little children, and hushing them lest they should disturb their mother. Blommers's paintings nearly always depict some phase of family affection; the poverty which he paints is lightened by it, and is never unbearable. He finds sunshine where Israel shows us gloom.

Neighbors of Mr. Blommers, in the same lovely Van Stolk Park, are Mr. and Mrs. C. Bisschop, both noted portrait- and figure-painters. There are few houses in the world so richly fitted with beautiful antique furniture and objects of art. No pieces of modern furniture obtrude themselves in the midst of the medieval treasures. It was as though the house had been preserved by magic, completely

furnished, from the time of the Renaissance. Mr. Bisschop is descended from an old Friesian family, and a portrait of his mother, by himself, shows a gentlewoman of distinguished appearance in the national dress. Under the soft lace cap glitter jewels and a solid gold head-piece, the costliness of the coiffure distinguishing it from that worn by the peasants. Mr. Bisschop has had the honor of painting many of the Dutch royal family. His portrait of Queen Wilhelmina in the dress of Amalia van Solms is now in the possession of the Queen Regent, whose portrait he painted for the town hall of Leeuwarden. For the late Queen Sophie Mr. Bisschop painted a portrait of Motley, the historian, which is one of the attractions of the "House in the Wood," as the royal palace in the forest park, or Bosch, of The Hague is called. From the two studios, rich with treasures of paintings and carvings, with glints of porcelain and reflections from polished bits of copper lighting up the darkness of old tapestries, we passed through other fascinating rooms, catching glimpses, as we went, of beautiful and costly effects, many of them the gifts of royalty. Among these was a magnificent Venetian mirror in carved frame, a Christmas present from her Majesty the Queen of Roumania, a valuable work of art, and most interesting because designed by Carmen Sylva for Mrs. Bisschop. One of the most attractive paintings in the house is a remarkable portrait of Mrs. Bisschop by her husband, from which one understands why this painter is such a favorite with noble ladies, since he knows so well how to render all that we understand in the word lady—distinction, refinement, courtly grace, and a personal gentleness and sweetness which make the beholder fancy that the lady in the frame has almost bowed, and has certainly smiled, upon him.

The studio of Mr. W. Roelofs was the last belonging to the coterie of the elder men which we visited at The Hague. His canvases take one away to the pasture-lands, with the good Holland cattle standing knee-deep in the grass. His work is too well known and liked among us to need description, while the presence in his studio of his two sons, both promising artists, successful in the same line as their father, and in rich pieces of still life, calls us to a consideration of the work of the younger men.

Of these the most familiar name in our own country is that of Philip Zilcken. Born in 1857, he is a far younger man than his wide reputation would suggest. Etcher by

preëminence (he has published over three hundred and fifty plates), he is also a master of color, having received medals in Paris, Berlin, and other cities, and an art critic of catholic judgment and finished literary style. He has always painted, etched, and written interchangeably. The eminent art critic Félix Buchot wrote of his etching "A View of Amsterdam," after a painting of Maris: "This magnificent piece demonstrates how necessary it is that a painter-etcher, and even a simple etcher, should pass through painting, through the mastery of the brush, before attempting the point. The painter himself could never have translated with more of assurance and liberty, with larger or more adequate manner, the brush-work. This beautiful *eau forte* is a specimen of what the modern interpretation of a modern painter by the point ought to be."

To visit Zilcken's studio we drove through the Bosch, past the "House in the Wood," which the Queen placed at Motley's disposition during his visit to Holland, and, skirting a little canal reflecting the mossy trunks of the old trees, we came, while still in the quiet of the forest, to "Hélène Villa."

Here we found a slight, scholarly-appearing man busied in a most interesting studio. He laid aside his occupations with cheery courtesy, and rapidly fluttered over his portfolios, giving us fleeting glimpses of exquisite original drawings, and showing us the magnificent reproductive etchings which he was the first to make from the works of the modern Dutch painters. Over these he flashed into enthusiasm, not for his own remarkable achievement, but in generous and affectionate appreciation of his fellows. He has dwelt so caressingly over their work, as he translated it into another medium, that he has come to understand it better, perhaps, than any other living man. Developed in this way, his faculty for appreciation, which demands a connoisseurship far higher than that of criticism, has gone out not only to the paintings of the acknowledged great men, but also to the men with futures, and especially the etchers, whom a meaner nature might have regarded, in some sort, as rivals. Several of these we should not have known but for his kindness.

Artistic ability is frequently inherited, but it as frequently takes a new turn, a different form of expression from that of the father. Perhaps the most talented of the sons of living Dutch painters is Isaac Israëls. He began his artistic career by painting military subjects in a most careful

and finished manner, but has lately evolved an impressionism of his own in the life of the streets. He draws the façades of the shops and houses with care, then rapidly sketches in the moving figures, giving no more time to the drawing of each than it remains before the eye. When reproached for the apparent carelessness with which he treats his figures, reversing the method of the older painters of street-scenes, who considered the figures as the picture, and the details of the street as mere accessories in the background, to be slurred over in order to give greater importance to the human interest, Isaac Israels defended his position by maintaining that the houses remain, and create a far more definite impression upon the eye than the passing, hurrying crowd, every face of which is immediately replaced by another, and its memory mingled, blurred, or effaced.

While his drawings at first provoke wonder, they do give the feeling of movement, of agitation, of transitoriness which he wishes to convey, and young Israels may be credited as being, so far, a discoverer. He is wealthy, and does not paint for the market; but it is a pity that these remarkable drawings cannot be seen in America, where they would certainly produce a sensation.

Among these artists of the twentieth century M. Bauer has already made his mark as an etcher. He is only twenty-seven, but his brilliant etchings of Oriental subjects, one hundred and fifty in number, have achieved reputation in Paris. He has been to the East three times, twice to Constantinople, and this spring to Cairo. He studied only at the Academy at The Hague, but, like Fortuny and Regnault, his imagination had been saturated from childhood by the "Tales of the Thousand and One Nights." He read these stories until he knew them by heart and dreamed of them at night. In the gray, chill fogs of the Netherlands he pictured to himself the dazzling light and splendor of Oriental skies; and when he saw the Orient for the first time it was as familiar as if he had lived there in some previous incarnation. His color-work, especially in pastel, is soft and delicate; but it is in black and white that he has produced his most remarkable effects. His series of ten lithographs after Gustave Flaubert, illustrating the legend of St. Julian, show a masterly use of rich, velvety blacks.

Pastel is admirably handled by the Dutch, and by none more delightfully than by Therese Schwartze. Her portraits have wonderful tone, which envelops the subject with a deep,

harmonious color supposed to be the attribute of oil-painting. She treats her heads in a broad, masterly manner, and invests them with dignity and refinement. We have nowhere seen a pastel portrait more absolutely satisfying than one of the artist's mother. Her large painting, a reproduction of which is shown on the opposite page, is a masterpiece.

Jan Veth is a painter of portraits who gives much more pains to the delineation of the character of his sitter than to the display of his own virtuosity, though his style is one of great distinction. He obtained general recognition from his treatment of lithographic portraits of the celebrated men of Holland for a prominent journal, and from his admirable etchings.

Of all the etchers among the younger men, Witsen is possibly the cleverest technician, and one of the most artistic in feeling. As yet he is scarcely known in America; but such connoisseurs as Mr. S. P. Avery collect with delight his studies of such simple subjects as a man spading, his sketches of canal-boats, horses, or landscapes, and look eagerly for new plates from his hand, recognizing an original talent devoted to an earnest interpretation of a new view of the truths of nature.

Another student of character is H. J. Haverman, a young figure-painter, who, working at first in an academical, conventional manner, has latterly entirely changed his style, seeking the type and individuality in his portraits, paintings, and drawings. In method he is a modern, enamoured equally of art and human nature.

Tony Offermans is a figure-painter of the accepted Dutch school, and is by choice the apostle of the laboring class. He depicts the life of the workingman and the artisan. The carpenter, the blacksmith, the maker of sabots, the farm-laborer, the ice-sweeper of the skating-fields, were all represented on the canvases which happened to be in his studio. It was a mute socialistic convention, each face with its story of stolid endurance of a life of grinding toil.

The younger men are as successful in landscape as in figures. De Zwart is a landscapist of great talent and conscientiousness, rarely satisfied with himself, intensely serious, a hard worker, with a strong, rich palette, recalling that of Daubigny, without sacrificing his own originality. Seen in an exhibition of other Dutch pictures, his sound something of a trumpet-note, they are so daring, original, and strong. He has

been frequently medaled at expositions, but his works are as yet hardly known on our side of the water, where they are certain to advance in value as the years go by.

A landscape-painter with a palette of silvery grays and fresh greens is Theophile de Bock. He cares much for composition,

it has been trained in the Gallic capital. His street-scenes are full of light and movement, and are treated with daintiness, delicacy of touch, charm of color, and grace of style entirely unmixed with any sophistication, pose, or artificiality. The charm comes simply from his own fine nature, which makes



FROM A PAINTING BY THERÈSE SCHWARTZE.

THE ORPHANAGE, AMSTERDAM.

OWNED BY JOHABOD T. WILLIAMS.

the *mise en page*, or proportions of his picture in the frame, and he gives great study to its masses of dark and light. We stood long before a painting of his in the Antwerp Exhibition, struck by the handling of the lights. The full moon and the starlight glinted the distant surf, while the foreground was illuminated by a ruddy glow from the windows of the huts. He has a sentiment of space and an appreciation of the whole. His drawings are elegant, synthetical, sure of touch, carefully thought out, and most cleverly executed.

Mr. S. J. ten Cate, who has a studio in Paris, shows the French influence; but it is not fair to deprive his fatherland of the honor of having produced his genius, though

it possible for him to discover latent refinement where it would escape a coarser man. We found his studio filled with delightful studies, made in pastel and in gouache, of river views in France and England, soft, gray idyls of dawn and twilight. Unaffected in manner, and with an entire absence of conceit as agreeable as rare in youthful genius, he had no idea that his work was admired in America, and had seen none of the praise that was so liberally bestowed upon his contributions to our World's Fair, "The Harbor of Havre at Night" and his studies on the Thames.

In studying the Dutch exhibit at Chicago, the observer could not fail to remark the



REPRODUCED FROM AN ETCHING BY PHILIP ZILCKEN, AFTER A PAINTING BY MATTHEW MARIS.

A CHRISTENING AT FRIBOURG.

scarcity of flower-pieces, and this from a country which introduced tulips, hyacinths, and poppies into Europe, and the gorgeous fields of which, an eminent critic has said, might have been expected to create a school of flamboyant colorists. Kamerlingh Onnes, a young artist of Leyden, brought up among the pastures of its great botanical garden, and near the tulip-fields of Haarlem, may be said to be intoxicated with color. He is a pyrotechnist in flowers, and pushes originality to experiment and eccentricity. He loves to treat them with novel effects of light, and he gives his paintings odd titles which smack a trifle of affectation. Now a group of rich-colored roses, arranged in front of a lighted lamp so that their petals seem incandescent, is introduced to us as "Ecstasy"; and again, blush-roses, flushed by the reflection of a red curtain, are entitled "The Bride's Kiss." "Between Two Lights" shows flowers illuminated from behind by artificial light, with sunshine falling upon them from the front. He is always an accomplished technician who loves to play with new problems.

Our compatriot Amy Cross, whose love for flowers was known among us before she went to Holland, has not abandoned them. Her studio is gay with the larger and more decorative varieties; but Dutch influences have drawn her more particularly to the study of

figures. Possibly the most successful painter in this specialty is Margaretha Roosenboom, who paints roses of heroic size with an altogether enchanting tonality. She has a subtle feeling for the harmonies of color, a juicy palette, and a loose handling which makes her paintings as luscious to the eye as fruit is to the palate.

The limits of this article will not allow us to do justice to the Amsterdam artists: to Karsen, noted for his views of that city, and for bits of villages, executed in a most expressive manner in delicate tones; to Breitner, the Detaille of the army of Holland, whose "Coup de Canon," shown at Antwerp, had all the realism of an instantaneous photograph plus the artistic quality of which many of our modern realists make too little account; and to many another talented painter in this city of artistic traditions. Jan Veth has already been mentioned, but a word must be given to J. Toorop, who is preëminently a colorist, and of late a leader in the new school of the symbolists. His is a most original nature, seeking to develop a theory of expressive lines—lines of sorrow, joy, fear, hate, etc. He attempts musical and literary subjects rather than those which are usually considered paintable. Der Kinderen, too, is one of the school of New Holland, a figure-painter moved to decoration. He has exe-

cuted some remarkable mural paintings for the Hôtel de Ville of Bois-le-Duc in Brabant, and for other public buildings, in clear and delicate rose, yellowish, and lilac harmonies. He has also designed stained-glass windows, and is known as an illustrator, all in the same medieval, tapestry-like style, traditional in its suggestion, but modern and original in its application.

Miss Wally Moes, an able portrait- and figure-painter, has her studio in Amsterdam, but she is also closely identified with Laren; and to this fascinating artists' colony we made, one memorable day, a most delightful excursion.

We had grown so accustomed to the canals of Amsterdam, and to watching their reflections of the corbel-stepped gables, that we seemed to be living in a world upside down; and as we jogged out of the city in the *stoom-tram* it was perfectly natural that one of the canals should be minded to accompany us, and should flow along beside the track, giving us its distorted views of things generally, with the calm sociability of a man who is theoretically a pessimist, but who cannot

conquer his sunshiny heart. It was one of those fluid days, both in sky and on land, of which we had so many. The air was dense with drifting mists blending now and then into soft, brief showers; the sky was a luminous gray, with shifting clouds; the land, when it was not frankly water, was a blending of morass with a scum of aquatic vegetation and of freshly washed meadows, where every blade of grass was hung with dewdrops. We watched the friendly canal as we slipped along its low banks, its waxy pond-lilies almost within reach of our greedy fingers. There were fleeting reflections, from time to time, of a château with pointed extinguisher roofs, of moated villages with drawbridges and sluice-gates, and old gray walls such as Maarten Maartens describes, "colored over with a faint shimmer of silvery green promise"; and then the rain shut out the landscape with its crystal curtain. The clouds lifted as the *stoom-tram* mounted Larenberg; and as we left behind the pagoda-like pavilion and fashionable villas, and halted in the forest which shelters Laren, the sunshine sparkled through the leaves, flecking the thatched



FROM A PAINTING BY MATTHEW MARIS.

AN IDYL.

OWNED BY B. A. DRUMMOND.



FROM A CHARCOAL DRAWING BY H. J. HAVERMAN.

NURSE AND CHILD.

roofs of one of the prettiest villages in Europe.

We had heard of it before, through Miss Clara McChesney, who worked here long enough to catch the charm which infuses the style of its best painters. We were warmly welcomed by one of the artists of the colony, Miss A. Hugenholtz, and were at once pleasantly established in the cozy little inn. This inn has served as home or club-house for many a talented artist, and its pleasant dining-room is hung with paintings of the Laren school. Occupying the place of honor over the mantel is a portrait of Mauve by Miss Wally Moes; for Mauve had a house at Laren, and was the leading spirit of the colony while he lived. Among other paintings decorating the walls are roses by Amy Cross; a cattle-piece by Howe; a red sea of crimson, the tulip-beds of Haarlem, by Nithuys; and an admirable snow scene by Miss Hugenholtz. The work of this gifted

woman deserves special mention. Broad, strong, and thoughtful, it displays a quiet power, a calm justness of perception, and a certainty of execution which have given her an enviable position both in Europe and America. She has built for herself a little studio at Laren, which is filled with careful studies of peasant life. She is severe with herself, and although a hard worker, exhibits but little.

Since the death of Mauve, Albert Neuhuys, of all the artists in the little colony, is best known to the world. He has preserved a gentle simplicity and a frankness of manner which are extremely winning. Either the world's clamor never enters this enchanted forest, or Albert Neuhuys counts fame at its true worth. His atelier is unostentatious, and yet possesses a certain air of distinction which tells that it is not the haunt of an ordinary man. There are a few bits of old stamped leather dating back to the Spanish occupation, some shreds and wrecks of ancient gobelin, a carved chair or so; but we have seen costlier bric-à-brac in the studio of many a young American, and we speedily recognized that the air of distinction that we had noticed came, not from the furnishings, but from the high quality of the pictures and studies with which every available inch of wall-space was covered. They were chiefly interiors, flooded with luminous, golden sunshine, or with mysterious shadows in their low-toned depths. His pictures are the apotheosis of motherhood; there is a baby or a mother on nearly every canvas. One catches the reflex of his own happy home life; for every painting is a tribute to the homely joys and virtues of the fireside. There may be, and doubtless are, bitter poverty and suffering in Laren, for it is a weaving village, and the looms sometimes stand idle; but Neuhuys rarely paints this phase of life. He leaves us with our hearts warmed with kindlier sympathy, with a spark of envy, even, for the untrammelled simplicity and the unflinching devotion of the peasant women of Laren.

Mr. J. S. H. Kever belongs to the same school, but replaces the bonhomie of Neuhuys with a touch of pathos. He is a most earnest and conscientious worker, with a sadness in his face not common to the Dutch painter; for even Israels, whose pictures are all tragedy and gloom, is debonair and blithe in person. Kever seems oppressed with premature gravity by the problems of life; and even while painting unconscious childhood he does so with a tender pity for the future, the fore-

cast of which he seems to feel. There is no sentimentality; the children of his brush are real children, lovingly and yet realistically rendered. He shows in his pictures a ready sympathy for "Johnnie's Playthings" and for Katchin's small troubles. There was a toy wind-mill in the studio, which he had constructed with much pains for his own children. It is difficult to say exactly how he touches the minor key which we feel in his paintings.

One of the younger men, who seems at the first glance a little out of place in Laren, is Bosch Reiz, who has had French training, and has adopted the best of impressionism. There is the faintest possible touch of sophistication in his work, a flavor which, as has well been said, will not spoil it for the taste of the present day. But he is honest at heart, or he would not love as he does this very honest and unworldly village, where he has built for himself a handsome studio, and buries himself half the year quite away from the fashionable English world, of which he is a favorite.

But the clasp which held together these gems of genius is lost. Mauve's studio is occupied by a newcomer, and his brother artists and the simple peasants of Laren alike mourn one whose genius they idolized and whose companionship they cherished. In the Dutch exhibit at the international exhibition at Antwerp three years ago, visitors

must have noticed three wreaths of palm shrouded in crape. They were testimonials of sorrow from the painters of Holland for the death of their confrères Mauve, Bosboom, and Artz.

Though Mauve refused to call himself a teacher, he had many pupils, foremost among whom rank Philip Zilcken and Misses Hugenholtz and Wally Moes. These all testify to the personal charm as well as to the high achievement of their beloved master. He had a refined, sensitive nature, delicate and subtle, with intense sensibility to music and the finesse of tones in nature and art. He loved to paint the bright days of February, the halcyon days of winter, and the mystery of dawn and eve; and no one knew so well as he how to differentiate between these seasons and hours, so greatly resembling one another, or how to give the distinction between the afterglow of sunset and the first faint flush of dawn creeping through the mists of early morning twilight.

Zilcken relates that Mauve, when residing at The Hague, painted much with William Maris; but when sketching in company they nearly always seated themselves back to back; for Maris, a brilliant colorist, chose to outline his trees boldly against a glowing sky, while Mauve preferred a landscape illuminated by a diffused light, the trembling foliage bathed in an atmosphere of fine trans-



ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS, FROM A WATER-COLOR PAINTING BY G. H. BREITNER.

OWNED BY WILLIAM MALBETH.

A MILITARY RENDEZVOUS.



FROM A CHARCOAL DRAWING BY D. A. C. ARTZ.

WOMAN SEWING.

OWNED BY WILLIAM MACBETH.

parency, the skies lightly colored, ærial, and silvery. Mauve painted with great facility, especially in water-color; and the world is devoutly thankful for his swiftness and industry, and it cannot be reconciled that he should have died so young. He is best known for his sheep, but he painted all phases of rural life in his beloved Laren. The village can never be commonplace, for Mauve has endowed every thatched roof and every road and meadow with an idyllic charm.

Of the other Dutch painters who have passed to the immortals, Bosboom had filled a *long* life with earnest and successful work;

but it was not until his last decade that he reached the apogee of his genius and became one of the greatest painters of church interiors of any period or country.

At first an ardent romanticist, then as pronounced a realist, he found his original style late in life—a style full of dignity and poetic feeling. He possessed virtuosity and facile expression in drawing, and a sense of atmosphere and space, of light filtering through painted windows, diffused in clouds of incense, glinting from the jewels of the altar, and softly penetrating the gloom of the chapels, which no other painter has so

well expressed. Bosboom's studio at The Hague was a marvel as a museum of ecclesiastical objects; and it is a great pity that the project, mooted at his death, of purchasing and maintaining it as a permanent museum was not carried out. His rich collection of vestments, illuminated choir-books, hanging lamps, censers, wood-carvings, antique silver, embroidered banners and altar-cloths, and other relics of monasteries and churches, are now scattered to the four winds.

Of the last of the Dutch painters of whom we shall speak, D. A. C. Artz, there is little to be said not already known to the public. He had the same love for child-life, the same appreciation of the beauty and poetry which exist in lowly homes, which Édouard Frère

possessed. He belonged, like Frère, to the sympathetic school of genre-painters; but he possessed a gravity of tone, a "harmony in the lowest register," entirely Dutch in its quality. Perhaps there was never an artist more universally loved than Artz. Mauve may have been more intensely worshiped by those who knew him intimately, but even casual acquaintances felt that they knew Artz. The man's soul is seen in his work, simple and true, abounding in ready sympathy and in all the sweet human virtues, thoughtful for others and neglectful of self. If, as has been nobly said, "To live in honour, to labor with steadfast industry, and to endure with cheerful patience, is to be victorious," then Artz and many another Dutch painter are victors indeed.



FROM A DRAWING BY MISS WALLY MOES.

SEWING-SCHOOL.

OWNED BY WILLIAM MACBETH.



DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

NIGHT ESCAPE OF THE "TALLAHASSEE" OFF WILMINGTON.

ENGRAVED BY ROBERT HOSKINS.

CONFEDERATE COMMERCE-DESTROYERS.

I. THE "TALLAHASSEE'S" DASH INTO NEW YORK WATERS.

BY HER COMMANDER, JOHN TAYLOR WOOD, COLONEL C. S. A.¹

FROM the capes of the Chesapeake to the mouth of the Rio Grande is a coastline over three thousand miles; and, as the blockade began at Washington on the Potomac, if we include the inland waters of Virginia, North Carolina, and other States, this distance is doubled. It was this long stretch of coast, fronting on nine States, that by proclamation of President Lincoln was placed under blockade in the spring of 1861. The means of making it effective were inadequate. The navy of the United States, comprising some forty vessels, was distributed on different stations in every part of the world. Not more than five or six steamers were immediately available. However, a navy was rapidly improvised by the purchase or charter of a large number of steamers of all kinds and classes, from a

ferry-boat to a Liverpool steam-packet; and in the course of a few months the principal points were covered; but not as they were later, when, during the last years of the war, a larger number of vessels were employed in blockading Wilmington or Charleston than were used on the whole coast during the first year. Independent of the men-of-war built at the Union navy-yards, nearly 500 vessels, principally steamers, were taken from the merchant service and converted into cruisers.

As great as was the extent of the Confederate coast, but comparatively few points had to be guarded. From Cape Henry to Wilmington there was but one harbor that could be used—that of Beaufort, which was soon occupied by the Federals. The inlets and sounds of the Carolinas, Georgia, and the Gulf States, which were easily accessible, were not used by the blockade-runners, for they had no connections with the interior, and no facilities for handling cargoes. And even the few ports that could be entered were rapidly lessened by occupation,

¹ Colonel Wood was a lieutenant on the *Merrimack* in the fight with the *Monitor*, and described that action in *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE* for March, 1885. See also the *Century War-Book*, "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. I, page 692.—EDITOR.

both in the Gulf and the Atlantic; so that after the second year of the war but two ports—Wilmington and Charleston—were open to the Confederacy.

It was through these that the Confederates continued to receive supplies of all kinds to within a few months of the close of the war. Both were difficult of approach on account of the shoals which obstruct their harbors, and for the same reason it was difficult to blockade them effectually. With the occupation of Morris Island, and the closing of all channels but one leading to Charleston, Wilmington became the favorite resort. This town is situated on Cape Fear River, about thirty miles above its two entrances into the Atlantic. Fronting the mouth of the river is Smith's Island and Fryng-Pan Shoals, extending seaward some eighteen miles. Though the two entrances are only six miles apart, the distance by sea is some forty miles, and each required a distinct blockading squadron. The access to both was hazardous on account of shoals, shifting in position and depth of water with every heavy gale. The western inlet was guarded by Fort Caswell, an ante-bellum work. The eastern or new inlet was protected by Fort Fisher, a very formidable earthwork with outlying defenses.

On either flank and in front of the Atlantic coast of the United States are the English stations of Halifax, Nassau, and Bermuda. The last two were the main feeders of the blockade. Nassau, on one of the Bahamas, is six hundred miles south of Wilmington, and Bermuda seven hundred miles east. Both can be approached from every direction, and afforded safe and hospitable ports for the blockade-runners. Halifax, eight hundred miles to the northward and eastward, was used only occasionally. At the outset steamers, and even sailing-vessels, were used for this trade; but as the stringency of the blockade increased, steamers better fitted for the work were employed, and finally a class especially adapted to the service was built in England. They were long, low, lightly constructed iron steamers of light draft, with powerful motive power, either screw or feathered paddle-wheels, with no spars, and were painted lead-color.

The captain of a successful blockade-runner needed to be a thorough seaman and a skilful navigator. His work required boldness, decision in emergencies, and the faculty of commanding and inspiring the confidence of his crew. There were captains who ran in and out a great number of times. Captain

John Wilkinson made twenty-one successful runs inside of twelve months, and not in a fast steamer. That absence of these qualities would invite loss was made apparent in a great number of instances, when the steamers were almost thrown away by bad landfalls, or by the captain or crew wilting at the first sight of a cruiser or the sound of a gun. The pecuniary stake was large; and blockade-running offered a certain amount of excitement and adventure that drew into its service some distinguished foreign naval officers, who, under their own or assumed names, made the most successful commanders.

Among the steamers coming to Wilmington I had long been on the lookout for a suitable one which would answer for a cruiser, and finally selected the *Atlanta*, an iron twin-screw of seven hundred tons gross, and two hundred feet long. She had been built at Millwall, below London, ostensibly for the Chinese opium trade; and was a first-class, well-constructed vessel, and fast, making fourteen and a quarter knots on her trial trip. She had two engines, which could be worked together or separately. The necessary changes were soon made to receive the crew and armament. The latter consisted of one rifled 100-pounder amidships, one rifled, 60-hundredweight 32-pounder forward, and one long Parrott aft. The officers and crew were all volunteers from the Confederate gunboats on the James River and North Carolina waters. She was formally put in commission on July 20, 1864, and rechristened the *Tallahassee*.

My orders from the Secretary of the Navy were general in their scope. "The character and force of your vessel," they said, "point to the enemy's commerce as the most appropriate field of action, and the existing blockade of our ports constrains the destruction of our prizes."

Ten days sufficed to get things in working order, and the crew into shape, when we dropped down the river to wait a favorable time for running the gantlet, which was only when there was no moon and when the tide served. I determined to try the eastern, or new, inlet, and on the night of August 4 the outlook was favorable. Everything was secured for sea. The lights were all carefully housed, except the binnacle, which was shaded; fires were cleaned and freshened, lookouts were stationed, and the men were at their quarters. The range lights were placed; these, in the absence of all buoys and lights, were necessary in crossing the

bar, and were shown only when vessels were going in and out. The Mound, a huge earth-work, loomed up ahead, looking in the darkness like a black cloud resting on the horizon. We started ahead slowly, but brought up on the "rip," or inner shoal. Two hours of hard work with the engines, and with a kedge astern, were lost before we got off, and then it was too late for the tide. We turned up the river a short distance, and anchored. The next night we had the same experience, except that we grounded so badly that it required three steamers to tow us off.

Finding that with the state of the tide and our thirteen and a half feet draft the eastern inlet was impracticable, I determined to try the western one. Steaming down to Fort Caswell, we waited for darkness. Only a few fleeting clouds were in the sky. As the moon went down on the night of August 6, at ten, we approached the bar, fearful of a repetition of our previous mishaps; and as the leadsmen called out the water in a low tone, our hearts rose in our throats as it shoaled: "By the mark three,—and a quarter less three,—and a half two,—and a quarter two." She touched, but did not bring up. Then came the joyful words: "And a half two."

We had just grazed the "Lump," a bad shoal in mid-channel, and were over the bar. Chief Engineer Tynan was by my side on the bridge. I turned to him and said: "Open her out, sir, but let her go for all she is worth." With a bound he was in the engine-room, and in a few moments I knew from the tremor of the vessel that the order was obeyed, and with a full head of steam we leaped on. "A sharp lookout ahead!" was the order passed forward. We were hardly clear of the bar when back came the words: "A steamer on the starboard bow!" "A steamer ahead!" The two made us out at the same time, and signaled. I hailed the forecastle, and asked how the steamer under our bows was heading. "To the southward," was the reply. The helm was accordingly ported, and we passed between them, so close under the stern of the one that was ahead that a biscuit could have been tossed on board. As we dashed by we heard the sharp, quick words of command of the officer in charge of the after pivot: "Run out!" "Starboard tackle handsomely!" "Elevate!" "Steady!" "Stand clear!" Then the flash from the muzzle, like a gleam of lightning, illumined the water for a moment, and a heavy shell flew singing over our heads, leaving a trail like a comet. It was an excellent line shot. That order, "Elevate!" had saved us. The steamer on the starboard side opened,

and our opponents, now on our quarter, joined in; but their practice was wild, and in a few moments they were out of sight. I did not return their fire, for it would only have shown our position, and I did not wish our true character to be known, preferring that they should suppose us an ordinary blockade-runner.

During the night we ran to the southward until clear of Frying-Pan Shoals, and then hauled up to the eastward. More to be feared than the inshore squadron were the vessels cruising offshore from forty to fifty miles, in a position to sight at daylight the vessels that might come out during the night, and these were the fastest and most efficient blockaders. I was not surprised when, at daylight the next morning, a cruiser was reported in sight astern, hull up. As we were outlined against the eastern sky, she had seen us first, and from the dense smoke issuing from her funnel I knew she was in sharp chase. At eight another steamer was made out ahead. I changed our course eight points, bringing one on each beam, and the chase became interesting. One we made out to be a large side-wheeler, and she held her own, if she did not gain. Mr. Tynan made frequent visits to the engine-room, trying to coax out a few more revolutions; and he succeeded, for we brought them gradually on our quarter, and by noon had lowered their hulls two or three strakes. It was at times like this that the ship and engines proved themselves reliable; for had a screw loosened or a journal heated we should have been lost.

The ship was very deep with an extra supply of coal, and probably out of trim, so we were prepared, if hard pressed, to sacrifice some of it. Fortunately it was calm, and they could not use their canvas to help them. It was Sunday, and feeling relieved as to our pursuers, all hands were called, and divine service was read. By 4 P. M. our pursuers were astern, hull down, and had evidently given up. About the same time another was sighted from the masthead; but by changing our course a few points she was kept at a respectful distance. Just after dark we were nearly on top of another before we could change our course. Burning a blue light, the stranger headed for us. As we did not answer her signal, it was repeated, and a minute later she opened fire. The shells passed uncomfortably near, but in a half-hour we lost sight of each other in the darkness. The fact that we were chased by four cruisers on our first day out proved how effective was the blockade. Upward of fifty vessels were employed at this time outside

the port of Wilmington, —vessels, of all kinds, from the 40-gun frigate to the captured tin-plate blockade-runner, —a larger number than were ever before employed on like service at one port.

The next few days were uneventful. We stood to the northward and eastward, under easy steam, and spoke several English and foreign vessels, from one of which we got late New York papers. Twenty miles below Long Branch we made our first prize, the schooner *Sarah A. Boice* of Boston, for Philadelphia in ballast. Her crew and their personal effects were brought on board, and she was scuttled. In all cases the prisoners were allowed to retain a bag of their clothes; nor were they asked for their money, watches, etc. In one case it was reported to me that one of the crew had taken a watch from a prisoner; this being found to be true, it was returned, and the man was punished. The chronometers, charts, and medicine-chests were the only things taken out of the prizes, except such provisions as were necessary.

Standing over toward Fire Island Light, on the Long Island shore, we found seven sail in sight. One ran down toward us, which we recognized at once as a New York pilot-boat. She luffed to under our quarter, launched a small boat, and a few minutes later a large, well-dressed man in black, with a high hat, heavy gold watch-guard, a small valise, and a bundle of papers under his arm, stepped over the side. As he did so his eyes glanced up at our flag at the peak, which was lazily unfolding in a light breeze.

"My ——! what is that? What ship is this?" said he, turning to me.

"The Confederate cruiser *Tallahassee*," I replied.

A more astonished man never stood on deck of vessel. He turned deadly pale, and drops of perspiration broke from every pore; but rapidly bracing himself, he took in the situation, and prepared to make the best of it. He was told that his vessel was a prize, and that I would make a tender of her. He was ordered to go on board, and return with his crew and their personal effects. It was the pilot-boat *James Funk*, No. 22, one of a class of fine weatherly schooners found off New York, from one to two hundred miles out, at all seasons, manned by as thorough seamen as ever trod ship's deck. Years before, while attached to the sloop of war *Germantown*, I had seen one of them work this vessel under sail down the East River, against a head wind but fair tide, "backing and filling" in a manner that called forth the admiration of all.

I put on board two officers and twenty men, with orders to keep within signal distance. She was very efficient when several sail were in sight, overhauling and bringing alongside vessels, that I might decide upon their fate. The captures of the bark *Bay State* and the brigs *Carrie Estelle* and *A. Richards* followed in quick succession. We had now over forty prisoners and their baggage on board, lumbering up our decks, and it was necessary to make some disposition of them. Toward night No. 22 brought alongside the schooner *Carroll*. She was bonded by the captain, acting for the owners, for ten thousand dollars; and after he had given a written engagement to land the prisoners at New York, they went on board with their effects. Before leaving they were all paroled. All the prisoners we made, with hardly an exception, were most eager for their paroles. One said: "This is worth three hundred and fifty dollars to me." "I would not take a thousand dollars for mine," said another. One skipper said that if it would protect him from the draft he was partly reconciled to the loss of his vessel. Another, whose vessel had been bonded, brought all his crew on board to secure their paroles.

The next victim was another pilot-boat, the *William Bell*, No. 24. My object in capturing these vessels was, if possible, to secure a pilot who could either be paid or coerced to take the ship through Hell Gate into Long Island Sound. It was now near the full moon. It was my intention to run up the harbor just after dark, as I knew the way in by Sandy Hook, then to go on up the East River, setting fire to the shipping on both sides, and when abreast of the navy-yard to open fire, hoping some of our shells might set fire to the buildings and any vessels that might be at the docks, and finally to steam through Hell Gate into the Sound. I knew from the daily papers, which we received only a day or two old, what vessels were in port, and that there was nothing then ready that could oppose us. But no pilot could be found who knew the road, or who was willing to undertake it, and I was forced to abandon the scheme.

From these inquiries arose the report that I would attempt to enter the harbor. Three days were spent between the light-ship and Montauk Point, sometimes within thirty miles of the former—and about twenty prizes were taken. The most important was the packet-ship *Adriatic*, one thousand tons, from London, with a large and valuable cargo and one hundred and seventy passengers. On account



THE "TALLAHASSEE" CHASING THE PILOT-BOAT "WILLIAM BELL."

of the latter I was afraid I would have to bond the ship; but fortunately our tender came down before the wind, convoying the bark *Suliotte*, and I determined to use her as a cartel after the captain had given bonds for ten thousand dollars. She was laden with coal; but the distance to Sandy Hook was only seventy miles. The passengers were nearly all Germans, and when told that their ship was to be burned were terribly alarmed; and it was some time before they could comprehend that we did not intend to burn them also. Three hours were occupied in transferring them and their effects with our boats. In many cases they insisted upon taking broken china, bird-cages, straw beds, and the most useless articles, leaving their valuables behind. After all were safely on board the *Suliotte*, the *Adriatic* was fired [see page 417]; and as night came on the burning ship illuminated the waters for miles, making a picture of rare beauty. The breeze was light and

tantalizing, so our tender was taken in tow, and we steamed slowly to the eastward toward Nantucket. The neighborhood of New York had been sufficiently worked, and the game was alarmed and scarce.

Rounding South Shoal light-ship, we stood in toward Boston Bay. As the tender proved a drawback to our rapid movements, I determined to destroy her. It was a mistake, for I was authorized by the government to fit out any prize as a cruiser, and this one ought to have been sent along the eastern coast. A number of sail were sighted, but most of them were foreigners; this could be told by the "cut of their jibs." It was not necessary to speak them. A few unimportant captures were made, and then we sighted a large bark. First Lieutenant Ward, the boarding officer, returned, and reported the *Glenarvon*, Captain Watt, a fine new vessel of Thomaston, Maine, from Glasgow with iron. He was ordered to return and secure

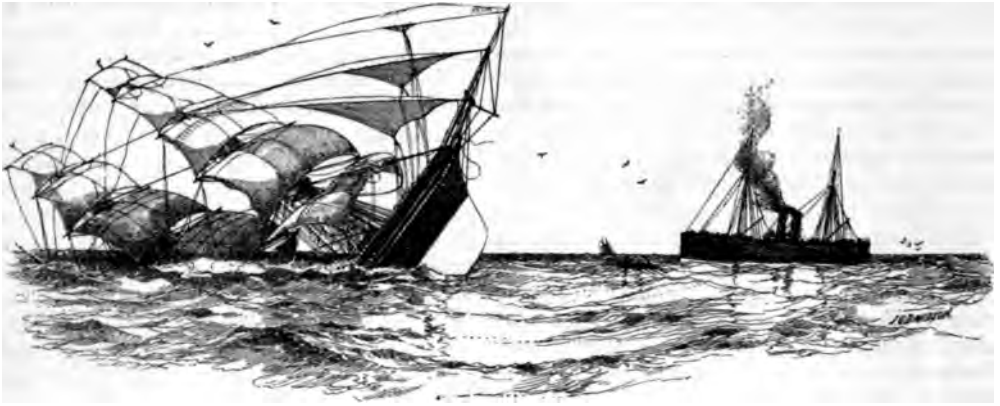
the nautical instruments, etc., and scuttle her, and bring on board the prisoners. The captain had his wife on board, and as passengers another captain returning home with his wife—an elderly pair. We watched the bark as she slowly settled, strake by strake, until her deck was awash, and then her stern sank gradually out of sight until she was in an upright position, and one mast after another disappeared with all sail set, sinking as quietly as if human hands were lowering her into the depths. Hardly a ripple broke the quiet waters. Her head spars were the last seen. Captain Watt and his wife never took their eyes off their floating home, but side by side, with tears in their eyes, watched her disappear. "Poor fellow," she said afterward; "he has been going to sea for thirty years, and all our savings were in that ship. We were saving for our dear children at home—five of them."

Miserable business is war, ashore or afloat. A brave, true, and gentle woman, at the same time strong in her conviction of what she thought right, was the captain's wife, and she soon won the admiration and respect of all on board. But what shall I say of the passenger and his wife? If I said she was the very reverse of the above, it would not begin to do her justice. She came on board scolding, and left scolding. Her tongue was slung amidships, and never tired. Her poor husband, patient and meek as the patriarch, came in for his full share. Perhaps the surroundings and the salt air acted as an irritant, for I can hardly conceive of this cataract of words poured on a man's head on shore without something desperate happening. Even Mrs. Watt did not escape for quietly criticizing President Lincoln and his conduct of the war, particularly as regards the navy, on which point she could speak feelingly, Xantippe even threatened to report her to the police as soon as they reached the United States. At rare intervals there was a calm, and then she employed the time in distributing tracts and Testaments. When she left us to take passage in a Russian bark, she called down on us all the imprecations that David showered on his enemies. And as a final effort to show how she would serve us, she snatched her bonnet from her head, tore it in pieces, and threw it into the sea. Peace to her memory! I gave them my cabin; indeed, from the time of leaving Wilmington I had but little use of it. I slept and lived on the bridge or in the chart-room, hardly taking off my clothes for weeks.

We ran along the eastern coast as far as

Matinicus, Maine, but overhauled nothing of importance, only passing a large number of small fishing-craft and coasters. One night a large steamer, heavily sparred, passed within musket-shot, but did not see us. Her lights were in sight for an hour, but we showed none. Steering to the eastward round Seal Island and Cape Sable Island, the western extremity of Nova Scotia, we, of course, had our share of the "ever-brooding, all-concealing fog" which in the summer season is a fixed quantity in this neighborhood. Suddenly, one evening, the fog lifted, and we discovered a ship close aboard. Passing under her stern, we read *James Littlefield* of Bangor. Hailing the captain, and asking him where from, and where bound, "From Cardiff, with coals for New York," came back as his answer. He was told to heave to. Here was the cargo of all others that we wanted, and I determined to utilize it, if possible. Lieutenant Ward was sent on board to take charge, put her under easy sail, and keep within one or two cable-lengths of the steamer. As the night closed in the fog became denser than ever, so much so that one end of the vessel could not be seen from the other—a genuine Bay of Fundy fog, one that could be handled. For some hours, by blowing our whistle every five minutes, while the ship was ringing a bell, we kept within sound of each other. But the latter gradually grew duller, until we lost it altogether; and I spent an anxious night, fearing that should it continue thick we might be separated. But soon after sunrise a rift in the fog, disclosing a small sector of the horizon, showed us the ship some five miles away. Steaming alongside, I determined to take no more risks in the fog. Banking our fires, we passed a hawser from our bows to the ship's quarter, and let her tow us. I held on to the ship, hoping it would become smooth enough to lay the two vessels alongside and take out a supply of coals; for although there was only a moderate breeze, there was an old sea running from the south'ard. To use our boats would have been an endless and dangerous operation. I thought of taking her into one of the small outposts on the neighboring coast of Nova Scotia; but this would have been a clear case of violation of neutral territory. The day passed without change in weather or sea, and very reluctantly I was compelled to abandon the hope of free coals, and look to Halifax for a supply. Ordering Lieutenant Ward to scuttle the ship, we left her to be a home for the cod and lobster.

After being two or three days without



THE SINKING OF THE BARK "GLENARVON."

observations and without a departure, to find your port in a thick fog requires a sharp lookout and a constant use of the lead. However, we made a good hit. The first "land" we made was the red head of a fisherman, close under our bows, in a small boat, who, in the voice of a Boanerges, and in words more forcible than complimentary, warned us against tearing his nets. In answer to our inquiries in regard to the bearings of Sambro, Chebucto Head, etc., he offered to pilot the ship in. Accepting his services, and taking his boat in tow, we stood up the harbor. Soon we emerged from the fog, and the city of Halifax was in sight.

The harbor of Halifax is well known as safe, commodious, easy of access, and offering many advantages. Coming to anchor, I had my gig manned, and went on board the line-of-battle ship *Duncan*, to call upon Sir James Hope, commanding on this station, and then upon the governor, Sir Richard Graves MacDonald, who received me very kindly, asking me to breakfast next morning, a compliment which I was obliged to decline, owing to the limited time at my disposal. By the Queen's proclamation, the belligerents could use her ports only for twenty-four hours, except in case of distress, and take no supplies, except sufficient to reach the nearest home port. I wanted only coal, and by the energetic action of our agents, Messrs. B. Wier & Co., I was able to procure a supply of the best Welsh. To a distinguished gentleman of the medical profession we were indebted for a new spar; for I neglected to mention that while off New York we were in collision with the ship *Adriatic*, and lost our mainmast and all attached.

From the time of our arrival, Judge Jackson, the energetic American consul, had not

ceased to bombard the authorities, both civil and military, with proofs, protests, and protocols in regard to our ship. He alleged general misdemeanors, that we had violated all the rules of war, and protested against our taking in supplies. The provincial government acted as a buffer, and I heard of the protests only in a modified form. However, I was anxious to conform to the Queen's mandate, and could only plead our partly disabled condition for exceeding the twenty-four hours. To my request for an additional twelve hours I received the following answer:

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HALIFAX, N. S.,
19th August, 1864.

SIR: In reply to your application for additional time to ship a mainmast, I have no objection to grant it, as I am persuaded that I can rely on your not taking any unfair advantage of the indulgence which I concede. I do so the more readily because I find that you have not attempted to ship more than the quantity of coals necessary for your immediate use. I have, etc.,

(Signed) RICHARD G. MACDONALD,
Lieut.-Governor.

COM. J. TAYLOR WOOD, C. S. Cruiser *Tallahassee*.

In writing to Mr. Cardwell, Secretary of State for the Colonies, on the 23d of August, the lieutenant-governor said:

It was clear that a cruiser reported to have captured or destroyed between thirty or forty vessels in about twelve days, and said to have speed exceeding by five knots that of the *Alabama*, was the most formidable adversary which Federal commerce had yet encountered. Under these circumstances, if she was permitted to take in a supply of coal here in excess of that strictly allowed, I felt that I should be enabling her to use one of her Majesty's ports for the purpose of procuring the material most destructive to the shipping and property of a power with which her Majesty is at

peace. In the peculiar case of the *Tallahassee*, every five tons of coal in excess of the amount strictly allowable might be regarded as insuring heavy loss to Federal shipping. Accordingly, when Captain Wood applied later in the day for permission to complete his complement of coals up to one hundred tons, I informed him that he was at liberty to do so, and expressed my gratification at finding that he had not been using the extra period of his stay for the purpose of obtaining more coals than sufficed for his immediate wants. I also, in communicating that permission to the admiral, requested the latter to relieve Captain Wood from further surveillance, as I was extremely anxious, under the circumstances, to avoid wounding his feelings. Later in the day he applied for, and I gave him, permission to remain twelve hours longer for the purpose of shipping a new mainmast. He did not, however, wholly avail himself of that permission; for without waiting to step the mast, he left the harbor soon after midnight, as appears from the inclosed full and satisfactory report obligingly transmitted to me by the admiral.

At the close of the second day our new mast was towed alongside and hoisted in. Immediate preparations were made for sea. During the day two or more of the enemy's cruisers were reported off the harbor; indeed, one came in near enough to communicate with the shore. During our stay we had seen late New York papers with accounts of our cruise, and the excitement it had caused on the seaboard. The published reports of most of the prisoners were highly colored and sensational. We were described in anything but complimentary terms. A more blood-thirsty or piratical-looking crew never sailed, according to some narratives. Individually I plead guilty; for three years of rough work, with no chance of replenishing my wardrobe, had left me in the plight of Major Dalgetty. When I called upon the admiral I had to borrow a make-up from some of the ward-room officers.

We noticed that a number of vessels had been sent in pursuit. A Washington telegram said: "The first information of the depredations of the *Tallahassee* was received by the Navy Department on the 12th instant, after office hours. Secretary Welles immediately ordered the following vessels in pursuit: namely, *Juniata*, *Susquehanna*, *Eolus*, *Pontoosuc*, *Dunbarton*, and *Tristram Shandy*, on the 13th; the *Moccasin*, *Aster*, *Yantic*, *R. R. Cuyler*, and *Grand Gulf* on the 14th; and on the 15th the *Dacotah* and *San Jacinto*. These were all the vessels available in the navy."

It began to look as though we would have to run the blockade again. To my request to Mr. Wier for a good pilot, he sent on board Jock Fleming. He was six feet in height,

broad, deep-chested, and with a stoop. His limbs were too long for his body. His head was pitched well forward, and covered, as was his neck, with a thick stubble of grayish hair. His eyes were small and bright, almost hid beneath overhanging eyebrows. His hands were as hard, rough, and scaly as the flipper of a green turtle. Bronzed by exposure to sixty seasons of storm and sunshine, he could tell of many a narrow escape, carrying on to keep offshore in a northeast snow-storm, or trying to hold on in a howling nor'-wester, when every drop of water that came on board was congealed into ice, and soon the vessel was little better than an iceberg, and nothing remained but to run off into the Gulf Stream to thaw out. He knew the harbor as well as the fish that swam its waters. He was honest, bluff, and trusty.

MacNab's Island divides the entrance to the harbor of Halifax into two channels. The main, or western, one is broad, deep, and straight, and is the only one used, except by small coasters. The eastern is just the reverse, without buoys or lights. In looking over the chart with Fleming, I asked him if it was not possible to go out through the latter passage, and so avoid the enemy lying off the mouth of the main channel. I saw only five or six feet marked on the chart over the shoalest spot at low water.

"How much do you draw, cap'?"

"Thirteen feet, allowing for a little drag."

"There is a good tide to-night, and water enough; but you are too long to turn the corners."

"But, pilot, with our twin-screws, I can turn her around on her center, as I turn this ruler."

"Well, I never was shipmate with the likes of them; but if you will steer her, I'll find the water."

"Are you certain, pilot, there is water enough? It would never do to run ashore at this time."

"You sha'n't touch anything but the eel-grass. Better get ready about eleven."

I hesitated; and divining from my face that I was not satisfied, he said as he rose:

"Don't be 'feared; I'll take you out all right; you won't see any of those chaps off Chebucto Head."

As he spoke he brought his hand down on my shoulder with a thud that I felt in my boots. His confidence, and my faith in the man, determined me to make the attempt. Some friends and English officers were on board to the last; and as we hove up the anchor and started ahead at midnight, they

left us with hearty good wishes. The moon was old and waning, with dark clouds rapidly chasing one another across its face from the southward. Steaming slowly out, only the dark shores of MacNab's Island on one side and the mainland on the other could be seen, but whether a stone's throw or a mile distant could not be discovered. Once or twice Fleming appeared lost, but it was only for a moment. At the sharp twists in the channel I sent a boat ahead with a light to mark the turns. At one place, by the lead, there was hardly room between the keel and the bottom for your open hand. In an hour we opened the two lights on Devil's Island, and the channel broadened and deepened. Soon we felt the pulsating bosom of the old Atlantic, and were safe outside, leaving our waiting friends miles to the westward. Fleming dropped his boat alongside, and with a hearty shake of the hand, and an earnest God-speed, swung himself into it, and was soon lost in the darkness. He had kept his word, bringing us out without feeling the bottom—a real achievement. Years after I often met him, and there was nothing in the old man's life he was so fond of relating as how he piloted the *Tallahassee* through the eastern passage by night.

The run down the coast was uneventful, a few unimportant prizes being made. Many vessels were spoken, but most were foreign. A number were undoubtedly American, but to avoid capture had been registered abroad, and were sailing under other flags. I had intended going to Bermuda for another supply of coal, but the prevalence of yellow fever there prevented. As we approached Wilmington we were reminded, by sighting one or two steamers, that we were again in troubled waters. The first one we made out was a long, low, paddle-wheel boat, evidently a captured blockade-runner. By changing our course we soon parted company with her. Later in the day another was dodged. In running the blockade, if with good observation we were certain of our position, the best plan was to run direct for the Mound or harbor. If not, then better strike the shore to the northward (if running for New Inlet), and follow it down. As the soundings are very regular, this could be easily done. The weather was hazy and smoky—so much so that we could not depend on our sights. I therefore ran in toward Masonboro Inlet, about thirty miles to the northward of Fort Fisher, making the land just at dark; then ran into five fathoms, and followed the shore, just outside the breakers curling up on the

beach. A sharp lookout was kept, and the crew were at their quarters. The fires were freshened, and watched carefully to avoid smoking or flaming. The chief engineer had orders to get all he could out of her. I knew that one of the blockaders, if not more, would be found close to the shore; and soon one was made out ahead. I tried to pass inside, but found it impossible; the enemy's ship was almost in the surf. A vigilant officer certainly was in command. Our helm was put a-starboard, and we sheered out. At the same time the enemy signaled by flash-lights. I replied by burning a blue light. The signal was repeated by the first and by two others. I replied again by a false fire. Some valuable minutes were gained, but the enemy now appeared satisfied as to our character, and opened fire. We replied with all our battery, directing our guns by the flash of theirs. This was entirely unexpected, for they ceased firing, and began to signal again. Our reply was another broadside, to which they were not slow in responding. The *Tallahassee* was now heading the bar, going fourteen knots. Two or three others joined in the firing, and for some time it was very lively. But, like most night engagements, it was random firing. We were not struck, and the enemy were in more danger from their own fire than from mine.

Soon the Mound loomed up ahead, a welcome sight. Our signal-officer made our number to Fort Fisher, and it was answered. A few minutes later the range lights were set, and by their guidance we safely crossed the bar and anchored close under the fort. The next morning, at daybreak, the blockading fleet was seen lying about five miles off, all in a bunch, evidently discussing the events of the night. At sunrise we hoisted the Confederate flag at the fore, and saluted with twenty-one guns. The fort returned a like number. During the day we crossed the rip, and proceeded up the river to Wilmington. So ended an exciting and eventful cruise of a month. In this time we had made thirty-five captures, about half of which were square-rigged vessels.

The *Tallahassee*, it is true, was built in England, but not for a blockade-runner. She was fitted out and equipped in a Confederate port. Of her armament, two guns were cast in Richmond, and one was captured. Her officers and crew were all in the service previous to joining her. She sailed from a Confederate port, and returned to one. She was regularly commissioned by the Navy Department, and was as legally a cruiser as was General Lee's force an army. Her status was



DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUBLER.

THE "TALLAHASSEE" BURNING THE PACKET "ADRIATIC." (SEE PAGE 412.)

entirely different from that of cruisers fitted out in England. The Geneva award was intended to cover only losses arising from the cruises of the *Alabama*, *Shenandoah*, etc., vessels fitted out or sailing from English ports, or which, like these, had never visited a Confederate port; and its recipients were at first wisely confined to those who could establish their losses from these vessels. But after paying all these, half of the £3,000,000 sterling still remained. After some years it was determined to divide it among the sufferers by all the cruisers. The claims presented to the court for the disposal of the award were of the most extraordinary character. I received from different attorneys letters asking for information upon points in regard to the *Tallahassee's* cruise, and inclosing schedules of losses of different parties. I have no idea how the court adjusted these losses; but I do know that if some of the

claimants were paid ten per cent. of their demands, they were amply reimbursed for all losses. One captain of a small vessel put in a claim for \$200 for a feather-bed, a hair-mattress, and a pair of blankets, and for nearly \$800 worth of clothing! Another exhibit, of a mate, for losses called for \$26 for a feather-bed. Another claimant had sixteen different suits of clothing, besides miscellaneous articles of wearing-apparel of all kinds—enough to furnish a Chatham-street shop. Nothing was left out: razor, brush, and cup, \$3.50; shoe-brush and blacking, \$1.03. Of course every one, from the captain to the cook, had a watch and chain, generally gold, valued at from \$100 to \$250, never less. And these exhibits were all sworn to!

The *Tallahassee* made another short cruise, under Lieutenant Ward, and then returned to England. Later she was sold to the Japanese government as a cruiser.

II. THE EVENTFUL CRUISE OF THE "FLORIDA."

BY G. TERRY SINCLAIR, FORMERLY MIDSHIPMAN, C. S. N.

AFTER the evacuation of Norfolk, Virginia, in May, 1862, our forces retreated to Richmond; and soon after my arrival there I was ordered to proceed to Charleston, and thence to Nassau, where I was to

report to Commander North or Lieutenant Maffitt for duty. The following evening, in company with several officers, I left for Charleston; but on arriving and taking a survey of the blockading fleet off the bar,



ENGRAVED BY E. CLEMENT.

JOHN TAYLOR WOOD, COLONEL C. S. A., COMMANDER OF THE
"TALLAHASSEE." (FROM AN OIL PORTRAIT BY GALT.)

which were plainly visible from the city, concluded it was easier to issue such orders than to execute them. On the evening of June 3 I went on board the *Cecile*, a small river steamer, painted lead-color to render her difficult of observation at night. About midnight, as the moon settled behind the hills, we slowly steamed out of the harbor, and were soon in the midst of the enemy, whose dark hulls were plainly visible to us. We crept slowly by, our wheels barely revolving, lest the sound should reach the ears of the enemy. Knowing well that discovery meant a prison for an indefinite time, each minute seemed an hour. To us, who so plainly saw the dark hulls of the enemy, it barely seemed possible that they did not also see or hear us; but they did not. Before morning we encountered a heavy gale from the southward and eastward, and for thirty-six hours had little hope of reaching Nassau; but we arrived safely on the 5th, when I reported for duty to Lieutenant-Commanding J. N. Maffitt.

At Nassau I found the *Oreto* (afterward the *Florida*), which had been seized by the British authorities on suspicion of being the property of the Confederate States, and in-

tended for use against the United States. After a long and tedious trial, the *Oreto* was released in August, and, in charge of her English captain, left the harbor. Going out in her as passengers were Captain Maffitt, Lieutenants J. K. Stribling and J. O. Bradford, Paymaster Read, two engineers, Midshipmen R. S. Floyd, George D. Bryan, and myself. At one of the small uninhabited islands back of Nassau we were met by a schooner, which had on board our armament and stores, with a few men, whom we hoped to induce to join us after our object was made known. Captain Maffitt now read his commission, hoisted the Confederate flag, and changed the vessel's name to *Florida*. A short speech having been made to the men, setting forth the advantages of enlistment with us, they were told they could either join or return in the schooner. About twenty took the former course.

We were nearly a week taking in stores and mounting guns. In that time one of our men was taken down with yellow fever, and died in a few days. With a boat's crew I carried the body ashore the same night, and prepared the grave in time for Lieutenant Stribling, who came on shore in the morning and read the burial service—a sad duty which we performed for poor Stribling also within a month.

We now started for Cardenas, at which place we buried Paymaster Read, one of our engineers, and three of our men, all of whom died of yellow fever. At this point our captain was seized with the fever. He at once ordered the ship to be run into Mobile, touching at Havana on our way, where we obtained the services of an experienced physician, Dr. Bennett of Georgia, who agreed to share our dangers.

About half-past four on the evening of September 5 we came in sight of the blockading fleet off Mobile, consisting of the *Oneida*, *Winona*, and a small sailing-craft. Captain Maffitt, who was at this time scarcely able to stand on deck, at once decided that, in the absence of a pilot, he would take daylight rather than darkness for a dash in. In order to make the enemy hold his fire as long as possible, the English ensign was hoisted on our ship, and with all speed we made a

dash for the bar, the *Oneida* and *Winona* coming out to meet us as we approached, the latter coming up on our starboard side, and the former on our port, at the same time hailing, and ordering us to heave to, which we promised to do, but "forgot it." There was now but a short lapse of time between a blank cartridge and broadsides fired into us, at a distance of only about one hundred yards. As our English flag was no longer a protection, we lowered it, and in its place hoisted our own colors. According to the report of Commander Preble of the *Oneida*, we were under this terrible fire from 6:03 till 6:22, when we crossed the bar and ran under the guns of Fort Morgan. The ravages of the fever had prevented our doing more than mounting our guns and securing them for sea; otherwise we should have returned the enemy's fire. We received one 11-inch shell opposite our port gangway, near the water-line. It passed through our coal-bunker, painfully wounding one man and beheading another, thence to the berth deck, where our men had previously been ordered as a place of safety. Fortunately this shell did not explode, the fuse having been knocked out, probably by contact with the ship's side. Another shell entered the cabin, and, passing through the pantry, raised havoc with the crockery. The ship to the day of her destruction bore the marks of upward of fourteen hundred shrapnel balls. Our additional casualties were two men slightly wounded. As we came to anchor under the

guns of Fort Morgan, cheer upon cheer from the soldiers on the ramparts greeted us. We remained in Mobile Bay, repairing damages, putting ship and battery in order, and selecting and drilling our crew, until January, when we considered ourselves ready for another dash.

The *Florida* was now officered in full, and as well equipped as it was possible for a ship to be with our limited resources. She was barkentine-rigged, 700 tons, 192 feet in length, 16 feet beam, and drew 12½ feet. Her speed under steam alone, in smooth water, was about 10½ knots. She had two funnels, working upon hinges, one lowering forward, the other aft. We made good use of this arrangement by appearing, and being reported by vessels, sometimes as a steamer with two funnels, then as with one, and at other times as a sailing-vessel. Our battery consisted of six broadside guns, formerly smooth-bore 32-pounders, but now rifled and carrying a 68-pound conical shell; in addition to these, we carried two pivot-guns, 110-pounders. This arrangement enabled us to fight five guns on a side. Our officers were now Commander J. N. Maffitt; Lieutenants S. W. Averett, J. L. Hoole, C. W. Read, and S. G. Stone; Chief Engineer W. S. Thompson; Surgeons F. Garrettson and J. D. Grafton; Midshipmen R. S. Floyd, George D. Bryan, James H. Dyke, and myself (the first two were afterward made lieutenants); Master's Mates T. T. Hunter and L. Vogel; and a crew of about one hundred men.



DRAWN BY SCHELL & HOGAN, FROM A SKETCH BY REAR-ADMIRAL HENRY WALKER.

THE "FLORIDA" RUNNING THE BLOCKADE OFF MOBILE BAY.

The fleet off Mobile now consisted of eleven vessels; but notwithstanding this force, on the night of January 12, 1862, Captain Maffitt determined to take advantage of the heavy gale which was blowing, and make the attempt to get out; but we were compelled to turn back, owing to some slight accident to our machinery, which occurred just before

everything ready for making sail at a moment's notice. Now came the words, "Sail right ahead, sir!" "Starboard your helm!" was the reply, and slowly we passed within a few hundred yards of a black, lowering object. Scarcely was she passed when again came the words, "Sail right ahead, sir!" and now followed by "Port your helm!" Thus we



DESIGNED BY J. D. DAVISON

ENGRAVED BY E. A. WINHAM

THE "FLORIDA" CHASING THE SHIP "STAR OF PEACE."

reaching the bar. This trip, however, was not without its lesson, as we found many phantom ships were reported by the crew. We regulated this, on the next trial, by placing officers about twenty feet apart, forming a continuous line aft to the wheel, where stood the captain and the pilot. The ship had previously been whitewashed.

The gale continuing, and the night being very dark, we again started early on the following night; but before we reached the bar the pilot informed us it was too dark for him to get his bearings, and we were again compelled to turn back, but were all ordered to lie down and rest in our clothes. Shortly before two o'clock, a few stars having made their appearance, the pilot announced his readiness to take the ship to sea. We called "All hands up anchor!" and by two o'clock were again heading for the bar. In the meantime we had men stationed aloft, with gaskets cast off, and the bunt of the topsails in hand,

worked our way out until five had been sighted, the last two lying one on each beam. At this critical moment the engineer reported that the coke, which was being burned to avoid making smoke, was all gone, and unless he put coal on at once he could not answer for the consequences. The order was at once given to put coal on; and as soon as the first shovel entered the furnace a volume of thick black smoke shot straight across the deck of the blockader on our starboard beam, and in an instant a bright light flashed from him, answered by all the others, and we knew we were discovered.

Then came the command, "Let fall and sheet home your topsails!" There was the rattle of chains, and the tramping of feet, as all speed was made to get sail on our ship. We soon had our little craft under fore- and maintopsail, spanker, and jib, with fore- and mainsails; then men were sent aloft, and topgallant-yards crossed, and topgallant-

sails set, and also lower and topmast studsails.

With this heavy pressure of canvas in such a gale, our little craft seemed to stand for a moment and tremble; but gradually she rose, and in a few seconds was off like a deer. We soon found that only one vessel was following us, and she rapidly falling astern, we secured our battery. After all sail was made, the log was hove, and showed a speed of 13.6 knots; and this was the first time we had ever tested our speed under steam and sail. Our pursuer was soon out of sight; but just before day we passed a sloop of war, hove to under close-reefed topsails, which we believed at the time to be the United States steamer *Richmond*. If so, we made a narrow escape, as she had greater speed, and was in every way a superior ship to ours. But we were not stopped, although we passed within half a mile of her. As soon as we passed out of sight of our suspicious-looking friend, we altered our course, steering for the Yucatan Banks. Daylight showed us one of the blockaders still in pursuit, but only as a speck from our topgallant-yards; but the carrying away of our maintopsail-yard about this time forced us to shorten sail, and before we could send another yard aloft, and make sail again, our pursuer was well in sight from our deck. When all was in order again, however, he soon passed out of sight.

On the 17th we captured our first prize, the brig *Estelle*, off the coast of Cuba; and about eight o'clock on the night of the 21st ran into Havana, came to anchor, and, ordering the drum and fife on deck, introduced ourselves to the tunes "Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Dixie." In a few minutes our deck was crowded with visitors. We left Havana next day, steaming along the coast to the eastward, and before sundown made our second capture. Our third prize saved us the trouble of a chase, running into our arms while we were making ready to destroy number two. As darkness approached we noticed the smoke of two steamers coming from the direction of Havana. Thinking they might be the enemy's cruisers, we hastily fired both prizes, got clear of the light, and hid under the shadow of the land; and from our position saw the two steamers stop, make a short survey, and then dart off.

We now shaped our course for the American coast, but found the weather too cold and boisterous to admit of boarding vessels, so we turned our nose to the southward again, touching at Barbados on our way to the equator, where we proposed remaining in the

track of homeward-bound ships. Many vessels were captured on our way down; but on the 12th of February our most valuable capture was made—perhaps the most valuable taken by a Confederate cruiser during the war. We sighted this vessel about eight in the evening, but not until ten o'clock did we get near enough to give her a shot from our bow pivot, and even this fell considerably short. She rounded to, however; and as she lay thus, with black hull, gilt streak, scraped and varnished masts, and snow-white sails, there was a general exclamation of admiration, coupled with regret that such a thing of beauty must be destroyed. She proved to be the clipper-ship *Jacob Bell*, from Foochow, bound to New York with a cargo, mostly tea, valued at upward of a million dollars. On March 27 we captured the bark *Lapwing*, with a fine assorted cargo of Yankee notions, canned meats, fruits, vegetables, etc. The most valuable part of the cargo to us was several hundred tons of coal, which we determined to hold; and with this idea in view, Lieutenant Floyd, myself, and seven men, with arms and a 12-pound howitzer, were transferred to her. A quantity of the canned goods was sent to the *Florida* for the use of the officers and men.

We now made a place of rendezvous with the *Florida*, where we could meet a month later, which we did, coaling ship, and starting on a fresh cruise, having previously arranged another meeting. Owing to calms and currents, we were unable to reach the point of meeting on time, and thus we parted, not to meet again for some time. During these two cruises Lieutenant Floyd and I took alternate nights for duty on deck, lying down near the man at the wheel, who would call us when a squall was seen coming up. These blows, although short, are very severe in the calm belt while they last; so we were compelled to rouse the men and shorten sail until they passed over, when we would lie down again. This would sometimes be the case two or three times during the night.

With the *Lapwing* we captured and bonded a ship by a little ruse and impudence. Having first sawed a spar to the requisite length to represent a long gun, we painted and then mounted it on two wheels taken from a family carriage found on board. With this trained on the enemy, but not too conspicuously in view, we hove him to with a shot from our 12-pounder. With four well-armed men I was sent on board, and brought the captain, with his papers, back with me, he coming in his own boat. It was not until



CAPTAIN J. N. MAFFITT, COMMANDER OF THE "FLORIDA."

intention to make the people on shore believe we had accidentally taken fire; and with this idea in view, we had our men dressed merchant-sailor style, we assuming the same rig ourselves. But when about two miles from the town, we were met by two negroes in a canoe, who sailed close alongside, and asked us where the *Florida* was, silencing us, when we expressed ignorance of the existence of any such vessel, by informing us that they had visited the ship when in Barbados, and remembered our faces. Seeing that disguise was now useless, we had the men put on their best blue uniforms, while we donned our nattiest gray, and, with a small Confederate flag in the stern, pulled for the dock in true man-of-war style. At the landing we were met by a yelling crowd of not less than five thousand, mostly blacks. So great was the crush that Floyd was borne to the custom-house over the heads of the crowd; and making his exit by a rear door, paid his respects to the governor, and obtained permission to land. We were cordially received, many courtesies being

the captain came on board our ship that he discovered our weakness; but it was then too late, and there was nothing else to be done, so he bonded his ship to us, returning in his own boat.

Failing to meet the *Florida*, we shaped our course for Barbados, arriving about 3 A. M., May 30. Heaving to, we waited for daylight, when we found ourselves off the center of the island and about seven miles from land. We launched the boat, putting the nautical instruments, charts, provisions, water, and clothes in her; and about seven o'clock, all being ready, fired the *Lapwing* fore and aft, and started for the southern point of the island, and thence up the western side, where the harbor is located. A strong breeze soon set in, blowing us toward the breakers, and for several hours it looked as if we would be on them before we could clear the point; in fact, it was noon before we did so. It was now our

extended by merchants and others. The day after our arrival—Sunday—a gentleman stopped his carriage while on his way to church, and kindly invited us to join him; but we were compelled to decline. We, however, accepted an invitation to dine with him at his country-seat. His carriage called for us later at the hotel. Arriving at his house, we had the pleasure of meeting several of the English officers attached to the garrison. After dinner we had a fine view of the ocean and harbor; and while thus pleasantly engaged saw the United States steamer *Vanderbilt*, the presence of which cut our visit short. She, however, after communicating with the American consul, went to sea; but our friends informed us that she was not far away when night came. We, however, got away safely a few nights afterward, taking passage in an English bark, and arriving at Queenstown about the middle of July.

Shortly after our arrival the *Florida* put into Brest, France, for needed repairs, and to fill up her depleted complement of officers. Besides Lieutenant Floyd and myself, Lieutenant Read and one of the engineers had been sent off on another prize, the *Tacony*. The *Tacony* was abandoned in the harbor of Portland, Maine, by Lieutenant Read, who had previously captured the revenue cutter *Caleb Cushing*, in which he was attempting to escape when captured by a force hastily organized for pursuit. Our assistant surgeon, Grafton, was drowned in the surf while attempting to land at a small deserted island called Las Rocas; and the health of Lieutenants Averett and Hoole was such as to prevent them from continuing longer with us. At Brest our greatest misfortune befell us. Captain Maffitt had permitted all his officers to go up to Paris on a short leave, when a report was started among our crew that only the officers would be allowed to go ashore during our stay in port. This caused a mutiny, in which all the crew engaged except about thirty. These we retained, but the others were forced to leave, notwithstanding their repentance when they found they had been deceived.

The French government extended us every courtesy, granting us the use of their dry-dock, where we gave the ship's bottom a thorough overhauling. As usual, a protest was entered against our being permitted to make repairs. The American minister took the ground that repairs to our machinery could not be regarded as "necessary repairs," giving as a reason the fact that the *Florida* captured as many, if not more, prizes under sail than under steam. To this Napoleon replied: "Because a duck can swim is no reason why his wings should be cut."

During our cruise on the *Lapwing* the *Florida* made a visit to Bermuda; and when Captain Maffitt called on the governor, who was an admiral in the English navy, the latter in a joking way expressed surprise that an ex-officer of the American navy should be guilty of a breach of etiquette in entering the harbor without saluting the English flag. To this Captain Maffitt replied that he could not do otherwise, as his salute would not be returned. The governor replied that he (Captain Maffitt) could not tell unless he tried. This was hint enough for Captain Maffitt, who returned to his ship, went to quarters, and hoisting the English ensign at his masthead, saluted it; to which the fort replied. This, I think, is the only instance in which the Confederate flag was saluted

by a foreign nation; but it caused the governor's recall.

It was not until February, 1864, that we were thoroughly ready for sea again, and left Brest. During nearly all this time the United States steamer *Kearsarge* was in the harbor with us. Our agents in London succeeded in getting about sixty men for us, who were enlisted for secret service, and were not aware of their destination until we dropped down to the lower harbor, when they were brought on board at night, and the next day they had matters explained to them. Nearly all joined us, and we now had a crew of about ninety men. The rest of our complement, one hundred and twenty men, was afterward drawn from the foreigners found on prizes. Our officers were now Commander Charles M. Morris, who succeeded Captain Maffitt; Lieutenants T. K. Porter, S. G. Stone, Samuel Barron, Jr., R. S. Floyd, and George D. Bryan; Surgeon Thomas J. Charlton; Assistant Surgeon Thomas Emory; Paymaster Richard Taylor; Chief Engineer W. S. Thompson, and two assistants; Midshipmen William B. Sinclair, Jr., James H. Dyke, and myself; and Master's Mate Thomas T. Hunter, Jr.

After leaving Brest, we continued the work of destruction until we were off the island of Bermuda, where an English man-of-war came out to meet and invite us in. As she passed, her flag was dipped, her officers at the same time raising their hats in salute. Such unusual compliments as these, and from such a source, had their effect upon our new recruits, who had seen enough of man-of-war life to know we had been specially honored. From Bermuda we returned to our old cruising-ground near the equator. American vessels were growing scarcer every day, and at times weeks would pass without our crew making a capture. One of our prizes, the *Star of Peace*, had a cargo of saltpeter. We fired her just before dark, and when upward of fifty miles away could see the glare in the heavens. At times a column of flame would shoot high in the air, as if from some Vesuvius.

Another of our captures, a vessel from the East Indies, contained a rare character in an old lady, who, we were told, was a missionary on her return home for a vacation. As usual, Captain Morris gave this lady one of the state-rooms in his cabin; but it was not long before she had the entire cabin, and I think, had she stayed much longer, would have been captain. She was intensely Union, and had little use for "rebels," nor did she



DRAWN BY J. D. DAVIDSON.

THE "WACHUSETT" RAMMING THE "FLORIDA."

ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

hesitate to tell us so. We got in the habit of watching for her head, as it came up out of the cabin hatch, when there would be a general scamper; but the poor officer of the deck was compelled to stand and take her tongue-lashing. The old lady usually promenaded the deck with a green-cotton umbrella raised; and on one occasion one of the retreating ones returned and found that Lieutenant Stone, who was in charge of the deck, had gone into the rigging, where he remained, looking very much like a cat up a tree, with a dog watching him.

Turning out, one morning, and coming on deck, I saw three burning vessels around us, and our decks crowded with the crews and their luggage; and we, of course, remained thus lumbered until a foreigner was found, who was always our outlet for prisoners. About noon on July 10 we sighted a steamer between us and the land, and standing to the southward and eastward. We hoisted the English flag, and altered our course so as to intercept her. Shortly before one o'clock, when about a half-mile off, we lowered the English and hoisted the Confederate flag, at the same time firing a shot across her bow. We were now running parallel with her; and seeing that she had increased her speed, and would probably get away, fired a shot, which passed close over her rail, and the captain's passengers then forced him to stop. She proved to be the *Electric Spark*, from New York for

New Orleans, and carrying the United States mail, all of which was brought on board and carefully overhauled with the view of obtaining useful information. At one time we were in sight of Sandy Hook. All the passengers and crew were transferred before dark to a fruit-schooner bound for New York, only a few miles distant. We then prepared to carry off our prize, to be converted into a cruiser; but a sad accident changed the captain's plans, and he ordered her to be sunk, which was done. Midshipman W. B. Sinclair, Jr., cousin of the writer, was placed in charge of a boat containing the steamer's money safe, and attempted, after dark, to pull to the *Florida*, about a half-mile distant. With this load his speed was necessarily slow. The wind, freshening in the meantime, caused his boat to ship considerable water, and she sank when not more than one hundred yards from the ship. He had secured one of the oars, when the cockswain, William Sharkey, appealed to him for help, saying he could not swim. His appeal to this brave lad, only in his teens, was not in vain, but with the oar he gave his life. The Confederate Navy Department did not let this gallant act pass unnoticed. A "general order," eulogizing the self-sacrifice, was read on board every vessel in commission, with colors at half-mast. It is a remarkable coincidence that Surgeon Grafton, who was drowned at Las Rocas, was appealed to in the same way

as was Midshipman Sinclair, by the same man, and with the same result.

With sad hearts we now stood to the eastward, with a wind which before morning increased to a gale. In due course we arrived at the island of Madeira. It was night when we came to anchor, and a bright moon at the time revealed a man-of-war at anchor near us, which we were satisfied was an American. The morning opened bright and beautiful. As eight o'clock approached, the hour for hoisting colors on a man of war, the officers and men on our neighbor were eagerly watching our movements, no doubt as well satisfied of our identity as we of theirs. As our colors floated to the breeze we could see a stir on board. Immediately a boat was lowered from her and started for the shore. The object of that visit was made known when we went on shore to make arrangements for coaling and provisioning the ship. The governor requested us to leave,—he could not order us to do so,—saying the American threatened to fire on us if we attempted to coal ship. In vain we appealed to the governor, and cited our rights as belligerents, at the same time telling him our enemy was only bluffing. Being a sailing-vessel, and the weather perfectly calm, he would be at our mercy. Finally we agreed to take twenty-four hours' coal, and run down to Teneriffe, in order to relieve the Portuguese governor's mind; but our enemy would not agree to this.

We now went to "quarters," paid an extra price for the labor, got the coal alongside, and without being molested hoisted it on board. The next morning we anchored at Teneriffe. The same evening our friend sailed in and came to anchor near us, and the same game of bluff was tried as at Madeira; but this being a Spanish possession, and two of their men-of-war being present, the result was that the American was allowed the usual twenty-four hours in port, and we, by permission of the authorities, remained four or five days.

Our cruise was no holiday, though our victims were only defenseless merchantmen. We were liable to meet an armed ship at any time. The difficulty of getting coal forced us to keep our fires banked, and in this condition we could not get under steam in less than fifteen minutes—ample time for an enemy to destroy us should he come suddenly upon us while under steam himself. As evidence of the risk we ran in chasing vessels at night,—which we always did when we sighted them,—we on one occasion

chased a vessel, and upon her refusal to heave to fired a blank cartridge, and in response received a like salutation, and found ourselves in dangerous proximity to a man-of-war, and with all hands at quarters and ready for action. Our supposed prize turned out to be an Englishman.

In regard to the duties and discipline on board the *Florida*, we were governed by the same rules and regulations as the United States navy. The majority of our officers had received their education at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and all the others save one were the sons of officers who had served in the same navy, so they were not ignorant of what constituted a well-disciplined ship. It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that we could ship a crew in the manner we did, and at the same time have men who cared for the officers and ship, as ours always did. It is true our officers, without exception, did everything in their power to make the crew comfortable and happy, and every indulgence consistent with discipline was granted.

One of our orders was that the private property of the officers and crews of prizes should always be respected, and I cannot recall an instance where it was disobeyed. To be sure that this order was not violated, and to prevent the men from getting liquor from the prizes, a midshipman was sent with every boarding officer, and remained with the men at all times. Many of the men taken on board at Brest had for a while abandoned the ocean and followed the fortunes of Garibaldi; and often at night, when all was calm, these Italian voices joined in singing their camp-songs, and, later on, our Confederate songs.

The sight of an American flag on the high seas had become such a rare occurrence that in October it was decided to round Cape Horn and make a raid on the whalers in the Pacific Ocean; and with this object in view our prow was turned to the southward, with the intention of stopping at Bahia, Brazil, where we were to give our own men a much-needed run on shore, and at the same time make some slight repairs. We were running straight for port, and expected to arrive the same evening, when about noon we discovered a sail to windward and seaward which looked like an American. We at once set fore and aft sails, lowered the propeller, and started in pursuit. The stranger at once altered his course, crowded on all sail, and showed every evidence that he suspected our mission. This proved to be our last, as well as our longest,

chase, not coming up with him until eight o'clock at night. As I came over her side with Lieutenant Bryan, our boarding officer, the captain remarked: "It's no use to say anything; I knowed ye as soon as I seed ye; but you did n't get any coffee this time, only a load of stones." She proved to be the bark *Mondamen*, from Rio bound to Baltimore, and it seems her captain had been made prisoner by us before. On October 4 we burned this our last prize, and at nine o'clock that night steamed into the harbor of Bahia. As we approached our anchorage, a boat, evidently a man-of-war, pulled near us, and, in reply to our inquiries, stated she was H. M. S. *Curlew*. Lieutenant Stone, who was standing near the captain at the time, remarked that her Majesty's officers never talked through their noses. Daylight proved his suspicions to be correct, for near us lay the United States steamer *Wachusett*, Commander Napoleon Collins. A boat soon left the enemy's vessel for shore, and later on our captain went on shore making an official call upon the governor, and asking his permission to make the repairs which we needed.

During this visit Captain Morris, at the request of the governor, pledged his word to commit no overt act while in the harbor; and United States Consul Wilson, acting for Commander Collins, gave the same promise. Relying upon this pledge, we allowed half of our crew to go on shore, and the following day permitted the others to do the same. Previous to this, however, the shot were drawn from our guns, a precaution usually taken while in port, to avoid accident.

Shortly after eight o'clock on the evening of October 5, while in charge of the deck, a boat approached, which I hailed, and was informed that it contained the American consul. Captain Morris not being on board, I sent for Mr. Porter, at the same time telling the consul to come alongside, and apologizing for not asking him on board. When Mr. Porter came on deck, he was handed from the boat a letter addressed, "Captain Morris, Steamer *Florida*." To this form of address he took exception, and so informed Mr. Wilson. But the latter objected to addressing our captain or ship in any other way notwithstanding Mr. Porter's calling his attention to the fact that General Grant, in his communications with General Lee, addressed him as the commander of the forces of the Confederate States. Mr. Porter also told him he was satisfied as to the object of his visit, and that if he (the consul) was very anxious for a favorable reply, he could get it

by addressing his communication properly. This ended the interview.

The following day Captain Morris was approached by a gentleman, who stated he was authorized by Mr. Wilson to challenge us to fight the *Wachusett*, and that he (Mr. Wilson) would assist us, in any way in his power, to have such repairs put upon our ship as we deemed necessary. To this Captain Morris replied: "You may say to Mr. Wilson that I have come to Bahia for a special purpose, and when this is accomplished I shall leave. I will neither seek nor avoid a contest with the *Wachusett*, but should I encounter her outside Brazilian waters, I will use my utmost endeavors to destroy her."

About two o'clock on the morning of the 7th, Master's Mate T. T. Hunter, being in charge of the deck at the time, heard the *Wachusett* slip her cable, and saw at once that she was under way and standing for us. He had Mr. Porter called at once, the captain being on shore; but as the latter reached the deck the *Wachusett* struck us in the starboard mizzen-chains, carrying away our mizzenmast and maintopmast, both of which came down on our deck, crushing our awnings, which were set at the time down to the deck, and thus, as it were, enveloping us in a bag. At this time two shots were fired from their battery, in order to make sure of sinking us; but their guns were depressed too much, and the shot only struck the water alongside.

Of repeated and anxious inquiries were now made to know if we were willing to surrender; but not until an engineer was sent below, and reported the ship was rapidly sinking,—a report, I may add, without a shadow of truth,—did Mr. Porter and his adviser Mr. Stone agree to surrender the ship; nor would they have surrendered had they not believed she would sink before the enemy could tow her out. During the time which elapsed between the ramming and the surrender of the *Florida*, a constant and heavy fire from small arms was kept up, but, strange to say, with only three wounded as the result, and they were on the *Wachusett*.

It will doubtless be said that we showed a want of vigilance in permitting ourselves to be caught unprepared to give battle as we were; but there are some extenuating circumstances. As previously stated, it was our intention to start upon a long and tedious cruise. Our men, with few exceptions, had not been on shore since we left Brest in February, and therefore greatly needed recreation. The moment we sincerely gave

our pledge to make no attack upon the enemy we placed ourselves at a disadvantage, and it would have been better to have left the harbor at once. When I say we placed ourselves at a disadvantage I mean that if a collision occurred after that, it must be begun by the enemy; and the attacking party, particularly at night, has greatly the advantage.

Commander Collins gave as an excuse for thus attacking us in a neutral port that his government would never overlook his permitting the *Florida* to escape him; but I leave it to the reader to decide if the conversation between the representatives of the American consul and Captain Morris, and the previous interviews between the consul and Mr. Porter, looked as if we intended to run away. But supposing that such was our intention, the *Wachusett* was a heavier ship than ours, and had a larger crew. The formation of the harbor of Bahia was such that a single vessel could have completely sealed it, nor can I think that an enemy who would thus attack us in a neutral port would hesitate long about blockading such port.

I am glad to be able to say that those officers of the *Wachusett* who expressed themselves to us on the subject deprecated the manner in which we were taken; and I should also add that our treatment while on the *Wachusett* was uniformly courteous, to the extent even of surrendering their rooms to us. Had Captain Morris cared less for his word than he did, the *Wachusett* would probably have met our fate, as on the night of our arrival, and certainly a portion of the next day, a part of the *Wachusett's* machinery was on shore, and this was known to us at the time.

As soon as the ship was surrendered, a

prize crew was placed on board, and all our officers and men transferred to the *Wachusett*, who took the *Florida* in tow, and proceeded to sea, touching at St. Thomas, where we met the *Kearsarge*, with the prisoners taken from the *Alabama*, arriving in Hampton Roads in due course. Of course a demand was made by Brazil to have the *Florida*, with her officers and crew, returned to Bahia; but all the beautiful rhetoric of Mr. Seward and the Brazilian minister was cut short when a careless tug *accidentally* ran into and sank the *Florida* while lying in deep water in Hampton Roads.

After this *accident* we were released from Fort Warren on February 1, and were permitted to go to Europe in a Cunarder. We were not allowed to place ourselves under any obligations to the enemy, being permitted to pay our own passage. The captures by the *Florida* and her tenders, while under the command of Captain Maffitt, amounted to fifty-five vessels; but I have no data which would enable me to give the number captured during Captain Morris's command. They probably amounted to twenty or twenty-five vessels. It was a lively and brilliant entertainment; but John Bull kindly came in when it was at an end, and paid the fiddler.

It always struck me as a distinction without a difference when orders were issued to us to destroy the property of Northern merchants, but to respect the property of the officers and crew. In the former case the owner was absent; in the latter he was present. But our instructions and example in this mode of warfare came from those who were our victims. It is to be hoped, however, that this relic of barbarism will in time be frowned down by the whole family of nations.



THE MARCH OF THE DEAD BRIGADE.

BY THOMAS S. DENISON.

NO sound disturbs the drowsy dawn,
As forms the dead brigade;
Its silent ranks, in serried lines,
Glide onward toward the springing pines,
All phantoms in parade.

Their steps bend not the drooping corn;
These warriors all are ghosts.
In rank and file, with solemn tread,
Their captains marching at the head,
Move on these silent hosts.

From out the tented camp of death,
Their flag of peace displayed,
With footfall soft as dew at morn,
These cohorts sweep the bending corn,
Where battle once was laid.

The mark of God's eternal peace
Their countenances bear;
And freed from all unholy hate,
They shine with that exalted state
Which heaven's angels share.

THE AUTHOR OF "QUO VADIS?"

MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH SIENKIEWICZ.

BY JEREMIAH CURTIN.

TRANSLATING HIS BOOKS—FIRST MEETING WITH THE NOVELIST—HIS OPINIONS OF
ENGLISH AUTHORS—A PICNIC IN THE CARPATHIANS.

IN the summer of 1888, while making ethnological researches in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, I ordered a copy of Sienkiewicz's trilogy, "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael." As I follow the course of various Slav literatures with a good deal of care, I knew that these works had aroused great interest among Poles and Russians, and were rather long; but when I saw thirteen volumes, of nearly four thousand pages, brought in and placed on my desk I was somewhat alarmed at the bulk of them.

I had ordered the trilogy to read, not to translate, and intended to put it aside for a season of more leisure. On examining "With Fire and Sword," however, I found the opening chapter so remarkable that I read the four volumes through without delay. Next I read "The Deluge," and then "Pan Michael." The splendid descriptions of action and character in those volumes were to me a source of great and keen delight. "I have found a new style of mind, a man different from others, I have discovered Sienkiewicz"—these were the words which I said to myself when I had finished the trilogy. "American readers would be delighted with these books; I will translate them"—this was my immediate decision.

I had no time to spare from my work in Washington that summer, but I translated two chapters of "With Fire and Sword," just to begin—to take possession of the work, as it were. Rather late that year I went to the Pacific coast, intending to spend twelve months in studying the Indians of Hoopa Valley, on the Trinity River, and the Indians of the Klamath River. I worked among the Indians in the daytime, and at "With Fire and Sword" every evening, and sometimes far into the night. The translation was continued at Orleans Bar, on the Klamath River, and finished the following summer at Three Dollar Bar, on the Salmon, a confluent of the Klamath.

In that wild region, inhabited by Indians and a few miners, I once came near losing my finished manuscript while crossing the deep and dangerous Klamath in a rotten canoe. Had I lost it, I should have been sorely tempted to abandon the work, so wearied was I from struggling with men and the wilderness. To translate "With Fire and Sword" a second time would have been no small task.

A publisher in New York who knew of the translation asked me to send it to him. I did so, and it was refused because the subject was thought unfamiliar. The publisher stated that there was no doubt as to the merit of the work, which was brilliant and original; and he added that if "With Fire and Sword" covered some striking period in French, German, or English history, he would take it without hesitation, but Polish or Russian history was too remote and too foreign.

I did then what I had intended at first to do: I sent the manuscript to Little, Brown & Co., who had published already my "Myths and Folk-lore of Ireland."

"With Fire and Sword" appeared in good season. Its success was immediate and striking. The book was received with such favor that I resolved to translate "The Deluge." One volume of the six composing the work was done before January 1, 1891, the other five during the winter, spring, and summer. The book was published a year after it was begun, though I was occupied with other work a good part of that time.

"Pan Michael" was translated in Ireland, while I was collecting the "Hero Tales" of that country.

The success of the trilogy gave me much pleasure; I was gratified to find that my estimate of American readers was just. Soon after the publication of "With Fire and Sword" I began to receive letters from

people unknown to me—people living in various States. Up to this time I have received letters from men and women in thirty different States of the Union. All these persons wrote simply to say that they had read "With Fire and Sword," or "The Deluge," or "Pan Michael," or all three of them, with such pleasure that they felt bound to inform me of that fact, and to thank me for having made those books accessible to American readers.

I need make no remarks touching my other translations of Sienkiewicz, except "Quo Vadis?"—the greater part of which was done in the city of Guadalajara, Mexico, the concluding chapter being finished in northern Guatemala, in the wildest of wild places.

In the summer of 1897 I made a short journey in Europe. My first visit was to Ragatz, Switzerland, which is rather famed for hot baths of mineral water.

I arrived at the Hotel Quellenhof one day about the lunch hour. The manager received me with that careful courtesy for which some Swiss managers are noted, and found for me, after some effort, just the room I required. In the dining-hall, much to my surprise and delight, he gave the information that he would seat me at the table d'hôte next a Polish gentleman named Sienkiewicz, a writer.

When Sienkiewicz learned who I was, he expressed much pleasure and surprise, for I had appeared at his side unexpectedly, and, as it happened, he was reading just then the American edition of "Quo Vadis?" The trilogy, and other volumes, he had read some time earlier.

There were many guests at the Quellenhof—a few Americans, more English, then Germans, and French; some Poles, among them Count Tyshkevich, who went with Sienkiewicz on his African journey; and Countess Potocka, a Polish lady of much distinction; and, finally, the Hohenzollern who, because of the Spanish crown, caused the unpleasantness between France and Germany which, through Bismarck's careful nursing, resulted in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. In that throng of people Sienkiewicz moved about, worked, and lived as if in a wilderness; he held aloof from society, though he observed it.

There is a great charm in the freedom and loneliness of a crowded hotel with all the comforts of the century. It is also a good place for work. This charm Sienkiewicz enjoys, and he has done much work in hotels, from

the one in Los Angeles, California, where he wrote "Charcoal Sketches," which forms a part of the volume called "Hania," to the hotel in Nice where he finished "Quo Vadis?"

Sienkiewicz's method of making a book is as follows: He works out a detailed plan, and writes it down carefully. He fixes this in his head, and lets it "seethe and ferment" there, as he says. When ready to begin work, he divides his time, not into days, but weeks. During the first week he produces a certain amount, the second week a similar amount, and so on, week after week. He writes without correction, and never copies, producing just one manuscript—the one which he sends to the printer. Each week's work continues that of the preceding week. Though the plan of the book is elaborated carefully in advance, this plan is not followed strictly; from the "seething and fermenting" in his head changes are suggested to the author, and he makes them. He has no secretary, amanuensis, copyist, or assistant.

To write such books as he does without copying or correcting, to create works like the trilogy and "Quo Vadis?" by a series of efforts, each one of which gives a finished part, and each part being a seamless and flawless continuation of the preceding, till the last, together with all the others, forms a complete, unbroken whole, is perhaps the most amazing *tour de force* in literary experience. Sienkiewicz employs no man or woman to help him. He makes all literary researches himself; visits and studies the places which he needs to see; and when writing in Switzerland, Italy, France, or other countries, takes with him all the books he requires, and shuts himself in with them during working-hours, which for him are from eight or nine till lunch at one o'clock, and then a couple of hours later on. He never writes after dinner in the evening, and has so ordered his "works and days" that he needs no assistance.

Sienkiewicz has studied various literatures extensively. He began to read novels in boyhood. He read them in school and out, and during his career in the gymnasium and university.

One day at Ragatz, while we were at lunch, he told me that he had just received a telegram from Warsaw, announcing that his son Henryk was first in his class for the year. He seemed greatly pleased, and when I congratulated him, and added, "You are as well pleased, I suppose, as your father was when you passed examination." "Oh," said he,

laughing, "I have more evident reason to be pleased than my father had. I did not stand high either at school or in the gymnasium. I was otherwise occupied: I was reading novels. Often, while pretending to study, I was deep in a volume of Scott, or Dumas, or some other great writer."

"Novel-reading, even in school hours, was not harmful in your case," said I.

"No," replied he; "for me it was useful; my bent was in that direction, and I did what has proved best for me. With my son it is different. He inclines toward science; electricity attracts him. For him high rank seems in order; in fact, it is necessary. My daughter, considering her age, shows much power of narration, and takes pleasure in telling a story; she has even written one already."

That day Sienkiewicz expressed himself at some length on English literature and art. I give his own words:

"Of English novelists I like Dickens best. His 'David Copperfield' seems to me nearer genuine human nature than any other English production of the century. Dickens derived immense pleasure from the people whom he described; he had a true and vivid appreciation of unusual characters.

"In literature Shakspeare stands apart. His knowledge of man seems to me almost superhuman. I am amazed at his insight and truthful vision, especially when I compare him with other writers.

"Scott had a power of narration that was really phenomenal, but there is much in his novels that is not true; not infrequently he ornamented in his own way—beautified, as he thought. His account of the chivalry and knighthood of the middle ages does not correspond at all with reality. Still, he was a wonderful writer.

"Thackeray was a great novelist, but to me he has always seemed enthralled more or less by society, mastered by it in a degree, hence injured as an artist.

"Tennyson used beautiful language, but he was artificial; he was the poet, not of humanity, but of a class, and devotion to a class always enfeebles an author.

"Of recent Englishmen, Kipling stands alone as a writer of short stories. Du Maurier was very much of an artist by nature. In 'Trilby' his description of Parisian artist life is fine; but the book, though entertaining, is too fantastic; the end especially is unreal beyond measure, as is, of course, the hypnotism. Rider Haggard I know to the extent of but one novel, 'She,' which I read in eastern Africa.

"Though very extensive, English literature is weak in one kind of mental creation, in which it is not likely to be strengthened—the fable. In this field the Russians have surpassed all Europe; their Kryloff is the greatest fabulist of modern times."

Thus ended the talk on English literature. A few days later I left Ragatz, for I had journeys and work before me. Sienkiewicz, however, made me promise to visit him in the Carpathian Mountains, at no great distance from Cracow; and some weeks after my departure from Ragatz, I paid a flying visit to Zakopane, a village about which has risen a summer resort at the foot of the main mountain-range—a resort much frequented by Poles from various provinces. The place is animated; but, being new, it has not all the appliances which people seek at a summer resort. It is half encircled by pine woods, and a new extension of the village is entirely among trees. On the open side are pleasant green fields; along hill slopes through the place runs a clear mountain river. From the principal street the mountain view is glorious. High above a pine forest towers the naked ridge of the Carpathians, which forms an immense female figure, lying face upward. This recalled to me at once the "White Woman" of Mexico, the majestic neighbor of Popocatepetl. Though smaller than the Mexican, the Carpathian ridge has a certain advantage: it is seen from near by, and presents very definite features.

Zakopane is agreeable in good weather; but during my short stay clouds, mist, and gloom were predominant. At last came a glorious day, bright and sunny. Sienkiewicz had been waiting for that day, and he took us to Charny Stav (Black Pond), a small lake in the heart of the mountains.

The party included his son and daughter, Henryk and Yadviga, with a governess; Professor Sobieranski of Lvoff; Sienkiewicz's nephew, a dozen years of age, perhaps; and Mr. Gielgud, a Lithuanian, of the British war office, who speaks English as if born and reared in London.

Sienkiewicz had told me that for five generations he was the first man of his family who had not chosen arms as a calling. I saw now, by the order with which all was arranged for the party, and the ease with which everything moved, without hurry or halting, that the master of our picnic had the blood and the brains of a soldier. At an early hour country wagons were waiting before the house to take us to Kuznitsa, at the foot of the mountain; at that point saddle beasts

were ready to carry us farther; with the horses stood mountain men in good number to assist and entertain us on the journey. Some of these mountaineers had musical instruments; most of them, as we learned afterward, were excellent singers; and all could dance skilfully. They were robust, active, fine-looking fellows.

The road had the variety of picturesque ravines and steep, rugged climbs through dense pine-woods. As we ascended the mountaineers took short paths, and gave music from places above and beyond us. When we halted, at last, on a lofty green plain, broad stretches of country were visible; far away were cultivated hilly uplands; nearer, but deep down below us, were pine-woods, with large tracts of grass-land, and herdsmen's villages, inhabited only in summer. On the other hand stood the central range, severe, immense, and naked. Between us and it were a narrow, rocky descent, then fields of large boulders, and at last thickets of dwarf pine, dense and tangled. Between these thickets and the Carpathian ridge was the small lake Charny Stav, which lies in a kind of angle, dark and still, with a little island near one side of it—a severe place, stern even in summer.

As the lake is almost eight miles from Zakopane, and the air, though agreeable, was bracing, all had a fair appetite when we arrived at the lake. Servants who had come with provisions made a fire, and in good time we had an open-air banquet, abundant and excellent. Even champagne had been brought and cooled, so that the genial author of "Quo Vadis?" might pledge the health of his guests in it.

Just as coffee was served, at the close of our feasting, the mountaineers, with dancing and music, took their places before us near the edge of the water. After a short trial the space was found rather narrow, and Sienkiewicz directed the men to assemble on the grassy height where we had halted in coming.

At the lake-side two photographs were taken, one of the whole party, including the mountain musicians, the other of Sienkiewicz and his daughter. The latter has appeared in "Hania," and is excellent.

The return was now sounded, and we moved toward Zakopane. On reaching the grassy height, there was great animation, for music and dancing were to come. Young Henryk Sienkiewicz and his sister urged on the bringing of wood for a fire, and themselves added sticks and brush to it. No fire,

however, was put to the fuel, as the place was too windy. The fire was for a "robber-dance," in which a whole party circle round a fire, and single ones leap through it at short intervals. After one or two dances, we had that dance; and here it is proper to state that fifty years ago Zakopane was a real nest of robbers. The people were not even formally Christian. The roads between Poland and Hungary in those days were perilous. All has changed since that time, however, and robbery on the highways exists only in stories, of which, as Sienkiewicz informed me, there are good ones still extant about Zakopane.

The robber-dancers received a cheering cup to rouse them, and assembled round the heap of sticks and brushwood. Each had an ax about the size of an Indian hatchet, the handle being as long as an ordinary walking-stick. The circle moved from east to west; each man dancing, singing, or shouting, and brandishing his ax at certain intervals. Then the action increased; men sprang as if through the fire; and what seemed at first like the Navajo fire-dance ended in a finale of excitement and breathlessness. The whole action reminded me strongly of the Seneca Indians of New York in their war-dance. It had something in common with both Navajo and Seneca, and, like all primitive dances, has been most important in the life of the people who framed it.

From the height we went down, single file, by a new, steep, narrow path on the edge of a precipice. All were on foot; that was no place for riding; the horses were led by another road. A small boy of our company walked ahead; he seemed like Tom Thumb, followed by his brothers, in Gustave Doré's picture.

Far down in a partly wooded ravine we mounted again. The route was different from that of the morning. On one side were dark pines, on the other, high cliffs. Here and there was a standing rock which looked like a broken statue. At one point, while moving in the shade (for it was after sunset in low places), we turned a corner, and saw ahead, but at one side, a splendid cliff. At first sight it seemed a ruined castle. The last rays of the sun were upon it, creeping perceptibly toward its summit. At that moment the music and song of the mountaineers burst forth. As we advanced the rays climbed to the side of the castle, and when we were

abreast of it not a peak or a stone of the place was in sunlight.

About dusk we reached Kuznitsa, where we rested awhile. The country wagons were waiting, and we were conveyed to Sienkiewicz's residence. Horses were not spared, and that swift downward drive in the dark, through a forest with a roaring mountain stream at the roadside, was wonderfully pleasant.

Forward we rushed, till suddenly the wagons stopped. "What is the matter?" called one. "Is anyone hurt?" asked another. "We are at home," said Sienkiewicz.

The house was lighted up cheerfully; the table was laid for our supper. We had come out of darkness; we were just tired enough, felt just enough hunger, to enjoy that table, with its food, its brightness, and its company. The day will remain in our memories like a poem, a beautiful tale, or a picture.

Before I left Zakopane, Sienkiewicz gave me an envelop containing a slip of paper on which was written a brief autobiography, which I translate word for word here:

Henryk Sienkiewicz is of Lithuanian stock, and was born in Podlasie in 1848, at Okreya, on an estate belonging to his mother. His great-grandfather removed from Lithuania to the kingdom (Poland proper) in consequence of a war with Russia. That war is known in history under the name of the Confederation of Bar. In that war Pulaski, well known in America, took part.

Sienkiewicz's grandfather served under Napoleon. His father took part in the uprising of 1830 and in that of 1863.

Sienkiewicz passed through the Warsaw Gymnasium, and was graduated from the University of Warsaw, in which he chose the philological and historical course.

He began to write in 1872.

In 1876 he set out on a journey through the United States.

In 1881 he married. In 1885 his wife died of an affection of the chest. He has two children.

He has traveled much in France, Italy, and Greece while making historical studies. Rome he has visited very often.

In 1891 he organized a hunting expedition to Africa, in which he took Count Tyshkevich as associate. After a six months' stay in the region of Bagamoyo, he returned because of fever.

In 1896 he finished "Quo Vadis?" in Nice.

At present he is writing "The Knights of the Cross."

He is a member of the academies of Cracow and St. Petersburg.



Зедојс з сѣрбојемъ пошолѣиу
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 Захоуанс 24 М. 97.

WILHELM II AS ART PATRON.

BY HENRY ECKFORD.



THROUGH one of those examples of atavism which may be discovered in almost any large family of mixed descent, Wilhelm II repeats the traits of some ancestor who was not of Teutonic stock. Frederick Wilhelm IV, from whom, of course, he does not descend, showed similar characteristics. In his appearance, too, Wilhelm II is not a Teutonic type, but a Slavic; and he is therefore very fitly a king of the Prussians, Mecklenburgers, Silesians, Lithuanians—of all those old tribes, in fine, who opposed and merged with the Gothic and Saxon invaders during the kaleidoscopic wars and raids which went on from 300 to 1000 A. D. To suit his figure, face, and temperament he should have received at baptism some name like Prebislav or Wratislav to indicate that in this modern scion of old mixed stocks the special Slavic strain has put forth a conspicuous flower.

The rest of the world does not regard Slavs with the inborn and trained contempt of the German. On the contrary, such brilliant, lively, capable natures as that of Wilhelm II, with strong leaning to the fine arts and rhetoric, and no little skill in military matters, are by no means rare in the Slavic past.

Wilhelm earnestly desires to make the fine arts flourish in Prussia, and in this respect, as in all others, to set the pace for the German Empire. He is generous in exhorting cities to raise monuments, and helps all he can. He is indefatigable in visits to studios and in encouragement to sculptors, painters, and other artists whom he regards as able. It is, however, only under great disadvantages that a man on a throne encourages the arts. His very power stands in his way. The importance of what he says is such that a criticism exercises a crushing effect. The fact that he is of so impetuous and self-confident, if not exactly domineering, a nature, puts him at this disadvantage: he admires greatly certain artists and their works, and almost violently dislikes the works of others. He is a pretty partizan, and, what is worse, he cannot help it, because he gets

it by inheritance from some old Slavic prince of an ancestor who in his own day probably caused the artists of the wrong camp to be sacrificed to the grim gods of paganism.

Adolf Menzel is one of his pets, much to the dismay of the courtiers, who resent the ennoblement of a man of no family, and find the savage old artist far from genial company. At the great court ceremonies Menzel wanders about like a mask from some antique comedy in Greece, his brows knit, his sash resplendent, his orders duly displayed. But the more the courtiers avoid him, the more the Emperor tries to make up for their sins of omission by favoring him publicly, as one may see in the view of the façade of the Marble Palace at Potsdam, where Wilhelm II, with a jovial smile on his face, dressed in the uniform of the Great Frederick's time, and posed among his courtiers and select body-guard in the same historic garb, is seen before the photographic camera, laying his hand on Menzel's shoulder. Even this unheard-of honor, however, does not bring a smile to the artist's crabbed face.

Moved by the best of intentions, the Emperor is not very successful in his efforts to encourage art. They smack too much of personal tastes and one-man power. Menzel is perhaps a favorite, not because of his great Meissonier-like skill in illustrations, but because he is the draftsman and painter of the period of Frederick the Great. The Emperor is really honoring his own line rather than the artist when he covers him with rewards. He does not realize the contempt that professional artists have for amateurs who dabble in oils and water-colors, clay and chalks. It is not by making sketches for the Knackfusses to carry out that the Emperor will raise art in Prussia from its present stagnation, but by allowing the dangerous breath of liberty to blow through the art world. The fine arts are under the drill-sergeant, and produce recruits who have everything except art in them. It is too much to say that this is the Emperor's fault; but it is true that so long as he insists upon running things artistic, no one else can, or will—and the artists themselves least of all.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY M. ZEISLER.

THE EMPEROR WILHELM II AND THE ARTIST MENZEL.

AN ARTISTIC TREASURE FROM SPAIN.

THE LATELY DISCOVERED BUST OF ELCHE IN THE LOUVRE.

BY CORNELIA VAN RENSSELAER DEARTH.

FOR some years past archæologists have held the opinion that southern Spain offered a splendid and comparatively unknown field for research; and owing to the efforts and the enlightened initiative of M. Léon Henzey, conservator of antiquities of the Louvre, a mission for the purpose was intrusted, in 1892, to M. Arthur Engel. His labors yielded the fragments now in the Louvre, which consist of a series of much mutilated heads, and the statue of a man seated on a horned and winged beast of a most decorative type, and are chiefly of interest to archæologists. The study of these fragments gave rise to much controversy as to their origin and date, as did also the interesting series of sculptures discovered in 1830, known as the statues of Cerro de los Santos, or "Hill of the Saints," of which the Louvre now possesses casts. In 1897 M. Henzey was the means of sending another mission to Spain, on what is known as the Eugène Piot Fund. M. Pierre Pâris was in charge of it, and the principal result of the expedition is the now famous bust of Elche, which the Louvre was fortunate enough to procure through the generosity of M. Noël Bardao, who presented it to the museum.

Elche is situated in the southern part of Spain, not far from Alicante; and in ancient times was the country of the Iberians, and possibly was colonized by the Phenicians, who were attracted to it by the richness of its shores and plains. It may then have been peopled by Greek colonists, only in the end to fall into the hands of the Romans. Through these various transitions it was named, in turn, *Illici*, *Helice*, *Colonia Julia Augusta*, becoming finally the modern Elche. After the Roman domination it was conquered by the Moors, who beautified it in many ways.

The bust was not found in the course of the regular excavations, but was accidentally unearthed by some laborers who were cultivating a field near ruins which hitherto had yielded nothing but Roman antiquities. It represents the life-size head and shoulders of a young woman. In a short notice communicating to the Academy the acquisition

of the new treasure, M. Henzey quotes the following sentence, in which M. Pâris sums up his opinion of his discovery: "Native type, native costume, Spanish art profoundly impregnated with Oriental influences, and most on the surface with Greek influence"; M. Henzey adding: "Whatever may be the relative proportion of these different elements, it is certain that all three exist to a marked degree in the bust of Elche."

From the nature of its base it is evident that this piece of sculpture never was more than a bust. It is not merely a fragment of a complete statue, as was at first supposed; for the under part is hollowed out, and bears no trace of being broken off. It was undoubtedly a funeral or votive statue, as there is a hollow in the back, probably destined for votive offerings. The stone is that of the country, originally white, but now of a warm yellowish gray, owing perhaps to its long sojourn in the earth, or to its originally having been colored, or perhaps to both.

It is in an almost perfect state of preservation, save for a few slight injuries to the left arm, and to one of the wheel-like ornaments of the head-dress, caused by the picks of the workmen who discovered it. A few of the pearls from the band on the forehead are also missing, and the surface of the skin is slightly roughened in places; but otherwise it is intact. The face is of an impressive and fascinating beauty, the forehead wide and full, the nose straight and thin; the lips are well cut, and the chin is rounded and firm. It is framed by a marvelous head-dress, which is barbaric in its splendor, and unique. A miter-shaped cap runs almost straight back from the forehead; over it is thrown a veil, which falls behind in vertical folds to the nape of the neck. In front it is flattened out into four straight folds over the brow without showing the hair, somewhat after the manner of a nun's coif. The miter is evidently the support of the remainder of this curious coiffure. Above the folds on the forehead is a band, probably of metal, arranged in three rows, closely fitting



IN THE LOUVRE.

THE BUST OF ELCHE.

the head, and which is ornamented by three rows of large beads or pearls, the lowest row pendulous and forming a sort of fringe. Supported by the metal band are two large wheel-shaped ornaments, fitting closely to the ears, and nearly reaching the shoulders, making a strange and very hieratic setting for this mysterious Spanish beauty of forgotten centuries. These strange, barbaric, and very artistic jewels were probably of gold filigree openwork. Inside and next the ears the wheels are fastened to carved plates, which in turn are connected with the diadem; and from these plates hang cords, probably covered with gold, supporting jeweled pendants. Around the neck and on the breast is a triple necklace from which hang amulets. The first row of carved beads supports a strange urn-shaped ornament; on the second, also of beads, though larger, are six smaller urns. The third row is of large plain beads, and the pendants are three large ornaments suggesting horseshoes, only one of which is completely visible, the others being partly hidden under the drapery which falls over the shoulders. Under the necklace is a tunic, which is fastened from left to right. Traces of color are found on various parts of the drapery; the lips are still a deep red; the same color shows on the band over the forehead, on the tunic, and on different parts of the head-dress. In harmony with this scheme, the pupils of the eyes are hollowed out.

Perhaps the most vital point about this work of art is the probability that it is the portrait of a person who has really lived. M. Pâris, in his review of it, says: "One might call it the true portrait of a princess, haughty and voluptuous, a Spanish Salammô, on whom the sculptor had stamped his dream of an ideal beauty. One might long discuss this point; but, portrait or ideal figure, queen, priestess, or goddess, what I wish to express is the wonderful originality of the type, in which is revealed for the first time the strange,

sensuous, and mystic charm of a Spanish beauty."

Unfortunately, the photographs so far taken of the bust give only a faint idea of its charm. I know of but one taken by M. Pâris himself—I believe in its original environment, and under the bright Spanish sunshine. All do not understand its artistic merits or feel its subtle charm; but it is a curious fact that upon the majority of people of all classes—scientists, literary men, sculptors, painters, peasant, and bourgeois, those who see it after hearing of it, and those who come upon it unawares—it works the same mysterious attraction and fascination.

In the student and scientist curiosity is naturally aroused. Who was the sculptor, where did he study, from what race did he draw his inspiration, and where did he live? All these and many other questions must, unfortunately for the present, remain unanswered. M. Pâris says: "Whether this work dates from the fourth or even down to the third century, in order to leave time for Greek influence to extend to Spain, this influence is, without doubt, both direct and certain. I should hardly dare to say that a Greek sculptor had come to Elche, and placed his chisel at the disposal of some petty king or high priest, to execute the portrait of a favorite queen or the image of some revered goddess; and I should scarce dare to suppose that an Iberian sculptor had crossed the seas to study under a famous Greek master, and on his return to his native land, without having lost his personality, without having lost his appreciation of the beauties of his own country, had refined his art through contact with Attic sculptures; yet, without doubt, this sculptor had seen Greek art, and had felt its force and beauty."

One cannot help wondering if the author of it stood alone, a giant figure among his contemporaries, or will some other peasant hand in the future bring to light further masterpieces of equal beauty and by other hands?





"À VOUS. DEATH TO THE ROYAL RATS."

THE ADVENTURES OF FRANÇOIS,

FOUNDLING, THIEF, JUGGLER, AND FENCING-
MASTER DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.,

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Characteristics," etc.

XVIII.— *Wherein François reënters Paris, and lodges with the Crab; and of how Toto is near to death by the guillotine. François meets Despard and the marquis, who warns him and is warned.*

A FEW days later, when lying behind a deserted hut at dusk, François heard a noise of military music, and ventured forth on the road leading to the barrier. Many hundreds of the wounded from the frontier were passing, in wagons or on foot. The communes and clubs were out to meet them. The cabarets outside of the gate poured forth a noisy company. The road was full. Who should stop the free citizen or the ladies of the fish-market, come to welcome patriot volunteers? Here was an escort of troops, wild, triumphant greeting of captured Austrian flags, many wounded in wagons, many more afoot, marching wearily. Those who walked the people must aid. The ranks were soon broken, and all was good-natured tumult. Here was help for heroes—wine, bread, eager aid of an arm. Some who were dragging

along on crutches, to get a little relief from jolting wagons, were hoisted, to their discomfort, on the shoulders of friendly patriots not eager to volunteer.

François, tucking Toto under his cloak, edged himself into the broken ranks of the heroes of Hondschoote and Wattignies. "We are many," he said to a man beside him, as tattered as he, for there was scarcely a rag of uniform. "Jolly to get home again!"

"*Sacré!* not if they guillotined thy father a week ago."

"*Dame!* is that so? But patience, and hold thy tongue, citizen. *Tonnerre!* my leg." He was limping.

"Thy shoulder, friend"—to a blouse. "*Tiens!* that is better. The Austrian bullets have a liking for one's bones. Crack! crack! I can hear them yet. They do not spare the officers any more than they do the privates."

Should they carry the citizen officer—take care of his sword? François thanked them; the citizens must be careful of his leg; and there was François on the arms of two big Jacobins, like a dozen more; for it was who



QUATRE PATTES.

should help? and a shouting, good-humored crowd. François was not altogether well pleased at his elevation; he dropped forward his too well-known face. There was a jam at the barrier. Had these citizen soldiers their passes, as provided? François was weak; he suffered, poor fellow! The Jacobins and the women roared derisively: "Passes for heroes?" All order was lost. They were through, and in the Rue d'Enfer. Would the good citizens let him walk? He was heavy, and they were pleased to be relieved

of one hundred and ninety-five pounds of wounded hero.

Meanwhile there was some renewed order in the broken formation; yet now and then men fell out to meet sweethearts or friends, usually coming back again to the ranks. The hint was good.

"*Ciel!* comrade, there is my mother!" The crowd gave way as the hero hobbled out of the line. He called out: "*Mère, mère* --mother! Here! 'Tis I --Adolphe. The deuce! she is so deaf."

Where was she? Citizens were eager to help him.

"Ah," he cried, "she saw me not"; and, turning into a side street near the asylum, limped painfully in pursuit of the mother who was afflicted with deafness. Toto followed. Once around a corner, the lameness disappeared. In the gathering dusk he set out for the cité.

"It must be Quatre Pattes, Toto. Come along. A bad year, my friend, to have lost a father and a mother. No matter; we are in Paris."

He loved the streets. "Ah, there is Notre Dame and the river!" He was happy, and went along laughing, and at last turned into a small café near to his old home in the Rue des Chanteurs.

He was tired and hungry, and, as he agreeably remembered, well off, having had small chance to spend the money with which he had been generously provided by Achille Gamel. The bread and cheese were good, and the wine was not bad. He asked for tobacco and a pipe. Would the host find him "L'Ami du Peuple"? He was a sublieutenant, wounded on the frontier; but, *dame!* to get home was happiness.

Two men sat down by him, and talked. Good Jacobins were these, in the dirty uniforms of the sansculotte army which kept Paris in order at the rate of forty sous a day. "Bad wages, citizen lieutenant," they said.

The hero of the frontier was worse off—no pay for three months. He related his battles; and now he must go.

"Come, Toto." Toto had been wounded at Wattignies; he was well now, and would be promoted. "*Bon soir*, comrades." In fact, he was wildly gay, glad to be back in Paris.

He paused, at last, before a house of the date of Henri II. Its heavy, narrow door, and a slit in the wall for a window, told of days when every man's house was a fortress.

"It is our best chance, Toto; but best may be bad. We must do something." He jingled the bell. The cord was drawn by the concierge within, so as to lift the latch, and François entered the hall. To right was the Crab's den, and there within was Quatre Pattes. He saw the thin red nose, the bleared red eyes, the bearded chin, and the two sticks.

"*Mille tonnerres!* my child, it is thou. And where hast thou been? There is no thief like thee. Come and laugh for thy old mother." She welcomed him in thieves' slang, vile, profuse, and emphatic. Had he any money? Yes, a little; business was good in the provinces; and would she house him? Here was a louis

d'or for *maman*; and what was this abominable *carte de sûreté*? This new trap she explained. He need have no fear; she would get him one. He had been in bad company, she had heard; for a Jacobin had told her of the fencing-school, and thither, too late, she had gone to get a little help. He had nearly killed Amar, "*le farouche*," and that injured citizen was said to desire his society. But that was long ago; and Paris lived fast, and was gay, and forgot easily.

François had no wish to refresh Citizen Amar's memory. He asked lightly if she had ever seen Grégoire, the commissioner to Normandy.

Mme. Quatre Pattes had never seen him. He was of the Great Committee—a patriot of the best, like herself. Did he know Grégoire? He told her frankly that he had been arrested by Grégoire, and had escaped.

"Thou art the first, my child!" she cried, her jaws champing as if she were eating. "Thou hast a fine taste in the choosing of enemies. I would not be in thy skin for a hundred louis; and now a cat of the night thou must be. I can hide thee awhile; but if thou dost feed me well, the mama-crab will care for thee. No one need know thou art here. Come, get thee a few louis, and we will buy a fine card of safety, and christen thee to suit. Ha, ha! my little one!" and she beat with her sticks on the floor.

Our thief was now back in his garret, having lost as many fair chances of prosperity as did Murad the Unlucky. He reflected much in these late autumn months of 1793, being for his wants rich, and therefore in no necessity to give a thought to methods of getting his daily diet. During the daytime Quatre Pattes insisted on his secluding himself in his garret. At night he left Toto with the Crab, who fed him well, and was therefore liked by a revolutionary dog without prejudices. From these night prowls François returned with sad complaints of the way the republicans guarded their slim purses; in fact, at this time he avoided adventures, stole from no one, and gave of his lessening store what barely contented Mme. Quatre Pattes. Were I to say that his goodness came from newly acquired views of life, I should mislead. He was as honest as ever, which is to say he took no thought at all as to ethical questions. We are said to be children of circumstance, which may be described as the environment of the hour. This is true of the feeble; but character was the more despotic parent in this resolute man, who could wrestle strenu-

ously with circumstance. He was a royalist because he liked show and color and the fine manners of the great; in the past he stole because he knew no other way to live. His admirable health was a contribution to his natural cheerfulness. He still had simple likings—for the country, for animals, and would have had for books had they been easy to get, or had he known how to get those which would have fed his mind and had sauce of interest.

His surroundings would have surely and hopelessly degraded a less permanent character, and a nature without his ingrained gaiety would have taken more steadily some thought of the far future. He knew too well how the thief's life ended: the galleys, the wheel, the lonely death-bed in the hospital. If he reflected on it at all, as he seems to have done at this time, it was because of his long, weary days in the attic. The immediate future at this period did disturb him, but never long. He liked to talk, and, lacking society, talked more and more to himself aloud, with Toto for an audience which never ceased to attend. He who is pleased with his own talk cannot easily be bored; and so he talked, until Quatre Pattes, who loved keyholes and to listen, thought he must be out of his head. She herself was always either silent or boisterous, and was as to this like other beasts of prey. When in calamity François was too busy to be serious. When at ease the mirthfulness of his natural man forbade argument as to what the dice-box of to-morrow would offer; for to laugh is to hope, and François, as we know, laughed much, well, and often.

There were many times in his life when to have been honestly loved by a woman capable of comprehending both his strength and his weakness would, I think, have given him the chance to live a better life. But how was this possible to one who lived as he lived—who was what he was?

To be merely liked was pleasant to François, and appealed with the most subtle form of flattery to his immense self-esteem. The man was sensitive, and in after days, when in an atmosphere of refinement, would never speak of the terrible women he had known too well in the cité. Having no longer the distraction of the streets, he was at present condemned to live long hours with no society but that of Toto and the animal Quatre Pattes. He bought a small field-glass, and studied the habits of his neighbors far and near, and once more took interest in the *feline owners of the roof-tops*. Quatre Pattes

fed him well, and brought him some of the old gazettes.

He read how, on that frightful 5th of September, now past, one of the five complementary days of the republican calendar, on motion of Barrère, "Terror" was decreed by the convention to be the order of the day. It was indeed the birth-hour of the Terror. The Great Committee was in power. The revolutionary tribunals were multiplied. The law of suspected persons was drawn with care by the great jurist Merlin of Douai. Behind these many man-traps was the Committee of Public Security, with despotic power over the persons of all men, and in full control of the prisons. To it the subcommittees reported arrests; it secured the prisoners who were to be tried; it saw to the carrying out of all sentences; it kept the peace in Paris with an array of sansculottes, and fed the guillotine daily. Of this stern mechanism, strong of head and incapable of pity, was Pierre André Amar; as, one day, François read with his full share of the Terror. There was soon enough of it to supply all France.

Before November came, François, pretending to have been in luck, supplied the Crab with six louis. She exacted two more, and how much she kept none may know. He had very few left.

She was as good as her word. "Here, my little one, is the *carte de sûreté* from the committee of this section." The description was taken from his passport. He was no more to be François, but François Beau. If he would denounce one or two people, the committee would indorse his card as that of "a good patriot who deserved well of the country." There was the lame cobbler over the way, who talked loosely, and to whom the Crab owed money; that would be useful and convenient. François shivered all down his long back; he would see. Meanwhile, as he considered, Quatre Pattes twisted her bent spine, rattled her two sticks, and looked up at him sidewise with evil eyes, bidding him have a care, and not get his good mama into trouble, or else, or else—François felt that some night he might have to wring that wrinkled neck. He was uneasy, and with good reason.

He could bear the confinement no longer, and in December began to find his cash getting low. He had let his beard grow, and taken to long, tight pantaloons and a red cap. He felt that, come what might, he must take the risks of daylight.

The chances against him were small. The numberless denunciations of the winter fell

chiefly on the rich, the rash in talk, the foes of the strong heads who were ably and mercilessly ruling France. The poor, the obscure, and the cautious bourgeoisie were as a rule safe until, in the spring, something like a homicidal mania took possession of Robespierre and others, who, although they were the most intelligent of the Great Committee, were never in control of a steady majority and began to fear for their own heads.

Outwardly Paris was gay. The restaurateurs made money; the people were fed by levies of grain on the farmers; and the tumbrel, on its hideous way, rarely excited much attention. The autumn and winter of '93 were not without peril or adventure for the thief. The Palais d'Égalité, once royal, was his favored resort, and with his well-trained sleight of hand he managed to equalize the distribution of what money was left to his own advantage and the satisfaction of the Crab.

The dark drama went on; but, except the *tricoteuses* who, like Quatre Pattes, went daily to see the guillotine at work, comparatively few attended this daily spectacle. Paris, wearied of crime and too much politics, was tired of the monotony of slaughter, which had now no shadow of excuse.

"Would the citizen miss the death of the Austrian, the ex-queen?" He would not; he knew better than to say no to Quatre Pattes. Would he go with her? She could get him a good place, and all Paris would be there. All Paris was not to his desire. He said he would go alone. A walk with this four-footed creature and her becketing sticks he liked not. He called his dog, and, avoiding the vast assemblage on the Place of the Revolution, found his way to the Rue St. Honoré.

He stood in a crowd against a house. The tumbrel came slowly, and, because of the surging mass of people, paused opposite to him. He looked about him. In a group at a window on the far side of the street he saw a man apparently sketching the sad figure in the cart. It seemed devilish to this poor outcast of the cité. His face flushed; he asked who that was in the window, at which many were staring. The man he addressed was in black, and looked to be an ex-abbé.

"My son," he said quietly, and with no evidence of caution—"my son, 't is David the painter, he of the Great Committee. He hath no heart; but in another world he will get it again, and then—"

"Take care!" said François. The shouting

crowd cried: "Messalina! Down with the Austrian!"

François looked, and saw the bent figure seated in the cart. Pale it was, with a red spot on each cheek, haggard; her gray hair cut close, pitiful; with pendent breasts uncorseted, lost to the horrors of the insults hurled at her abject state. François moved away, and the tumbrel went rumbling on. An hour later he was crossing the broad Elysian Fields amid the scattered crowd. It was over, and few cared. The booths were selling toy guillotines. Of a sudden he missed Toto. He called him, and, hearing him bark, pushed in haste into a large tent filled with women and children and with men in blouses.

"The citizen has not paid," cried the door-keeper. François saw Toto struggling in the hands of a red-bearded man who was crying out: "Enter! enter! Trial and execution of an *émigré* dog. *Voilà*, citizens! Range yourselves." There was the red guillotine, the basket, the sawdust, and poor Toto howling. It was a spectacle which much amused the lower class of Jacobins. "*À bas le chien aristocrate!*"

François advanced with his cheerful smile. "The citizen is mistaken; it is my dog."

"Where is his *carte de sûreté*?" laughed the man. "Up with him for trial!"

Four monkeys were the judges. Jeers and laughter greeted François: "No, no; go on!"

He caught the man by the arm. The fellow let fall Toto, who made a hasty exit.

"I denounce thee for an enemy of the republic!" cried the showman. "Seize him! seize him!" François broke away, and, using his long arms, reached the entrance. There was no earnest desire to stop him. The door-keeper caught him by the collar. He kicked as only a master of the *savate* knows how to kick, and, free of the grip, called to Toto, and plunged into a crowd which made no effort to recapture him. He moved with them, and soon turned to cross the river.

Midway on the bridge he came face to face with Despard. He was ragged and fleshless, the shadow of the well-fed Jacobin he had last seen in the château of Ste. Luce.

"*Ciel!*" exclaimed François, "thou art starved." He had no grudge against his old partner, but he fully appreciated the danger of this encounter.

He was comforted by the man's alarm. "Come," said François, and took him into a little drinking-shop. It was deserted at this time of day. He easily drew out all he desired to know. Mme. Renée was assuredly dead; and he who threw the gauntlet, the

butcher, dead also; and three or more on the fatal stairway. Grégoire had punished the village severely; heads had fallen. Pierre's friend Robespierre had abandoned him, had even threatened him—Pierre! but he had escaped any worse fate. He was half famished; and would François help him? François ordered bread and cheese and wine. He would see what next to do. And what of the marquis? He had not appeared in the lists of the guillotined; but he might readily have died unnamed, and escaped François's notice.

"No," said Pierre, sadly; "he lives. The devil cannot die. He got away from Grégoire. Who could keep that man? But for thee and the accursed commissioner, I should have had my revenge. We shall meet some day."

"Shall I find him for thee?"

"*Dame!* no. Let us go out. I am uneasy; I am afraid."

"But of what?"

He did not know; he was afraid. François was puzzled. The man's eyes wandered here and there; he got up, and sat down again, went to the door, looked about him, and came back. At last, as François began to consider how to be free of a dubious acquaintance, Pierre said drearily:

"Is it easy to die? I should like to die. If I were brave like thee, I should drown myself."

"Ah, well," laughed François, "there is the guillotine—short and comfortable."

"Thou wilt not denounce me?" he cried, leaping to his feet. "I have my *carte*; I will let thee see it." He was like a scared child.

"Nonsense!" cried François, with good-humored amusement. "I must go. Here is a gold louis. Why dost thou not rob a few Jacobins?"

"Hush! I dare not; I was brave once. Thou didst save me once; help me now. Thou wilt not let me starve?"

"No, indeed. I? Not I. Take care of thy louis; they are scarce. Meet me here at this hour in a week. Adieu. At this hour, mind."

"Art thou going to leave me alone?"

François was grieved, but could not remain, and hastened away, while Pierre looked after him with melancholy eyes.

"Come, Toto," he said, as he turned a corner. "The man is mad. Let us thank the *bon Dieu* we never have had a wife; and the rest of our relatives we have buried—papa and mama, and all the family."

It was not in the man to forget, and a week later he cautiously entered the little *café* to keep his engagement. It was noisy.

To his surprise, he saw Pierre declaiming lustily to half a dozen blouses.

"Ah!" he cried, seeing François, "*mon ami*, here is a seat. There is good news from the frontier. A glass for the citizen." Clink, clink. "*À vous*. Death to royal rats!" He went on in a wild way until the workmen had gone, and François stopped him with:

"What the deuce has come to thee?"

"Oh, nothing. I have had one of the fits you know of; I am always better after them. *Diable!* no marquis could scare me to-day. I saw him last week, I did. I followed him. It is he who would have been scared. I—I missed him in a crowd. In a minute I should have had him, like that," and he turned a glass upside down so as to capture a fly which was foraging on the table—"like *that*," he repeated triumphantly.

François watched him, and saw a flushed face, tremulous hands, staring eyes.

"He is afraid; he can't get out"; and the man laughed low, pointing to his prisoner.

"And thou wouldst have denounced him?" said François.

"Why not? He is one of them. He is hell; he is the devil! I saw no officers to help me."

"Thou art cracked; thou wilt denounce me next."

Pierre looked at François with unusual steadiness of gaze, hesitated, and replied:

"I thought of it; you are all for these people."

François, in turn, looked his man over curiously. He had now a queer expression of self-satisfied elation. "A good joke, that," said François. "Wait a moment; I left Toto outside." He went to the door, and looked up and down the street. "Wait," he cried to Pierre. "Hang the dog!" And in an instant he had left the citizen to abide his return. Once in his garret, he cried: "Toto, thou hast no sense. The sane scoundrels are bad enough, but why didst thou fetch on me this crazy rascal? And so the marquis got away, Toto. The man with the wart is not as clever as I thought him. But some folks have luck."

The sad winter of the Terror wore on, while François continued to live unmolested, and pursued his estimable occupation always with an easy conscience, but often with an uneasy mind.

It was now near the end of the pleasant month of May, 1794—the month Prairial of the new calendar. The roses were in bloom. The violets were seeking sunshine here and there, half hidden in the rare grasses of the trampled space of the Place of the Revolution.

On the six bridges which spanned the canals, its boundaries, children were looking at the swans. In the middle space, the scaffold and cross-beams of the guillotine rose dark red against the blue sky of this afternoon of spring. Two untidy soldiers marched back and forth beside it. The every-day tragedy of the morning was over; why should the afternoon remember? The great city seemed to have neither heart nor memory. The drum-beat of a regiment going to the front rang clear down the Quai des Tuileries. People ran to see; children and their nurses left the swans. The birds in the trees listened, and, liking not this crude music, took wing, and perched on the beams of the monstrous thing in the center of the Place.

François crossed the open ground, with Toto close to heel. The keeper of the little café where he liked to sit had just told him that the citizen with whom he had twice come thither had been asking for him, and that with this citizen had also come once a stout man, who would know where Citizen François lived. This last was of the fourth section, one Grégoire, a man with a wart.

"Thou didst notice the man?" said François, much troubled.

"Notice him? I should think so. *Dame!* I am of the Midi. A wart on a man's nose is bad luck; the mother of that man saw a cockatrice egg in the barn-yard."

"A cockatrice egg! What the mischief is that?"

"*Tiens!* if you were of the Midi, you would know. When a hen cackles loud, 't is that she hath laid a great egg; the father is a basilisk."

"*Tonnerre!* a basilisk?"

"Thou must crush the egg, and not look, else there is trouble; thy next child will have warts, or his eyebrows will meet, and then look out!" François's superstition was vastly reinforced by this legend.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he cried; "he hath both." This François was a bold man when he had to meet danger face to face, but, like a child as to many things, afraid where a less imaginative man would have been devoid of fear.

Just now he had been turning over in his mind the chance of the Crab's betraying him. She had been prowling about his garret, and had stolen a well-hidden score of francs. He dared not complain. What scant possessions he had would fall into her claws if at any minute she might choose to denounce him. Of late, purses were too well guarded. The display of luxury in lace and gold seals no longer afforded an available resource.

Except Robespierre, who defied popular sentiment, few men carried two watches. *Quatre Pattes* had the appetite of a winter wolf, and was becoming more and more exacting. She asked why he did not sell his rapier. If it were known that he withheld weapons such as the republic claimed, there might be trouble. Why had he not given up his pistols? They were gold-mounted, and had belonged to a grandee of Spain. Why not sell them? They would fetch a deal of money.

He was not inclined to part with his arms, and least of all with his rapier. At last he gave her one pistol, which she sold; the other he hung high up on a peg set within the chimney, having hidden in its barrel the precious little document he had captured from Citizen Grégoire in that pleasant inn on the Seine, where an agreeable evening had ended with such unaccountable abruptness.

Next to the Crab's treachery, he feared most to meet Despard when the Jacobin should chance to be in one of those aggressive moods which were so puzzling to François. But above all did he dread Grégoire, as he reflected on that business of the cockatrice egg and the basilisk.

It seemed as though he were doomed, and this most cheery of men became distinctly unhappy. "That *sacré* basilisk!" he muttered, and, less on guard than usual, wandered on, taking stock of his perplexities.

Near to the foundations of the Madeleine, where work had long since ceased, he paused to recreate himself with a puppet-show. The vanquished fiend was Citizen *Jean Boule*. He was soon guillotined. The crowd was merry, and François, refreshed, contributed his own share of appreciative mirth. In the throng he unluckily set his big foot on the toes of a little Jacobin dressed in the extreme of the fashions these gentry affected. The small man was not to be placated by François's abundant excuses, and demanded the citizen's card of safety. It was an every-day matter. No one dared to refuse. There were half-insane men, in those times, who satisfied their patriotism by continually exacting cards from timid women or from any well-dressed man. To decline was to break the law. François obeyed with the utmost civility. The little man returned the card.

"The citizen is of the best of the sections, but, *sacré!* he is heavy." Much relieved, François went on. In the Rue St. Honoré the corner of a lace handkerchief invited a transfer, and lace handkerchiefs were rare. As there was a small, well-occupied group

looking through a shop-window at a caricature of Mr. Pitt, the occasion appeared propitious, and the handkerchief changed owners.

A minute later a man touched François's shoulder.

"Thy card, citizen!"

"The deuce!" said the thief, as he turned. "This gets monotonous. *Mon Dieu*, the marquis!" he exclaimed.

"Hush! Your card. You are followed—watched. There is this one chance." François produced his card. The marquis murmured, "Take care; obey me." Holding the card in his hand, he called authoritatively to a municipal guard who was passing. The man stopped, but no one else paused. Curiosity was perilous.

"This good citizen is followed by that man yonder—the one with the torn bonnet. I know the citizen. Here is his card and mine. Just tell that fellow to be careful"; and he slipped his own card of safety into the guard's hand, and under it three louis. The guard hesitated; then he glanced at the card.

"T is in order, and countersigned by Vadier of the Great Committee. These spies are too busy; I will settle the fellow. Good morning, citizens."

They moved away quietly, in no apparent haste. As they were turning a corner, the thief looked back.

"I am a lost man, monsieur!" He saw, far away, the man of the torn red bonnet, and with him Quatre Pattes. She was evidently in a rage. He understood at once. In the thieves' quarter denunciations were not in favor. She knew too well the swift justice of this bivouac of outcasts to risk being suspected as a traitor to its code. The night before, he had been unable to give her money, and had again refused to sell his weapons. She had angrily reminded him that he was in her power, and he had for the first time declared that he would let the cité settle with her. He had been rash, and now, too late, he knew it.

He hastily explained his sad case to the disguised gentleman, and was on the point of telling him that this Quatre Pattes was that Mme. Quintette who had once been his agent, and would probably be an enemy not to be despised. He glanced at the marquis, and, wisely or not, held his tongue.

"We must part here," said the gentleman. He had hesitated when chance led him to the neighborhood of the thief in trouble; but he *was a courageous man*, and disliked to owe to an inferior any such service as François

had more than once rendered him. Vadier's sign manual on his own card of safety was an unquestioned assurance of patriotism; it had cost him a round sum, but it had its value.

When he said, "I must leave you," the thief returned:

"I am sorry, monsieur; I know not what to do or where to go."

"Nor I," replied Ste. Luce, coldly. "Nor, for that matter, a thousand men in Paris to-day." He had paid a debt, and meant to be rid of a disreputable and dangerous acquaintance. "Better luck to you!" he added.

"May I say to monsieur, who has helped me, that Despard is in Paris, and has seen him?"

The marquis turned. "Why did not you kill him when you had the chance?"

"You forbade me."

"That is true—quite true. Had you done it without asking me, I had been better pleased."

"I had no grudge against him."

"Well, well, thank you, my man; I can look out for myself."

"Will monsieur accept the gratitude of a poor devil of a thief?"

"Oh, that is all right. One word more. It is as well to tell you, my man, how I came to speak to you. When first I observed you, as I fell behind, I saw that terrible old witch with two sticks pointing you out to the fellow with the torn cap; then he followed you."

"It was Quatre Pattes, monsieur. I lodge in her house."

"A good name, I should say. I wish you better luck and safer lodgings. Adieu"; and he went quietly on his way.

XIX.—*Of the sorrowful life of loneliness, of François's arrest, and of those he met in prison.*

FRANÇOIS stood still. He was alone, and felt of a sudden, as never before, the solitude of an uncompanied life. The subtle influence of the Terror had begun to sap the foundations of even his resolute cheerfulness. It was this constancy of dread which to some natures made the terrible certainties of the prisons a kind of relief. He looked after the retreating figure as it moved along the *quai* and was lost to view in the Rue des Petits-Augustines, once the street of the Augustinian fathers.

"Toto," he said, "I would I had his clever head. When 't is a question of hearts, *mon ami*, I would rather have thine. And now, what to do?" At last he moved swiftly along the borders of the Seine, and soon regained

his own room. The Crab would go to the afternoon market; her net swung over her arm at the time he had seen her; and, as she always moved slowly, he had ample leisure.

He packed his bag, laid his pistol on a chair, took off one shoe, and replaced in its old hiding-place the paper he had secured when in company with Grégoire. Its value he very well knew. After a moment's reflection, he put his pistol back on the peg high up in the chimney. He had been in the house nearly an hour, and was ready to leave, when he heard feet, and a knock at the locked door. A voice cried:

"In the name of the republic, open!" He knew that he was lost.

"*Dame! Toto.* We are done for, my little one"; and then, without hesitation, he opened the door. Three municipals entered. One of them said:

"We arrest thee, citizen, as an *émigré* returned."

"*Émigré!*" and he laughed in his usual hearty way. "If I had been that, no one would have caught me back in France. Ah, well, I am ready, citizen. Here is an old rapier. The woman will sell it; better to give it to thee or to the republic." He took up his slender baggage, and followed them. When they were down-stairs, he asked leave to see the Crab. The guard called her out of her den.

"*Chère maman,*" said François, "this is thy doing. These good citizens have my rapier, and the pistol is gone. Not a *sou* is left thee. Thou hast killed the goose that laid the golden eggs. Alas!"

The Crab rattled her claws on the canes, and these on the floor, and spat vileness of thieves' slang, declaring it a wicked lie. Would they take the silver-hilted sword? It was hers, and he owed her rent. At last, laughing, the guards secured the thief's hands behind his back, and marched him away to the revolutionary committee of the section Franklin. Here no time was lost with the *émigré*, who was sent off in a hurry to the prison of the Madelonnettes, with poor Toto trotting after him, much perplexed by the performance.

François was astounded at the celerity and certainty of the methods by which he, a free Arab of the streets, was thus caged. As usual, it acted on his sense of humor, and before the dreaded sectional tribunal and with the municipals he was courageously merry. When he heard that he was to be sent to the Madelonnettes, he said:

"But, citizens, I am not of the sex. *Mon*

Dieu! the Madelonnettes! 'T is not respectable—'t is not decent"; and he laughed outright. As no man was ever so made as to be protected from the infection of such mirth as the thief's, the judges laughed in chorus. One of them, disturbed in his slumber, awoke, and seeing no cause for this long-visaged flap-ear so to mock the justice of the republic, he said:

"Thou wilt not laugh long, miserable aristocrat!" This much delighted François. "By St. Jacobus, citizen, I swear to thee I am only an honest thief. I did not expect to be made of the fine nobility by a good democrat like thee."

"Off with him!" said the judge. "They laugh best who laugh last."

"No, no," cried the incorrigible; "they laugh best who laugh most. *Au revoir.*"

"Take him away! The next case."

The thief was gay, and amused the officers; but his keen senses were now all on guard, and, too, like others, he felt relieved at the ending of his life of suspense and watchful anxiety. His misfortune was plainly due to the avarice and needs of the Crab, and to her belief that he had ceased to be available as a means of support.

There was a little delay at the front of the old house of detention; some formalities were to be gone through with. François took careful note of it all. The prison stood in the Rue des Fontaines: a gray stone building, with a lofty story on the first floor, and, above, three stories and an attic; a high wall to left shut in the garden.

On entering a long, dark corridor, his bonds were removed, his bundle was searched, and what little money he had was scrupulously restored to him. He was stripped and examined, even to his shoes; but as the tongue of leather was loose only at the toes, the precious document escaped a very rigorous search. Poor Toto had been left outside, despite François's entreaties. In the cell to which he was consigned were eight straw mattresses. He arranged his small baggage, and was told he was free to go whither he would above the *rez-de-chaussée*, which was kept for forgers of assignats and thieves. The corridor was some fifty feet long, and smelt horribly. On the main floor was the common dining-room. A separate staircase led to a garden of considerable size, planted with box and a few quince- and other fruit-trees. At night two municipals guarded this space, while, outside, the steps of sentries could be heard when the hours of darkness brought their quiet. At 9 P.M. the prisoners,

who assembled in the large hall, answered to their names; a bell rang, and they were locked in their cells, or slept as they could in the corridors. The richer captives were taxed to support their poor companions, and even to buy and feed the mastiffs that roamed at night in the garden.

Much of all this François learned as he arranged his effects and talked gaily with the turnkey, one Vaubertrand, a watchful but not unkindly little man. Thus informed, François, curious as usual, went down the corridor, and out into the garden. Here were quite two hundred men and women, some in careful, neat dress, many in rags. He saw, as he looked, *curés*, ladies, seamstresses, great nobles, unlucky colonels, and, as he learned later, musicians, poets; and, to his surprise, for he knew the theaters, actors such as Fleury, Saint-Prix, and Champville, whose delicious laughter the Comédie Française knew so well. Here, too, were Boulainvilliers, De Crosne, and Dazincourt, the ex-kings and heroes of the comic stage; and there, in a group apart, the fine gentles and dames who had exchanged Versailles and the Trianon for this home of disastrous fortunes.

"Yes," said the turnkey; "the citizen is right; 't is a droll menagerie," and so left him.

François looked at the walls and chained dogs, and knew at once that the large numbers in the prison made impossible that solitude in which plans of escape prosper. For a while no one noticed him so far as to speak to him. The ill-clad and poor kept to one side of the garden; on the other, well-dressed people were chatting in the sun. Women were sewing; a young man was reciting verses; and De Crosne, with the child of the concierge on his lap, was telling fairy-tales. Ignorant of the etiquette of the prison, François wandered here and there, not observing that he was stared at with surprise as he moved among the better clad on the sunny side of the yard. He was interested by what he saw. How quiet they all were! what fine garments! what bowing and courtesying! He liked it, as he always liked dress and color, and the ways of these imperturbable great folks. Beyond this his reflections did not go; nor as yet had he been here long enough to note how, day by day, some gentleman disappeared, or some kindly face of woman was seen no more. What he did observe was that here and there a woman or a man sat apart in self-contained grief, remembering those they *had lost*. The thief moved on, thoughtful.

At this moment he heard "*Diable!*" and saw the Marquis de Ste. Luce. "What! and have they trapped you, my inevitable thief? I myself was bagged and caged just after I left you. We are both new arrivals. Come aside with me."

François followed him, saying he was sorry to find the marquis here.

"It was to be, sooner or later; and I presume it will not last long. I was careless; and, after all, François, it was my fate—my shadow. A man does many things to amuse himself, and some one of them casts a lengthening shadow as time goes on. The shadow—my shadow—well, no matter. We all have our shadows, and at sunset they lengthen."

"T is like enough, monsieur. T is like me. There is a man with a wart I am afraid of, and it is because of that wart. The man is a drunken fool."

"Despard is my wart," said the marquis, dryly. "As to being afraid, my good François, I never had the malady, not even as a boy."

"*Dame!* I have it now; and to get out of this is impossible."

"I think so. Did you mention Despard?"

"No; it was monsieur spoke of him."

"Quite true—quite true. He found me at last. Confound the fellow! I did not credit him with being clever."

"So this is his man with a wart?" thought François, but made no comment. He had not fully comprehended the simile with which this impassive seigneur illustrated the fact that but one of his many misdeeds had cast on his future a lengthening shadow of what he would have hesitated to call remorse.

"François," he said, "you and I are new additions to this queer collection. I may as well warn you that even here spies abound. Why? The deuce knows. Barn-yard fowls are not less considered than are we. It is the tribunal one day; then the Conciergerie; and next day, *affaire finie*, the business is over. Meanwhile, you are in the best society in France. There are M. de la Ferté, the Comte de Mirepoix, the Duc de Lévis, the Marquis de Fleury. I used to think them dull; calamity has not sharpened their wits. *Diable!* but you are welcome." The marquis had all his life amused himself with small regard to what was thought of him or his ways of recreation. "'T is a bit of luck to find you here in this hole." François could hardly agree with the opinion, but he laughed as he said so.

"Here comes my old comrade, De Laval Montmorency. He is still a gay jester. He

says we are like Saul and that other fellow, Jonathan, except that in death we shall both of us to a certainty be divided."

"*Ciel!* 't is a ghastly joke, monsieur."

"It has decidedly a local flavor. I must not play telltale about you, or they will put you in the *rez-de-chaussée*, and, by St. Denis! I should miss you. Do not contradict me. I shall have a little amusement in perplexing these gentlemen. Your face will betray you; it used to be pretty well known. However, we shall see."

The nobleman last named threaded his way through the crowd, excusing himself and bowing as he came.

"Ah," he said, "Ste. Luce, another new arrival. The hotel is filling up. Good morning, monsieur. *Grand merci!* 't is our old acquaintance who used to tell fortunes on the Champs Élysées; told mine once, but, alas! did not warn me of this. Well, well, we have here some queersociety. Take care, Ste. Luce; this citizen may be a spy, for all thou knowest. I assure thee we have to be careful."

"I—I a *mouchard*—a spy?"

"M. de Montmorency has no such idea," said Ste. Luce. "I shall ask him to respect your desire to be known by a name not your own. Permit me to add that I have less reason to thank some of my friends than I have to thank this gentleman. He is pleased to have mystified Paris for a wager, or no matter what. Just now he is—what the deuce is it you call yourself at present?"

François was delighted with the jest. "Allow me, monsieur, to pass as Citizen François. My real name— But you will pardon me; real names are dangerous."

"And what are names to-day," said the marquis, "thine or mine? My friend here—well, between us, Montmorency, this is he who held the stair with me in my *ci-devant* château. Thou wilt remember I told thee of it. A good twenty minutes we kept it against a hundred or so of my grateful people. He is the best blade in Paris, and, *foi d'honneur*, that business was no trifle."

"Who you are, or choose to be, I know not," said the older noble, "but I thank you; and, *pardieu!* Ste. Luce is free with your biography."

This was François's opinion.

No one knew distinctly who was this new-

comer, concerning whom, for pure cynical amusement, Ste. Luce said so much that was gracious. Any freshly gay companion was welcomed, if his manners were at all endurable. The actors and actresses were pleasantly received. The few who remembered the long face, and ears like sails, and the captivating laugh of the former reader of palms, were so bewildered by Ste. Luce's varied statements that the poor thief found himself at least tolerated. He liked it. Nevertheless, as the days went by, and while seemingly the gayest of the gay, François gave serious thought to the business of keeping his head on his shoulders. He told fortunes,—always happy ones,—played tricks, and cut out of paper all manner of animals for the little girl, the child of the turnkey. Toto he gave up for lost; but on the fourth day the dog, half starved, got a chance when a prisoner entered. He dashed through the guards, and fled up stairs and down, until, seeing his master in the big hall, he ran to him, panting. The head jailer would have removed him, but there was a great outcry; and at last, when little Annette, François's small friend, cried, the dog was allowed to remain.

He was, as the marquis declared, much more interesting than most of the prisoners, and possessed, as he added, the advantage over other prisoners of being permanent. In fact, they were not. Every day or two came long folded papers. The *ci-devant* Baron Bellefontaine would to-morrow have the cause of his detention considered by Tribunal No. 3. Witnesses and official defenders had been allowed; but of late, and to *émigrés* these were often denied. Also, witnesses were scarce and easily terrified, so that batches of merely suspected persons were condemned almost unheard. To be tried meant nearly always the Conciergerie and death. All cases were supposed to be tried in the order of their arrests; but great sums were spent in paying clerks to keep names at the foot of the fatal dockets of the committee. The members of this terrible government survived or died with much judicial murder on their souls; but countless millions passed through their hands without one man of them becoming rich. Elsewhere, with the lower officers, gold was an effective ally when it was desired to postpone the time of trial.

(To be continued.)

TEN YEARS OF KAISER WILHELM.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

ON January 27, 1888, the present William II of Germany had achieved the rank of major-general in the Prussian army. He was twenty-nine years of age, esteemed by his fellow-officers as an intelligent and enterprising commander, but known to Germans at large only by an effort of certain philanthropists to make him a leader of anti-Semitic propaganda. On June 15 of 1888 he ascended the imperial throne, and at once began to rule his forty-five millions of Germans with a vigor that had not been experienced in that country since the days of the Great Elector.

I have known few men so free from brag or hypocrisy as was this German prince when he ascended the imperial throne. On the Christmas immediately preceding the death of his noble father he wrote a letter to a friend three thousand miles away. I have no right to make this letter public, but shall be forgiven for this much: the writer dwelt earnestly upon the year that was closing, and particularly referred to the problems of the future, little dreaming that he was the one who would be called upon to assist in their solution. In this letter he confessed that the ambition of his life was to improve the condition of the working-people, to reconcile the rasping conflict between those who have and those who have not, and, above all, to make the Christian religion a real thing. He went on jokingly to lament that some of our American millionaires did not see fit to leave him legacies for this purpose; for he was, he said, always hampered for want of necessary funds.

We live so much nowadays in an atmosphere of political and journalistic selfishness that we do not readily believe a man who says that he is working merely for the good of others. We have been constantly trying to find a solution to the acts and words of William II, and stubbornly refuse to believe him when he explains himself. The German Emperor knows the history of his family well, and to him that history teaches this lesson: that a Prussian monarch governs by right divine, and not as the mouthpiece of a popular congress. He is first of all a

soldier, and listens to no grievances while insubordination is discussed. The great German Empire of nearly fifty millions has grown from a nucleus that two hundred years ago, when the Great Elector was fighting for existence, was merely a swamp about the size of Rhode Island. Even the great Frederick had under him a population smaller than that of the State of New York to-day; yet he faced a coalition of all Europe. Through two centuries Prussian kings have succeeded one another with most exemplary regularity, when in Russia, France, and other parts of Europe kings had a peculiar way of dying suddenly. Some Prussian kings have been worse than others, but none has ever forfeited the loyalty of the great mass of the people; and, rightly or wrongly, the average peasant of the Fatherland regards his king as the direct author of all that is good in the country. This feeling is nearly extinct in England, and never existed in New England; we must take account of it, however, when studying German politics, for it is a force of marvelous extent and power.

William II knows England and Norway, the two most republican countries in Europe; and he frankly admits that, while popular self-government may be excellent among people familiar with the machinery of legislation, Germans are different, and require different treatment. He will discuss this matter with you freely and with knowledge. I can imagine his using such words as these: "Show me a country that in two hundred years has grown stronger than Germany, and at the same time has done so much for the education and material welfare of her people. Even America had its long civil war, and to-day offers to the world a picture of municipal administration, to say nothing of senatorial legislation, which no German need envy. For my part, I believe that one man can govern better than a congress, just as one captain can manage a ship better than a deputation of the crew. God has intrusted me with the responsibility of my station, and, with God's help, I shall try to render a good account of my stewardship."

No wonder, then, that immediately on as-

cending the throne the Emperor addressed his first words to the army, reminding his soldiers that he and they were inseparable. "We belong together," he said, "I and the army. Thus are we indissolubly united, whether God sends peace or storm. I vow to remember that the eyes of my ancestors are looking down upon me from the other world, and that it is to them that I must be responsible for the glory and honor of the army." Subsequently appeared a proclamation "to my people," in striking contrast to that issued three months before by his father, who had dwelt at considerable length upon the importance of constitutional safeguards. William II filled his proclamation with splendid sentiment, and avoided constitutional promises that might prove embarrassing. "I have assumed the government," said he, "looking up to the King of kings, and have vowed to God that, after the example of my fathers, I will be a just and clement prince to my people, that I will foster piety and the fear of God, and that I will protect peace, promote the welfare of the country, be a helper of the poor and distressed, and a true guardian of the right." There was this broad distinction between the utterances of William II and Frederick III, uttered within a hundred days. Frederick emphasized in the most solemn way the legal and constitutional limits of sovereignty. His son as carefully avoided reference to any limitation beyond those which he chose to place upon himself as a clement and God-fearing prince. His conduct is strikingly in contrast to that of his father; but then, his father was the exception in a long line of absolute rulers. William II was not merely true to the teachings of his venerable and illustrious grandfather, but equally so to the public utterances of Frederick William IV and Frederick William III, the husband of Queen Louise, to say nothing of earlier monarchs, who had little reason to address their people, one way or the other.

A week after ascending the throne, William II addressed the assembled members of the Imperial Parliament. "I have summoned you, gentlemen," said he, "in order that in your presence I may declare to the German people that I am resolved, as emperor and king, to follow the same path by which my deceased grandfather won the confidence of his allies, the love of the German people, and the good will of foreign countries." In this speech the name of God appears four times, the word constitution but once, and then in an unimportant connection. One fourteenth of

the speech relates to matters constitutional, but only in so far as this document regulates the relations of the different German states one to another. On June 27, on opening the Prussian Diet, he again paid a hearty tribute to his grandfather. "Like King William I, I will, in conformity to my oath, be faithfully and conscientiously mindful of the laws and of the rights of the representatives of the people, and will with the same conscientiousness exercise the constitutional rights of the crown, in order to hand them at some future time intact to my successor on the throne." If we recall now that this same grandfather, William I, had to leave Germany during the revolutionary days of 1848, and if we can remember how, in 1862, he set aside the Prussian constitution because members of Parliament did not vote as he wished, we shall, I think, see clearly that the present Emperor's promises to copy his grandfather did not awaken striking enthusiasm among German liberals. Had Frederick III not suffered his brief term of empire, the language of William II would have sounded like the conventional utterance of the Prussian monarch. But a liberal king had reigned in Prussia; Germans had, for the first time in their history, listened to a Hohenzollern who spoke in praise of self-government; the people were already speaking of a new era of liberty, when death carried away their dearly beloved Kaiser Friedrich, "Unser Fritz."

It would have been the part of a less courageous—that is to say, a less honest—man than William II to have continued the promises made by his father and predecessor, and then have nullified them, as did Frederick William III in 1819, Frederick William IV in 1847, and William I in 1862. On the contrary, from the very outset the Emperor has behaved with directness and courage; and it takes considerable courage, in these days of ballot-boxes and constitutional amendments, to stand up alone and question the right of majority rule.

In the first year of his reign, on the 27th of June, he received a deputation of Berlin citizens, and said to them: "Look to it that churches be built in Berlin." On the 16th of August he sent a challenge over the Rhine that left no doubt as to his views regarding his claims upon Alsace and Lorraine. "I believe that in the whole army we are united in the sentiment that we would rather die upon the field of battle—our eighteen army-corps and forty-two million people—than that one single stone of these two provinces be handed back."

Doubt frequently has been raised as to the exact language used by William II on particular occasions; for at official banquets no account is taken of the press, and the public has to trust to the memory and good will of those who happen to be present. This same sentiment, however, I heard repeated in Metz, in September, 1893, when the Emperor's audience included a large number of guests who spoke French and thought French, although officially they were rated as German. To these he said solemnly, and even sternly: "German you are, and German you shall remain, so help me God and my good sword!" I am quoting from memory, and I well recall the furtive glances shot from one to another by the Frenchmen near to me.

As early as 1888 the Emperor took sole command of the troops at the autumn maneuvers, and directed the operations of thirty thousand men with a confidence in himself that surprised, if it did not wholly please, his older generals. He worked throughout as hard as any of his subordinates, being in the saddle always before daylight, and allowing himself a bare five hours for sleep. He made one or two mistakes which were obvious even to civilians, but were as nothing compared with the fact that Germans now realized that they had an emperor who, at the age of twenty-nine, knew how to command an army in the field. Nearly every foreign power was represented at these maiden military operations, and all looked for the perpetration of some serious blunder. At the outset there were skeptics who believed that the Emperor was being coached; but this surmise was soon exploded by the masterly manner in which he summarized the work that had been done, the faults that had been made, and the remedies that should be applied. Since then it has been my good fortune to be present when the Emperor has commanded the other corps of his army in every part of Germany, and on each occasion I have been enabled to appreciate his proficiency in conceiving and executing military operations on a large scale. Incidentally, too, by studying the work of successive army-corps from year to year, I marveled still more at the even excellence of the men in the different provinces of the empire. The regiment from the borders of Russia can drill side by side with one from the Rhine, and, for me at least, it is impossible to see a difference. And it is in this constant comparison of army-corps that the chief interest of attending military maneuvers lies. We note from year to year the varying progress,

and are each year surprised by the uniform state of excellence, which is almost monotonous.

In 1889 the Emperor startled the school-teachers of Germany by telling them that they had been wrong in their method of instruction, and must henceforth do better. "For our German life, and to understand the questions of the present day, it is essential that we should understand thoroughly the history of our own time and our own people. The reason why social democracy leads astray so many heads and hearts is because we do not sufficiently teach children the mischief caused by the French Revolution, nor explain to them the heroic deeds in the wars of liberation against Napoleon." It is painfully true that the German boys of my day learned thoroughly the history of Greece and Rome, and acquired a smattering of monarchs who ruled in the middle ages, but that vital period beginning with the French Revolution and including the battle of Waterloo found no serious place in the German curriculum. Indeed, I might almost assert that if a subject proved interesting to school-boys the academic authorities were sure to regard it with suspicion, on the principle that school, to be profitable, must be drudgery, like mere mental gymnastics. The Emperor has succeeded in bringing a small degree of light into the gloomy life of the German school-boy, and for this alone he deserves gratitude. As to history, however, I doubt if the proposed reform will do much good, because the German government sees to it that those who write history conform to the views prevailing at court. Treitschke, for instance, is the favorite court historian, although I have been frequently struck by his incapacity to discuss a Prussian monarch, save from a courtly point of view. In Germany university professors profit by the favor of the court almost as much as do lawyers, physicians, and architects. I found in my own case that to publish the truth about the Hohenzollern monarch was a good way of frightening from my acquaintance a number of courtly Prussians who were in all other respects independent men.

In the second year of his reign—1889—the Emperor commanded at the maneuvers in Hanover, when he entertained the present Russian Czar, then Czarevitch. The military operations were in all respects successful, and did much to reconcile this lately conquered province. Nicholas II did not at that time make a good impression upon any German of my acquaintance. The relations be-

tween Germany and Russia were then as unfortunate as they are now between Germany and England. Up to within a few hours of his arrival, nobody about the Emperor knew when the Russian guest might be pleased to put in an appearance; and when at last he was definitely announced, he was scandalously late, and many of those who had crowded the streets out of curiosity had gone home in disgust. A war with Russia would have been popular then, for Germans were being vigorously persecuted, or Russified, in the Baltic provinces, and in other respects the Russian government improved every opportunity for showing its contempt for things and persons German. At a grand court dinner, when his imperial host proposed his health, the young Nicholas responded in French, although I was told that he knew German. When he left the table afterward, he strolled through the saloons of the palace, amid the bowing nobles, with his hands in his pockets, and an expression which, to me at least, did not suggest respect for his host, let alone for his fellow-guests. The German papers were not allowed to call attention to this, but it made considerable impression on those present.

On New Year's day, 1890, the Emperor greeted Bismarck cordially, and prayed God that he might be many years spared, for the sake of his wise and faithful counsel. Within three months he had dismissed this chancellor, and appointed General Caprivi in his stead. I am convinced that the Emperor in this step acted for what he deemed the best interests of his country. Bismarck employed his enforced leisure by saying whatever he thought might embarrass his successor or draw the Emperor into political controversy with him. Within a short time of the dismissal, the Emperor, while speaking of the reasons that had forced him to let Bismarck go, said solemnly that, whatever that disappointed man might say, still he (the Emperor) would never open his mouth against him. And he has kept his word. For now eight years Bismarck has kept up a licensed opposition in the press and has frequently published what should have been regarded as secrets of state; yet in all these years never once has the Emperor referred to him except in the language of an affectionate son to an eccentric and exasperating parent. It required courage for an emperor less than three years on a throne to dismiss a prime minister who had served three successive German emperors. Bismarck had done no single act likely to

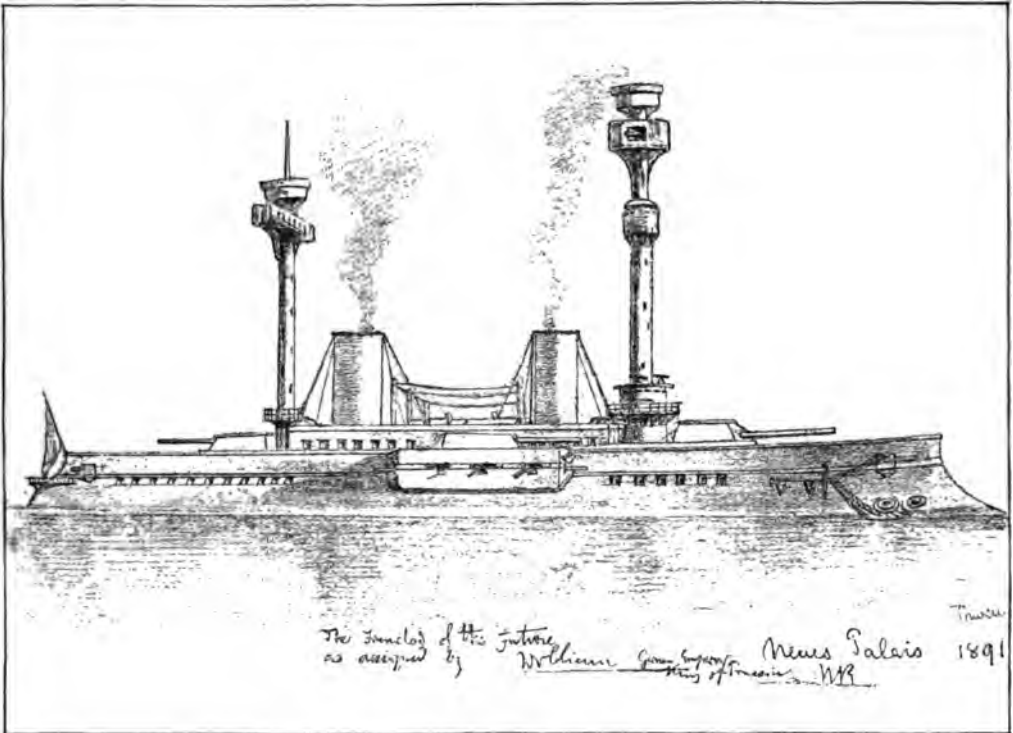
produce immediate rupture; but the Emperor had the courage to recognize that since the Franco-German war problems had arisen requiring statesmanship rather than violence, and that the policy of Bismarck was proving ineffectual. To a friend he wrote in that year: "My heart is sore, as though I had a second time lost my grandfather. But God has so willed it, and I must bear it, even if it crushes me. I am now in command of the deck. The course remains unchanged; so forward, full steam, ahead!"

In May of the same year the Emperor visited Königsberg, where the philosopher Kant had taught the philosophy of pure reason; and there he said to the provincial delegates: "We Hohenzollerns have received our crown from Heaven, and are responsible only to Heaven for the performance of the duties implied in that trust." It required courage to say this in such a place; for in 1813 the people of Königsberg gave to Germany the best example of a self-governing community helping a king in distress, and in 1840 these same people stood up manfully against Frederick William IV in support of their constitutional rights. Four years later, in the palace of this same Königsberg, I heard the Emperor scold the assembled nobility of this part of the world as though they were school-children. He told them that he regarded it as monstrous that certain of their number had ventured to hold political views at variance with those of their monarch—that they must stand or fall together, they and their king, particularly in these days when it was a question of meeting "the revolution" (*die revolution*). This speech was significant from the fact that the agrarians, or landlord party, were organizing to defeat the commercial treaties proposed by Caprivi—treaties under which food-stuffs were to enter Germany from Russia and Austria-Hungary at lower rates. In 1890 the Emperor astonished the Jews by making a speech to the recruits, in which he remarked that no one could be a good soldier if he were not at the same time a good Christian. This speech he has repeated several times. Not long ago the editor of the chief comic paper in Germany ("Kladderadatsch") was sent to jail for venturing to quote this speech in connection with a humorous picture representing his majesty the devil, with his finger to his nose, pondering upon a knot which he had constructed at the end of his tail. In the clouds above were represented some of the great soldiers of olden times—Hannibal, Cæsar, Napoleon, and, notably, Frederick the Great.

The devil soliloquizes: "Now, what did I wish to remember when I put that knot in my tail? Ah, yes—the Emperor's speech. I must claim Frederick the Great; he does n't belong with Cæsar and Napoleon; he was n't a good Christian, and he must therefore have been a bad soldier." I don't pretend to quote the exact words.

In that year he wrote beneath his picture a legend hitherto associated with absolute

German—that both nations had so frequently stood together in the protection of "both liberty and justice." The affection of the Emperor for England was cordially returned until January of 1896, when, after the Jameson raid, he sent a telegram to President Krüger of the South African Republic, intimating that if help were needed, Germany was in an obliging mood. This telegram evoked an angry explosion in the organs of



"THE IRONCLAD OF THE FUTURE" AS DESIGNED BY THE EMPEROR WILLIAM IN 1891.
(FROM A SKETCH BY THE EMPEROR.)

monarchy, *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, which, rendered freely, means, "The law is thus because I wish it thus." Next year, on March 18, 1891, he made a speech to his army which emphasized once more how little faith he reposed in salvation by parliament. "The soldier and the army, not parliamentary majorities and resolutions, have welded the German Empire together. We live in serious times, and the future may have bitter things in store. In my heart I feel with my ancestor who said that he knew of no more comfortable place to die than in the midst of his enemies." In the same year he was warmly welcomed in England, and made an excellent speech at the Guildhall, remarking that the *same blood ran in the veins of English*¹

English public opinion. Since then there has been no interchange of friendly acts between the two courts, and the German Emperor did not grace the festive procession held in 1897 to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of the rule of his gracious grandmother Victoria.

The Emperor's knowledge of England's military capacity is complete and exact. He knows the British officer, and the character of the man under him. He knows by heart every ship in the British navy, and what guns she carries. At home his study is like the museum of a naval engineer, and he is frequently occupied with the designing of battle-ships. In 1893 he struck the key-note of his future naval policy by sending this motto over the

wires to a boat-club near Berlin: "*Navigare necesse est, vivere non est necesse*"; that is to say, "We can do without living, but not without a navy." This sentiment is natural enough to Englishmen, Norwegians, and New-Englanders, but is very novel in Prussian history. The old Emperor William looked upon the navy as more ornamental than useful. Frederick William III regarded the idea as impious; "for," said he, "Frederick the Great got on well enough without it, and what was good enough for him is good enough for me." In the days of the Great Elector colonies were attempted in the West Indies and on the African coast, but they soon died out; and though I made diligent search, I could find no trace in St. Thomas of the Brandenburgers who now figure so conspicuously in the history of German colonial effort.

The progress which Germany has made in the way of rowing and sailing as a manly sport is largely due to the example and encouragement of William II. About the time of the Franco-German war boating was such a rare thing as to be virtually non-existent. American and English students occasionally got up a boat-race at Bonn, Dresden, or Berlin; but aside from efforts of this kind I can scarce recall anything worth mentioning in the days when I lived in a German family at Potsdam. Now all this is changed, and throughout the season not a week passes but one or more regattas are held, in which first-rate crews contend for prizes, many of which are offered by the Emperor. Officers and students still feel that it is beneath their dignity to row, but a good beginning has been made by encouraging boating among school-boys. Of course there are many pedagogues who think the Emperor very reckless in thus admitting rowing to be a part of education, but this opposition is growing feebler and feebler; for the older people notice that the men who are good in their boats can be also good in their classes, and they will soon also discover that men who open their pores and stretch their muscles every day become as strong in moral qualities as they do in mere physical strength.

In 1895, on the occasion of opening the great canal connecting the Baltic with the North Sea, the Emperor organized the most magnificent marine carnival ever held in European waters. All the world sent specimens of their marine architecture, and the bay of Kiel was so full of war-vessels that one could paddle about for miles, lost in a forest of steel. For miles and miles one saw only a succession of funnels, masts, and military

tops, and many a man left the place without having been able to see the town of Kiel, owing to the intervening craft. To this festival the Emperor invited a large number of guests, including the members of his Parliament. His object was to interest them in maritime matters by showing them what his chief naval port could offer at such a time. Grand banquets were held; the Emperor made many glowing speeches; the deputies had free champagne three times a day, and every other luxury that imperial means could command. All were impressed with the beauty of the scene as a whole, and with the excellent work done by the German navy in the last few years; but with it all old-fashioned Germans shook their heads, and thought that they ought to be satisfied with having the strongest army in the world, and not insist upon having a great navy as well.

New Year, 1895, England and Germany appeared to be on the best of terms, and, indeed, the English military attaché in Berlin seemed to be the favorite at court; but at the close of the year the stupid Jameson raid occurred, and all at once Englishmen and Germans appeared to be mortal enemies thirsting for one another's blood. It so happened that on the day when the Emperor sent his cable to Paul Krüger I was dining in Berlin with two officials. When I asked them their opinion of the Emperor's despatch, they both clasped their hands over their heads, and rolled their eyes upward as if to say, "Great heavens, how could he do such a thing!"

According to the imperial constitution, the prime minister is expected to accept the responsibility for the Emperor's acts. Nothing which William II has done since his accession has so profoundly modified his relations with foreign countries as this short cable, which sounded like an effort to interfere in matters of strictly English concern. Prince Hohenlohe, the prime minister, acted throughout as though nothing were expected of him except to carry the Emperor's messages to the telegraph office. We do not yet know whether he advised the Emperor to send this despatch or not. Certain it is that it did no good. Within three months from the sending of this despatch I was in South Africa, and learned soon enough from representative Boers in the Transvaal that they resented the interference of Germany quite as much as they did that of any other country. Germans themselves told me that their position in South Africa had been made more difficult

since the Emperor's despatch; that is to say, Germans had been made odious in the eyes of their English fellow-colonists. The Emperor would never have sent that despatch had he known the spirit of independence which animated the Boers, and it is a thousand pities that his prime minister permitted such a message to be sent without a vigorous protest.

But from the few points on which I have dwelt we can, I think, note in the Emperor the rare and excellent quality of courage to act and speak as he feels. In the ten years of his reign we have no example of his stooping to deception. He meets his people frankly, tells them what they should do, and wastes no precious time in political log-rolling. His people are all the time grumbling at him, and none can blame them for that, for he is perpetually endangering such liberties as were guaranteed in 1871. But beneath all the grumbling heard in the press there is something in William II that commands the Prussians' admiration, and that is his soldierly devotion to what he conceives to be his duty. In theory the German government is based on a constitution; but the great mass of Germans who have served in the ranks of the army have but small confidence in party government—at least, compared with that of one strong man. The German likes to be governed—mildly by preference, but even despotically rather than slackly. There is a very intelligent liberal constitutional party in the German Reichstag; but even with such able men at its head as Barth, Bamberger, and Richter, it fails to overcome the traditional habit of blind obedience cultivated in the barracks and at the state schools.

At the opening of this year (1898) Germans have become so accustomed to seeing men sent to jail on charges of *lèse-majesté* that no riots occur when their most esteemed editors are sent to prison for having expressed sentiments shared by the bulk of intelligent readers. It is my good fortune to count as personal friends many patriotic Germans who oppose the government by every constitutional means, because they believe in the principles of popular government. As an American, my sympathies are naturally with those who are struggling for a government by the people. To me the cause of liberty means in the long run the cause of justice and good government. No one with English blood in his veins can doubt this.

Nor do I doubt the Emperor's general belief in this same sentiment, although he

would modify it by saying that his Germans had not yet arrived at the political maturity which would justify him in modifying his Prussian ideas of sovereignty. If a vote were taken to-day throughout Germany to determine who should be the leader of the German people, I have no doubt that the present Emperor would receive such a popular indorsement as would surprise the world. The reason for this is that he alone represents in Germany the power to control religious and political differences, and at the same time to make head against enemies abroad. It has been the fashion to predict imperial disaster from year to year, especially since the retirement of Bismarck; yet if we choose to analyze the ten years of William II, they will, I think, compare favorably with any ten years of Bismarck since the adoption of the imperial constitution in 1871. The so-called *Kulturkampf*, or quarrel with the Papacy, was a Bismarckian creation. During his reign the socialist vote swelled from a mere nothing to over a million. He it was who saddled Germany with a million square miles of pestiferous hot country, called by courtesy a colonial empire. Under him the political police developed to hitherto unprecedented power in the suppression of Danish sentiment in the northwest, Polish down east, and French in the provinces acquired by the war of 1870. Under him the relations between Russia and Germany grew to be so strained that war seemed at one time imminent; and, indeed, Germany, under his manner of settling domestic and foreign questions, was drifting into political chaos when William II took charge. In parenthesis, let me hasten to add that these later blunders in no way detract from the greatness Bismarck achieved as a man of blood and iron, who smashed the empire of Napoleon III, and forced every petty German prince to consent smilingly to a redistribution of political power in favor of Prussia. But the man who can smash his enemies, and force them to smile while he is bullying them, is not necessarily the wisest lawmaker for a complicated and civilized nation in a state of peace.

William II has not undone all the mischief which Bismarck had been able to do, but he certainly has not made matters worse; and most Germans will, I think, admit that the independent papers reflect to-day a more general satisfaction at the national outlook than in the spring of 1890.

The French in the conquered provinces are not yet German, but they were pleased

when the Emperor came to live among them near Metz; and while they are still perpetually irritated by petty Prussian police administration, they are realizing that behind it is an honest and powerful government, while latterly little has happened in Paris to make them wish for a government inspired by the Élysée. Socialism is still strong, and the lately incorporated provinces of Denmark and Poland are not altogether reconciled; but the Emperor has visited more than once his Polish subjects, and his beautiful wife is a native of a province once claimed by Denmark.

It is one great source of the Emperor's power that he knows personally not merely all his brother sovereigns, but every man of official importance in his own country. There is not a province of Germany with which he is not familiar, and his memory for names and faces is so great that for him to see a man once is to know him for the rest of his life. In this knowledge of his country he surpasses any of his predecessors on the Prussian throne, and all of his contemporary sovereigns. It is safe to say that Queen Victoria knows less of Great Britain than her grandson knows of his country, and in the case of Austria and Russia it is equally true. This is not such a trifling matter as it might appear. I recall, in this connection, the statement of a German official in Metz, with whom I had some conversation during the Emperor's first visit there. This German had married a young lady of Metz, and all her family treated him very coolly on account of his nationality, and proclaimed that they would not in any way do honor to the German Emperor when he should visit their town. Finally, however, curiosity alone induced them to occupy a window with their German kinsman in order to see the imperial entry, but they carefully explained that this should not be misconstrued as infidelity to France. When the Emperor appeared he was greeted with much cheering and waving of handkerchiefs. He happened to look up full at the window where was this assembly of pretty French ladies, and recognizing the official, whom he had seen before, his face lighted up with a smile; and in such circumstances few faces can be more attractive than that of William II. In this crisis the stern resolutions of these ladies of France melted away helplessly, and they became from that moment allies of the Hohenzollerns. They at once began to wave their handkerchiefs with vigor, and the moment the streets were clear they rushed out, sought the nearest picture-

shop, and each purchased a photograph of William II. The reconstruction of Alsace-Lorraine goes on very slowly, but it might stop altogether were it not for such a man as the Emperor.

In spite of much evidence to the contrary, the Emperor is not a tyrant, nor has he manifested a desire to wield power for the mere purpose of making other people uncomfortable. He takes a positive delight in hearing of good things said or done by others. He does not fail to read what is said against him.

When the late William Walter Phelps was the American representative in Berlin, "Mark Twain" happened to be in town. Mr. Phelps having informed me that he had taken no steps to let the Emperor know of this, I of course pointed out to our minister—what I knew to be the case—that the German Emperor knew by heart the works of our great humorist, and would be most happy of an opportunity to talk with him. Mr. Phelps, however, persisted in thinking that it was not his business to do anything in the matter, seeing that Mr. Clemens was not present in any official capacity. Next day I was leaving for America, but that evening I had an opportunity of telling the Emperor that Mark Twain was in town. The moment he heard this he clapped his hands at the good news, and called out to his wife, who was at the other side of the room: "Auguste, Auguste, here is good news! What do you think? Mark Twain is in town!" and then he eagerly inquired about him. But when he learned that Mr. Phelps had not seen fit to arrange a meeting at once, he frowned in a significant manner. Of course Mark Twain was immediately invited to meet the Emperor at luncheon, and both enjoyed the meeting.

It would be, I think, within the mark to say that in the last ten years the Emperor has conversed at length with every eminent American or Englishman who has passed through Berlin. I have never heard of such a meeting but that the visitor has been strongly impressed by his imperial host's specialized knowledge. In the midst of the rush of festivities at Kiel in 1895, the Emperor found time to dine on board the flagship *New York* of the American squadron. Her captain told me afterward that their imperial host stayed until two o'clock in the morning, and during his stay extracted from them every manner of information. He closed his visit by testing the capacity of the crew for manning ship and putting

out fires at the shortest possible notice. When Mahan published his great book on the "Influence of Sea Power," the Emperor at once read it, and sent him a cordial telegram acknowledging the indebtedness of himself and his officers for the lessons taught therein. I have no doubt that the strenuous efforts now being made to strengthen the German navy have received great encouragement from the study of this American work.

Personal government can be easily abused, but it is distinctly advantageous for a state so dependent upon its military prestige as Germany. For a century, at least, the foreign relations of Russia and Germany have been modified, even controlled, by the occasional personal conference of the two sovereigns immediately interested. With the Russian Czar the Emperor can speak distinctly and without fear of his words being nullified by congresses or parliaments. He has achieved alone, by a few words with the Czar, important concessions in China which will lead to other concessions more important still. If he could arrange his relations with England through his grandmother alone, I have no doubt he would once more regard himself as bound up with English interests. As it is, he is bound to be misunderstood; for personal government in England disappeared along with the head of Charles I. Two years ago I published my history of "The German Struggle for Liberty," which was regarded by the German conservative papers as an impious attack upon monarchy in general and the Emperor's ancestors in particular. It was nothing of the kind, but merely the statement of certain well-established facts from an American point of view. My friends predicted that the Emperor would drop the book into his waste-paper basket, with a curse upon its author. Instead of this, he read it, according to his own statement, from beginning to end, pointed out faults, from his point of view, and obviously thought no worse of me for my lack of orthodoxy. Next year I published my "White Man's Africa," in which I had to speak of his relations to the Transvaal in a manner far from complimentary. Again

he sent word to me that he had read the book with interest and pleasure. These two little episodes dispose of the perpetually repeated slander that he can endure nothing but praise, and quarrels with any one who opposes him.

The first authentic account of the Emperor's character appeared in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for August, 1891. That account seemed at the time strangely at variance with popular opinion as represented by the press, and I confess that since its publication many an act of the German government has appeared to prove either that my own opinions were ill founded, or that subsequent events had changed the Emperor's character. But now, in viewing the ten years as a whole, we can readily forgive much that has been bad in detail for the sake of the incomparably greater amount of good reaped by his people and the world at large. He has been a liberal patron of art and letters, architecture and engineering work. He has taken intelligent and energetic interest in the material development of his country, especially in the encouragement of ocean commerce and the acceleration of train service. The army and navy are both of them absolutely and relatively stronger than they were ten years ago, not merely in number of ships and men, but in organization and general efficiency. He has shown complete contempt of danger by moving about on his travels and in his daily "constitutional" without any particular police protection such as prevails in Russia. He has added to the German Empire Heligoland, near Hamburg, and Kiao-Chau in China, both without firing a shot. He and his wife have exhibited in these years the picture of a happy family in which he governs out of doors and she is supreme in the nursery. Almost alone among the great ruling families, his has been free from social scandal; and if worse were to come to the worst, he is about the only crowned head who could turn to and earn his living, either as a ship designer, a newspaper editor, or a military man. He has a Yankee head on his shoulders. This I said ten years ago, and it remains true to-day.



EQUALITY.¹

BY JAMES BRYCE,

Author of "The American Commonwealth," "Impressions of South Africa," etc.



IT is now a century and a half since the idea of equality among men began to be constantly discussed, and to influence the world of practice as well as that of abstract thought. It has inspired many schemes, and has been taken as an ideal to be pursued not only in law and politics, but also in sociology and economics. More than once it has become a revolutionary force of tremendous power. Yet the great bulk of mankind have seldom stopped to analyze it, that is to say, to distinguish the various senses in which it is used, and the different bearings it has when applied in different fields of human life. Indeed, much confusion and some error have arisen from the habit of assuming that because equality is desirable and attainable in certain matters it is desirable and attainable in other and dissimilar matters also, while the excesses of some who have fallen into this error have disposed others to regard it as a foolish and pernicious notion, which ought to be resisted whenever resistance is possible. It is, therefore, worth while to subject the term equality to analysis and examination, with the view of distinguishing the different meanings it bears, or, more precisely, the different import and effect of the conception according as it is applied in one or other kind of subject-matter. One cannot hope to present any really new ideas on such a topic. That which may be aimed at is rather to give definiteness and precision to ideas which most of us are apt to hold in a somewhat vague form, and in particular to estimate, in each of the matters whereto it is applied, the practical value of the conception as an ideal toward which the efforts of social or political reformers may be directed.

Let us begin by inquiring what are the various senses in which the phrase equality between men is, or may be, employed.

Six senses may be enumerated in which the phrase is currently used. Two of these refer to man as a pure product of nature, the other four to man as a social being existing under civil institutions of some sort or kind.

¹ Enlarged from an address delivered to the Municipal Society of Glasgow.

The first meaning, though very familiar, is one for which it is hard to find a truly descriptive name, but we may call it spiritual equality. There is a sense in which all men are naturally equal, because all have alike an individual personality which is of supreme value to each. All are alike when they come out of the darkness into this world as mewling babes; all are alike when with failing breath they return again into the darkness. This is the kind of equality denoted by the phrase, "All men are equal in the sight of God." The Almighty is so infinitely above his creatures that the distinctions between them are as nothing in his eyes. Each is a life-spark, and nothing more. In each, as certain philosophers have said, there dwells a tiny fragment of the universal soul of things. In each personality there is a mystery and even a dignity—the dignity of moral freedom, the importance of which transcends the disparities of man and man, and gives to every life, to every personality, a kind of sacredness. This conception, though one finds it recognized in classical antiquity, derives most of its power from the teachings of Christianity, and has become to most men a distinctly religious conception. Each and every human soul is precious, because each is in direct relation to God, and because each has been deemed to have an infinite future of weal or woe before it.

The other sense in which equality might be said to exist between men, and to be a natural equality, is equality of gifts, physical, intellectual, and moral. Were men equally endowed with strength, intelligence, courage, force, and tenacity of will, there would be a genuine natural equality among them.

As we know, there is no such natural equality, but, on the contrary, the greatest possible disparity, and that even between the nearest kinsfolk, and between persons brought up under the same educational and social influences. Nevertheless, obvious and familiar as is this fact, it has made far less impression on the popular mind than the external points of resemblance between one man and another on the one hand, and, on the other, that equality of personality which we have just been considering. It is only when diversity

and inequality appear in the form of differences of sex, or of race and color, that they receive due recognition; yet differences of sex and of race and color are not greater than the differences which separate the higher from the lower individuals of the same sex and race.

Thus we have, as regards natural man, two salient facts: Between each man, simply as a man, and every other man, there is an equality of soul, an equal worth of personality. There is also between men an inequality of gifts, each man differing from his fellows in physical strength and in physical needs, in intellectual strength and in intellectual tastes, in force of will, in industry, in perseverance, in rectitude, in capacity for emotion, whether good or bad.

We come now to the four kinds of equality which exist, or may exist, between men in their social as opposed to their purely natural state. These are usually described as civil equality, political equality, social equality, and economic equality.

By civil equality we understand the possession by each man of similar and equal legal rights in the sphere of private law; that is, equal rights to freedom of speech and action, to personal safety and protection, to the enjoyment of a position in the family, to the holding and disposal of property. This kind of equality is so far from being natural that it is found only in advanced civilizations. Slavery was the rule all over the world, not perhaps among pure savages, but certainly among barbarous and semi-civilized peoples, and has prevailed even in some highly civilized states. Even where slavery has ceased, great disparities as regards private legal rights long continued to exist, as, for instance, in France down to the Revolution. In Britain this equality was established, except as between men and women, at a comparatively early epoch, and its full recognition has been, both there and in the United States, a very potent and beneficial factor in preventing social bitterness and political unrest. We even extend it, for almost all, if not absolutely for all, purposes, to those who are not citizens or subjects of the state.

The term political equality describes the equal enjoyment by all who are citizens of the state of a share in its government, including both the right of voting for persons to be invested with executive or legislative functions, and the right of being one's self eligible for such an executive or legislative post. This is a totally different thing from equality of *private legal rights*, has been later in its

growth, does not prevail so extensively, and does not necessarily or logically follow from civil equality, because the grounds which recommend it are not the same. It is in no country complete as between the sexes. Nevertheless, it tends more and more to make way, and is generally supposed to be the goal toward which nations are traveling.

The term social equality is much more vague, because here we quit the sphere of law to enter that of social intercourse. It denotes the kind of mutual courtesy and respect which men show to one another when each feels the other to be "as good as himself"—a respect which stands between condescension, on the one hand, and submissiveness, on the other. The extent to which it goes depends, of course, upon the particular form of intercourse. There may be a social equality between men as directors of a company or members of a political committee which would not extend to dining at one another's houses, still less to marrying one another's sisters or daughters. Its growth is generally in proportion to the growth of the last two mentioned kinds of equality; yet it might exist without political equality, and the latter without it.

Lastly, there is economic equality, that is to say, the possession by every man of an equal quantity or value of property, none being either richer or poorer than his neighbor. This state of things has never yet existed, and has no necessary connection with the other kinds of equality, though of course it is only under a régime of political equality that it would be likely to come into being.

So far we have been endeavoring to distinguish and define the different kinds of equality which do exist, or may exist, among men. Now let us inquire what are the import, the value, and the practical attainability of each of these kinds. Most people tend to assume *a priori* that every species of equality has a sort of presumption in its favor; that it is likely to yield better fruits, both ethically and politically and socially, than inequality; and that it is therefore desirable for all communities to try to work toward it. This tendency deserves to be explained, this alleged presumption to be scrutinized.

That which has been called spiritual equality, the equal worth of each personality or human soul, is now generally admitted by all civilized men, and has become so much a part of our thinking that we forget that there were times when it was not accepted at all. The latest serious attempt to deny it was

made in the last days of slavery in the United States, when some few persons, professing to be anthropologists, attempted to show that African negroes were not members of the human family, but rather a species of highly developed apes. The conception is one which the three great religions of the world all virtually embrace, Mohammedanism having taken it from the Jews and the Christians; and the power it exerts is mainly due to its incorporation in Christian doctrine. The unity of man is correlative to the unity of God. The value of man's soul is measured by the death of the Saviour. It is indeed the sheet-anchor of humanity; for we owe to it all the efforts that are made to help or reclaim those criminals and outcasts whose acts excite repulsion, but who are nevertheless, in another sense, men like ourselves. It is the force which restrains, however imperfectly, the disposition of the stronger races to trample on the weaker, to reduce them to slavery, deny them civil rights, use them like beasts of burden for the benefit of those who need their labor. It is now so firmly rooted everywhere that its continuance may be deemed certain; and no more need here be said regarding it than that it has been the chief cause of that presumption in favor of every sort of equality which has been already referred to. The admission of this principle seems to throw upon any kind of inequality the onus of justifying its existence.

Men reason thus: "All men are born equal; all men die equal; all souls are immortal, and Christ died for all. We brought nothing into the world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out of it. Why, then, should there be such differences of good and evil fortune, of wealth and poverty, between men? Why should not all have equal rights, equal possessions, equal happiness?" The New Testament, the American Declaration of Independence, the French principles of 1789, seem to concur in prescribing equality as the normal condition of mankind, or, at any rate, the proper starting-point for every community. Even Bentham's doctrine that the aim of society is to secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number is obliged to assume the equal value of each person, and of the capacity of each for happiness, else the doctrine fails altogether to supply the practical guidance it has undertaken to give. The power which this view of equality as the natural state of men has exercised is unquestionable. But in trying to apply it to existing social phenomena we are immediately

confronted by the other fact, already dwelt upon, viz., the inequality of men as regards their physical and mental powers. Equality of gifts and abilities does not exist, and, so far as we can foresee, never will exist. It does not even seem to come nearer, except to some slight extent, as between the different races of mankind; for though some individuals of remarkable capacity have arisen from among the colored races, no colored race as a whole has brought itself nearly up to the level of the leading white races.

The problems that lie before human society in its onward march are all concerned or involved with these two salient natural facts, an admitted equality between men in one aspect, and a no less palpable inequality between them in another aspect; and as these moral or social problems, like physical problems, can be solved, not by running counter to nature, but only by obeying her, like regard must in every effort at a solution be had to both facts.

We may now go on to inquire how these two facts, seemingly opposed, yet both true, have worked upon the relations of men in the social sphere. And this brings us to the four forms of equality which exist in that sphere, viz., civil, political, social, and economic equality.

Civil equality, equality of rights in the field of private law, is so generally admitted to be wholesome for the whole community as to have become a good practical test of the higher or lower level of civilization which any state has reached. It is now virtually universal in Europe (except, of course, in semi-civilized Turkey), and in all the colonies of European nations. Its acceptance has been due partly to sentiment and sympathy, but largely also to an experience of the evils of inequality as giving rise to arrogance and injustice on the part of privileged classes, and exposing the less privileged to harsh treatment. The sense of wrong produces discontent, and discontent disturbs the state. The very term equity, which our lawyers have drawn from the favorite expression of the Roman lawyers, *aequum et bonum*, indicates the tendency to find in equality of treatment a foundation for justice, and the easiest way out of the endless complications and difficulties to which the preference of one class of persons over another gives rise. The tendency to level down and level up became strong in jurisprudence before it had established itself in politics. Economic changes worked the same way; for when wealth was acquired by persons belonging to the inferior

classes, they used it to evade and ultimately to overthrow those provisions of the old law which placed them at a disadvantage compared with men of higher rank. To one who reviews the progress of the world during the last four centuries, no small part of that progress seems to consist in or to issue from civil equality, and its steady and quiet growth is a striking illustration of the power of moral forces, of truth, reason, and good feeling. These have been more important agents in creating it than any revolts of the oppressed; and, indeed, it was they that enabled some of those revolts to succeed.

The equality of men in respect of political rights has made far slower advances, and involves considerations very different from those which govern our view of equality of civil rights. We may define it as meaning the equal right of every citizen to share in the government of a state, whether as a voter or as eligible for any office or post. The idea of such equality is very modern, the realization of it still more recent, and hardly anywhere complete. So far from its having been the original condition of mankind, it would seem to have never existed in any primitive people which had reached even the rudest political organization. The dominance of one man, or a few men, over the majority is everywhere the patent fact, and the circle of those who share in political power was very slowly extended. Such extension usually comes, as in the case of the equality of private civil rights, partly through the discontent of the excluded mass, who see, or think they see, that the authority of the privileged few is used to their prejudice, partly by a feeling, which gradually spreads among the most enlightened members of the privileged class, that no set of people can be trusted to legislate for others, and that a government is more stable when its base is broad. Where the few rule the many, the many will always blame the few for any mistakes or misfortunes. When they obtain their share, they have only themselves to blame. Accordingly there has been established in modern times and in advanced nations a sort of presumption in favor of a wide political franchise and universal eligibility for office, as making probably for the general good, but anyhow for the general contentment. This, however, is only a presumption. There is another side to the question. Equality of civil rights is almost certainly a good thing, for it can hardly be *misused*. Equality of political rights may *readily be misused*; for it requires capacity,

and capacity may be wanting. Where political power is committed to a mass of people who are ignorant and untrained, and where this mass is not disposed to be guided by those who are wiser and more instructed, it may choose bad rulers and sanction foolish measures. Thus a suffrage suitable to the white population of Massachusetts may not be suitable to the predominantly colored population of Louisiana. In every case the risk of this evil must be set against the presumptive advantages already mentioned; and the difficulty of balancing them may be illustrated from the division of opinion among intelligent men and women which exists on the question of woman suffrage. There is, therefore, no general rule to be laid down on the subject. In every case a balance must be struck between probable gains and probable dangers. Regard must be had to time, place, and circumstance; the application of abstract principles and *a priori* doctrines, such as were so potent among the French from 1789 to 1792, and in the United States for two generations after 1776, must be carefully eschewed.

We come next to social equality, and find ourselves passing out of the sphere of law into that of general human intercourse. Is it desirable that there should be no social ranks or grades, and that (apart from office and from age, two things which have usually and rightly commanded deference) each man should treat every other man as being absolutely on his own level?

Here we are confronted by the old contradiction between natural equality, in the sense of spiritual equality of every human being, and natural inequality, in the sense of the great diversity of intellectual and moral gifts between different persons. The former would seem to forbid social distinctions; for if each personality is of the same value, it ought to obtain the same respect from others. The latter, however, shows us some persons immensely superior in integrity, in force of character, in all the powers which enable a man to lead or to edify or to delight his fellow-men. The instinct which defers to such kinds of superiority is both natural and reasonable, and the instinct which defers to wealth and power is, at any rate, natural. Moreover, differences of intellect and of education produce differences of taste; differences of wealth produce differences of habits of life; and such differences necessarily affect social intercourse. The establishment of economic communism, or of an absolute equality of conditions, would remove the

latter; but the former would still subsist, and would create, if not a barrier, at least a certain disinclination to intimacy between the person who loves literature or art and the person who loves only foot-ball or his dinner.

The tendency to establish distinctions of rank is deep-rooted and universal. Some of us would not consider that there was much difference, if any, between the vocation of a seller of peanuts and that of an organ-grinder. The former is nearly as nomadic a person as the latter. Nevertheless, in New York the distinction is so great that the former does not permit his children to play with the children of the latter. When a tendency is naturally so strong, the attempt to ignore its results may produce an artificial state of things disagreeable to everybody, as the attempt of some idealists to make their domestic servants sit down to meals along with them has been resisted by the servants themselves.

These are some of the difficulties which surround the question. An examination of them may lead us to the following conclusions:

The more social equality we can secure without running counter to nature, the better. Mutual respect for one another's feelings, mutual courtesy in forms of address, mutual recognition of the equality which lies beneath all inequalities, are good both for the so-called superior and the so-called inferior. They check arrogance and assumption on the part of the one, cringing and servility on the part of the other. They make the one remember that he is no more, the other that he is no less, than a free man.

On the other hand, more harm than good will be done by trying to force men into a kind of intimacy which they feel to be unreal, because not grounded on sympathy of thought and tastes and habits. When these are widely divergent, social intercourse cannot be so easy, or, at any rate, cannot cover so much of life. You may be perfectly friendly with the coachman who drives your carriage, but you do not wish that he should spend the evening in your drawing-room, or marry your daughter. He may be more honest or more wise, or both, than you are yourself; nevertheless, the difference in tastes and in ways of life sets certain limits to intimacy. But the recognition of these differences does not diminish either the duty or the value of politeness on both sides.

As regards the weight to be attached to natural inequalities, wealth ought to count for least, except, of course, so far as it involves disparity of habits. Intellect may

properly entitle its possessor to a certain amount of deference; but, taken alone, and apart from the attainments or the refinement which it may produce, it ought not to be a basis of social distinction.

What is to be said of what Europeans call rank, *i. e.*, of the conventional orders and degrees in society produced by titles, whether hereditary or personal?

Where they are personal their value depends on the care with which they have been bestowed, or, in other words, on the amount of personal excellence they indicate. There is nothing in the doctrine of natural equality to dissuade the rendering of special deference to special excellence.

Where they are hereditary, as among the nobles of Europe, they do not indicate any measurable amount of excellence, for the presumption that the good qualities of ancestors reappear in descendants is hardly stronger than the presumption that those who have been brought up in comparative indolence and under the influence of caste sentiment will suffer from both causes. That the evils of hereditary titles exceed their advantages is the judgment of nearly all impartial observers. In Germany and the Austrian dominions they foster a spirit of haughty exclusiveness among those who possess them. In Great Britain they produce snobbishness both among those who possess them and those who do not, without (as a rule) any corresponding sense of a duty to sustain the credit of the family or the caste. Their abolition would be clear gain.

The elaborate system of artificial rank which prevails in Europe is, however, by no means so offensive as many Americans fancy. Even in England social precedence is so much a part of the recognized conventions of the country, and is so fully discounted by a regard to the intrinsic merit of the person who does or does not enjoy it, that, though it may seem absurd enough that the Prime Minister should, if a commoner, walk out of the room behind an insignificant young peer, and the Prime Minister's wife have no rank at all, nobody deems this to be any disparagement of the Prime Minister. If it were a rule that all red-haired people should take precedence of black-haired people, this, too, would so soon seem a matter of course that the black-haired would accept their position, and cease to feel aggrieved. When there is substantial work to be done, social precedence usually goes to the wall. Almost the only survival of its importance is to be found in the disposition to prefer a peer for the

office of governor-general of India, or Ireland, or Canada. In some parts of Europe, however, birth and rank still count for much. Thirty years ago, I was told in Vienna that not long before, at the court balls there, the daughter of the then Prime Minister was seldom asked to dance, because her father, though he was expected to save the monarchy from the perils that then encompassed it, was not a count but a simple *Freiherr*. In Prussia people do not to-day, like the Westphalian baron in "Candide," forbid their sister to marry a man who cannot show sixteen quarterings; yet in Prussia to-day it is all but impossible for a Jew, however rich, to obtain a commission in the army.

There is a curious distinction between Eastern and Western countries in this regard. In the East the sovereign, being a despot, is held so immeasurably superior to his subjects that they all seem comparatively equal before him, and he can so easily make the beggar a prince, or the prince a beggar, that the European ideas of status are inapplicable, and there is little difference between the laborer and the employer. In Europe, on the other hand, while distinctions between classes are much regarded (even in republican Switzerland the old families enjoy great respect), the chief social line is that which separates those who are called "gentlemen" from those who are not so called, and the sovereign is deemed to be only the most highly placed gentleman, and not exempt, as in Turkey or Persia, from the obligations attaching to a gentleman. This is a result—one of the few that still survive—of the so-called system of chivalry, which created a sort of equality on the basis of knighthood.

The passion for social equality has always been less strong among the Teutonic than among the Celtic and so-called Latin peoples, as, indeed, all movements take among the former a less acute form. Everywhere, however, even in France and in the United States, this passion seems less strenuous than it was formerly. The complete equality of civil rights, and the almost complete equality of political rights, which have been attained in nearly all civilized countries, have diminished the zeal to achieve it; for men now perceive that those kinds of equality may exist without it, and that their attainment does not necessarily bring it much nearer. There is, indeed, no necessary connection between freedom and equality, according to the lines of Milton:

. . . If not equal all, yet free,
Equally free, for orders and degrees
Jar not with liberty, but well consist

With the other members of the famous trio there is a closer relation. Social equality would be a long step, though only a step, toward fraternity, and fraternity would in its fullness almost imply social equality. But the longing for fraternity has also declined. It has never really emerged—and indeed could not, except through the influence of religion, hope to emerge—from the field of aspiration into that of reality. Of late years it is seldom named, except in religious addresses. The strife of rich and poor, and the effort to bring men to a level in respect of material conditions, together with those animosities of race which have so largely taken the place of animosities of creed, have discouraged it. Something may also be due to the more frequent contact of civilized men with savage and other backward peoples, especially those of a different color. The European settler feels no sense of "solidarity" with the Chinese or the Hindu or the Malay, still less with the *Kafir*. Even in the United States the enslaved negro appealed to sentiment as "a man and a brother" more than the liberated negro seems now to appeal.

On a review of the whole matter, it would appear that, while the principle of social equality does point to the extinction of all artificial and legal distinctions of rank, already accomplished in the United States, and does prescribe the same courtesy and consideration toward all persons alike, it cannot venture to ignore differences which spring from diversities of knowledge, culture, and taste; for these, too, are natural, and operate outside the sphere of law or social custom. Neither has it been able to overcome the differences for which wealth, as affecting men's habits of life, is answerable. The apostles of equality may, however, reply that inequalities of wealth are themselves artificial, and ought to be got rid of. And this brings us to the last kind of equality we have to consider—that of economic conditions.

The desire to establish an equality of property has become so strong in modern times that before we examine the desirability or the attainability of the state of things aimed at, a few words ought to be said on the sources whence the desire springs.

Although, as we shall presently note, history does not record economic equality as having ever in fact existed, still it is deemed to be the natural state of man. Since all men come equal into the world, their chances of well-being ought, so it is argued, to be equal, and therefore those external goods

which contribute to well-being should be allotted to all in equal measure. If it is observed that Nature distributes her gifts unequally even at birth, because one man is born with a healthy, another with a weak or diseased, body, one man has a cheerful, another a querulous, spirit, the reply is that this fact makes it all the more fitting that every means should be used to rectify the injustice of chance by securing equality in one sphere, at least—that of material conditions.

There is also the presumption in favor of equality generally drawn from the admitted benefits of civil and political equality. Contrasting the society of our own times with the society of two or three centuries ago, nothing seems to show a more palpable advance than does the elevation of the ordinary private citizen to the level formerly held only by the few privileged persons. May not a like progress in the well-being of humanity be expected from the further application of this wholesome principle?

The desire for material well-being is all the stronger because the general demoralization of society, the greater publicity of life, the attainment of immense wealth by men sprung from the lower ranks, have stimulated the appetite of those humbler classes whose ancestors contentedly acquiesced in an inequality of conditions as part of the order of nature. And as the other world is less in men's thoughts than it was some centuries ago, they have become more eager to make the best of this world.

Perhaps, however, the strongest influence in bringing this question to the front has been the complete attainment by the masses, in most civilized countries, of political power. Their fathers strove for it in the belief that it would immensely improve their condition. Now that they have got it, the old inequalities of wealth remain; and though the poor of to-day are in most countries better off than were the poor of a century ago, those inequalities are full as palpable. "Of what use, then,"—thus do many feel and say,— "has it been to conquer political power, if we are not by means of it to better our own condition?"

These ideas, which are not confined to the poor, but are reinforced by the sympathy of imaginative and benevolent minds among the wealthier class, have now much force at their command. They meet us everywhere. They raise in many forms what is the main question that occupies the thoughts of thinking men. And they have behind them—do not

let us, whatever error or confusion may be found to lurk in them, forget this fact—they have behind them the notion that they are suggested by nature, by justice, and by the largest conception of the common good of mankind.

When, however, we come to criticize these ideas and the source assigned to them, the following observations occur.

First of all, be it noted that there never has been in the world such a state of natural equality as many have dreamed of. Even in the stone age, one savage had more flint hatchets or a bigger deerskin than the other tribesmen. As soon as a race begins to have any sort of organization,—as soon, for instance, as it reaches the stage in which the Romans found the Britons of antiquity, or in which our settlers have found the North American Indians and the Kafirs,—inequalities of property are conspicuous.

Secondly, it is not law that creates inequality of property. It is, in the first instance, strength, physical or intellectual; that is to say, inequality is due to natural, not to artificial, causes. When law appears, it does no more than recognize and protect the inequality which it finds subsisting; and if we can imagine law withdrawn, inequality would be greater than it is now, because the weaker would have no security for what they possess, since force, whether of body or of craft and will, would dominate. If equality of goods is ever to be established, it will have to be established by law, either by forbidding the appropriation of any articles, *i. e.*, by destroying the conception of private property, and giving each man the protection of the state in taking a part of whatever his neighbor has, or else by continually restoring through legal action an equilibrium of goods which natural causes are perpetually disturbing. This will be the hardest task law has ever undertaken, because law will have to steer straight in the teeth of the strong blast of nature. If ten men were to be started, on Monday morning, with equal property, and left to themselves for six days, no two would be found to have equal property on Saturday night, because in no two would the faculty of acquiring and the habit of spending be the same.

Thirdly, where the enforcement of law is perfect, that is to say, where the action of courts, and of the authority which carries out their decisions, is certain, the qualities which tend to produce inequality of property are different from those which produced it in rude and disorderly times. In those times

physical strength and physical courage were the most important factors. In perfectly settled societies intelligence and the habit of saving most tell. Will evidently tells in all states of society, and will is one of the qualities in which men most differ from one another. Of course it is not necessarily the highest forms of intelligence that most subserve the acquisition of property. No poet before Tennyson ever made a fortune by his gift. No philosopher has ever yet grown rich by philosophy. Only in very recent times have a few great inventors been able to reap the harvest of their intellectual labors. It is by the power of devising schemes and conducting large commercial or financial operations that the largest masses of property are accumulated in one hand, and the type of capacity that leads to wealth is to be found in such a man as the late Mr. Jay Gould. This has caused a certain prejudice against the working of laws which permit a capacity not necessarily beneficial, and possibly harmful, to mankind to achieve conspicuous success. But no one has shown how this capacity can be held in check without overthrowing the entire legal basis on which modern communities rest.

When we scrutinize the grounds of the desire for equality, a fourth observation presents itself. Inequality of property is not an evil *per se*. It is not in itself harmful to A—that is, it is no diminution of his happiness—that B should have more grain or more cattle or more money than he has himself. A may have other things which are better than B's property, even as the psalmist says: "I had more joy than they when their corn and their oil were increased." M may have stronger health, or a better wife or children, a greater faculty of intellectual enjoyment, than P has,—things which have more to do with happiness than has any amount of property,—and M's possession of these advantages does not diminish P's happiness or increase his wretchedness, for they depend on what P himself has or lacks. So if I have \$1000, I am none the worse off because you have \$10,000. It is not your excess that affects my well-being, but my own sufficient or insufficient provision. That which is desirable is to have enough, not as much as another man has or needs, but as much as I myself need. But what is enough? It is a variable conception; it is, in point of quantity, no more the same for every man than is a man's stature or his appetite. It depends for each man upon his physical and intellectual *needs and tastes, and the wise man is he*

who regulates his conception of it by his own needs and tastes, and not by those of his neighbors, which may sometimes enlighten, but are just as likely to mislead, his own judgment. Many persons who perceive that M has less than enough and P more than enough, jump to the conclusion that the proper way to rectify the mischief is to take from P his superfluity and bestow it upon M. But though this is a very common confusion of ideas, it is none the less a confusion. It may be bad for a man to have too much. It is certainly bad for him to have too little. But the evil lies not in the inequality of possessions, but in the excess or defect; and the only sense in which poor M suffers from witnessing P's wealth is that the spectacle accentuates by contrast the evils of his own condition. Just in the same way P, who is stiff with rheumatism and has been forsaken by his wife, may envy the robust health and happy home of M.

Here, therefore, we note a capital difference between inequality of economic conditions and inequality of civil rights or of political rights. In the two last-named cases, one man's gain is another man's loss. If X has a wider compass of civil rights than Y, Y necessarily suffers, because the law enables X to prevail against him when a dispute arises. In Turkey, for instance, a Mussulman may with practical impunity kill a Christian rajah, but a Christian rajah cannot with impunity kill a Mussulman. So if X (a class of persons) enjoy the suffrage, and Y (another class) do not, it usually happens that the legislation which class X enacts is calculated to benefit the privileged and to depress the excluded class. As one of the scales rises, so the other sinks. With property it is otherwise. Except in one class of cases, P's abundance does not come from M's deficiency, and P's share might be reduced without increasing M's. That one class of cases is where the thing of which men hold unequal amounts is itself limited in quantity. If P draws off two thirds of the water of a stream to irrigate his meadow, he leaves only one third to be used by M, and the only way to give M an equal share is to deprive P of the one sixth which represents his excess. The great instance of this sort of thing is of course land, and the contents of land; and accordingly the observation just made cannot be applied to land in any country where it has become scarce.

It may be said that in any given industrial undertaking, such as a factory, the profits are limited, and therefore the more P gets, so

much the less is there for C, D, and E. It would lead us too far afield to enter this field of controversy, and in particular to discuss the nature of capital. But it deserves to be noted that in most industrial undertakings the contributions of the different co-workers differ in value. P may bring scientific genius, C may bring commercial experience, D may bring consummate manual skill, while E, F, G, and H have only physical strength to contribute; and of the whole profits of the undertaking, three fourths may be traceable to P's inventive genius, which a reward of one seventh of the profits would not be sufficient to secure.

Are there then no real objections to inequality of economic conditions? Certainly there are; but they are objections grounded not on abstract considerations of nature and justice, but upon the results which inequality has been found in practice to produce. Neither are they objections to inequality *per se*, but only to its extreme forms, where accumulations of property in a few hands are huge and conspicuous. Such accumulations create a highly luxurious class, many of whose members remain idle and useless all their lives, while others form habits and try to follow a style of living unsuited to their means. The holders of vast fortunes acquire undue power, they have undue influence with rulers, they may corrupt legislators, they may pervert the power of a state to serve their selfish ends. Their wealth, if ostentatiously displayed or squandered upon unworthy objects, excites envy, breeds discontent, and may furnish incitements to the spirit of plunder. There have no doubt been states in which great inequalities of fortune existed, but which were nevertheless comparatively stable and well governed. In such states, however, the inequalities of fortune corresponded to inequalities in political power and social influence. Very different is the condition of some of our modern states, wherein fortunes still more disproportionately huge are disjoined from any power and any respect save that which mere wealth may command. There is therefore a *prima facie* case, grounded nowise on abstract principles, but on observation and experience, not indeed for a compulsory equalization, but for a reduction of extreme inequalities, of wealth. How can such a reduction be effected? The problem is a difficult one, for you interfere with nature, and there is always a presumption that when you begin to interfere with nature you will get into trouble. Moreover, you may injure the man who has too little,

whom you wish to benefit, as much as, or more than, the man who has far too much. Indeed the latter, though the defenders of the present system are chiefly concerned on his behalf, is less likely to suffer, for the luxury bred by excessive wealth is a bad thing for him, since it increases his temptations. The main difficulties are ethical, and I state them rather than the economic difficulties, because the latter would require a more elaborate examination. If by legislation you take property away from the rich man, the property he has earned or inherited, you shock confidence, and you weaken the motives for thrift and foresight which operate on the mind of the rich. If by legislation you give property to the poorer man, you weaken the natural incentive to exertion which the need of providing for himself creates. It is no doubt said that before long a new set of ethical views and habits will arise which will supply the place of those thus set aside. This is a question too large to discuss here, and it is, of course, a highly speculative one, outside the range of such experience as mankind has so far enjoyed.

Attempts have been made to deal with the problem, but rather in the form of efforts to reduce inordinately large fortunes, than in that of giving help to extremely small ones, seeing that during many centuries both humanity and political expediency have suggested the necessity for aiding those who have least. Many ways of solving it have been tried—ways which are not alternatives, for several may be applied together. There is the Christian solution, that those who have should freely give to those who have not. It is a method which has often been ill worked, but when wisely worked it is obviously the best. There is the plan of a poor law, whereof the English poor law is a type, which out of taxation secures a minimum of subsistence to the most needy. Nearly all economists have condemned it as unsound in principle and prone to abuse in practice, but it seems to be inevitable in countries like England, unless a scheme of organized private charity, such as Chalmers established in Glasgow some seventy years ago, can be substituted for it. There are various schemes for providing pensions available in sickness and old age. There is the plan of exempting smaller incomes from taxation and throwing it with progressive weight upon the larger ones. The method, however, which most nearly touches our present subject is that which seeks to provide gratuitously out of public funds an equal supply to all citizens

of certain things which all may be taken to need. Elementary education has thus been in the United States, and now in Great Britain also, supplied to all; and it has been proposed that gas or electric light, water, the means of locomotion, and many other things, should be similarly supplied at the public expense.

Strong arguments may be used in support of this policy. The things enumerated are already provided, not by each man for himself, but by public bodies or by great private corporations. Most of them are things not likely to be squandered or abused. To supply them would not seriously impair the stimulus to exertion which the need for food and clothing, and other necessities or comforts, secures. The force of these considerations has so far prevailed that many municipalities now do provide public parks and recreation-grounds, public baths and wash-houses, free public libraries and free music, things which elevate and brighten the life of the poor man, and enlarge his conception of what civilized life ought to be, while they help to make all the citizens feel themselves members of one community. A few municipalities have even provided workmen's dwellings or public lodging-houses at rents only a little above cost price. The risks incident to such schemes are obvious. There may be extravagance, because the ordinary citizen has but a slender interest in keeping down expenditure. There may be a perversion of public funds to political objects, an attempt to corrupt the people by the lavish use of money, or to reward political adherents by the bestowal of places or contracts. There is the risk of demoralizing the poorest class, as the populace of Rome was demoralized by the free distribution of corn and by the sums squandered on public amusements. And although these risks are less when the experiment is made in a small local area within the state than when it is tried by the state itself, still it is only where the citizens can rely upon the integrity and the competence of their municipal governments that they ought to permit even municipal governments to go far in this direction. In Glasgow, however, as in several other European cities, the experiment has been tried, with results so encouraging that other European cities are moving in the same direction. *A priori* doctrines must not be allowed to stand in the way. Politics is an experimental science, and he who tries to show that abstract theory does not justify the attempt to introduce economic equality *must also urge* that abstract theory ought *not to prevent us from doing what can pru-*

dently be done to reduce the evils which excessive inequality has been proved to produce, and from trying to guide into safe channels the strong stream of sentiment which condemns such inequality.

Society seems to be now entering a new period, and the altered aspect of this fundamental question of equality illustrates the change. Civil equality is now all but complete in almost every civilized country. Even the colored races (since the extinction of slavery in Brazil a few years ago) now enjoy it. Social equality makes daily progress, even in countries which still tolerate hereditary distinctions of rank. Political equality has been fully established in the United States, in Britain and her self-governing colonies, in the nations of western and central Europe. In most of these countries the machinery of government is deemed to need improvement; but the main controversies turn, and are likely in the future more and more to turn, on the use to be made of government for social ends.

The question that now lies before the world is, How shall political equality, for which many generations strove, be now, when it has been achieved, made to bear wholesome fruit? How shall it be used to better the condition of the masses without attempting to override the laws of human nature? These laws are just as sovereign in their sphere as those of the material universe, and the effort to overcome them will be just as futile. But there is one great difference between the two sets of laws. The properties of oxygen and carbon are (so far as we know) always and everywhere the same. But though there are some elements in human nature which remain the same, there are others which change, and are susceptible of improvement by instruction and by experience. The chief interest of politics as an experimental science lies in discovering by what means this improvement can be effected, and how far it may go. The habit of order, the habit of patience, the faith in science, the disposition to listen to reason, are all points in which history records progress; struggles for civil, or for political, or for social equality, have all at one time or another been the source of far more trouble than they cause in our own time; and it is possible that the question of economic equality also may, when its various aspects have been more calmly and carefully discussed, and the method of experiment has been more fully applied to it, prove less menacing to the peace of society than many deem it to-day.

THE OTHER POINT OF VIEW.

BY EDITH ELMER WOOD.



OTHER, ef you 'd jest ez lieve, I 'd like to fetch Mariar Jennings in to tea to-night, an' we kin go right from here to the sociable. I want you shed know her."

The young man spoke in a timid, tentative fashion that contrasted oddly with his giant stature and flourishing beard.

His mother looked up sharply from the raisins she was seeding.

"Pears to me you 're gettin' some fond o' *Mariar Jennings*, Otis," with a disdainful emphasis on the name.

"I dunno but what you 'd best say 'gotten,' mother," he replied sheepishly.

"At your age—to be keepin' company—I thought you 'd got past all sech foolishness ez thet."

"I ain't thirty yet," he said, with a shadow of self-assertion. "I guess I 'm about the age father was when he married *you*."

"For mercy's sake! you ain't thinkin' o' *marryin'*, Otis?"

"Ef I don't, it 'll be 'cause she 's give me the go-by," he answered, flushing all over his sunburnt face.

Mrs. Stone never permitted herself to show any surprise. It was part of her code, whether of ethics or propriety it would be hard to say.

"All right; bring her along," she said, bending over the raisins and working very fast. "I s'pose I might 'a' knowed it 'u'd end like this. I 've said no to a sight o' good men, for your sake, sence your father passed away, 'cause I thought we was better off by ourselves. But young folks is all alike; they must all be gettin' married, or they 're in a dreadful way. I s'pose you 'll be bringin' me some good-for-nothin' hussy thet 'll set in the parlor an' strum on the piany whilst I do the washin'."

"She ain't thet sort, mother."

"All right; bring her along."

Mrs. Stone lifted the corner of her green gingham apron, and furtively dashed it across her eyes.

Otis dropped down on the settee, his elbows on his knees, his head in his hands. The situation was distressing him. He and his

mother had always been everything to each other. He had never thought of disputing her commands or even her wishes. He knew that she had devoted her whole life to him since his father's death, and he was vaguely appreciative. But it seemed to him natural and right that a young man should wish to marry. He had supposed his mother would rejoice in his happiness. He had pictured her welcoming Maria as a daughter, and thought how peaceful her old age would be, when she would have nothing to do but sit in her big rocker while he and Maria took care of her.

"I don't hardly know what to say, mother," he began at last, lifting his head from his hands. "I don't want to do nothin' out o' the way, nor nothin' thet 'll make you feel bad; but it seems to me like I 've got jest ez good a right to marry ez you had in your young days," he went on, unconsciously using the argument of the ages. "I don't s'pose but what *you* thought you was doin' the square thing by your folks."

"All right," she repeated. "Ain't I said it was all right? Bring her along."

Maria came; and the tea-table was set with the best china in her honor, and loaded with cakes and preserves and huckleberry short-cake.

The girl was as pink as a carnation. She kept her eyes on the floor, and answered questions in monosyllables. This being shown off to Otis's mother was a fiery ordeal, but she supposed it was necessary. She felt chilled, too, in spite of the hospitable preparations. She was sure she was making a bad impression.

Otis was puzzled and depressed. He knew these women both so well, thought so much of both of them, talked so easily with either one alone. Why did n't they get on better? Why did n't they say something? He tried, clumsily enough, to lift the cloud that hung over them all; tried to introduce an easy, cordial relationship: but he only grew more fidgety and self-conscious, without producing any other result. His mother was hopelessly stiff, and Maria hopelessly bashful. He sympathized with both so keenly that he shared their very thoughts. He felt himself chilled

to the marrow with Maria by his mother's frigidity. How set and formal and unloving she must seem to the girl! Then he found himself looking at Maria through his mother's eyes. What a child she was for a man of his age to be daft about!—a girl who blushed and stammered, and did not have sense enough to say anything but "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am." In the midst of the suffering resulting from this mental two-sidedness of his, the clock struck eight; and he rose, with a sigh of relief, to take Maria to the sociable.

When he came home his mother had gone to bed. The next morning, all during breakfast, he waited in vain for her to refer to Maria. She spoke of plowing, milking, the weather—anything, everything but Maria. Otis's heart sank. He started out to his work; but when he got to the barn door he could stand it no longer, and turned back to the house. His mother was scraping the breakfast-dishes, and paid no attention to him; and he leaned against the door-post for several minutes in silence.

"What are you doin' there, Otis?" she said finally. "Maybe you think it's Sunday?"

"Mother, you ain't told me what you thought o' Mariar," he blurted out.

"Oh, thet's it. Well, I've always heard say, 'Don't jedge a new horse before you've drove him, or you'll likely change your mind.' I'd wash down thet old buggy to-day, ef I was you."

Otis turned away without a word.

The next week Maria stepped in of her own accord, after Sunday-school, to see Mrs. Stone.

"Well, do you like her any better by this time?" Otis asked, when her uncle had driven her away.

"I ain't never said I did n't like her."

"I thought you did n't, though, by what you did say."

"Oh, I don't guess but what she's well enough. Nobody's askin' me to marry her, so I don't see ez it matters much *what* I think."

"It matters to me, mother. I don't want to bring no one home to your house thet you don't take to."

"I guess we'll make out to get along, Otis. I ain't askin' you to marry to please me. Suit yourself."

"Now thet you've said the word, I guess I will," Otis answered grimly. A spirit of revolt, as violent as it was new, had arisen within him. He snatched his hat, and strode over through the woods to see the girl.

"*Mariar,*" he said, "I want you shed put

on your things, an' we'll walk right over to the minister's, an' ask him to marry us. I'm gettin' tired o' foolin'."

"Not now!" cried Maria, in dismay. "Oh, not *now*!"

"Why not? What's the matter with now?"

"It's too soon an' too sudden, an', besides—"

"Besides—what?"

"I don't think your mother takes to me at all, Otis. I don't want to go to nobody's house thet don't want me."

"Mother's all right," he said brusquely. "Come."

Maria hesitated. This imperative way was quite new in Otis, and it cowed her. She was an orphan, and had a semi-dependent position in her uncle's family that was anything but agreeable. After all, why should n't she, if Otis wished it?

Otis brought his wife home that evening, and Mrs. Stone accepted the situation without comment. A few weeks later she sat with her friend Sally Ann Higgins across the way, and talked it over.

"I'm noways in love with her myself—I've nothin' to say against her," she added quickly, her inborn sense of justice asserting itself.

"She ain't one of your high-fliers. She ain't got no accomplishments, but she's a great hand to work. She does more than her share. She'd do it all, ef I was a-mind to let her; but she's got ways of her own, an' they ain't my ways. I've had everything to suit myself in thet house for forty years now, an' it don't come easy to set back an' see some one in my place doin' everything different. I may come to like it right well by an' by. But I'd always figured we'd neither of us ever marry, an' jest go on livin' together all our days. But young folks ain't made thet way, I guess. Oh, I ain't complainin', Sally Ann, mind you. It's all right—quite right; only—jest—I would n't 'a' picked it out for myself."

The household was scarcely a happy one. Otis lived on in the vague expectation that things would brighten; but little by little the hope died out, and he shouldered his burden, and settled down to a dreary sort of life, that was none the easier to bear because its suffering was not anything very acute or tangible. His wife and his mother were both proud women. Neither was making any advances. They did their daily work side by side, but it bred no love between them. Every caress he offered his wife he saw his mother writhe

under like a blow. Every bitter little word of his mother's he saw hardening the lines in Maria's soft girl-face. What puzzling creatures women were, to be sure! They never quarreled, they never complained; but he felt their silent hostility, and he had a confused, guilty sense that he was the cause of it; yet he certainly did not know how to mend matters. It was all very perplexing and profoundly uncomfortable.

TOWARD the spring Mrs. Stone slipped on the ice and broke her ankle. She was still laid up with it, unable to walk, when Maria's baby was born. She was the first person Maria asked for, and they wheeled her in to the bedside in her arm-chair, and left them alone.

"Mother," said Maria. It was the first time she had used the word. A soft, sweet radiance was on her young face. A formless little bunch of flannel lay in her arms, and she tried to lift it toward Mrs. Stone. Mrs. Stone took the wee, red-faced mite, and the tears came into her eyes.

"Mother," said Maria, "she 's yours—yours an' Otis's. I guess I 'm goin' to die; but I don't mind much. I guess you 'll all be better off without me. I ain't been all a daughter orter be. I jest did up the work for you, an' thought all was said an' done. An' I was selfish an' wicked, an' wanted Otis to love me better 'n what he did you—an'—"

But Mrs. Stone had laid the baby down on the bed, and grasped the girl's hand in both

her own. Her yellow, wrinkled old hands trembled, and clutched the soft pink-and-white one with feverish eagerness.

"Mariar, don't you die—don't you think o' sech a thing—don't you do it! You've got to live for Otis's sake,—him ez sets sech a store by you,—an' for baby's sake. What would an old woman like me do with a baby? She needs her strong young mother to run after her. An'—an'—for me too, Mariar. I need you. I ain't never had no daughter, an' I won't say ez I liked it when you come. It was me thet was wicked. I forgot what the Good Book says about a man leavin' father an' mother, an' cleavin' to a wife. I forgot it was flesh an' blood, an' the Lord had made it so. An' I'd had him all to myself so long thet I could n't bear to go shares with nobody. But I guess we kin put by all sech foolishness now. I guess we know he 's got heart enough to love us both, an' his little daughter too. He needs us all—all three; an' we 'll all three turn to an' love him jest ez much ez we kin; an' we won't be treadin' on each other's toes, neither. Ef the Lord 'll only spare you, Mariar, I 'll be your mother jest ez much ez Otis's—jest ez much!"

AND when Otis came into the room, wiping the beads of perspiration from his forehead (though it was still cold enough for fires), he found the baby lying on the bed, almost neglected, while the two women were crying softly in each other's arms.

NEW HORIZONS.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

THERE are horizons for the wistful soul
 Compelled in narrow heritage to bide:
 I saw the sunset from the riverside;
 Then straight I climbed a little flame-lit knoll,
 And there beheld the golden chariot roll
 Through cloudy splendors, bannered pageants wide.
 Then, from my chamber, I once more descried
 The fervid wheel turning the western goal.

And last, my mountain in the east resigned
 Her bright tiara borrowed from the sun.
 Now, air and earth were merged in eventide,
 And I, with them, in peace, while something sighed:
 "Put thoughts of far adventure from thy mind;
 Try *heights* for new horizons, restless one!"

America.

*My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.*

*My native country, - thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.*

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
We thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

S. F. Smith.

Written in Feb. 1832.

July 31, 1893.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Reflections Appropriate to "The Fourth."

THE significance of Independence Day this year is greatly enlarged by reason of the war with Spain. The temptation of the Fourth-of-July orator will be to lose sight, in the brilliance of martial events, of the steady white light of national aspiration so clearly reflected in one of the noblest of our patriotic hymns, "America." The publication of this lofty hymn, in the author's autograph, in the preceding pages of THE CENTURY may help to remind us that not in victory alone,—certainly not in extension of territory,—but in a steadfast dedication to the principles of liberty and justice, lies the true greatness of a nation. The hymn contains no line of boasting or self-glorification, and the contemplation of its pure sentiment will be useful at this time, "lest we forget" in the allurements of martial success that war is only a means to an honorable peace.

The President struck the key-note of the spirit in which the war should be celebrated, as well as carried on, in his message to Congress announcing Dewey's victory at Manila, saying: "At this unsurpassed achievement the great heart of our Nation throbs, not with boasting or with greed of conquest, but with deep gratitude that this triumph has come in a just cause, and that by the grace of God an effective step has thus been taken toward the attainment of the wished-for peace." The endeavor to convert the conflict into a species of vendetta—a war of revenge for the destruction of the *Maine*—happily has failed. The spirit in which America has so long abstained from war has affected the spirit in which she now undertakes it. We may accept the theory of Spain's culpability or negligence in the destruction of our warship in her harbor in time of peace without allowing it to divert us from the chief purpose of the war: the rescue of an oppressed people from an incompetent and medieval rule. In the one case Spain's responsibility is a matter of inference from circumstantial evidence, however strong; in the other the facts were only too clear. The recent statement of Don Carlos is a virtual confession of the helplessness and corruption of this "dying nation" in the government of her colonies. If precedents for our interference were needed, enough have already been cited in the report of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary; but a time comes in the growth of tyranny and barbarity when no precedent for such interference is needed. It is enough that every sentiment of humanity was outraged by Spanish rule in Cuba. The situation became intolerable and *obnoxious* to the American people, and our indignation might well have overleaped the limits of

precedent, had that been necessary. If it be said that our protest was in defense of "a lot of ignorant Cubans," that is only a shifting of the issue: in these days of responsibility of governments to the governed it is part of the grievance of the civilized world that a large population should have been left in ignorance, untutored in the rights and privileges of the human race. The time is rapidly coming when this will be more clearly perceived in every land, and fortunate will be those nations which anticipate the blind demand of a neglected populace for a fuller measure of consideration. Humanity is greater than any dynasty or form of government, and sooner or later its demands are imperative. It will be well if our orators keep this aspect of the struggle in the foreground.

It is something gained for this spirit of humanity as against the spirit of revenge that Admiral Dewey's incomparable work in Manila Bay was executed without any of the unnecessary harshness which was expected and prophesied by the enemy. When it was seen that to return the fire of the city's batteries was to endanger the city itself, our commander gave orders to withhold the guns. He chivalrously congratulated his opponent on the courageous defense, and took care of his wounded. These softer phases of the heroic achievement may well receive remembrance on our annual celebration.

The day will be distinguished by the omission of the occasional tirades against England. There is no progress of the world that is not marked by somebody's change of mind, and in the last three months even the most violent prejudices among our people against our English kinsmen have disappeared in the face of unmistakable evidences of her sympathy with America in the irrepressible conflict between the ideas of the sixteenth century and those of the nineteenth. When on one side certain prominent Americans completely change their unfriendly attitude toward England, and on the other side Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain make most plain their appreciation of our purposes (friendship even going to the length of a suggestion of an Anglo-American alliance), the traditional railer against British institutions must find his occupation gone. Instead, he may well descant on the practical evidence that not only are the two great divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race in closer sympathy than ever before, but that in our own country the lines between the North and the South and between the East and the West are now obliterated—for the time, we are sure; let us hope, for all time.

Patriotic Americans may well consider thoughtfully one aspect of Dewey's victory to which Mr.

Schurz has called attention. "The battle that has just been won off Manila," he says, "was a battle between a 'civil-service reform' navy and a 'spoils' navy." Nothing could be truer or more significant, or at this time more important. The navy has always been the ideal of those who contend for the merit system. It has never been within the power of politicians to pay their political debts out of this part of the nation's service. To have permitted them to do so, it is now seen in our hour of stress, would have been madness. It can easily be imagined what would happen to our war-ships in the hands of political hacks selected by favoritism from the ranks of the incompetent. On the other hand, our tardy and inadequate preparation for national defense is more than made up by the superb morale and ability of the officers of the service. Under this régime of common sense and self-respect the navy has always been proverbial for ability and trustworthiness, and at every opportunity has vindicated the wisdom of selecting public servants by fitness, and of retaining them permanently during good behavior. What is now needed is that this system shall be extended to every branch of the public service. Now is the time especially for the reform of the consular service in this regard. How long will our merchants consent to a system of political consuls which compels us to compete for foreign trade at a serious disadvantage against the trained agents of other countries? And how long in States and cities shall the public safety be exposed to the insidious enmity of the spoils system, led by bosses and executed by the venal and ignorant?

What boots it at one gate to make defense,
And at another to let in the foe?

National Tests.

THE precision and effectiveness with which a nation enters upon the complex and scientific activities of modern warfare are important evidences of that nation's advance in civilization. If its regular army and navy are ably and honestly officered; if its soldiers and sailors are well selected, well cared for, and well conditioned; if the equipment and armament of the army and navy are not injured by corruption and incompetency on the part of its officials; if the military and naval services are carried on with intelligence and vigor—the people behind this organized force may surely be counted intelligent and vigorous.

America has given proof to the world of the intelligence and vigor of its people by means of the condition and action of its armed forces. But there must be now a tremendous test of the right feeling of its people and the wisdom and ability of their present rulers and representatives. This test will be furnished by the decision of the national authorities in regard to questions arising from the war with Spain. Never was greater statesmanship required in any national crisis. The country has been pushed forward by rapidly occurring events along new lines of international responsibility; how far we are to go in this di-

rection must be decided, as well as how we are to escape gravely threatening difficulties, and how we are to fulfil new and unexpected duties. A crucial test of American statesmanship and of our system of government is now to be made.

The question was asked the other day, "What will become of local reforms while war issues are upon us?" The answer must be that in times of war that bogus patriot, the political spoilsman, is apt to put in his most subtle work. He will pick the public pocket while leading the cheers for the old flag. A great many good people are at this moment looking about them and noting with renewed alarm the dominion of demagogues and corruptionists in many of our cities and States; and the horrors of war seem in their eyes all the more lamentable because of the diversion of the public mind from evils of our own government, from our own social and political faults.

It is easy to fall into a condition of gloom and inefficiency through meditations such as these. On the other hand, is it not possible that just such a crisis may, as it certainly ought to, actually help on the cause of political reform? This nation is now destined to a new career on one path or another. It can never be just the same in its policies and action. In its new career it will be more than ever imperative that virtue and ability shall characterize its legislation and its administration. Obviously its diplomatic and consular service must be conducted on much the same principle as its naval and military service. Its laws must have relation not only directly to its own people, but they must, if need be, also indirectly benefit its own people by their favorable effect upon certain other nations. In other words, large and statesmanlike and world-embracing views will be needed at Washington, instead of those parochial and demagogic policies which so often shame the more serious and well-informed representatives of the people.

The great test now upon us arrives at a period in our history when the higher branch of our national legislature, while still containing good and able statesmen, is on the whole, by common consent of thoughtful men, at a low ebb as to character and caliber. This is a portentous fact for us to be aware of at such a time. But it is so gigantic an object-lesson that the country is likely to profit from its regard. And does not this new realization of the dangers to be feared from such a Senate bring the nation to a keener sense of all those political evils which good men have long pointed out and strenuously endeavored to reform?

The Back-yard.

MANY of our American villages and towns began many years ago to take special interest in the matter of appearance. Village improvement societies, with Stockbridge, Massachusetts, as the leader and example, and with the late Mr. Northrup as the leading spirit of the reform, have sprung up in the smaller communities, and in the larger ones much has been done in the way of ornament by the introduction of parks, prome-

nades, monuments, and handsome public buildings. The community's front yard is being quite well cared for. But how about the back yard? In many cases where a village's front yard, so to speak, is not badly cared for, the same village's back-yard is shamefully neglected—especially that part of the village visible from the railroad.

Has not the time come when these communities are prepared to take up the problem of making a better presentation of themselves than that which some of them now make to the traveling public of the railroads? The very shrewdness of our people in advertising might be expected to have a salutary influence here. The same town that is evidently sensitive as to its appearance in the eyes of the casual visitor who passes through its main thoroughfares seems to be not at all sensitive to the shabby spectacle it makes of itself to those who approach it, or pass by it, on the railroad.

It is true that this shabbiness is often the result of a reckless use of back-yards by private owners. But there may generally be found some legal means of suppressing nuisances; and if not, the town could often purchase cheaply, and easily

make more respectable to the eye, the ungainly territory. Sometimes the object may be accomplished by moral suasion, by awakening the spirit of emulation, by cultivating local pride, by arousing a proper public spirit.

The trouble now is that holders of real estate along the railroads are apt to make the side of their property next to the tracks a mere dumping-ground. All the waste product of the community is here put out of sight by being thrown *into* the sight of the railroad traveler. It is the region of Carlyle's "shot rubbish." How many little towns turn a dirty face to the stranger, who may never know that they are double-faced and that the one looking on the village green is as clean and pretty as may be!

There is generally some place in every community where the old boot, the rusted stove-pipe, and all other mere relics of past utilities, may serve a useful function; but this place is not the back-yard of the village, which is in reality the front yard of the passenger-car. How many of THE CENTURY'S readers will make a beginning of reform in their own community, and let us know something of the results?



A Controversy of the Mexican War.

IN that part of General Grant's "Personal Memoirs" which treats of the Mexican War of 1846-48 he declares that it was forced upon Mexico in a manner wholly unjustifiable—that it was a political war, out of which the administration desired to make political capital, but desired at the same time to avoid giving the generals conducting it, who were Whigs, the opportunity of winning fame, which would render them formidable rivals for popular favor. And in his ninth chapter, headed "Political Intrigue," Grant asserts that this purpose was to be effected by exposing both their armies to defeat. Accordingly, he says, when General Taylor, by his early victories, had attracted the attention of the people, and "something had to be done to neutralize his growing popularity," General Scott was sent to take command of the forces in Mexico. And, says General Grant, "it was no doubt supposed that Scott's ambition would lead him to slaughter Taylor, or destroy his chances for the Presidency, and yet it was hoped that he would not make sufficient capital himself to secure the prize." But, lest he should make capital, the following scheme was devised: "Scott," continues General Grant, "had estimated the men and material that would be required to capture Vera Cruz and to march on the capital of the country, two

hundred and sixty miles in the interior. He was promised all he asked, and seemed to have not only the confidence of the President, but his sincere good wishes. The promises were all broken. Only about half the troops were furnished that had been pledged, other war material was withheld, and Scott had scarcely started for Mexico before the President undertook to supersede him," etc. "General Scott had less than twelve thousand men at Vera Cruz. He had been promised by the administration a very much larger force—or claimed that he had, and he was a man of veracity."

A much more extended quotation would be necessary to exhibit the detail and particularity with which General Grant dresses up the charge. And it is one which requires some management to give it any degree of plausibility; for to conquer Mexico (which had to be done, "or the political object would be unachieved"), and at the same time bring disgrace on the generals who did the work, was indeed, as General Grant says, "a most embarrassing problem to solve." When General Scott, after the campaign, complained that the department had not properly supported him, Governor Marcy replied in a few contemptuous sentences which should have set the slander at rest forever. "You seek," said he to Scott, "to create the belief . . . that the government, after preferring you to any other of the gallant generals within the range of its choice, had labored to

frustrate its own plans, to bring defeat on its own armies, and to involve itself in ruin and disgrace, for an object so unimportant in its bearing upon public affairs. A charge so entirely preposterous, so utterly repugnant to all the probabilities of human conduct, calls for no refutation."

General Grant, however, thinks that Scott was expected to expose Taylor to defeat by taking away half his army for the expedition to the City of Mexico, while, by withholding the reinforcements necessary to raise his own force to an effective strength, the administration was to expose Scott to a similar fate.

I was in the War Department with Governor Marcy during his whole term, and was in close relations with him. I held the same position with the secretaries under the next two administrations. I had, therefore, opportunities of knowing facts when they occurred, and of hearing them discussed afterward; but I do not pretend to any knowledge that is not open to all, for everything that was written about the Mexican War by the department or its generals has been printed by Congress. The only advantage I have over the general public is in knowing where, in the hundreds of unindexed volumes, the facts are stated. And I will undertake to establish these propositions:

1. The administration took pains to spread and enhance the fame of all Taylor's victories.

2. If Taylor had chosen, he could have commanded the expedition against the City of Mexico. But he did not approve of it. He advised that we take and hold the line we were going to claim as the boundary. Moreover, General Grant says Taylor "looked upon the enemy as the aggrieved party."

3. The expedition against the City of Mexico was not General Scott's original plan.

He did not approve it until after it had been determined on, and preparations for it were in progress.

4. No promises were ever made to General Scott of any number of men or any quantity of material. Nor did he ever say, unless he whispered it in General Grant's ear, that any such promises were made. All that he wrote has been printed; and though he made many and bitter complaints, he never said that any promises were made or any promises broken. Some of his complaints were shown by Governor Marcy to be void of truth. He surely would not have resorted to fiction, and have omitted facts that would have served his purpose better.

5. The largest force ever named by General Scott for the expedition to the City of Mexico was 20,000 men. General Taylor thought 25,000 would be required. At the close of his victorious campaign, General Scott had under his command 32,156 men. He had discharged nearly 4000 volunteers whose time had expired, and had lost many in the battles around the Mexican capital. He must have had, from first to last, at least 37,000 men—nearly double the number he had named.

6. General Scott was not promised, and did not expect or count upon, any larger force than he had at Vera Cruz. When General Scott was

sent to Mexico, he was not ordered to lead or send an expedition against Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico. He was to do so only if, "on arriving at the theater of action, you shall deem it to be practicable." And that depended upon the amount of force he could take from Taylor's army, which he was expected and told to determine on the spot. If these, added to the regulars which Congress had been requested to authorize, and the volunteers called out under existing laws, would make up a sufficient force to warrant him in undertaking the expedition, it was to go forward; otherwise, not. And of its sufficiency he was to be the judge. When he went to Vera Cruz he took all the troops he could gather for that purpose. He had all Taylor's army under his command, and he did not want more than he took. General Taylor thought Vera Cruz might be taken with 4000 men. General Scott thought, at times, 8000, 10,000, 12,000, 15,000 desirable, because he expected to have to encounter, in landing, a covering army of 20,000 or 30,000 Mexicans on the beach. But in December he wrote Taylor that he would proceed if he could get together 8000. In fact, he took 12,000; and when he landed there was not a Mexican soldier within eighty miles, except the small garrison of Vera Cruz, who wisely kept within their walls, and he lost not a man by any casualty in landing.

7. General Scott made no estimates whatever for the President and the Secretary of the war material he required. He was commanding general, and made his requisitions upon the proper bureaus for what he required, without submitting them to any one. All that he asked was sent him, except shells, and of these many times as many were sent as he had use for. For he made requisition for 80,000 shells; 69,000 were shipped, 40,000 reached him, and he used not 1200. He asked for 50 mortars; all were shipped; 23 reached him; he used 10. He asked for 44 heavy guns; all were shipped; I do not find how many reached him; he used 6. In fact, Vera Cruz did not make the resistance he expected. It fell before all his material reached him.

8. General Scott, in depleting Taylor's army, made ample provision for his safety. This was urged upon him by the War Department, and he did it. Taylor was far in the interior, one hundred and fifty miles beyond the Rio Grande. Scott recommended that he fall back on Monterey till he should be reinforced; but that course did not suit the old hero's notions. He wrote the department that he was still strong enough to hold his own, and proved it by beating Santa Anna in the open field. Scott needs no other evidence that his ambition did not lead him to slaughter Taylor.

All the foregoing facts are stated in official papers, printed in documents 8 and 60 of the House of Representatives, 30th Congress, 1st session.

John D. McPherson.

"An Effort to Rescue Jefferson Davis."

A CORRECTION BY GENERAL WHEELER.

MAJOR H. B. McCLELLAN has sent us a letter, addressed to General Joseph Wheeler, in correction of the statements in his article, "An Effort to

Rescue Jefferson Davis," in the May CENTURY, relating to Major McClellan's separation from General Hampton (page 86). Major McClellan writes:

So far as my name is connected with it, this narrative is in error.

When General Hampton announced his intention not to be included in the surrender of General Johnston's army, I immediately offered to join my fortunes to those of my general, and to accompany him wherever he might go. Kindly, but very positively, General Hampton declined my offer. He said that he was uncertain what course of action he would adopt; that he wished to be accompanied only by men without family ties; that Lowndes and Taylor, his aides, were with him, and would render all the service that might be desirable. Moreover, he thought it necessary for me to remain at Greensboro', as his representative, to secure the proper paroles for the officers and men at cavalry headquarters,

and for the troops of Butler's cavalry division who might wish to accept the terms of Johnston's surrender. Receiving this as an order from my general, I performed the duty indicated, and then made my way to my home in Virginia, in company with a small party of officers and men from my State.

At that time, my dear general, I also was "a young man" of somewhat "energetic disposition," in whom the four years of the war "had developed a certain enjoyment of adventure"; and I believe that neither the Pee Dee River, nor the thought of the young wife and babe at home, nor both together, would have separated me from my chief, had he needed and accepted my services.

SAYRE INSTITUTE,
LEXINGTON, KY., May 3, 1898.

General Wheeler adds to his regret that the error should have been published, his wish that this correction be made.—EDITOR.



A Helping Hand.

By the Author of "Two Runaways."

THE success of William Hunter as a teller of stories was largely due to his long, grizzly, unsmiling face and his melancholy, drawling voice. Perhaps he owed something, too, to the contrast presented by a pair of laughing blue eyes, which gleamed far back under shaggy brows. Whatever was the main cause, the main fact is that William was a success, and gathered a crowd about him whenever he came to town.

Sparta had not fallen into the hands of the Prohibitionists, and her Saturdays were yet full of life,—for it is upon the last day of the week that one may expect to find the county assembled within the corporate limits of the county-seat,—when William was seen upon the street, relating his experiences, in his sad way, to a sympathizing group. A climax had just been reached, and he was carelessly measuring with his eye the distance to the nearest grocery, when a negro accosted him:

"Mornin', Marse William. How you do dis mornin', sah?" The speaker was a nervous, smiling little fellow of about fifty years, with that peculiar tone in his voice which is instantly recognized, through all the South, as evidence of insincerity. William, after a deliberate but good-natured survey of him, responded lazily:

"How are you, Cousin Anthony? Hope you are well, Cousin Anthony." He always insisted that, since he had been taught to call every old negro woman "aunt," the next generation were necessarily his cousins; and he so addressed them.

"Des toler'ble, Marse William; des toler'ble." And then, with a rush of good-fellowship: "Marse William, I wanter come out an' farm wid you nex'

year, if you please, sah. I'm des natchully tired movin' roun' f'om place ter place,—plumb wore out,—an' I knows you got plenty good lan' out on de ribber."

"All right, Cousin Anthony; come out—come right out. I can let you have all the land you want—an' a mule; an' thar's lots of corn in the cribs, an' meat sp'ilin' in the smoke-house. We want good, hard-working men, Cousin Anthony, an' everybody knows you are that sort." (Everybody, on the contrary, knew that Anthony was about as lazy, shiftless, and unreliable as a negro gets to be.) Anthony's eyes danced with delight.

"Yes, sah; I'm never gwine back on my word. An' when I works, I *uorks*. I'll be dere, an' you can des 'pend—"

"Sometimes," continued William, taking up the thread of his remarks where it had been broken, "we get men who are not good at first—men who have been neglected, an' never had a helpin' hand; an' we try 'em awhile, Cousin Anthony, an' if we can't make nothin' out of 'em, why, we *have* to let 'em go. We are plain, homely folks out my way, but we try to do our duty, accordin' to our lights, by everybody. They tell us we are behind the times, an' I reckon we are; for if strangers did n't now an' then drop in an' talk about the war, we'd forget it had ever been fought, an' niggers were free."

"In-d-e-e-d? Oomhoo!"

Now "indeed" is a tentative word once much affected in the South. The High-church Episcopalian was fond of it; the lawyer, the doctor, the orator, carried it as part of their stock in trade; and all superior persons were entitled to use it. One should see a gray-haired woman of the old régime lift her gold-rimmed glasses to her aquiline nose, and utter it, to hear it in all its perfection. Indeed (there it goes!), a skilful elocutionist might

teach a class with this one word, and be assured that whoever mastered all of its possibilities had earned a diploma. The word has become a great favorite among negroes since denominational colleges began to turn out preachers; and no ten-thousand-dollar pitcher ever got his ball over the home plate in such a curve as the flexible-voiced, cooing African gives to "indeed." So used, it is exceedingly irritating to the older Southerners. As William Hunter himself once said, "it suggests social equality, and smells like the Fourteenth Amendment." His gaze rested curiously for a moment upon the face of the little man, who, with head cocked sidewise, was smilingly exposing his white teeth and enormous gums; but the old ray of fun soon danced again into William's eyes.

"Yes," he continued slowly; "it is even so, Cousin Anthony. We labor to save souls as well as bodies—in our humble, old-fashioned way. Now, for 'n instance, a biggity young nigger come along the other day, an' asked for work; an' bein' short a hand, I told him to get a mule from the stable an' fall in with the others whar they was a-plowin' in oats. I sat on the fence an' watched him awhile. Cousin Anthony, you won't hardly believe it, but that nigger actually stopped three times in two rounds to straighten the back-band on that mule, an' twice more to projec' with his traces."

"In-dee-d!"

"Fact," said William, after a pause. "I called him to come in, an' he come. Thar was some china-berry sprouts layin' aroun', that had been chopped out of the fence-corners,—oh, 'bout as big as your wris, I reckon,—an' I gathered a han'ful. 'Young man,' I said, 'I've been watchin' you out yonder, an' I've seen you stop five times in two roun's to straighten that back-ban' an' projec' with them traces. It's the first time I've ever seen such a thing happen on this place, an' I'm risin' fifty years ol'. You are on the broad road to destruction, headin' to ruin like a runaway steer to water, an' perishin' for the want of a few kin' words an' a helpin' han'. Get down right here now, an' put your head 'tween my knees, an' let me labor with your poor, misguided, uneducated soul.' That 's what I told him. An', Cousin Anthony, what do you reckon that wanderin', sinful, ungrateful bein' said in response to all my kindness? Why, sah, he reared back, an' pos'tively refused the helpin' han' I was offerin' im!"

"Oom!" Anthony's smile was very much involved, and threatened to disappear.

"Yes, sah! Said he'd never be'n whipped by no man, an' never would be whipped by no man. I just motioned to two of my old han's, an' they put him down whar I could git his head 'tween my knees, an' I hit him one lick. But I was too light for 'im, an' he rode me roun' on his neck over a quarter-acre of lan' befo' his breath give out. I did n't cuss him, or talk harsh to 'im. I did n't want to hurt his feelin's. It war n't his fault he'd been raised wrong. I motioned to the boys again, an' they come an' mashed him down so I could sit on his head. An' then I gave him forty, save one, an' he beg to be let up. 'Now,' says I, 'young man, I've been a frien' to you this day, an' you 'll re-

member it as long as you live, I hope. Go out yonder now, an' git into them plow-handles, an' stay thar till dinner-time. An' while you are plowin', pray for forgiveness an' strength to resis' temptation an' turn from the error of yo' ways; an' at dinner-time come up to the house an' get a drink of my bes' corn-liquor.'

"Well, Cousin Anthony, he went, an' at dinner-time here he come. I knowed he was a changed man soon as my eye fell on 'im. He took off his hat, an' set it down on the groun' outside the gate, an' come in by the steps. 'Marse William,' he said, 'I ain't come up here to git no drink of yo' whisky; I've come to thank you f'om the bottom of my heart for what you've done for me this day. I was on the broad road to destruction, an' perishin' for the want of a frien', an' you've been my frien'. I thank you, sah; I thank you f'om the bottom of my heart.' Them was his very words, Cousin Anthony, an' thar ain't a better han' on my place to-day. You 'll see him when you come out—"

"Yes, sah—yes, sah, Marse William. I ain't fully 'cided in my mind to move anywhar yet—I ain't fully 'cided. I des thought, seein' you hyah, I'd speak erbout hit now, 'fo' de lan' all been—"

"Well, come out, Cousin Anthony; come out when you please."

"Yes, sah. Thankee, Marse William. I 'll study 'bout it erwhile, an' let you know—thankee, sah. Mornin', Marse William. Mornin', Marsas."

And Anthony, having executed a half-dozen bows and a semicircle to get past the group, disappeared with a celerity that was almost eloquent.

William shook so with laughter that he cut his plug tobacco with great difficulty. "Fact is," he said, as he slowly slid his knife down into his trousers pocket, and rolled the new quid into a comfortable place, "I never hit but one nigger a lick. I was a boy then, an' he jumped on me, an' like to have stomped the life outer me. Pa said it served me right, an' I reckon it did."

Harry Stillwell Edwards.

"Audubonnets."

I.

THE singing-birds are gone:
We have instead—the bonnet!
From darkling coverts drawn,
The singing-birds are gone
To many a Mollie Bawn.
Ah, short-lived as a sonnet,
The singing-birds are gone:
We have instead—the bonnet!

II.

The bird of Paradise—
What glories gleamed upon it!
Surely, its rainbow-dyes
The bird of Paradise
Did filch from sun-wrecked skies!
But now the thieving bonnet
Is bird of Paradise,
With poor, shorn glories on it.

H. T. Henry.



MR. PINEAPPLE: "Why are you looking so disgusted?"
MR. COCOANUT: "I'm getting awfully tired of milk."



Oh, what a raging toothache Mr. Nutcracker has! But he must not expect anything different so long as he persists in cracking nuts with his teeth.



MR. TRUNK, soliloquizing: "Well, well, if I can't find that key, I'll have to go without my dinner, as my mouth is locked."



"No, I have n't been able to play for some time; my nerves; I am all unstrung."



THE SCISSORS: "What style shall I cut your hair?"
THE BRUSH: "Pompadour, to be sure."



DRAWN BY A. ABENOSCHEIN, AFTER A DAGUERRETYPE BY BRADY. ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

E. K. Kane

ELISHA KENT KANE AT THE AGE OF 36.

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THE ARCTIC MONUMENT NAMED FOR TENNYSON BY DR. KANE.

BY CHARLES W. SHIELDS, LL.D.

THE world has not forgotten the expedition to the north pole in search of Sir John Franklin which was conducted by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, of the United States navy, more than forty years ago. In distinction from other expeditions, it was animated by impulses of philanthropy as well as of science and adventure. It united the two great English-speaking nations, for the rescue of the lost navigator, in an enterprise of heroic endurance; and its story of peril and suffering, so eloquently told by its leader, has become classical in American literature.

An incident of this expedition which added to its international interest was the discovery of a great natural pillar of rock, resembling a minaret, which Dr. Kane named in honor of the poet Tennyson. It has been recalled to public notice in the memoir which is now charming the whole world of letters. The biographer, Lord Tennyson, thus refers to it, under date of February, 1855:

The news of the loss of Sir John Franklin, my mother's uncle, in the arctic regions, was at this time a great shock. It is interesting to note that Dr. Kane, who was on the second Grinnell expedition in search of Sir John, honored my father by naming a natural rock column 480 feet high, on a pedestal 280 feet high, to the north of latitude 79°, "Tennyson's Monument."

The discovery of the monument is narrated by Dr. Kane in the first volume of his "Arctic Explorations." After describing a picturesque range of cliffs, which through the long action of the seasons had assumed in the arctic twilight a dreamy semblance of castles, battlements, and turrets, he continues:

I was still more struck with another of the same sort, in the immediate neighborhood of my halting-ground beyond Sunny Gorge, to the north of latitude 79°. A single cliff of greenstone, marked by the slaty limestone that once encased it, rears itself from a crumbled base of sandstones, like the boldly chiseled rampart of an ancient city. At its northern extremity, on the brink of a deep ravine which has worn its way among the ruins, there stands a solitary column or minaret-tower, as sharply finished as if it had been cast for the Place Vendôme. Yet the length of the shaft alone is four hundred and eighty feet; and it rises on a plinth or pedestal itself two hundred and eighty feet high.

I remember well the emotions of my party as it first broke upon our view. Cold and sick as I was, I brought back a sketch of it, which may have interest for the reader, though it scarcely suggests the imposing dignity of this magnificent landmark. Those who are happily familiar with the writings of Tennyson, and have communed with his spirit in the solitudes of a wilderness, will apprehend the impulse that inscribed the scene with his name.

It was the habit of Dr. Kane to fill his note-book with sketches of arctic scenery and objects taken on the spot from nature. For this work he was gifted with the eye and hand of an artist, as well as with the training of a scientific observer. Some of his sketches, made hastily on scraps of paper, are now framed as bits of marine painting, rendering water, ice, and rock with rare fidelity. They furnished the material of the illustrations so profusely scattered through his volumes, and were produced as etchings under his own direct supervision. "The original sketch of the Tennyson Monument," says the artist Hamilton, "is of the slightest description, and in lead-pencil. Now, every one accustomed to study nature practically is aware of the extreme difficulty of rendering the peculiar texture and tone of old, time-worn, weather-beaten rock, sandstone-crushed debris, etc. Its successful rendition is one of the most difficult achievements of landscape art. In the sketch of the subject alluded to, these qualities (notwithstanding the 'coldness and sickness' suffered at the time of executing it, mentioned by the lamented navigator in his journal) are secured to an extent that would be creditable to the most skilful artist. Every fragment is jotted down with a perception and feeling which seize the special character of the minutest particle defined, and yet its minutiae in no way conflict with the grandeur of the subject."

After his return to the United States, Dr. Kane visited England, with the project of another expedition of research and rescue, and in hopes of repairing his health, which had been broken by his arctic voyages and

the labor of writing and illustrating his works. He was not destined to meet Tennyson, but he received two letters from him, which were preserved by his only sister, Elizabeth Kane (the late Mrs. Shields), and are now published for the first time, with the kind approval of the present Lord Tennyson.

The first letter, written before the poet had received a presentation copy of the "Arctic Explorations," is general in its terms of acknowledgment.

DEAR SIR: Your book has not yet reached me here in this remote place; but as I learn with much regret that the state of your health obliges you to leave England very soon, I will not wait to see it before I write to request you will do me the favor of allowing me an opportunity to thank you in person for what I am told are your kind expressions toward myself in your book, and for the honor you have done me by giving my name to that noble pillar. My wife and I hope that you will feel equal to coming so far out of your way to your ship as to pay us a visit here, and that a little rest will soon restore you to your former health. Believe me, dear sir,

Yours very truly,

Nov. 4th, '56.

A. TENNYSON.

Farringford House, Freshwater, I. W.

P. S. If there be a Miss Cross in your house, and if it be the Miss Cross whom I knew in Scotland, will you give her my best regards?

Mr. William Cross¹ of Champion Hill, London, had very hospitably taken Dr.

¹ Mr. Cross had well-known relatives in New York, among whom is a sister-in-law of the explorer, the widow of General Kane of Kane, Pennsylvania, and daughter of the Hon. William Wood (Elizabeth Dennistoun Wood, formerly of New York), to whose kindness I am indebted for some details of this sketch.



AN UNPUBLISHED ARCTIC SKETCH BY DR. KANE, IN POSSESSION OF DR. CHARLES W. SHIELDS.

Kane from the hotel into his own house, where he received the kindest care, with the medical advice of Sir Henry Holland, and the thoughtful attentions of Lady Franklin and other personages. His daughter, Elizabeth Dennistoun Cross, of whom Tennyson speaks, was a little lass of fifteen, very fond of his poetry, and proud of being allowed to repeat passages to him while he lay upon the grass, smoking. She grew up a charming young woman, and herself wrote a little volume of verse. Her brother, John Cross, is known as the husband of "George Eliot."

The second letter from Tennyson, still more cordial in its tone, was written after the book had been received, and when it had become evident that the strength of the invalid was failing so that he would be unable to enjoy the honors which awaited him in England.

FARRINGFORD, FRESHWATER, I. W.,
Nov. 12th, '56.

DEAR DR. KANE: Only yesterday, and then too late for me to return you thanks by that day's post, arrived your present. The book is really magnificent. I do not think that I have ever met with one which gives such vivid pictures of arctic scenery. Nay, I am quite sure I never did; and, indeed, I feel that I owe you more thanks for it, and for your warm-hearted inscription, and your memorial of me in the wilderness, than I could well inclose in as many words; so I will say nothing about it, only beg you to accept that volume¹ of my poems containing the line which (as C. Weld writes) came into your mind when you stood first before the great minaret. I write to-day to request my publisher to send it to you. Weld says that you leave us on Monday for Cuba. I am grieved that you leave us, and grieved more for the occasion. I hardly expect now to see you here. If, however, we may still hope for that pleasure, could you let me know by return of post? There is a visit which I must pay to some suffering relatives, but which I would postpone if you could come. But whether I see you or not,

Believe me, dear Dr. Kane,

Yours ever,
A. TENNYSON.

The memoir informs us that Mr. Charles Weld was the husband of Anne Sellwood, younger sister of Lady Tennyson, and also niece of Sir John Franklin. The lines which are referred to by Dr. Kane as having arisen in his mind, "cold and sick" as he was, when he came in sight of the great monument, are in the "Palace of Art."

¹ This copy, now in my possession, is the beautiful Moxon edition of 1856, and bears the autographic inscription, "Dr. Kane, from A. Tennyson."

² See the December (1897) CENTURY.

As in strange lands a traveler walking slow,
In doubt and great perplexity,
A little before moon-rise hears the low
Moan of an unknown sea,

And knows not if it be thunder, or a sound
Of rocks thrown down, or one deep cry
Of great wild beasts; then thinketh, "I have
found
A new land, but I die."



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER A SKETCH BY DR. KANE.

THE TENNYSON MONUMENT.

The words proved but too sadly prophetic. Dr. Kane sailed for Havana, and soon died there, in his thirty-seventh year, proudly and tenderly lamented by his countrymen as the Sir Philip Sidney of his time.

A recent visitor to Farringford² tells us that "in the breakfast-room, through which Tennyson would pass on his way to his study, there hangs over the mantel-shelf a fine colored print of the great arctic monument discovered by Kane, on which he bestowed the



FROM A LITHOGRAPH. PRESERVED AS A RELIC OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION OF RESCUE. IN POSSESSION OF DR. CHARLES W. SHIELDS.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, R. N.

poet's name." It is not difficult to imagine why such a picture should be prized in that household. Lady Tennyson was the niece of Sir John Franklin; and Dr. Kane described his expedition as a crusade of rescue, in which the interests of geography were to be held inferior to the claims of imperiled humanity. "That admirable woman, the wife of Sir John Franklin," he said, "has called on us, as a kindred people, to join heart and hand in the enterprise of snatching the lost navigator from a dreary grave." As part of his equipment for the voyage, he received from Lady Franklin an engraved portrait of *Sir John*, which hung in the cabin of the *Advance* during the long cruise in the arctic

seas. On the Sunday when it became necessary to abandon the ice-bound brig he writes: "We read prayers and a chapter of the Bible; and then, all standing silently round, I took Sir John Franklin's portrait from its frame, and cased it in an india-rubber scroll." The relic was brought safely back, and carefully preserved. It now hangs upon the study wall before me as I write.

There are other considerations besides grateful feeling to make the homage of the explorer to the poet seem as appreciative and fitting as it was welcome. Dr. Kane was an enthusiastic admirer of Tennyson before his fame had been quite assured, when the "In Memoriam," the "Idylls," and "Maud" had

not yet come to turn some lingering criticism into praise. He might have sprinkled his narrative with quotations had not a rigorous family censorship precluded them as unsuitable in such a work. Many of the poems he had by heart, and often recited them with emotion. His greatest favorite, the "Ulysses," as repeated by him might become suggestive of much in his own eventful career. It seems now to have had for him a strange fulfilment in the lines:

Come, my friends,

'T is not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles.

Some passages in the "Palace of Art" especially pleased his fancy, perhaps as word-pictures of scenes familiar to him in his travels.

One seem'd all dark and red—a tract of sand
And some one pacing there alone,
Who paced for ever in a glimmering land,
Lit with a low large moon.

And one a foreground black with stones and slags,
Beyond, a line of heights, and higher
All barr'd with long white cloud the scornful crags,
And highest, snow and fire.

Even in the arctic wilds he would make his companions share his enthusiasm for a

poetry the subtle charm of which some of them might feel only with a vague intelligence. His rough boatswain Brooks would listen to him as if spellbound when, sailing in sight of some sunset cliff, he recalled the verse:

Break, break, break,

At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

A touching incident is told as an instance of this sympathetic admiration. Among the books in the *Advance* was an English copy of Tennyson, bound plainly in boards. It was the copy out of which the captain used to read to his men during the long arctic night. It would have been left behind, in the hurry of departure from the brig, had not Brooks inclosed it in a roughly sewed black-leather case, with a flap secured by a horn button. Long afterward he presented it with pride and triumph to his surprised commander. He had carried it in the bosom of his shirt during all the overland sledge journey to the rescuing ship, as if it were something too precious to be lost. The valued copy, still in its rude casing, was the explorer's next Christmas gift to his sister-in-law, and it has since formed part of the government navy exhibit at the centennial celebration.

Besides poetic sympathy, there was also a noble congeniality of soul between the poet and his admirer. It was one mission of Tennyson to recall a sordid age to some lost



UNPUBLISHED ARCTIC SKETCH BY DR. KANE, IN POSSESSION OF DR. CHARLES W. SHIELDS.

ideals of valor, virtue, faith, and tenderness, which it had forgotten as the extravagance of a rude heroic period. These qualities have been illustrated, as if by one of his own ideal knights, in the story of an accomplished youth of gentle breeding and tastes, who wore the flower of true knight-hood in an icy desert, on an errand as pure, though not as dreamy, as the quest of the Holy Grail. It seemed a new legend of the Round Table come again.

And now his chair desires him here in vain,
However they may crown him otherwhere.

And that other good Christian knight, for whom he staked his life, has other glory than a cenotaph in Westminster Abbey.

Not here! the white North has thy bones; and thou,
Heroic sailor-soul,
Art passing on thine happier voyage now
Toward no earthly pole.

The arctic monument to Tennyson, though far away from human sight, must always appeal to the imagination. It is itself a great marvel of nature, not reared by the hand of man in the pride of his art, but wrought as in the very quarry of the Creator, and towering in lonely grandeur amid surroundings gloomy, inorganic, and desolate, such as only a poet might fancy in his wildest mood. It is also a fit offering to the genius of philanthropy, standing at a point on the earth's surface where the lines of longitude almost meet beyond the seas and continents which divide mankind, and telling how brave men penetrated the storms of sunless winters in quest of their lost and suffering fellows. It is, above all, a tribute to the power of literature as represented by the great English poet of our time, whose songs have knit together two peoples as kindred in speech as in blood, and whose beneficent ministry has been felt, not only in the homes of civilized men, but by "those who have communed with his spirit in the solitudes of a wilderness." It shows the world how Heroism and Poesy can meet in the service of Humanity.

SKETCH OF DR. KANE.

THE foregoing sketch may revive interest in a career filled with incidents as remarkable as the discovery of the Tennyson Monument. As the eulogist at the obsequies of Dr. Kane, I described him as "a young man who, within the short space of fourteen years, has traversed the globe in its most inaccessible places; who has gathered here and there a

laurel in every walk of research in which he strayed; who has gone into the thick of perilous adventure, abstracting in the spirit of philosophy, yet seeing with the eye of poesy, and loving with the heart of humanity; who has penetrated even to the northern pole of the planet, and returned to invest the story of his escape with the charms of literature and art; and who, dying in the morning of his fame, is lamented by his country and the world." Except to those who knew him well, this description may now seem extravagant.

The world that for an idle day
Grace to our mood of sadness gave
Long since hath thrown her weeds away.

It is a description, however, which will be justified by the briefest review of the elements of his character and the events in his life.

Born in the year 1820, of Irish, Scotch, Dutch, French, and English origin, he had an American ancestry remarkable in all its branches. On the father's side he was descended from Colonel John Kane of the British army, in the colony of New York, who married Sybil Kent, daughter of the Rev. Elisha Kent, and aunt of Chancellor Kent. His grandfather, Elisha K. Kane, was a successful merchant in Albany and New York, who married Alida Van Rensselaer, daughter of General Robert Van Rensselaer of Claverack Manor, and a descendant of the patroon of Albany, connected with the Schuylers, Livingstons, Beekmans, and other manorial families on the Hudson. His father was the Hon. John K. Kane of Fern Rock, near Philadelphia, judge of the United States district court, and well remembered as an acute and learned jurist, an influential statesman of the old school, an active promoter of the arts and sciences, an accomplished literary scholar, and a courtly gentleman in society.

On the mother's side he was descended from Thomas Leiper, cadet of a Scotch family of French origin, who came to the colony of Virginia and thence to Philadelphia, was active in forming the City Troop, and served by the side of Washington in the battles of Monmouth, Trenton, and Princeton, and after the Revolution united with his friend President Jefferson in forming the political party which looked to him for its leader. His grandmother was Elizabeth Coultas Gray, daughter of the Hon. George Gray of Gray's Ferry and Martha Ibbetson of Whitby Hall—a Lady Bountiful whose services in nursing the sick and

wounded during the occupation of Philadelphia by Lord Howe attracted testimonials from both British and American officers. His mother was Jane Duval Leiper, of a family distinguished for the beauty of its women, and herself also distinguished for the energy, nerve, elasticity, and warm-heartedness which became famous in her son. If there is any truth in heredity, so varied elements of race, creed, and culture could not fail to issue in a rich and strong character.

His education, which at first was projected at Yale, was pursued at the University of

In this, the first of his extended journeys, he made a circuit of the globe, sailing around the coast of South America, across the Pacific Ocean to southern and eastern Asia, and returning by the overland route through Europe, across the Atlantic back to the United States. He had explored India, Persia, and Egypt, and wandered through Greece and Switzerland on foot. He was absent more than two years. As the present routes and facilities of travel were then unknown, the tour was marked by difficulties and perils, as well as by adventures and exploits due to



FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF PORTRAIT BY THOMAS SULLY.

THE HON. JOHN K. KANE, FATHER OF DR. KANE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF PORTRAIT BY THOMAS SULLY.

JANE DUVAL LEIPER KANE, MOTHER OF DR. KANE.

Virginia, and completed in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania, with a graduating thesis which has been quoted as an authority in Europe as well as in our country. At this time an acute attack of rheumatism of the heart, which brought him to the brink of the grave, gave serious purpose to his life, and made it evident to his medical advisers that physical hardship and activity should be blended with his scientific tastes and aspirations. Accordingly, abandoning the routine life of a practitioner, he was appointed physician to the Chinese embassy, which sailed in the frigate *Brandywine*, under Commodore Parker, in May, 1843.

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his own daring nature. One of these, taken from a former biographical sketch, will serve as an example.

It was at Luzon, the largest of the Philippine Islands, that his adventurous spirit, though under a scientific impulse, passed the limits of prudence in his far-famed exploration of the crater of Tael, a volcano on the Pacific coast of the island, in a region inhabited only by savages. Crossing over to the capital city of the island during one of the long delays of Chinese diplomacy, he procured an escort of natives from the Archbishop of Manila (by means of letters from American prelates which he had secured before leaving home), and, in com-

pany with his friend Baron Loë, a relative of Metternich, penetrated the country to the asphaltic lake in which the island volcano is situated. Both gentleman at first descended together until they reached a downward through the sulphurous vapors, over the hot ashes, to the green boiling lake, dipped his specimen bottle into its waters, returned to the rope, several times stumbling, almost stifled, and with one of



FROM A DAGUERRETYPE.

DR. KANE (MAY 11, 1843).

precipice overhanging the cavernous gulf of the crater, when the baron saw further progress to be impossible. But the doctor, in spite of the remonstrances of the whole party, insisted upon being lowered over the ledge by means of a rope made of bamboos, and held in the hands of the natives, under the baron's directions, until he reached the bottom, two hundred feet below. Loosing himself from the cord, he forced his way

his boots charred to a coal, but succeeded in again fastening himself, and was hauled up by his assistants, and received into their hands exhausted and almost insensible. Remedies brought from the neighboring hermitage were applied, and he was so far restored that they could proceed on their journey. But rumors spread before them among the pygmy savages on the island of the profane invasion which had been made

into the mysteries of the Tael, and an angry mob gathered about them, which was only dispersed by one or two pistol-shots and the timely arrival of the padres. The trophies of this expedition were some valuable min-

severe illness. His sensitive organization, which seems to have reflected the disease of every climate,—the rice-fever at Macao, and the plague at Cairo,—was prostrated by an attack of the malignant coast-fever, from



FROM A DAGUERRETYPE.

DR. KANE AS AN AIDE IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

eral specimens, a bottle of sulphur-water, a series of graphic views, from recollection, in his sketch-book, and a written description of the volcano by one of the friars, which, after many wanderings, was put in his hands as he sat at the home dinner-table, twelve years afterward.

His next voyage was to the coast of Africa, in the frigate *United States*, under Commodore Reed. By means of letters which he had received, when in Brazil, from the Spanish merchant Da Souza, he was now enabled to visit the slave-factories, and with a caravan to penetrate as far into the interior as the ghastly court of his savage Majesty, the King of Dahomey. From this comparatively inglorious field of service he was recalled by

which he recovered too weak and disabled for duty. On returning to Philadelphia he found the country at war with Mexico, and, as soon as he was sufficiently restored in health, tendered his services, and received credentials as bearer of despatches to General Scott, then in possession of the Mexican capital. On his way from Vera Cruz to the interior occurred an affair of arms which, but for its well-attested facts, might seem a mere romance of chivalry. It is here cited from my memoir as an illustration of traits shown on other occasions.

Having been unable to procure an American escort, Dr. Kane had intrusted himself to a Mexican spy company under Colonel Domingues, and was approaching Nopalucan

when they encountered a body of guerillas escorting Generals Gaona and Torrejon, with other Mexican officers. A short and severe contest ensued, resulting in the capture of most of the Mexican party. During the fray the doctor's charger carried him between young Colonel Gaona and his orderly, who both fell upon him at the same moment. Receiving only a slight flesh-hurt from the lance of the latter, he parried the saber-cut of the former, and unhorsed him with a wound in the chest. Soon afterward cries came from young Gaona to save his father, the aged general, whom, together with the other Mexican prisoners, the renegade Domingues and his bandits were about to butcher in cold blood. Dr. Kane instantly charged among them with his six-shooter, and succeeded at length in enforcing humanity to the vanquished, though only after receiving a lance-thrust in the abdomen, and a blow which cost him the loss of his horse. But still another act of mercy remained to be performed. As the old general sat beside his son, who was bleeding to death from his wound, the doctor, with no better surgical implements than a table-fork and a piece of pack-thread, succeeded in taking up and tying the artery, and thus saved the life which he had endangered. The gratitude of the rescued Mexicans knew no bounds; and when it was found that their deliverer was himself suffering from wounds, he was taken by General Gaona to his own residence, and there nursed for weeks by the family, with every attention that wealth and refinement could suggest. The modesty of a brave man could not keep this incident in obscurity. The published letters of Mexican and American authorities, detailing the whole occurrence, followed him to Philadelphia, and seventy of the most distinguished gentlemen of the city united in presenting him with a sword as a memorial of "an incidental exploit which was crowned with the distinction due to gallantry, skill, and success, and was hallowed in the flush of victory by the noblest humanity to the vanquished."

He was next attached to the Coast Survey, but had scarcely settled into its routine when he was summoned to the great work of his life. In taking command of the Grinnell expedition in search of Sir John Franklin he approached a task for which his scientific training and previous travels had especially fitted him. His geological surveys of the Andes, the Himalayas, and the Alps had prepared him to study the rocky deserts and *glaciers of the polar region*. His familiarity

with degraded races in every quarter of the globe enabled him to deal intelligently and humanely with the Eskimo tribes. His preliminary voyage with Lieutenant DeHaven had made him acquainted with arctic modes of travel and subsistence. Above all these qualifications, he had the moral sense of a humane mission to which he had devoted himself. In his farewell home letter he wrote: "Now that the dream has concentrated itself into a grim practical reality, it is not egotism, but duty, to speak of myself and my plans. I represent other lives and other interests than my own. The object of my journey is the search after Sir John Franklin; neither science nor the vain glory of attaining an unreachd north shall divert me from this one conscientious aim."

The public estimate of Dr. Kane was shown throughout the civilized world in various forms: by the gift of a service of silver from the Queen, by the medals and decorations of learned societies, by resolutions of Congress and the State legislatures, by countless poetical tributes and eulogies, and at the last by a long funeral triumph from New Orleans to Philadelphia, with the learned, the noble, and the good everywhere mingling in its train.

I need not here dwell upon the well-known traits of his character—his magnetic personality, his indomitable energy, his masterful will, his marvelous tact in emergencies, his courage and patience and generosity, his genial humor, his love of science and research, his devotion to the highest interests of humanity, and that religious faith which sustained him in the darkest hours. Such traits did not merely shine before the world, but on a nearer view, where there could be neither applause nor ambition—in unrecorded kindness toward dependents upon whom he lavished his bounty, and protégés whom he sought to refine and elevate. If ever in any such instance his aims may have seemed quixotic in the eyes of the prudent, they could have exposed him to the serious misapprehension of none but inferior souls.

He has enriched our literature with two octavo volumes which are not only valuable as scientific records, but as mere narratives will always have the charm of Robinson Crusoe for the young and the old; and though his own arctic discoveries and theories should be obscured by further explorations, his fame will still rest upon his rare illustration of that sentiment of philanthropy which is the chief glory of our nature.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAGNE.

THE STATUE OF ZEUS AT OLYMPIA.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER.

WITH IMAGINARY DESIGNS BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

THE STATUE OF ZEUS AT OLYMPIA.

TO the lists of the World Wonders Greece contributed only two representatives of her classical period, and only one of these was found on the native soil. So much the worse for the Wonders; but if Greece was to send only one autochthonous delegate, what could have been better than Pheidias's masterpiece?

Pheidias and his work came straight from the heart of Periklean Athens. The fifth century and he had grown up together, and they abode together most of their days. His earlier art occupied itself in crowning the youthful century's pride and joy at the defeat of Persia, and the best strength of his manhood and old age was devoted to forwarding the century's supreme endeavor—that of making the Athens of Perikles a fit abode of empire. In the chorus of artists that Perikles had chosen to help glorify the old citadel of Athens, and make it the becoming home of the gods, who are the state, Pheidias was the choragus, like *Rafaello* at the court of Leo X. The spirit of his art was in fine accord with the best temper of the age. Its subjects belonged to poetry, not to prose; but while he fashioned the forms of gods rather than of men, he conceived them in grace and beauty as well as majesty, and to plastic art was a *Sophokles* rather than an *Æschylos*.

The statue of Zeus which graced the chief temple on the fair grounds at Olympia was one of his latest, perhaps his very latest, work. His gold-and-ivory statue of *Athene Parthenon* had been completed in time for the dedication of the Parthenon in 438 B. C., and had become, along with the magnificent structure which sheltered it, the marvel of all Greece. The temple of Zeus at Olympia, which had been completed some twenty years before, and which was intended to be, as was fit and seemly for a Panhellenic sanctuary of the sovereign Panhellenic god, the grandest shelter Greece offered to any of her gods, now suffered in the comparison, and especially in that it lacked a worthy figure of its presiding deity. Nothing better, surely, could be done than to secure the services of the great artist who had made the

Parthenon so famous, and commission him to make a Zeus that might, if possible, outshine the *Athene*. And the scheming of small politicians made him just at the time available. The conservative opposition which felt itself too weak to attack *Perikles* directly gathered courage enough to attack his friends, and the lavish expenditures which the treasurers' accounts now showed had been made on the Parthenon rendered the commissioner of public works an easy target for the demagogue. So Pheidias found himself charged with stealing ivory and gold, and, what was clearly even worse, with irreverence and impiety; for among the figures on *Athene's* shield he had, by way of artist's signature, introduced a portrait of himself. Of the former charge the balances could acquit him, but against the latter there was no help. The portrait was there, as the *Strangford* shield shows it to-day. He found it, therefore, a relief to retire before the political storm into the peaceful air of *Elis*; and *Perikles*, too, clever politician as he was, undoubtedly breathed freer when he was gone.

The Zeus was evidently planned in rivalry with the *Athene*. Though no written words say so, the remains of the Zeus temple, as laid bare by the spade of the excavator, unmistakably betray it to the eyes of the archæologist. Not only was it insisted that the figure must be constructed of the same precious ivory and gold, but, even though the available space was much smaller than in the broad cella of the Parthenon, the dimensions of the statue were not allowed to yield one whit to those of its Athenian prototype. No wonder the practical *Strabo* entertained some solicitude lest it rise from its throne and lift the roof. Supported on a pedestal three feet in height, it rose nearly forty feet above the temple floor.

The space in which the figure was to be placed was prepared so as to give the plainer materials of the temple something of the splendor attaching to the marble columns and flooring of the Parthenon. The dimensions of the space appear, also, to have been modeled after those in the Athenian temple.

The floor in front of the statue was laid with stone brought specially from *Attika*. A

raised hem of white Pentelic marble, framed in a pavement of blue-black Eleusinian limestone, a material just at the time coming into vogue at Athens, and being used in parts of the Erechtheion and the Propylæa—these are some of the mute witnesses to the motives under which the work was planned.

The statue stood at the rear end of the cella, only a passageway of five feet being open behind it, and filled with its pedestal the entire width (twenty feet) of the central aisle. A barrier made of slabs of stone set up between the cella columns, and decorated on the inner side with paintings by Panænos, inclosed the pedestal, together with a space about thirty feet deep in front of it. By way of the narrow outer aisles and the passageway at the rear one could make the circuit of the statue below, and by a gallery over the outer aisles could view it from the level of the shoulders above.

The statue itself, every vestige of it, has perished. Perhaps it was destroyed with the burning of the temple in Theodosius's days, or, if the Byzantine historian Kedrenos tells the truth, it was carried to Constantinople to grace the palace of one Lausus, and probably perished in its conflagration (475 A. D.). Aside from allusions in literature, the description of Pausanias, who visited Olympia in 173 A. D., with the representations of the statue on Elean coins, and a fresco recently found at Eleusis, furnishes the substance of our present knowledge, and that, as such things go, is not too meager.

The winged Victory upon the extended left hand, the long eagle-crowned scepter in the right, the lily-figured mantle of gold and enamel falling from the left shoulder over the bare ivory body, the golden sandals, the decorated footstool resting on couching lions, the noble chair of state fashioned of ivory and ebony, and glittering with precious stones and golden pictures from the stories of the gods, the olive crown of green enamel upon the long, waving tresses of gold, and, chief of all, the radiant beauty of a benignant face which, in the majesty of peace, looked out upon assured dominion—all this, and much more, is told us and shown us, and the Zeus of Pheidias lives again before the eyes of men—of men who have the artist's vision, if not the artist's hand.

The vision came to Pheidias, so he said, through Homer's words. He saw the lord of the world just as he gave the nod of kindly assurance—king, judge, and fine old gallant as he was—to Thetis, the witching bit of femininity who knelt in supppliance before him.

So spake the king, and bowed his heavy brow.
The locks ambrosial tossed upon his deathless head, and great Olympos quaked.¹

If ancient taste is to be consulted, there can be no question that the Zeus of Olympia was the supreme masterpiece of ancient art. Men could not tire of lavishing their praise upon it. To see it was joy to the eyes and refreshment to the soul. Traveler, poet, preacher, and soldier render but one verdict concerning it. Pausanias declines to report its dimensions; they are, after all, so inadequate to measure the impression which the beholder's eye receives. Epiktetos deems him unfortunate who dies without seeing it. Philip's epigram in the Anthology reasons thus: "God came to earth that thou, O Pheidias, might'st discern his form, or else thou hast ascended into heaven to see him." A Roman soldier, Æmilius Paulus, on seeing the statue was overwhelmed with admiration, and expressed his judgment in plain Roman style: "I expected much, but the truth is greater than my expectation. Pheidias alone has copied a Zeus from Homer." But the finest word is that of Dio Chrysostom: "Methinks if one who is heavy-laden in soul, who hath drained the cup of misfortune and sorrow in life, and whom sweet sleep visiteth no more, were to stand before this figure, he would forget all the griefs and hardships that fall upon the life of man."

THE MAUSOLEUM.

THE Mausoleum was Greek in that it was the creation of Greek artists, the most brilliant of their times; but it was reared on Asiatic soil, in honor of a non-Greek, non-Aryan king. Halikarnassos, the city which it adorned, stood on the sea-shore at the southwestern tip of Asia Minor. It was the home of a Doric-Greek colony, the birthplace, indeed, of Herodotos, "father of history," and its prevailing language was Greek; but, with all the rest of Karia, on whose soil it stood, it belonged to the domain of the Karian dynasts, who since the days of Kyros had been recognized as satraps of the Persian Empire. The Karians, closely akin to their neighbors the Lykians and Pisidians, were originally distinct from the Greeks in language, customs, religion, and race, being the descendants and representatives of a people who, before there were any Greeks in Greece, occupied the whole of European Greece, the islands of the Ægean, and at least the western and southern portions of Asia Minor.

¹ *Iliad* i. 528-30.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAGNE.

THE MAUSOLEUM.

Greek culture had not failed, however, to make its way among them, especially since the great days of Perikles's empire, to which they had been for a time attached as tributary members.

Maussolos—for he spelled his own name with double *s*—had been a prudent and successful king, and in 357 B. C. was a prime mover in the revolt known as the Social War, which destroyed the maritime empire of Athens, and gave Karia, along with other states, its independence. Uniting in himself the pride of a liberator and the thrift of a famous money-getter, he transferred his capital from the staid old island Mylasa to Halikarnassos, and proceeded to make it a *Weltstadt* and a monument of his own greatness.

So it happened that one of the World Wonders arose on the hem of the Orient through the coöperation of Greek artistic taste and barbarian filthy lucre, and became in so far the herald and forerunner of the dawning cosmopolitanism.

The Mausoleum was planned as a monument to Maussolos and his sister-wife Artemisia, and after his death (351 B. C.) was built nearly to completion by his widow. The scepter descended, in the Karian royal house, by the female side as well as by the male; and since the days of the other Artemisia, who distinguished herself on the Persian side at Salamis, and won from Xerxes the despairing plaudit, "My men have to-day become women, and my women men," the queens of Karia maintained a brilliant reputation as the better halves.

For fifteen centuries or more the Mausoleum stood firm in its place, a marvel to the ancient and the medieval world. Its name became generic, as in the "mausoleum" of Augustus, on the Campus Martius at Rome, and the "mausoleum" of Hadrian, surviving to-day in the Castle of San Angelo. As late as the fifteenth century A. D. the original Mausoleum was virtually intact. In 1402 a portion of the blocks which made its pyramidal summit were used by the Knights of St. John for the building of a fortification, and again, in 1522, the ruin was treated as a quarry, and a good portion of its marble went to lime. It is melancholy to read the account of the commander who directed the work, and hear how, at the very time when Erasmus, Colet, Linacre, and Melanchthon were seeking to light the lamps of Greek culture at the North, a visible monument of its reality was going to the lime-kiln in the motherland itself. After four days' digging

through massive walls, we hear how the spoilers came upon a great hall surrounded by marble columns, its walls decorated with polished panels of variegated marble and lines of sculptured frieze. From this hall a narrow door led out into the tomb, where sarcophagus and urn still stood undeseccrated. During the following night robbers despoiled the tomb, and the next morning the floor was covered with bits of gold-leaf and fragments of fabrics wrought in gold.

The thirteen blocks of frieze which were taken from an old fortification wall, and in 1846 found their way to the British Museum, stirred the ardor for further search, and in 1856 was begun a careful excavation of the site, to which, aided by Pliny's note-book, we owe most of our present knowledge of what the building really was. The most probable interpretation of the fragments yields the picture of a building of two lofty stories, surmounted by a solid pyramid, bearing at its apex, one hundred and forty feet above the ground, a colossal four-horse chariot in which stood the royal pair.

The lower story, in which was the tomb, was decorated with Ionic pilasters alternating with niches for the figures of the family's ancestors, and supporting an architrave enlivened with a frieze. The second story was a temple, with an open colonnade of thirty-six Ionic columns surrounding the cella, in which the king and his queen received the honors of hero-gods. The first story served, therefore, in the design as a postament for the temple, and both served to carry the pyramid, which, in deference to the ancient usage of Egypt and Assyria, formed a fitting symbol for the resting-place of kings.

Bold and original as it was in design,—and to this it undoubtedly owed in chief measure its place among the Seven Wonders,—it arose under the hands of Greek artists, and yielded obedience to the laws of beauty—a beauty which is restraint, born of the sense of fitness, supreme of the Attic virtues.

The sculptures which, with their color and form, gave warmth and life to the exterior, were the work of Skopas, Bryaxis, Timotheos, and Leochares. They wrought in competition, each assuming the decoration of one side; and when Queen Artemisia died (348 B. C.), before the work was done, "they did not," Pliny says, "abandon their tasks till all was finished, esteeming it at once a memorial of their own fame and of the plastic art; and to this day one cannot say which has excelled."



THE COON DOG.

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT

WITH PICTURES BY A. B. FROST.

IN the early dusk of a warm September evening the bats were flitting to and fro, as if it were still summer, under the great elm that overshadowed Isaac Brown's house, on the Dipford road. Isaac Brown himself, and his old friend and neighbor John York, were leaning against the fence.

"Frost keeps off late, don't it?" said John York. "I laughed when I first heard about the circus comin'; I thought 't was so unusual late in the season. Turned out well, however. Every body I noticed was returning with a palm-leaf fan. Guess they found 'em useful under the tent; 't was a master hot day. I saw old lady Price with her hands full o' those free advertisin' fans, as if she was layin' in a stock against next summer. Well, I expect she 'll live to enjoy 'em."

"I was right here where I 'm standin' now, and I see her as she was goin' by this mornin'," said Isaac Brown, laughing, and settling himself comfortably against the fence as if they had chanced upon a welcome subject of conversation. "I hailed her, same 's I gener'lly do. 'Where are you bound to-day, ma'am?' says I.

"'I 'm goin' over as fur as Dipford Centre,' says she. 'I 'm goin' to see my poor dear 'Liza Jane. I want to 'suage her grief; her husband, Mr. 'Bijah Topliff, has passed away.'

"'So much the better,' says I.

"'No; I never l'arnt about it till yisterday,' says she; an' she looked up at me real kind of pleasant, and begun to laugh.

"'I hear he 's left property,' says she, tryin' to pull her face down solemn. I give her the fifty cents she wanted to borrow to make up her car-fare and other expenses, an' she stepped off like a girl down tow'ds the depot.

"*This afternoon, as you know, I 'd prom-*

ised the boys that I 'd take 'em over to see the menagerie, and nothin' would n't do none of us any good but we must see the circus too; an' when we 'd just got posted on one o' the best high seats, mother she nudged me, and I looked right down front two, three rows, an' if there wa'n't Mis' Price, spectacles an' all, with her head right up in the air, havin' the best time you ever see. I laughed right out. She had n't taken no time to see 'Liza Jane; she wa'n't 'suagin' no grief for nobody till she 'd seen the circus. 'There,' says I, 'I do like to have anybody keep their young feelin's!'"

"Mis' Price come over to see our folks before breakfast," said John York. "Wife said she was inquirin' about the circus, but she wanted to know first if they could n't oblige her with a few trinkets o' mournin', seein' as how she 'd got to pay a mournin' visit. Wife thought 't was a bosom-pin, or somethin' like that, but turned out she wanted the skirt of a dress; 'most anything would do, she said."

"I thought she looked extra well startin' off," said Isaac, with an indulgent smile. "The Lord provides very handsome for such, I do declare! She ain't had no visible means o' support these ten or fifteen years back, but she don't freeze up in winter no more than we do."

"Nor dry up in summer," interrupted his friend; "I never did see such an able hand to talk."

"She 's good company, and she 's obliging an' useful when the women folks have their extra work progressin'," continued Isaac Brown, kindly. "'T ain't much for a well-off neighborhood like this to support that old chirpin' cricket. My mother used to say she kind of helped the work along by 'livenin' of it. Here she comes now; must have taken the last train, after she had supper with

'Liza Jane. You stay still; we 're goin' to hear all about it."

The small thin figure of Mrs. Price had to be hailed twice before she could be stopped.

"I wish you a good evenin', neighbors," she said. "I have been to the house of mournin'."

"Find 'Liza Jane in, after the circus?" asked Isaac Brown, with equal seriousness. "Excellent show, was n't it, for so late in the season?"

"Oh, beautiful; it was beautiful, I declare," answered the pleased spectator, readily. "Why, I did n't see you, nor Mis' Brown. Yes; I felt it best to refresh my mind an' wear a cheerful countenance. When I see

'Liza Jane I was able to divert her mind consid'able. She was glad I went. I told her I 'd made an effort, knowin' 't was so she had to lose the a'ternoon. 'Bijah left property, if he did die away from home on a foreign shore."

"You don't mean that 'Bijah Topliff 's left anything!" exclaimed John York with interest, while Isaac Brown put both hands deep into his pockets, and leaned back in a still more satisfactory position against the gatepost.

"He enjoyed poor health," answered Mrs. Price, after a moment of deliberation as if she must take time to think. "'Bijah never was one that scattereth, nor yet increaseth.



'BIJAH TOPLIFF.

'Liza Jane's got some memories o' the past that's a good deal better than others; but he died somewheres out in Connecticut, or so she heard, and he's left a very valuable coon dog—one he set a great deal by. 'Liza Jane said, last time he was to home, he priced that dog at fifty dollars. 'There, now, 'Liza Jane,' says I, right to her, when she told me, 'if I could git fifty dollars for that dog, I certain' would. Perhaps some o' the circus folks would like to buy him; they've taken in a stream o' money this day.' But 'Liza Jane ain't never inclined to listen to advice. 'T is a dreadful poor-spirited-lookin' creatur'. I don't want no right o' dower in him, myself."

"A good coon dog's worth somethin', certain," said John York, handsomely.

"If he is a good coon dog," added Isaac Brown. "I would n't have parted with old Rover, here, for a good deal of money when he was right in his best days; but a dog like him's like one of the family. Stop an' have some supper, won't ye, Mis' Price?"—as the thin old creature was flitting off again. At that same moment this kind invitation was repeated from the door of the house; and Mrs. Price turned in, unprotesting and always socially inclined, at the open gate.

II.

It was a month later, and a whole autumn's length colder, when the two men were coming home from a long tramp through the woods. They had been making a solemn inspection of a wood-lot that they owned together, and had now visited their landmarks and outer boundaries, and settled the great question of cutting or not cutting some large pines. When it was well decided that a few years' growth would be no disadvantage to the timber, they had eaten an excellent cold luncheon and rested from their labors.

"I don't feel a day older'n ever I did when I get out in the woods this way," announced John York, who was a prim-looking, dusty little man, a prudent person who had been a selectman of the town at least a dozen times.

"No more do I," agreed his companion, who was large and jovial and open-handed, more like a lucky sea-captain than a farmer. After pounding a slender walnut-tree with a heavy stone, he had succeeded in getting down a pocketful of late-hanging nuts which had escaped the squirrels, and was now snapping them back, one by one, to a venturesome chipmunk among some little frost-bitten *beeches*. Isaac Brown had a wonderfully pleasant way of getting on with all sorts of

animals, even men. After a while they rose and went their way, these two companions, stopping here and there to look at a possible woodchuck's hole, or to strike a few hopeful blows at a hollow tree with the light ax which Isaac had carried to blaze new marks on some of the lime-trees on the farther edge of their possessions. Sometimes they stopped to admire the size of an old hemlock, or to talk about thinning out the young pines. At last they were not very far from the edge of the great tract of woodland. The yellow sunshine came slanting in much brighter against the tall trunks, spotting them with golden light high among the still branches.

Presently they came to a great ledge, frost-split and cracked into mysterious crevices.

"Here's where we used to get all the coons," said John York. "I have n't seen a coon this great while, spite o' your courage knocking on the trees up back here. You know that night we got the four fat ones? We started 'em somewheres near here, so the dog could get after 'em when they come out at night to go foragin'."

"Hold on, John"; and Mr. Isaac Brown got up from the log where he had just sat down to rest, and went to the ledge, and looked carefully all about. When he came back he was much excited, and beckoned his friend away, speaking in a stage whisper.

"I guess you'll see a coon before you're much older," he proclaimed. "I've thought it looked lately as if there'd been one about my place, and there's plenty o' signs here, right in their old haunts. Couple o' hens' heads an' a lot o' feathers—"

"Might be a fox," interrupted John York.

"Might be a coon," answered Mr. Isaac Brown. "I'm goin' to have him, too. I've been lookin' at every old hollow tree I passed, but I never thought o' this place. We'll come right off to-morrow night, I guess, John, an' see if we can't get him. 'T is an extra handy place for 'em to den; in old times the folks always called it a good place; they've been so sca'e o' these late years that I've thought little about 'em. Nothin' I ever liked so well as a coon-hunt. Gorry! he must be a big old fellow, by his tracks! See here, in this smooth dirt; just like a baby's footmark."

"Trouble is, we lack a good dog," said John York, anxiously, after he had made an eager inspection. "I don't know where in the world to get one, either. There ain't no such a dog about as your Rover, but you've let him get spoilt; these days I don't see him



"'I GUESS YOU 'LL SEE A COON.'"

leave the yard. You ought to kept the women folks from overfeedin' of him so. He ought to 've lasted a good spell longer. He's no use for huntin' now, that's certain."

Isaac accepted the rebuke meekly. John York was a calm man, but he now grew very fierce under such a provocation. Nobody likes to be hindered in a coon-hunt.

"Oh, Rover 's too old, anyway," explained

the affectionate master, regretfully. "I 've been wishing all this afternoon I 'd brought him; but I did n't think anything about him as we came away, I 've got so used to seeing him layin' about the yard. 'T would have been a real treat for old Rover, if he could have kept up. Used to be at my heels the whole time. He could n't follow us, anyway, up here."

"I should n't wonder if he could," insisted John, with a humorous glance at his old friend, who was much too heavy and huge of girth for quick transit over rough ground. John York himself had grown lighter as he had grown older.

"I'll tell you one thing we could do," he hastened to suggest. "There's that dog of 'Bijah Topliff's. Don't you know the old lady told us, that day she went over to Dipford, how high he was valued? Most o' 'Bijah's important business was done in the fall, goin' out by night, gunning with fellows from the mills. He was just the kind of a worthless do-nothing that's sure to have an extra knowin' smart dog. I expect 'Liza Jane's got him now. Perhaps we could get him by to-morrow night. Let one o' my boys go over!"

"Why, 'Liza Jane's come, bag an' baggage, to spend the winter with her mother," exclaimed Isaac Brown, springing to his feet like a boy. "I've had it in mind to tell you two or three times this afternoon, and then something else has flown it out o' my head. I let my John Henry take the long-tailed wagon an' go down to the depot this mornin' to fetch her an' her goods up. The old lady come in early, while we were to breakfast, and to hear her lofty talk you'd thought 't would taken a couple o' four-horse teams to move her. I told John Henry he might take that wagon and fetch up what light stuff he could, and see how much else there was, an' then I'd make further arrangements. She said 'Liza Jane'd see me well satisfied, an' rode off, pleased to death. I see 'em returnin' about eight, after the train was in. They'd got 'Liza Jane with 'em, smaller 'n ever; and there was a trunk tied up with a rope, and a small roll o' beddin' and braided mats, and a quilted rockin'-chair. The old lady was holdin' on tight to a bird-cage with nothin' in it. Yes; an' I see the dog, too, in behind. He appeared kind of timid. He's a yaller dog, but he ain't stump-tailed. They hauled up out front o' the house, and mother an' I went right out; Mis' Price always expects to have notice taken. She was in great spirits. Said 'Liza Jane concluded to sell off most of her stuff rather 'n have the care of it. She'd told the folks that Mis' Topliff had a beautiful sofa and a lot o' nice chairs, and two framed pictures that would fix up the house complete, and invited us all to come over and see 'em. There she seemed just as pleased returnin' with the bird-cage. Disappointments don't appear to trouble her no more *than a butterfly*. I kind of like the old *creatur*'; I don't mean to see her want."

"They'll let us have the dog," said John York. "I don't know but I'll give a quarter for him, and we'll let 'em have a good piece o' the coon."

"You really comin' way up here by night, coon-huntin'?" asked Isaac Brown, looking reproachfully at his more agile comrade.

"I be," answered John York.

"I was dre'tful afraid you was only talking, and might back out," returned the cheerful heavy-weight, with a chuckle. "Now we've got things all fixed, I feel more like it than ever. I tell you there's just boy enough left inside of me. I'll clean up my old gun to-morrow mornin', and you look right after your 'n. I dare say the boys have took good care of 'em for us, but they don't know what we do about huntin', and we'll bring 'em all along and show 'em a little fun."

"All right," said John York, as soberly as if they were going to look after a piece of business for the town; and they gathered up the ax and other light possessions, and started toward home.

III.

THE two friends, whether by accident or design, came out of the woods some distance from their own houses, but very near to the low-storied little gray dwelling of Mrs. Price. They crossed the pasture, and climbed over the toppling fence at the foot of her small sandy piece of land, and knocked at the door. There was a light already in the kitchen. Mrs. Price and Eliza Jane Topliff appeared at once, eagerly hospitable.

"Anybody sick?" asked Mrs. Price, with instant sympathy. "Nothin' happened, I hope?"

"Oh, no," said both the men.

"We came to talk about hiring your dog to-morrow night," explained Isaac Brown, feeling for the moment amused at his eager errand. "We got on track of a coon just now, up in the woods, and we thought we'd give our boys a little treat. You shall have fifty cents, an' welcome, and a good piece o' the coon."

"Yes, Square Brown; we can let you have the dog as well as not," interrupted Mrs. Price, delighted to grant a favor. "Poor departed 'Bijah he set everything by him as a coon dog. He always said a dog's capital was his reputation."

"You'll have to be dreadful careful an' not lose him," urged Mrs. Topliff. "Yes, sir; he's a proper coon dog as ever walked the earth, but he's terrible weak-minded about followin' most anybody. 'Bijah used to travel

off twelve or fourteen miles after him when he wa'n't able. Somebody 'd speak to him decent, or fling a whip-lash as they drove by, an' off he 'd canter on three legs right after the wagon. But 'Bijah said he would n't trade

the light, 'Liza Jane; they can't see their way out to the road. I 'll fetch him over to ye in good season," she called out, by way of farewell; "'t will save ye third of a mile extra walk. No, 'Liza Jane; you 'll let me do



"THE GREAT NIGHT OF THE COON-HUNT."

him for no coon dog he ever was acquainted with. Trouble is, coons is awful sca'ce."

"I guess he ain't out o' practice," said John York, amiably; "I guess he 'll know when he strikes the coon. Come, Isaac, we must be gittin' along tow'ds home. I feel like eatin' a good supper. You tie him up tomorrow afternoon, so we shall be sure to have him," he turned to say to Mrs. Price, who stood smiling at the door.

"Land sakes, dear, he won't git away; you 'll find him right there betwixt the wood-box and the stove, where he is now. Hold

it, if you please. I 've got a mother's heart. The gentlemen will excuse us for showin' feelin'. You 're all the child I 've got, an' your prosperity is the same as mine."

IV.

THE great night of the coon-hunt was frosty and still, with only a dim light from the new moon. John York and his boys, and Isaac Brown, whose excitement was very great, set forth across the fields toward the dark woods. The men seemed younger and gayer than the boys. There was a burst of laughter when



"I GOT UP MYSELF TO LET TIGER IN."

John Henry Brown and his little brother appeared with the coon dog of the late Mr. Abijah Topliff, which had promptly run away home again after Mrs. Price had coaxed him over in the afternoon. The captors had tied a string round his neck, at which they pulled vigorously from time to time to urge him forward. Perhaps he found the night too cold; at any rate, he stopped short in the *frozen furrows* every few minutes, lifting one *foot and whining a little*. Half a dozen times

he came near to tripping up Mr. Isaac Brown and making him fall at full length.

"Poor Tiger! poor Tiger!" said the good-natured sportsman, when somebody said that the dog did n't act as if he were much used to being out by night. "He'll be all right when he once gets track of the coon." But when they were fairly in the woods Tiger's distress was perfectly genuine. The long rays of light from the old-fashioned lanterns of pierced tin went wheeling round and round,

making a tall ghost of every tree, and strange shadows went darting in and out behind the pines. The woods were like an interminable pillared room where darkness made a high ceiling. The clean frosty smell of the open fields was changed for a warmer air, damp with the heavy odor of moss and fallen leaves. There was something wild and delicious in the forest in that hour of night. The men and boys tramped on silently in single file, as if they followed the flickering light instead of carrying it. The dog fell back by instinct, as did his companions, into the easy familiarity of forest life. He ran beside them, and watched eagerly as they chose a safe place to leave a coat or two and a basket. He seemed to be an affectionate dog, now that he had made acquaintance with his masters.

"Seems to me he don't exactly know what he 's about," said one of the York boys, scornfully; "we must have struck that coon's track somewhere, comin' in."

"We 'll get through talkin', an' heap up a little somethin' for a fire, if you 'll turn to and help," said his father. "I 've always noticed that nobody can give so much good advice about a piece o' work as a new hand. When you 've treed as many coons as your Uncle Brown an' me you won't feel so certain. Isaac, you be the one to take the dog up round the ledge, there. He 'll scent the coon quick enough then. We 'll 'tend to this part o' the business."

"You may come too, John Henry," said the indulgent father, and they set off together silently with the coon dog. He followed well enough now; his tail and ears were drooping even more than usual, but he whimpered along as bravely as he could, much excited, at John Henry's heels, like one of those great soldiers who are all unnerved until the battle is well begun.

A minute later the father and son came hurrying back, breathless, and stumbling over roots and bushes. The fire was already lighted, and sending a great glow higher and higher among the trees.

"He 's off! He 's struck a track! He was off like a major!" wheezed Mr. Isaac Brown.

"Which way 'd he go?" asked everybody.

"Right out toward the fields. Like's not the old fellow was just starting after more of our fowls. I 'm glad we come early—he can't have got far yet. We can't do nothin' but wait now, boys. I 'll set right down here."

"Soon as the coon trees, you 'll hear the dog sing now, I tell you!" said John York,

with great enthusiasm. "That night your father an' me got those four busters we 've told you about, they come right here to the ledge. I don't know but they will now. 'T was a dreadful cold night, I know. We did n't get home till past three o'clock in the mornin', either. You remember, don't you, Isaac?"

"I do," said Isaac. "How old Rover worked that night! Could n't see out of his eyes, nor hardly wag his clever old tail, for two days; thorns in both his fore paws, and the last coon took a piece right out of his shoulder."

"Why did n't you let Rover come to-night, father?" asked the younger boy. "I think he knew somethin' was up. He was jumpin' round at a great rate when I come out of the yard."

"I don't know but he might make trouble for the other dog," answered Isaac, after a moment's silence. He felt almost disloyal to the faithful creature, and had been missing him all the way. "'Sh! there 's a bark!" And they all stopped to listen.

The fire was leaping higher; they all sat near it, listening and talking by turns. There is apt to be a good deal of waiting in a coon-hunt.

"If Rover was young as he used to be I 'd resk him to tree any coon that ever run," said the regretful master. "This smart creature o' Toppliff's can't beat him, I know. The poor old fellow's eyesight seems to be going. Two—three times he 's run out at me right in broad day, an' barked, when I come up the yard toward the house; and I did pity him dreadfully, he was so 'shamed when he found out what he 'd done. Rover 's a dog that 's got an awful lot o' pride. He went right off out behind the long barn the last time, and would n't come in for nobody when they called him to supper till I went out myself and made it up with him. No; he can't see very well now, Rover can't."

"He 's heavy, too; he 's got too unwieldy to tackle a smart coon, I expect, even if he could do the tall runnin'," said John York, with sympathy. "They have to get a master grip with their teeth through a coon's thick pelt this time o' year. No; the young folks gets all the good chances after a while"; and he looked round indulgently at the chubby faces of his boys, who fed the fire, and rejoiced in being promoted to the society of their elders on equal terms. "Ain't it time we heard from the dog?" And they all listened while the fire snapped and the sap whistled in some green sticks.

"I hear him," said John Henry, suddenly; and faint and far away there came the sound of a desperate bark. There is a bark that means attack, and there is a bark that means only foolish excitement.

"They ain't far off!" said Isaac. "My gracious, he 's right after him! I don't know 's I expected that poor-looking dog to be so smart. You can't tell by their looks. Quick as he scented the game up here in the rocks, off he put. Perhaps it ain't any matter if they ain't stump-tailed, long 's they 're yaller dogs. He did n't look heavy enough to me. I tell you, he means business. Hear that bark!"

"They all bark alike after a coon." John York was as excited as anybody. "Git the guns laid out to hand, boys," he commanded. "If it 's the old fellow that belongs here, he may put in any minute." But there was again a long silence and state of suspense; the chase had turned another way. There were faint distant yaps. The fire burned low and fell together with a shower of sparks. The smaller boys began to grow chilly and sleepy, when there was a thud and rustle and snapping of twigs close at hand, then the gasp of a breathless dog. Two dim shapes rushed by. A shower of bark fell, and a dog began to sing at the foot of the great twisted pine not fifty feet away.

"Hooray for Tiger!" yelled the boys; but the dog's voice filled all the woods. It might have echoed to the mountain-tops. There was the old coon; they could all see him half-way up the tree, flat to the great limb. They heaped the fire with dry branches till it flared high. Now they lost him in a shadow as he twisted about the tree. John York fired, and Isaac Brown fired, and the boys took a turn at the guns, while John Henry started to climb a neighboring oak; but at last it was Isaac who brought the coon to ground with a lucky shot, and the dog stopped his deafening bark and frantic leaping in the underbrush, and after an astonishing moment of silence crept out, a proud victor, to his prouder master's feet.

"Goodness alive, who 's this? Good for you, old handsome! Why, it 's old Rover, boys; it 's old Rover. Look here!" But Isaac could not speak another word. They all crowded round the wistful, clumsy old dog, whose eyes shone bright, though his breath was all gone. All patted him, and praised him, and said they ought to have mistrusted all the time that it could be nobody but he. It was some minutes before Isaac Brown

could trust himself to do anything but pat the sleek old head that was always ready to his hand.

"He must have overheard us talkin'; I guess he 'd have come if he 'd dropped dead half-way," proclaimed John Henry, like a prince of the reigning house; and Rover wagged his tail as if in honest assent, as he lay at his master's side. They sat together, while the fire was brightened again to make a good light for the coon-hunt supper; and Rover had a good half of everything that found its way into his master's hand. It was toward midnight when the triumphal procession set forth toward home, with the two lanterns, across the fields.

V.

THE next morning was bright and warm after the hard frost of the night before. Old Rover was asleep on the doorstep in the sun, and his master stood in the yard, and saw neighbor Price come along the road in her best array, with a gay holiday air.

"Well, now," she said eagerly, "you wa'n't out very late last night, were you? I got up myself to let Tiger in. He come home, all beat out, about a quarter past nine. I expect you had n't no kind o' trouble gittin' the coon. The boys was tellin' me he weighed 'most thirty pounds."

"Oh, no kind o' trouble," said Isaac, keeping the great secret gallantly. "You got the things I sent over this mornin'?"

"Bless your heart, yes! I 'd a sight rather have all that good pork an' potatoes than any o' your wild meat," said Mrs. Price, smiling with prosperity. "You see, now, 'Liza Jane she 's given in. She did n't re'ly know but 't was all talk o' 'Bijah 'bout that dog's bein' wuth fifty dollars. She says she can't cope with a huntin' dog same 's he could, an' she 's given me the money you an' John York sent over this mornin'; an' I did n't know but what you 'd lend me another half a dollar, so I could both go to Dipford Centre an' git back, an' see if I could n't make a sale o' Tiger right over there where they all know about him. It 's right in the coon season; now 's my time, ain't it?"

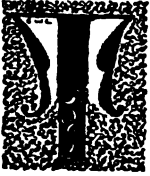
"Well, gettin' a little late," said Isaac, shaking with laughter as he took the desired sum of money out of his pocket. "He seems to be a clever dog round the house."

"I don't know 's I want to harbor him all winter," answered the excursionist, frankly, striking into a good traveling gait as she started off toward the railroad-station.

SANGRE DE CRISTO.

A ROMANCE OF SPANISH AMERICA.

BY MARY BRADFORD CROWNINSHIELD.



THE President sat in his private room. His desk was near the window. Occasionally he glanced down into the plaza, for there was some disturbance below. As he looked there came within his range of vision four men. They were dressed in the uniform of the President's body-guard. The four were bending over and carrying a fifth, whose form hung limp and lifeless, for indeed he was beyond all help. Only a few moments ago, a bullet, fired by an unerring marksman, had stopped the beating of his heart. His blood was streaming upon the ground, and splashing upon the feet of the men who carried him. The President arose and leaned out a little way. His eye caught sight of the pools of blood which had settled in the worn footmarks upon the palace steps. As he re-seated himself his eye followed the movements of the four men, who, with their dead weight of burden, stumbled across the hot, white plaza.

It was nine o'clock in the morning, but the sun was already beating fiercely down upon that treeless square.

By the bearers of the dead no indignation was expressed. No muttering or threat of vengeance was heard for the sudden taking off of this their comrade. Alvarez had met his death fairly; there was nothing to be said. It was too late for remonstrance, and should sympathy for the dead man be shown, the sympathizer would be in a fair way to follow in his wake, when four other men would carry his lifeless body across the plaza and out of sight of the windows.

It had all happened in a moment. The President was mounting the steps of the palace. He walked quickly. For so ponderous a man he was lithe and active. His perceptions were keen, his hearing was sharp. He carried a revolver in his belt, and one in his pocket. He had been brought up in a school where treachery obtained the highest mark.

As the President had passed briskly in front of his body-guard, while the company stood at "attention," no one who had scanned that inscrutable countenance could have

imagined what manner of thought was passing through that cunning brain. As the President reached the broad stone landing a man sprang quickly from the ranks. In a second he had reached the lower tread. His hand was in his pocket, but he had no time to withdraw it. The President's well-trained ear discerned the ominous click for which he was ever waiting. In a flash he had wheeled and fired, and his true aim, learned in many an uprising, had laid the assassin in his own dusty tracks, where he drew up his knees, opened his eyes to the blue, and then lay still. The President drew his monocle from his breast-pocket and fitted it to his eye, an accomplishment that he had learned in Paris.

"Ah," he said, showing his teeth as he smiled, "I thought Alvarez had seemed very fond of me of late!"

He ejected the glass from his eye, turned and entered the time-stained doorway, and mounted the inner steps.

The officer on guard came forward to meet him in the upper corridor. "Have that carrion removed," he said. At the man's uncomprehending look, he added, "Down below there, at the foot of the entrance stairs."

"Another!" The listener trembled slightly for so brave a soldier, and a certain pallor showed through his dark skin.

"If he knew! If he knew! Would my fate be the same?" And Don Andrea descended the stairway to give directions.

Meanwhile the President sat and pondered.

"Are any of them faithful? How many can I count upon? They tell me, it is true, that up in the mountains men tremble when my name is spoken; that I am used as a bugbear to frighten little children into being good. Little children! Children like what my Dulce was! *Bueno! bueno!* They began it. Dolts! What would their country be without me? What have I not done for them and it?—I who know so well what is best for them, though they cannot see it. What would they do should I leave them in that way,"—he nodded his head toward the courtyard below,— "or in any other? How

they would sigh for the days of *el Presidente!*" He struck a bell. When the messenger had come, "Send Señor Ramirez to me," he said.

He went to the window, and stood looking out. There stood the guard. His eye, trained to the precision of the French regular infantry, recognized, as it had a hundred times before, the lax irregularity of his own troops. Once, in England, where he had been received with as much distinction as if not even the few dark drops that he hated flowed through his veins, he had been a spectator at the "trooping of the colors." Some one questioned: "Did you ever see anything finer than that, your Excellency?" He answered benignly: "It is very well, my friend—very well indeed; but you should see my body-guard." And this line upon which he gazed was that body-guard—these peons in absurd attempt at uniform, buttoned to the chin this broiling day, their feet resting in the scorching sand of the plaza—the hat with leathern strap and pompon recalling to mind the little travesties upon humanity who collect pennies for their masters, the organ-grinders.

"Like Milton's angels, they only stand and wait." The conceit pleased him, and he smiled as he gazed at the men shifting uneasily from one foot to the other, trying to discover a cooler footing in the hot sand of the plaza.

"I must give them something to do. They will become discontented, else. A revolution would not be so bad a thing just now. Or stay; perhaps I shall find other work for them. I could—" He turned quickly, almost before the handle of the door was moved.

"Oh, Ramirez, is that you? Where is Macias?"

"He is down at the wharves, your Excellency. I believe that he is expecting some furniture from the North."

"Ah!" The President's eyes flashed distrust, and then he smiled quickly as if to cover a mistake.

"Macias is getting to be a rich man."

"Yes, your Excellency." The tone was neither affirmative nor contradictory.

"And you, Ramirez?"

Señor Ramirez shrugged his shoulders, and turned his palms outward. "I am not a lucky man, your Excellency. Making an honest penny is difficult, and I have no mind to make it otherwise."

The President's eyes were nearly closed as he regarded Señor Ramirez fixedly. Ramirez met his gaze with calmness, though a pallor showed through his skin.

"That will do, Ramirez."

The cabinet member bowed, and backed toward the door.

"Stay a moment."

Ramirez's hand was on the knob; he turned again.

"There has been a rumor of an uprising at Tunas. I think of despatching a company of volunteers." The President laughed aloud. "Volunteers; do you hear, Ramirez? To Tunas. There is a company now at the barracks over on the bay; is there not?"

"There is, your Excellency."

"Bueno! Give the proper orders, Ramirez, and see that the men go over in the steamer which sails to-night. Send Caldero with them. He is young; he may as well win his spurs."

"Yes, your Excellency."

"See that the men are tied wrist to wrist and leg to leg, so that there may be no escape. And oh, by the way, Ramirez, since the alcalde has written asking for volunteers,"—the President smiled broadly,—"*I should like to have you prepare an answer to go with them. I will give you the form.*"

The President seated himself at his desk, and for some moments nothing was heard in the great room but the scratching of his pen. When he had finished, he blotted the paper and held it out to Ramirez. The minister took it with a bow, and turned a second time toward the door.

"Wait, Ramirez; read it aloud; I should like to hear how it reads."

Señor Ramirez walked over near the window. The jalousies were drawn down nearly to the window-ledge, but still he could look down on the body-guard, standing miserably at so-called "rest." He withdrew again a foot or two. He had no mind to stand so well within sight that his head might be taken for nobler quarry. This error had been made before, and Señor Ramirez had no wish to reduce the President's cabinet by one member, and that member himself.

The President looked up impatiently.

"Bueno! Bueno! Ramirez! Read, man, read!"

The senior member of the cabinet adjusted his glasses upon his nose, and read aloud:

To his Excellency the Alcalde of Tunas.

SIR: I herewith send to you, under command of Lieutenant Caldero, the volunteers which your letter requests of me. Please return the ropes with which they are tied.

And then came the President's signature, as delicate and refined as a woman's hand—

writing. To those who judge of character by penmanship the President would have been an unsolvable enigma.

The President looked expectantly at Ramirez; but no smile broke upon his face. The tragedy of the morning had cast a melancholy over the features of the reader.

The President's eyes shot forth anger.

"Have you no sense of humor, Ramirez? Do you see nothing amusing in my message? Oh! how have I suffered a man to remain so long in my cabinet who has no sense of humor?"

"I—I beg a thousand pardons, your Excellency; I—I—was thinking of something else." Señor Ramirez perused the lines again. And now he cunningly allowed a slow-advancing gleam of amusement to steal over his face. It increased, it broadened, it spread into a laugh; his eyes twinkled; his appreciation seemed thorough enough for even the President.

"I see! I see! Your Excellency, I have not, it is true, much sense of humor. (Humor! Good God! Humor over the thin crust of a volcano!) But now I catch your meaning. 'Volunteers'! Excellent! Excellent! 'Please return the ropes with which they are tied'! 'With which they are tied'! Excellent! Even the dumbest mind must see the sarcasm of that! But no one but your Excellency would ever have thought of putting it in that way. Excellent indeed!" And Señor Ramirez laughed convulsively.

The President dismissed the minister with a wave of the hand. "When it is copied fairly, bring it to me for my signature. And so you are very badly off. Poor Ramirez! Poor Ramirez! We must see what we can do to better your fortunes."

The secretary bowed to hide his face, and left the room.

"Now, what did he mean by that?" he thought. "One never knows what he is driving at."

"As if I did not know all about that Curaçao affair," muttered the President, in French. And then, as he became somewhat excited in his soliloquy, his monologue lapsed into his musical native tongue. He spoke many languages, and most of them well. The slight tinge of African blood and tradition had been almost effaced by three generations of Spanish ideas, and the President had forgotten only too willingly. Although he had rebelled against the home government, and had successfully fought for his freedom, and although his sympathies had

always been with revolutionists everywhere, his language was his own, and no other could take its place with him.

The traditions of his government were in form republican. He was, it is true, a president; but he was a president who presided over an absolute monarchy. Law was in his dictum, power in the wave of his hand. Through fear he had been elected times without number, and would still be until some malcontent quicker of thought and aim than he should put a bullet through his heart and roll him in the dust as he had rolled his would-be assassin only a half-hour ago. His own conviction was, however, that this man had yet to be born.

The President took from his watch-chain a peculiarly shaped key. With this he unlocked his desk. When the outer lid was raised a second lid came into view. This second lid was unlocked with a second key. A third and very small key turned the locks of various drawers inside the desk. His quick ear caught the sound of footfalls in the passage outside of the room. He dropped the lid, its report echoing loudly through the barely furnished apartment. He stepped lightly to the door, sprang the bolt, and hung his handkerchief so that it covered the key-hole. "I am getting careless," was his commentary upon this episode. Returning to his desk, he opened the two lids, and took a packet of papers from one of the drawers. He ran over the papers slowly and with scrutiny. He selected one from among them; the others he returned to the safe-keeping of their particular drawer.

He read slowly and in a whisper the indorsement upon the papers which he held in his hand.

"Ramirez's account with Valdez in Curaçao" (the President pronounced it "Cura-gow"), "importing articles into the country. Duties unpaid; articles sold secretly at less than their value."

As the President perused this paper with most earnest attention, nothing was heard in the room but the rattling of the stiff, dry sheets. Occasionally through the open window came the sound of the sergeant's voice giving orders to his tightly incased company.

When the paper was carefully read to the end, the President refolded and replaced it in its accustomed packet. He then unlocked a second drawer, and took from it a second letter—the postmark, San José de Puerto Rico.

"It is as well to refresh my memory," said

he; "otherwise one becomes too tender-hearted."

Had there been an observer present, and had he judged by the President's smile, he would hardly have accused him of tender-heartedness.

"Now this letter from Jamaica" (the President said, "Yamaeeca"). "My spies seem faithful; but are they? Can I trust Otaldez? Can I trust any one?"

And then he read in a measured whisper an extract from an English letter:

I have the honor also to inform your Excellency that Señor Don Alano Macias came to this place at the time when your Excellency supposed him to be in Venezuela. He was closeted one day, for many hours, with a member of the English firm who have obtained the concession for the new railway. I paid the office boy to discover and report to me all that he could learn about this gentleman. He tells me that Don Alano intends to leave your country on the first opportunity. He has accepted an offer from the English company. He will leave without your consent so soon as he can complete his arrangements.

"And take my secrets with him!"

The President replaced this document with the others. He lost no time in thought. Thought and action were one with him. He locked the small drawer, the inner lid, and the heavy outer lid with haste. He took up the porron, and hurriedly poured out some water. It filled the glass and splashed over on the table. He drained the glass hastily, and a second, and yet another. His face was hot, his lips were feverish and dry. For the first time in months his hand trembled. The water, which had overflowed the glass and lay in a lake upon the table, dripped, dripped, slowly to the floor. The President turned his gaze upon it as if he had almost expected to see it thick and red. He crossed the room to the door. He walked stealthily, pushed back the bolt with a quick motion, and flung the door wide. At the sound of the drawing of the bolt there was a hurried knock on the panel. It was Señor Ramirez. He was pale, and looked anxious. He straightened himself as if he had been stooping. The President smiled. He had not forgotten to remove his handkerchief from the keyhole. He dismissed Ramirez with a wave of the hand, saying only, "I am busy." He crossed the room again, and called from the window, "Send for the captain of my yacht." A man was smearing a little water upon the steps in the endeavor to remove the red stains. He dropped pail and broom, and hastily disappeared.

There was a rustle of skirts in the doorway.

"May I come in, Papa President?"

"Not now, Dulce; I am busy."

"Not too busy to see me, papa; not too busy to see Dulce."

Two slight arms were around the President's neck, a bronze head was laid on his shoulder, a soft cheek was rubbed gently against his darker one.

"I heard you order the yacht, papa; when do we start?"

"It is a business trip, Dulce, child; you cannot go to-day."

"I am going with you, papa."

"Not to-day, Dulce. I have had news which takes me to Lazulla. I must make a hurried trip; I cannot take you with me."

The girl walked to the door that gave upon the passage.

"Don Andrea," she called, "tell Riquita that I shall sail with his Excellency in the yacht to-day. Tell her to pack for me. I shall want my parasol and my—"

"You cannot go, child!"

For answer she rubbed her head against his.

"Where shall we stay overnight, papa?"

"It is useless, Dulce; you cannot go to-day."

She sighed impatiently, as if wondering why this discussion were being pursued.

"I mean to go, papa. It is so hot and damp here. My little mama always allowed me to go; that you know very well."

"Child, child, run away! I have much to annoy me. You shall go next week, Dulce—next week, my little girl!"

"Always *mañana*, papa; always *mañana*." She was near the window, and caught the sound of voices. "What is that they are saying down below there about Alvarez?"

"He has gone away, Dulce. Come, come! I have much to—"

"Far away, papa? You know I am fond of Alvarez. He used always to carry me when I was little."

"Yes, child; far away."

"And he will come back when, papa?"

"He has gone a long way off, Dulce. Come, child, come! I have much to attend to"; and then, as if willing to recall her thoughts from the absence of Alvarez, even by the vexed question of the journey, he repeated, "I will take you to Tunas in the yacht next week."

"Oh, generous Papa President, when I want to go now! My little mama always allowed me to go; that you know well. You

know that she told you often and often, and almost at the last—at the—last—papa, that I was to be humored.”

There was no sign of yielding in the President's face.

“I have decided, papa. If I go next week also, I shall have gone already twice this month. Riquita,”—to the wrinkled creature who stood in the doorway,—“pack my small bag; I am going to take a trip with his Excellency.”

Riquita glanced at the President; he shook his head. Dulce caught sight of the slight motion.

“I am! I am! I am going!” The small heel was stamped upon the bare floor. There was a frou-frou of ruffles. The coral ear-drops shook and trembled, and then the girl broke into a violent fit of coughing.

“There, you wicked papa! See what you have done!” The girl's slight frame shook with the violence of this unwelcome exertion. She trembled and held her father's arm in a nervous grasp. He watched her with anxious eyes.

The President took his little daughter in his arms and held her closely to him. He glanced over her head out through the window to the hill, where a headstone shone white among the ceiba-trees. “You may pack her bag, Riquita,” he said, without withdrawing his gaze.

“Youah taikie Riquita, Seño' P'esiden'?”

“You! What should I do with you?—unless the sharks are tired of those plump corpses that float off from the fever-stricken—there! there! Dulce, I won't. Do not shiver like that, child. No; she will not need you, Riquita.”

He looked down at Dulce, where she nestled against his breast, with continued anxiety. She raised her dark eyes to his, and smiled. “You are two different people, papa. Sometimes you are my own dear father; then again you are ‘his Excellency.’ I wish you were not ‘his Excellency’ so often, papa. I pity the people who know you only as ‘his Excellency.’”

The President sighed. If he also pitied them, he did not declare it. “Go, then, and prepare, Dulce. Do not skip like that, child!” And then to Riquita, in English, “See that your señorita walks more slowly.”

“How ol' Riquita make dat chil' do anyt'ing, w'en de Seño' P'esiden' don' cawn make her hisse'f?”

“We shall start later, when it is cool, Dulce.” The President ignored Riquita's home truth. “Go and sit quietly, while

Riquita packs for you. Send some limes and some dulces down to the wharf for your mistress, Riquita, and all that she needs for her comfort.”

“How he loved my little French mama!” whispered Dulce to her old nurse, as they walked away together, the girl hanging on the aged woman's shoulder. “You see, I had my way, after all, Riquita; he dare not cross me.”

Riquita looked over her shoulder, and broke into her native St. Thomas jargon.

“Hush-sh-sh-sh, Seño'it! Youah git much sorrow, de Seño' P'esiden' year dat speeches. He mighty naice mawn, de Seño' P'esiden', but youah cawn don' mus' git him mawd.”

“Do not speak that horrible English to me, Riquita. You know very well that I do not understand what you say.”

Dulce and Riquita passed into the private part of the palace, and the great door closed with a loud bang. All the doors of the palace closed noisily. They squeaked as they opened; they screamed as they closed. No oiled feather was ever allowed to touch those hinges. Woe betide the luckless new servant who even dare suggest such an innovation.

When the President was again alone he touched his bell.

To the messenger who appeared at the summons he said: “Send word to the Señores Ramirez and Macias that I sail for Lazulla at five o'clock. Say that I beg that they will do me the favor to meet me on board the yacht at that hour.”

Dulce and her father were sitting over their second breakfast when the messenger returned. The large, cool room looked upon the gardens of the palace. There brilliant flowers bloomed, and gorgeous birds sat unharmed in the branches or swung in the vines. Through vistas cut in the luxuriant masses of foliage one caught pleasant glimpses of the sea, with the dots of foam curling upon its trade-wind waves. The messenger had stood uneasily in the doorway for a moment before the President appeared to perceive him, although his Excellency sat with his face toward the messenger. The doors of the room, all but this one, were tightly closed; whether they were also bolted the serving-men alone could tell. The President had no mind to sit with his back toward a possible foe. He raised his eyes to the messenger.

“Bueno!” he said; “what answer?”

The man started nervously. His hands hung at his sides, the fingers moving un-

easily. He dropped his cap, stooped hurriedly, and picked it up.

"Speak, man! The answer!"

The man gave his simple message with much stumbling and hesitancy. He said in a low tone that the Señor Ramirez had accepted his Excellency's invitation with much pleasure; that the Señor Macias had ridden out to the cable station at Loñes, and would not return until late afternoon.

"*Caramba, hombre!* Do you think I am going to eat you? Have the Señor Macias met as he enters the town, and say to him that I request the pleasure of his company on board." The President's thoughts were: "Cabling to Jamaica! Cabling to Jamaica!" The President with his daughter drove down to the wharves in the late afternoon. A short way from the palace gate they turned a sharp corner. In the rough, dusty road the English coachman halted suddenly. The jar threw Dulce violently against her father.

"Caramba, Truhan! Is that the way they drive in London?"

"Pardon, your Excellency, but a child ran across the street; it was just under the feet of the horses."

The man spoke respectfully, but with no sign of fear. He knew well that he belonged to a country which does not allow a hair of a subject's head to be injured without reparation to the full.

The President leaned out of the carriage. The mother of the child had raised it from the ground, and was holding it to her breast.

"Oh, a girl!" said the President. He flung the woman a piece of silver. She did not spurn it. She loved her child, but money was important also.

"Sit still, Dulce; the child is not hurt."

"Well, papa, I am a girl, too."

"You are *you*, Dulce! The boys make fighting men. That is what we need, and soon, if I know the signs."

"Oh, papa, another uprising? Shall I have to go away again? How can they rise against you, my own dear papa—so good, so kind?"

And now as they neared the landing they overtook a public conveyance. It was drawn by two sorry-looking horses. Upon the back of the ancient "hack" was strapped a fair-sized trunk. Inside the vehicle reposed the Señor Ramirez. His pointed patent leathers rested upon the cushions opposite his seat, where they were almost hidden from view by the curled hair which pushed through the *rents*. His linen coat was thrown back from *his chest*. He was puffing a choice *partagas*

with the gusto of a connoisseur. He sat erect, and removed his high silk hat as the President's carriage drew alongside.

"A poor-looking vehicle, Señor Ramirez." The President spoke clearly. He could hardly discern the features of Señor Ramirez through the dust. "A very sorry-looking conveyance for one of my cabinet."

"I have sold my own carriage, your Excellency."

The President smiled sympathizingly.

"We must increase your salary, Ramirez. You bring a trunk, I see."

"Your Excellency did not say how long we should be gone."

The descending from the carriages, which had drawn up on the wharf together, made conversation difficult.

"*Que es eso?*" ("What is that?")

"I remarked, your Excellency, that I did not know how long your Excellency would be gone; therefore, I brought my trunk."

"You will not need it."

The President helped his daughter from the carriage. He took a step forward and gave the coachman some orders. The language was English, which neither Dulce nor Señor Ramirez understood.

"*La voilà, petite!*" The President wheeled sharply and smilingly pointed out toward the black yacht which was nearing the wharf. As the little party of three walked up the gang-plank, Señor Ramirez looked uneasily at his trunk.

"You say that I shall not need it, your Excellency. Will our time be short, then?" he asked.

"Yes, very short."

"Your Excellency usually remains away a week. I judged by that. Many a pleasant sail we had in the native boats, old friend, before you had reached your present high station."

The President made no answer to this remark. Possibly he had reasons for not wishing to be reminded of the days of their youthful intimacy.

Ramirez persisted. "I see that your Excellency has no luggage."

"I always have clothes on board."

"But I have my bag, Señor. We shall certainly remain away some days, though papa makes such a mystery of it."

At these words the President frowned. "No mystery, Dulce."

"You smile sadly now. Are you papa or President?"

"I am always papa to you, Dulce. I do not feel gay, child."

"The body-guard! Do they go with us, papa?"

The President had not noticed the approach of the small company of soldiers. As he turned they halted and presented arms, and then their muskets fell with a resounding thud upon the planks of the wharf.

And now Señor Macias appeared in the distance. He galloped his horse, wet and flecked with foam, out to the gang-plank. He sprang from the saddle, and flung the bridle to a peon standing near. He wiped a hot, flushed face as he came up the gangway. His boyish, handsome eyes smiled brightly over the folds of his handkerchief as he saw that Dulce stood there, her arm linked in that of her father. The young man bowed low as he approached them.

"I had not dreamed of your Excellency going again so soon," he said.

"The cause did not arise until to-day."

"Your Excellency has had news from Lazulla? Ah, yes; I see that you have soldiers on board. The Señorita going to war?" The young man laughed roguishly.

"We shall simply land them."

"The Señorita must pardon my appearance; I had no chance to get a change of clothing."

"Papa says that you will not need it, Don Alano."

"That is true, if we remain only a night at Lazulla."

Macias turned an inquiring face toward the President.

"We shall not remain more than a night at Lazulla."

"And I can make a raid on old Ramirez's clothes," laughed Macias to Dulce, "should I really need anything?"

This little confidence caused Dulce to drop her eyes. But oh, how delightful it all was! Even this small commonplace remark made them seem separate and apart, they two, from the others.

Macias stood looking at the young girl. He was of pure Spanish type, this youngest member of the cabinet, but a type not recognized as such the world over. He was one of the fair Spaniards, with blue eyes and golden hair, that one sometimes sees; but he hated the land of his ancestors, and its rulers, though he spoke their language and gloried in their traditions. A strange anomaly!

As he stood gazing at the girl, she raised her lids to see if he were still looking. She showed a tiny line of white between the red of her lips. "She is adorable," said Macias to himself.

What bliss more all-pervading than the gliding, gentle motion along the shores of this land of enchantment? The sun was rapidly going down in the west. A few last rays flecked the masts and smoke-stack of the yacht. Tropic odors were borne off to them by the gentle land breeze which heralded the approach of night—odors which never deplete their storehouses of scarlet, of white, of orange; great cups which, however often robbed by wind and insect, seem always generously full, overflowing with an evanescent thing, which can be neither seen nor felt.

The President seemed ill at ease. He walked the deck, now forward, now aft, and again he crossed amidships to the side, and stood there motionless. Looking seaward, he shaded his eyes with his hand. Dulce arose as he called her. When she joined him he was arranging a pair of marine glasses.

"What is it papa?"

"A *bomba marina*, child; here, let me screw up the glass."

"How it whirls!" laughed Dulce, as she gazed at the twisting column which danced like some water-sprite upon the waves, and flaunted her misty drapery to her lover, the breeze.

"How beautiful the world is, papa!"

"A lovely world, Señorita." It was Macias who spoke. "I feel sometimes, to-day especially, glad just to be alive—glad to be allowed to live."

He looked at Dulce joyously. The girl trembled and flushed. Her heart sang.

The President regarded the young man with a peculiar expression. He seemed to lose himself in thought while gazing upon him, so that Macias became restless, and broke the spell by pointing seaward again.

"I see a second *bomba marina*, Señorita," he said, "though much smaller than the first, it is true." He adjusted the glass again for her eyes; but the President interrupted them.

"Come, Dulce; Blanto does not like to be kept waiting."

Dulce looked at her father in surprise. She had never known him to care whether a servant was kept waiting or not.

The dinner was served upon deck. A well-appointed table, thoroughly instructed servants, and a menu the aim of which was perfection, were among the appurtenances of the yacht.

Dulce sat upon her father's right, shy and happy. She could not eat; she was living in a new world—a dream-world. This was hap-

piness! This was life! The young girl did not analyze her feelings; she could not. She knew only that suddenly there had come to her an hour when every moment was replete with joy. She dreamed of no awakening; she imagined no change. Life must always continue thus—a delicious, beautiful story which should never end.

The sun some time since had dropped below the palm-crowned rise. The yacht was running now in near proximity to the declivity of the shore. The cocoanut-trees sent down their searching roots to the salt sea, and drooped their welcoming tufts to its life-giving spray. Up there among the branches of the gru-gru and the ironwood, the nightingale and the mocking-bird called and sang and trilled as if in rivalry, the last-named coming off conqueror. And gazing on that magic shore, they had not seen the rising of the moon, and turned to find its broad band of silver flooding sky and sea—that mystical Southern moon, so different from the cold satellite which shines upon our Northern waters. Almost before the sun's rays had ceased to tinge the baby clouds with rose, it was here, and its glory effaced that other beauty of the gloaming. Poetry was in the air. The melody of the sea came wafted on the soft fingers of the breeze. The hour was ripe for romance and for love.

As Dulce arose at a signal from her father, a *sangre de cristo* lily was pressed into her hand. Her fingers touched those of Macias for a passing moment. She shivered and glowed from head to heart. Was this the way it felt, then? Riquita had told her some stories, as old nurses will. She had laughed, and scarce listened. Ah, old Riquita was right, then! She had said the time would come.

The President had arisen and walked forward. Dulce saw him talking earnestly with the captain of his body-guard in a secluded nook near the bow. She leaned across the table like a guilty thing. She took from a vase the mate of the blood-red lily which Macias had given her, and tremblingly dropped the gorgeous bloom over his shoulder. He caught her hand in his; he pressed his warm young lips upon her palm, her wrist. The girl drew hurriedly away, bewildered, overwhelmed, lost in a whirl of wonderful thoughts.

She entered the little deck-cabin. She fell upon the couch, her face buried in cold and shaking fingers. Dear God! could it be? Was *she to have this happiness?* How beautiful *he was—like a young god!* How trusted of

her father! How faithful, how honorable, how true!

Macias's face was hot; his hands were burning. He removed from the lapel of his coat the *boutonnière* which the steward had prepared for all guests alike, and replaced it with the glowing crimson lily. A faint odor arose from the petals. He closed his eyes. He dreamed that it was the sweet, young breath of Dulce.

The table was a silent quarter now. Señor Ramirez had fallen asleep. The President walked gloomily apart. Macias, his eyes closed and his cheek resting upon his hands, sat there late into the night, lost in dreams.

On the following morning two boats pushed off from the yacht. They were bound shoreward. The sound of the oars did not arouse Dulce. She had lain awake until nearly dawn, and now she slept on her white bed, her face upturned upon the pillow. A smile parted the childish lips. The hand lying outside the light covering held in loosening grasp a withered crimson flower.

As the boat rowed shoreward the day was yet young. There were faint pink blushes in the gray face of the east, for her bosom's lord was coming to greet her.

When Ramirez and Macias had landed upon the sandy shore of the small bay, they proceeded in a leisurely manner up the path which led to the cocoanut grove. There the President had said that he would meet them. When the body-guard, who had come ashore in the second boat, had landed, the boat pushed off from the beach and returned to the yacht for the President, as he had ordered.

"A light, Alano. *Gracias!*" Señor Ramirez's dark face was for a moment illumined like a Rembrandt portrait, and then enveloped in a cloud of smoke.

"A pretty creature that, Macias."

"Pretty! A goddess!"

"Too thin, too unformed, too childish."

"She is young yet, Señor. Yes; young and innocent and childish, thank God! You remember her mother, Señor?"

"A-a-ah! *There was a beauty—the toast of the country.*"

Macias bent his head and inhaled the faint odor of the crimson lily that decorated his coat. It was almost fresh from its cool bath, his care during the past hours.

Ramirez seated himself lazily upon a fallen log, and puffed his *partagas* slowly, enjoyment obvious in every movement of the brown, taper fingers, in the raising of the

chin, the closing of the eyes, the puffing of the hazy clouds upward.

The younger man seated himself by the side of the elder, his manner as leisurely as that of Señor Ramirez; but first he ran his light cane underneath the log, and tapped upon its corrugated sides. As nothing of a disturbing nature appeared upon the bark, he chose a place where a broken branch made a comfortable back for his seat.

The sergeant approached respectfully, and saluted the gentlemen. "His Excellency said that we were to pass the cocoanut grove before stopping, Señores."

"What the devil is that to you?" ejaculated Ramirez; but at the same time he arose. "Do you think that I take my orders from you?"

The sergeant, unangered by these words, surveyed Señor Ramirez calmly. When he answered, his manner was strangely quiet.

"No, Señor; I know very well that the Señor does not take his orders from me. The Señor takes his orders from his Excellency; but *so do I*."

Ramirez moved on slowly. The sergeant, with his platoon, followed.

"Come, then, Macias." And, when the young man had joined him: "It seems some secret mission, this upon which we are bent. Perhaps the commissioners are to meet us here to consult about the new water system. As to that talk of an uprising, I have heard nothing of it."

Macias puffed lazily.

"There has been some talk of a revolution, I believe, if we import expert labor. But we shall have to; what else can we do?"

"Yes, yes; I know. The idea is to keep the people quiet until this matter is settled. We must impose a fresh tax, I suppose."

"I am sorry for that; they are overburdened already."

Macias turned and gazed out toward the bay. The sun was just above the horizon, and the black hull of the yacht was silhouetted against the red of the morning. Along the deck a tall, slight figure moved—a figure in clinging draperies. She raised her hand, and shading her brow, gazed shoreward. Macias drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and waved it. Was there an answering signal? He thought so.

"Come, come, Alano; but a little farther, the sergeant says." They turned a bend in the rough path, and the yacht was shut out from their gaze.

"There is no house here," said Ramirez.

The body-guard had quickened their steps.

"Let us sit down again until his Excellency comes," said Macias, wiping his brow.

The sergeant quickened his pace. He stood at the side of the path, and touched his cap. "Señores, my orders are that you walk ahead."

"Your orders?" Macias started to his feet. He saw that in the sergeant's eye which only the condemned see.

"Your orders! Good God! Do you hear him, Ramirez? His orders!"

The sergeant dropped his eyes.

"I have my orders, Señores," he said.

Ramirez wheeled.

"So *that* was it! Sergeant, give me one day, one hour! Let me see the President! There is some mistake—some misapprehension on his part! He said that he would follow us. Wait, I implore, until he comes. He will not countenance such—"

"Close up behind there! The Señores will kindly walk ahead."

"No, man; no! Wait, I command you! Escomba, you were in my pay before you went over to him." Ramirez was ghastly, breathless.

The sergeant wavered only for a moment. Behind him there was an inexorable power, an autocratic will, a despotic master. Unless he obeyed that master's word, his fate would be the same that he had been ordered to carry out upon these his victims.

"Halt! Make ready! Take aim!" he said.

"Stop!" At the ringing command the sergeant hesitated; but it was no higher authority than Macias who stood there, his hand raised in air, as he faced those leveled barrels. Between his fingers was the lily which Dulce had given him.

"Wait, I say! Wait! *If he knew*, he would not take my life. Wait but for one moment." But even as he spoke the sergeant had said, "I ask your forgiveness, Señores," and then had as quickly given his last order:

"Fire!"

Ramirez fell sidewise, and died instantly. Macias fell forward upon his face.

"Dulce!" he whispered; and even as he spoke her name a second bullet bored through his back and into his heart. The spot of color between his fingers vied in its vividness with the life-stream which oozed along beside it.

A half-hour later the President walked slowly up through the cocoanut grove. The platoon of soldiers were cleaning their muskets. The President halted and surveyed the bodies, which were still lying in the path, with a strange smile.

"You do your work quickly," he said to the sergeant—"quickly and well. March down to the boat; I will follow."

"AND your guests, papa?"

"They have gone into the country at my bidding, Dulce."

"Did I hear firing this morning, papa?"

"Yes; the guard went ashore to practise."

"Did they take a target, papa?"

"Yes, Dulce."

"Are they good marksmen, papa? Our men, I mean."

"Yes, Dulce; they are very good marksmen."

"That is excellent. Dear father, why are you so sad?"

"Why should I be sad when I have you, my Dulce?"

The girl threw her arms around her father's neck.

"Oh, papa, is not the world beautiful? How glad I am to be alive! And our—your guests; they return—when?"

"Not this week, Dulce."

Dulce buried her face in the limp and faded leaves of the crimson lily.

"But he will return! He will return!" she whispered, as she pressed her lips to its petals.



THE HORNS.

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

MY soul had died for joy what time
The violin rang out alone,
And requiem bells in solemn chime
Grieved through the viol's moan.

Then harp and cello led me on
Through maze of tender harmonies,
Beyond the hour, beyond the dawn,
Beyond the utmost seas.

But through that realm by music bound,
Like a bold blast of freshening air,
Sudden I heard the trumpets sound
With harsh and militant blare.

Then, as to Joshua's trumpet-call
Seven days repeated, Jericho
Yielded its stern, reluctant wall,
So were such dreams brought low;

And, their poor ruin quickly spurned,
Into fierce conflict I was hurled,
Where fields and cities brightly burned,
And battle shook the world.

HEROES OF THE DEEP.

BY HERBERT D. WARD.

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE VARIAN.



HEROISM is easily tired out, drowned out, starved out. The extraordinary spirit that suffers all these things, and still has hope and nerve enough left to fight to the finish, while companions despair—that being is as much a demigod to the commonalty to-day as he would have been three thousand years ago. While customs and people change, prowess is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

On Thursday, January 21, 1897, the fishing-schooner *Yosemite*, John McKinnon, otherwise known as "John Shortscope," skipper, was somewhere off Cape Sable. About noon it began to breeze up from the east-south-east, gradually changing to west by north, and later to west. It was freezing, and the vessel was icing up badly. By four o'clock in the afternoon it began to blow strongly, and to snow. At six the jib was triced up and the foresail reefed, and the log was hauled in. By dead reckoning, Ragged Island Light was twenty miles to the north-northwest. At a quarter to seven a white, fixed light was sighted on the lee bow. This was supposed to be a schooner at anchor, riding out the increasing gale. To make sure, the skipper "hove" the lead, and found ten fathoms of water. He then gave the order to haul her off to the southwest by south, and to set the riding-sail. By this time it was a fast and furious gale of wind and blinding snow.

Suddenly the lookout cried, "We 're in the breakers!"

The shout had scarcely left his throat when the sea made a clean breach over the doomed vessel. The *Yosemite* was loaded with herring, even to her cabin and her bunks, all hands being stowed in the fore-castle. "Take to the rigging!" howled the skipper. It was in the dog-watch, and all the men were oiled up. Eight of them jumped for the main rigging. The cook took to the fore, as he had to come up the forward gangway. In a momentary lull the skipper "grabbed the chance" to go forward to get money out of his chest. He got as far as the fore rigging, and had to join the cook.

The vessel began to break up immediately.

The mainmast went first, carrying down the foremast. All hands were hurled into the water, each one looking out for himself. Close by, to leeward, with the sea breaking clean over it, could be seen the shoulders of a rock. Captain McKinnon was washed into the belly of a sail; and therein, like Jonah of old, he prayed for his life. The next sea tossed the sail, like a bit of seaweed, away from him, and thrust him on the rock. At the same time it flung the mast across his leg, and pinned him down. But just in time to save him from immediate drowning, a breaker lifted the mast, and brought within reach of his hand a bit of wire rigging, and then fetched the mast end up on the rock. In his own words, that need no interpretation, he "scrabbled up."

It was now black, and fiercely snowing. The cook never came up. Another man was saved, with both legs broken. The rest had managed to make the rock. And now the sea cast at them bits of wreckage—bolts from the bow, splinters from the keel; and the slimy bodies of frozen fish slapped them like hail in the face. The rock was not over twelve feet in circumference. The nine men held their grip by clawing the clefts. At last a plank was washed up beside them. This they put endwise into the crevasse, and with flotsam rope lashed themselves, man by man, to it. There they lay all that night, expecting every moment to go; for every wave drenched them, and it was only the clutch that saved them.

Next morning found them all there. Across a channel only seventy-five feet wide there seemed to be the mainland. In reality it was an island. But the tide swept fiercely past the rock, carrying wreckage far out to sea; and besides that, the surf itself was such as not one of those experienced sailors had ever seen.

At ten o'clock the man with the broken legs died, and each one wondered, as he looked into his mate's cold, calm face, how soon the same fate would befall him. Not a soul was visible on the bleak shore. In the meanwhile a log-line, caught somewhere, tantalizingly swished near the rock, but

would not be seized. With it some one might get across, and so save the rest. With-out it, the attempt to swim even that narrow channel seemed the sheerest suicide.

By afternoon despair set in. The little strength left after that terrible night of exposure was rapidly sapped by the loss of hope. Each one of them knew that not one of them could survive another night, when the thermometer came to its depth and the tide to its height. At four o'clock in the afternoon it was low water. No man spoke. The fate that could not be escaped cast a sullen silence upon all except the skipper. He knew that it was now or never. But what could he do, with his jammed legs? As it was, he was nearly dead. But he called Pat Rose to his side, and whispered to him:

"Another night means death, Pat; you know that."

Pat nodded solemnly. He did not say a word, but he crawled to the edge of the rock, carefully noting the action of the waves, the eddies of the tide, and the possibility of a landing-place on the other side of the leaping water. Then he arose, took off his oilskins, and stripped himself to his underclothes. He stood straight up, shaking with the result of twenty hours of exposure. His freezing legs scarcely supported him. His face was fiercely resolute. He gathered the last remnant of his courage, and held it in hand.

"It's no use, boys," he said simply, "to stay here and die. I'll take the chances for you. If I get there, I reckon we'll pull through all right."

The men roused themselves from their fast-increasing stupor, and watched their hero with fearful anxiety as, without another word, he leaped into the waves and struck out for the opposite ledge. Now he was on the top of a breaker, now he was swirled under, and disappeared. Twenty-five yards do not appear to be much, but it seemed to the poor frozen watchers on that rock that it took the actor ages of effort to play his part to the triumphant end. When his mates, whose lives absolutely depended upon this supreme effort, saw Rose hurled upon the rock, clutch it, and then drag himself beyond the ravenous breakers, they gave a feeble shout of joy. With a hopeful wave of his hand, Rose started, in his now freezing underclothes, to run for help. He ran fully half a mile, and then came back in despair. No living creature was to be seen, and it was fast darkening. He hurried back to the ledge.

"*I can't find help!*" he shouted. "You'll

have to swim for it. Come on, and I'll swim out and help you all!"

These were his brave words. It would take much freezing to daunt such a man. Carlyle would have loved him. Now Providence stepped in, and helped the huddling group on the rock. Peradventure, for the sake of one man's pluck, the ten were saved. For suddenly came within their reach the log-line, that had evaded these hapless men all day. John Hickey grasped it, made it fast to the rock, and tied the other end around himself. Rose's example had fired him; he needed just that to put him on his mettle. With a shout, he plunged in, and struck out. As he neared the ledge, Rose met him, and helped him up.

It now took only a few minutes to haul over a stouter rope and make it fast. On this the men came, hand over hand, and all were saved.

It was afterward known that the people on shore had seen the signal of the shipwrecked men upon the rock; but as it was impossible to launch the boat, they could not go to the rescue. Too rough to launch a dory; and yet Rose, exhausted, freezing, hungry, plunged in, and Hickey, too! The Spartans are not all dead. It honors our whole land that our Gloucester fishermen do such deeds so grandly, so uncomplainingly, so naturally, and so often.

Talking about it on the wharf, one day, when fish were scarce, John McKinnon told the writer, with tears furrowing his sad face, and in a voice toned to the deepest emotion:

"I can't imagine a more heroic act. If there's a man who's one of a hundred thousand, Pat Rose is that man. If it wa'n't for him, we'd have all gone, sure."

Cool-headed inventiveness when others are paralyzed with terror is no less a mark of heroism than the instinctive acceptance of personal risk. The real hero in a great conflagration may be the one who, at the instant of panic, keeps his head, and orders the crowd, imparting to it his own imperturbability. Such a one might have saved scores of lives in the horrible Parisian bazaar disaster. Add to this rare quality of calmness in danger the ability to devise instantaneously the unusual and only means of rescue, and you have a man indeed.

Perhaps the best instance of this rare gift that I have heard of occurred in February, 1862. The schooner *J. G. Dennis* was running home to Gloucester with a full fare from Georges, when she met a heavy gale of wind right in her teeth. Her master, Thomas

D. Dench, one of those elemental souls whom nothing could daunt, made up his mind to drive her right through. In a February gale the wind and the sea are about as cheerful opponents as a madman and a razor. In this struggle the *Dennis* had the worst of the encounter, and she was razed. She lost her sails,—all but the jumbo, I believe,—and her boats, and, besides, was blown offshore into the Gulf Stream. There she found a favorable southerly wind, and so pointed her nose again for home, having set her staysail and an old mildewed summer foresail. The sea was still very heavy, and the breeze was not a zephyr. Just at daylight, on the 2d of March, the lookout sighted a water-logged vessel, and bore down upon it. The skipper came on deck, and soon spoke the wreck, which proved to be the schooner *Life-Boat* of Shelburne, Nova Scotia, loaded with lumber, and bound to the West Indies. The only thing that preserved her name from travesty was the lumber that kept her afloat, most of the deck-load of which had been washed off. Her masts were gone, her boat was gone, and her cook and one man had been washed overboard. When the *Dennis* came within hailing distance, the captain and the three hands left were lashed on top of the after deck-house, expecting to go down any minute.

"For Heaven's sake," they begged, "don't leave us! Three big vessels have spoken us, and deserted us. For God's sake, save us!" they cried in desperation.

"Cheer up!" Captain Dench called back. "This time you're dealing with men, not cowards. We'll stand by."

Then came the problem of rescue. It was a wreck saving a wreck. It was the blind leading the blind. For neither vessel had a boat to put off, and to approach near in that sea was to risk a fatal collision. Besides, the wind was beginning to rise again, and the icy sea was running viciously. So Captain Dench, handling his vessel, with her flimsy sail, as best he could, lay to leeward, and ordered the men on the sinking wreck to throw overboard all the lumber left upon the deck. He then picked up what loose boards he wanted, and wrenched his gurry-kid from the deck. A gurry-kid is a big box, without bottom or top, that is fitted in the deck, in which fish is thrown. He then sawed the boards with his own hands, and made a bottom to the kid. This he calked with rope-yarn and pieces of rope. Then he patched up the seams with canvas junk. He then lashed two empty water-casks to each end of the box, and took two reaches to windward. This brought

the wreck under his lee. Then the men on board the *Dennis* launched their nondescript boat, and attaching to it a strong line, paid it out until it reached the water-logged schooner. They saved the men, of course; and besides that, they took off a gaff-topsail that was washing about the deck. This they bent for a jib, using their own jib for a mainsail. By this time their own foresail was pretty well exhausted. The rescue and the patching up took all of that day. That night, instead of making for Gloucester, Captain Dench decided to take the shipwrecked men home, and so "make a good job of it." So they turned their prow to Shelburne, which they reached after a hard tussle. The firm who owned the *Life-Boat* gave Captain Dench a suit of sails with which to come to Gloucester, and later the British government presented him with a splendid marine glass which his son uses on board his sloop to this day.

The spirit that passes no one by in distress, and is undismayed by impossibilities, is one not too common, even among mariners.

We instinctively look upon the hero as one who in moments of emergency or danger has manifested the maximum of iron-hearted activity. The readiness to endure suffering, the contempt for luxury, the willingness to court risk or death—this is courage indeed, but rather of the bull-dog variety, and none the less tenacious. Soldiers say that the sure test of courage is to rest on one's arms, motionless, silent, unanswering, while the enemy is spattering you with shot and shell.

Heroism rises to its greatest height when from a noble motive one endures the danger from which one might easily escape. "In other words," quoting Thomas Hughes, "may we not say that, in the face of danger, self-restraint is, after all, the highest form of self-assertion?" England can never forget her *Birkenhead*, and she recalls with equal Saxon pride her *Victoria*.

Napier would have been a good judge of the following incident.

This began with an accident. It is no joke to be caught off Cape Sable in a December hurricane. It was what happened to the *Fredonia* in 1896.

The *Fredonia* was a historic vessel. She was built by Burgess for Commodore Forbes, and made a cruise across the Atlantic. She was then sold to Gloucester, and became a fisherman, the handsomest, proudest, and fastest of the fleet. She was noted for her race with the crack Boston pilot-boat *Hesper*,

in which she was easily victorious. She was the best-known fishing-vessel on the Atlantic coast. But in 1896 the *Fredonia* was seven years old, and she had never been spared.

On that fatal morning a hurricane came up from the northeast. Captain Morgan had a crew of twenty-three men on board, and at half-past four in the morning it was blowing so wildly that he hove the vessel to under a doubled-reefed foresail. Without warning, a curling monster, cross-trees high,—so tall and toppling that one could see right under it, much as, in the case of the Cave of the Winds, one can look under the avalanche of Niagara,—boarded the *Fredonia*, and swept her clean. No one but a fisherman knows what this means. Take the difference between one hundred and nine tons, the burden of the *Fredonia*, and three thousand, the average of our ocean steamers. A wave that might not even stagger the *City of Paris* might be, if it assaulted just right, the death-blow of a fisherman. The *Fredonia* was easily "hove down," and she was swept as clean as if a plane had been run over her. The dories were demolished, masts gone, chain-lockers gone, sails gone; the new road was snapped off clean, and gone; cat-head and windlass torn right out, fore-rigging not to be seen at all, fore-boom and fore-gaff in splinters, backstay all tangled up with the jib-stay; checker-boards, trawl-tubs, gurry-pens, topping-lift, God knows where; bulwarks all gone, hatches gone, rudder and wheel-box gone, and even the ring-bolts on the deck were cut off as by a chisel. Only the pumps were left. One man had gone overboard, and another was literally blown to pieces. This was Olaf Olson. He lived about six hours.

All this happened in less than a minute, between four and five in the morning, when vitality is at its lowest ebb. Fortunately, only three men were on deck when the catastrophe happened; otherwise the fatality would have been multiplied. As it was, the plight of the crew was desperate; for it was soon discovered that the schooner's "grub-beam" had started, and that she was leaking badly.

All hands immediately manned the pumps to keep her above water. This they were scarcely able to do. The deck was almost flush with the sea. Every wave boarded the wreck, and the men were exhausted and disheartened. If the sea had not moderated by nine o'clock at night, and made the task easier, the crew would have given up the struggle; for the *Fredonia* was fast sinking, and the men were losing courage and becoming numbed.

At half-past four next morning, just twenty-four hours after the disaster, the steamer *Colorado* hove in sight, and, noticing the frantic signals of distress, bore down on the sinking vessel. With great danger, a life-boat was lowered; for the seas were very high, and rescue was a feat of great difficulty.

Indeed, President McKinley awarded Captain Whitten of the *Colorado* a gold watch and chain "for heroic service in effecting the rescue of the crew of the schooner *Fredonia*, on December 18, 1896." The names of the mate and the sailors who did the deed are probably forgotten, if ever known at all.

At last only five were left aboard the *Fredonia*. She was sinking rapidly, and the seas were washing her with increasing malignity.

"We can't leave him behind," said Captain Morgan, pointing to their crushed and silent mate, whose body was lashed to prevent it washing overboard. For to leave a shipmate to go down with a vessel is a discourtesy to the dead that sailors will not allow.

"But she's likely to go down at any moment," suggested one of the crew. "You'd better get out of her while you can. Any one of these seas might bear her under."

But Morgan shook his head. In the black before the dawn, outlined before a background of white spume, he could see the life-boat laboring back to save the remnant of the crew.

"I ain't going to leave until we give him a decent burial," said the captain, firmly.

"We're with you, skipper!" the men cried as with one voice.

Then began a scene that is not so rare at sea as one might suppose. By this time the *Fredonia* was hardly able to keep her water-logged nose up.

"Keep off until we holler!" cried the skipper, motioning the wondering life-boat off.

Tenderly the men unleashed Olaf Olson, and tied him in a blanket. Then, in order that everything might be done shipshape, they lashed some wreckage together and made a raft. Upon this they bound their dead. And all the while they silently prepared their mate for burial the tremendous seas rose upon them, and whipped them with icy spray, and chased them with curling tentacles. And all the time the gallant vessel, throbbing with punishment, and groaning in her last efforts to keep alive, threatened to sink from under them.

Then, when the corpse was prepared, Captain Morgan said:



"HE NEARED THE LEDGE."

"We've got to have a prayer, boys. It won't do to send him over without one." Then his voice broke. "I can't," he stammered. "Let some one else."

Then up spoke Bob Diggins. "I'll try my best, skipper!"

So, while the rest held the raft at the stern, Bob uncovered his head, the others doing likewise, and made such a prayer as he could. "It wa'n't much of a prayer," the fisherman would say, if you asked him; "it

wa'n't worth mentioning." But we may think that the requiem of the gale and the tumultuous dirge of the waves were not sufficient to drown that prayer before it reached the throne of the Almighty. Then, with faces wet with salt of the sea and with their tears, the crew shoved Olson over the stern into a toppling wave. Every moment had been a risk to their own lives; but they did their duty by their mate, and they buried him with that religious instinct and

respect for the Christian hope which survives in wilder hearts than those of Gloucester fishermen.

By this time the *Fredonia* was at her last gasp. "Hurry the life-boat up! Jump! Haul him in! Next!" Captain Morgan was of course the last to leap for safety. He had scarcely been hauled into the life-boat by willing hands when the *Fredonia*, in final agony, tossed her head proudly on high, hung in the air for a thrilling instant, and then plunged forward into the ocean, adding one more tally against the deep which will be paid at the last day.

Thus the noblest vessel of the fleet met her end, witnessing in her last throes a loyal courage which deserves to be classed high among our modern instances of heroism.

IF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE would offer the use of a complete number, I might do scant justice to the heroic manliness of our American sailor. A few pages can only sketch the outlines of his sturdy, storm-tossed figure. I have selected the Gloucester fisherman as a type; for he takes the largest chances, encounters the heaviest seas, ventures the densest fogs, and endures the greatest cold—all in the smallest vessels. Besides, he is one whom I have intimately known for nearly fifteen years, and I can testify whereof I speak.

I might have given instances of greater bravery than I have. Exclusion has been more difficult than selection; for Gloucester is distinguished by these unknown nobles. The chances are that the most insignificant man cutting fish on the wharf, all slimy in his gurried oilskins, has been the principal in a feat of dramatic prowess. It is next to the impossible to get him or anybody else to talk about it. If our men did brag of their exploits, there would not be enough medals to go around.

I would like to tell of the wreck of the *Finance*, and how Fred Bryant lost his life in trying to take a line to shore in order to save his mates; how George Johnston plunged in next, only to be pulled back, half perished with the cold and exhaustion; and how James McIver, an Englishman, went into the bubbling surf, and although beaten back and back again, with his boots and clothes torn off, reached the island; how, notwithstanding his being almost frozen and well-nigh lifeless with exertion, he dragged the rope out of the sea, braced his torn and bare feet against an icy rock, and held the line taut until another of the crew got to land on it; how the hero

sank to earth then, and did not answer to his shipmates' call, and they found that he was dead where he had fallen, for his endurance had reached life's limit.

I should like to tell of the magnificent and sad attempt to rescue the crew of the *Maggie E. Wells* by Chief Officer Meyer and his six volunteers of the steamer *Amsterdam*. Many pages could not compass the glory of this exploit; for there is no more thrilling story on the crest of the sea than that of this piteous expenditure of six lives in vain. These the sudden squall and the cross-sea claimed. These brave, uncomplaining men died to save others; themselves they could not save. I should like to add a detailed account of the rescue, by the *Lord Gough*, of the *Cleopatra*, that was "hove down" on January 1, 1896. This story would include another burial service in the wreck, while the rescuers were resting on their oars.

It is a pity to pass by the proud fortune of the schooner *Volunteer*, that has been "in at the death," so to speak, of her sister craft several times, and whose crew is accustomed to daring deeds. Once Captain McNeil of the same vessel was the first to jump into a dory, call for two helpers, and go to the rescue of those aboard the old "hooker" *Star of the East*. He saved every one. It sounds simple, but if properly told it is quite a story, nevertheless. Instances of rescue like this could be counted by the hundred, and are too common to excite much attention on the Cape Ann coast. There is a man called Andrew Ross. He was on the *Edith M. McGinnis* at one time. As usual, it was off Cape Sable. The *Maggie and Lily* was fast sinking. The gale was a terrific one. It was only a matter of minutes when the boat would go down. All the captain of the *Edith* could do was to lie to windward, and let a dory drift down for the doomed men to jump in, and so be hauled back. Of course the dory was smashed, and three men were left—doomed. Then Andrew Ross (who had been the first one to be rescued) and Andrew Christie—good men with good names—launched another dory in the raging surf, and took the three off. Within a few minutes the *Maggie and Lily* disappeared.

I should like to dwell on the heroic coolness of Captain Rowe of the schooner *Alice*, who, when wrecked on the northern side of Lingan Head, went down from a position of temporary security in the rigging into the seething seas that swept the deck, got a cod-line and a monkey-wrench at the risk of his life, tied them together, and threw the



"THEY BURIED HIM."



"DEAD WHERE HE HAD FALLEN."

iron to the top of the high headland, thus making the necessary connection, and saving the entire crew.

In April, 1896, the *J. W. Campbell* was "hove down" in a squall, and Abraham McCormey was drowned. Some do not forget him in Gloucester to this day; for he saved the whole crew of the *Hattie D. Linnell*, when she was driven ashore on Christmas day, the previous year. It was rather a fine holiday present to make. She was blown on the foot of a high cliff at St. Pierre, and then took fire. The fate of all was fixed, when Abraham tied a rope around his waist, and jumped into the breakers.

I should be sorry to pass by Captain Waterman Quinn, and his encounter with

an iceberg off Labrador; or to omit recording how, when all the crew from terror took to the boats, only one remaining, too paralyzed by fright to move, the skipper alone voluntarily stayed by, and, single-handed, saved the vessel from destruction.

And there was Isaiah Hatch of the *Estelle Nunan*, who, at the risk of his own life, went aloft on the foremast in a frightfully pitching sea, and cut away wreckage that threatened the immediate destruction of the vessel and crew. There were James Furlong and James McLeod of the schooner *Canopus*, who ventured out in a small dory, and did the impossible, saving the whole crew of the *Sea Foam* of Lubec, Maine, in the midst of an overwhelming sea. This was an instance

of the greatest bravery. For a like deed President Cleveland forwarded testimonials to the captain and crew of the schooner *Harry Lewis* for their gallantry in rescuing the crew of the schooner *Restless* in January, 1888.

One feels as if one owed an apology to the unmentioned heroes, the bare record of whose names would fill the limits of this paper; for it is hard to choose between friends. The unwritten deeds of these modest and courageous fishermen have not been slighted out of these pages, but crowded out by sheer excess of the glory of the Gloucester fleets.

WE turn from the white hurricane back to the peaceful port. The sun has set. The yellow of the summer has changed to purple and to gray. The bay is motionless. The city's reflection is brown and oily. Into the mouth of the harbor a vessel creeps. Five dories are out ahead, patiently towing the trawler in. She refuses the emphatic invitation of the tug that philosophically returns, bearing the tidings that the flag of the incoming boat is at half-mast. Whose home does this news smite?

Now there springs into gradual being the wonderful spectrum of the land and of the sea, which can be seen only on the prism of the harbor. Like the solar spectrum, it has its type colors, that flash toward the eye in concentric lines upon the black waters. There, across the "Cut," shines the radiant light of the electric arc. Here flashes the intermittent crimson, a sure indication that the white lighthouse on the point is steadily and loyally blinking at its friends. The slowly moving line of green tells that the approaching fisherman casts her starboard gaze questioningly at me. Little pencils of blue, of

cherry, and of corn, falling from homes and streets and decks and riggings upon land and sea, tell stories of life and struggle, of danger and death, of misery and happiness, as surely as the Fraunhofer lines indicate the kind of vapors on the surface of the sun.

Prominently from the "Neck" there shines into the mouth of the harbor one little yellow light. Every night that line cuts the water until it is lost toward Half-way Rock. It is as steady as the spectrum of salt, and perhaps not so different, after all. It is the light of greeting and of welcome which the patient wife puts before her window for her husband on the sea. The hour when he will come she may not know, or if he will come at all. Is he living? Is he dead? He is now two weeks overdue; but as long as there is oil to burn, and longer than there is hope in the desolate heart, that signal will be there. It is the spectrum of sorrow, of loneliness, of patience, of despair and fortitude—of all that silent heroism of which men take so little account, and with which the lives of women are so sad and so great.

Is that half-mast flag for her?

She draws the curtain and looks out, with her work-worn hands against her temples to shield her eyes. She shivers, but not with cold. The children cling to her skirts, and wonder what it is that ails her. She does not speak. A hundred women like her watch on Gloucester shores, waiting for answers to awful questions. Which of the fleet? Which of the crew? Widowhood and orphanage come in with the half-mast flag. Into whose door will they enter? The vessel glides up spectrally and slowly into the inner harbor. She moves as if she were loath to make the wharf and tell her tale of splendor and of woe.





"LET US DENOUNCE EVERYBODY, AND LAST, THE DEVIL."

THE ADVENTURES OF FRANÇOIS,

FOUNDLING, THIEF, JUGGLER, AND FENCING-
MASTER DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.,

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Characteristics," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.

XX.—*Of how François gave Amar advice, and of how the Marquis bought his own head.*

IT was now about May 26, when, at evening, a commissioner in a cocked hat, much plumed and scarfed, came into the dining-hall. Toto was between his master's knees, and was being fed. François heard a gray-haired old lady exclaim to a neighbor: "*Mon Dieu! chérie, look! 'T is the Terror in person.*"

An actor of the Français cried out gaily: "I must practise that face. 'T is a fortune for the villain of a play. If ever I get out, it will be inestimable." "Alas! he was in the

next day's list,—the *corvée*, they called it,—and came no more to table. François looked up, caught a glimpse of that relentless visage, and dropped his head again over the slender relics of a not bountiful meal. It was Jean Pierre Amar!

The marquis looked up from his plate, but made no effort to conceal himself. Amar walked around the table. Now and then his mouth wandered to left. It was comical, and yet horribly grotesque. He seemed to notice no one, and went out to make his inspection. Presently a turnkey came and touched François's shoulder:

"The Citizen Commissioner would see thee."

"I am ruined—done for!" murmured the thief; and, followed by Toto, he went after the turnkey. In the room used as a registering-office, Amar, "*le farouche*," sat handling a paper.

"Ah," he said. "Citizen Turnkey, leave the suspect with me, and close the door." The commissioner laid a pair of pistols on the table, and looked up at François.

"Well, citizen, we are met again. I am free to say that I had careful search made for thee, and now good fortune has brought hither not thee alone, but that infernal *ci-devant* who pinned me like a butterfly." As he spoke there was something fascinating in the concentration of emotion on the active side of this unnatural face. François felt the need to be careful.

"Why the devil don't you speak?"

"Will the citizen kindly advise me what answer it will be most prudent to make?" And for comment on his own words, which altogether pleased him, a pleasant smile drifted downward over François's large features.

"*Sacré!* but thou art a queer one, and no fool," said the Jacobin. "Thou wilt be dead before long; a monstrous pity! I would give my place for thy laugh."

"T is a bargain to my mind. Let us change. I will set thee free at once—at once, Citizen Commissioner; I bear no malice." Amar, silent for a moment, stroked his nose with thumb and finger.

"Thou dost not remind me thou didst save my life."

"No; what is the use?"

"Use? Why not?"

Then François rose to the height of his greatness.

"I am a Frenchman, even if I am not of thy party. Had not the country needed thee, that day had been thy last. Citizen, as a man thou wouldst set me free; as a patriot thou wilt bow to the law of the republic. I am willing to die rather than soil the record of one to whom France owes so much." An overwhelming solemnity of aspect came upon this comedian's face as it met the gaze of the commissioner. "Alas! the country has few such citizens."

"*Tonnerre!* True—true; it is sad." The man's vanity was excelled only by that of the prisoner before him. François had personal appreciation of the influential value of the bait he cast. A great diplomatist of the older type was lost when François took

to the war against society in place of that against nations.

"If the Citizen Commissioner has no more need of me, I will go. To waste his time is to waste the genius of France." Not for nothing had François been of late in the society of the *Comédie Française*.

"*Tiens!* Who told thee to go? I desire to do my own thinking. Why art thou here?"

François laughed, but made no other reply.

"The devil! young man, art thou laughing at the Revolutionary Tribunal?"

"Thou art also laughing, monsieur." When François laughed, he who looked at him laughed also.

"*Dame!* yes. What right hast thou to make an officer of the Great Committee laugh? Thou wilt get into trouble."

"I am in it now, monsieur—up to the neck."

"No 'monsieur' to me, aristocrat! What brought thee here?"

"A greedy woman denounced me. Could not I denounce her in turn?"

"*Mont du diable!* that is a fine idea—to let the denounced also denounce. It would make things move. I will mention that to Couthon." The half of the face that was able to express emotion manufactured a look of ferocious mirth; but it was clear that he took the proposition seriously.

"It appears that we do not go fast enough, citizen," said François. "In April, 257; in May, so far, only 308. So say the gazettes. What if we denounce Citizens Robespierre and Vadier? We might go faster. Let us denounce everybody, and last, the devil."

Amar set an elbow on the table, and, with his chin in his hand, considered this novel specimen of humanity.

François had a controlling idea that what chance of safety there was lay in complete abandonment to the natural recklessness of his ever-dominant mood of humor.

"Art thou at the end of thy nonsense, idiot?" said the Jacobin.

"Not quite; the citizen might denounce himself."

"By all the saints! Art making a jest of me—me, Jean Pierre Amar? Thou must value thy head but little."

"*Dame!* it was never worth much; and as to saints, one Citizen Montmorency said yesterday that the republic hath abolished the noblesse of heaven and earth too. Droll idea, citizen;" and he laughed merrily.

"Oh, quit that infernal laughing! Thou must be of the *Comédie Française*."

"No; I am of the comedy of France, like the rest—like the commissioner; but the citizen has two ears for a joke."

"I—I think so;" and he made it manifest by a twisted, unilateral grin of self-approval. "That idea of the citizen—prisoners de-

am as honest a Jacobin as the best. I will serve the republic, citizen, to the best of my ability."

"Then thou wilt report once a week, especially on the *ci-devants*. The head keeper will give thee pen, ink, and paper, and a



"HE RANG THE BELL AT 33 BIS."

nouncing—I shall not forget that. Wilt thou serve the republic?"

"Why not?"

"These common spies in the prisons are useless. I will put an 'M' to thy name on our list; 'M' for *mouchard*—spy. That will put thee down at the bottom whenever the Committee of Security comes to thy case. I am *not ungrateful*."

"Very good," said François, promptly. "I

chance to write here alone. I will so order it. But beware, citizen! I am not a man to trifle with; I do not forget."

"I should think not," said François, humbly.

"And when Grégoire comes, in June, thou wilt report to him."

"I—Grégoire—report—"

"Certainly. What's the matter? Off with you now. Ah, that *sacré* Citizen Ste. Luce. I

forgot him. Tell him his case will come on shortly."

"I am sorry."

"That is to lack patriotism."

"But he and De Crosne are the only people who amuse me, and it is dull in this bird-cage. He swears thou art clumsy with the small sword."

"I—I clumsy! I should like to catch him somewhere. I was too fat; but now!" and he smote his chest. "Didst thou think me clumsy—me, Pierre Amar?"

"I? No, indeed. These aristocrats think no one else can handle a rapier. Ah, if I could fence with the Citizen Commissioner a little, and then—"

"Impossible."

"He swears thou art coward enough to use the guillotine to settle a quarrel, and that thou dost fence like a pigsticker."

Amar, "*le farouche*," swore an oath too blasphemous to repeat. The great thick-lipped mouth moved half across so much of his face as could move at all. He was speechless with rage, and at last gasped, as he struck the table: "Me—Amar? Ah, I should like well to let him out and kill him; and I would, too, but there are Saint-Just, and Couthon, and the rest. Go; and take care how thou dost conduct thyself. Go! The *sacré* marquis must take his chance. Pigsticker indeed!"

Thus terminated this formidable interview; but, alas! it was now close to the end of May, and in the background of June was the man with the wart.

The next day, in the garden, François related to the marquis his interview with the dreaded Jacobin. The gentleman was delighted.

"*Mon Dieu!* François, you are a great man; but I fear it will do no good; my turn must be near. De Crosne got his little billet last evening, and is off on a voyage of discovery to-morrow, along with M. de la Morne, and De Lancival, and more. They will be in good society. Did you think that Jacobin Apollo would be pricked into letting me out for the chance of killing me?" he added.

"It came near to that, monsieur. I did say that you were not much of a blade, after all; that Citizen Amar was out of condition when you last met; and that if he and I could fence a little,—outside, of course,—M. le Marquis would regret the meeting."

"Delicious! And he took it all?"

"Yes, as little Annette takes a fairy-tale," was the reply.

"But, after all, we are still here. I envy

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you the interview. *Parbleu!* these fellows do their best, but they can't take the jests out of life. I hope the next world will be as amusing." As he ceased, François exclaimed: "By all the saints! there is that crazy fool Despard."

"Despard—Despard?" repeated the marquis. "That is a contribution to the show. How the mischief did he get here?"

The unlucky Jacobin was wandering about like a lost dog, a shabby, dejected figure. Toto, at play, recognized his master's former partner, and jumped up in amiable recognition. Despard kicked him, and the poodle, unaccustomed to rude treatment, fled to François. The thief's long face grew savage and stern; to hurt Toto was a deadly offense.

"Pardon, monsieur," he said to the marquis, and went swiftly to where Despard stood against the wall.

"Look here, rascal," said François; "if ever thou dost kick that dog again, I will twist thy neck."

Despard did not seem to take in his meaning.

"It is thou, François. There is the *ci-devant*—the marquis. I followed him. I—Pierre Despard—I denounced him. I did it. I am not afraid."

"Stuff! Didst thou hear me? What have I to do with *ci-devant* marquises? Thou hast kicked Toto."

"I see him; I must speak with him."

"*Fichtre!* he is mad," said the thief, and went after him. At the coming of Despard, ragged, wild-eyed, excited, the group about the tall gentleman turned.

Despard paused before him. "It is my turn now! I followed—I followed—I denounced thee—I, Pierre Despard. They will let me out when thou art to die; it will be soon. I will take thy child—thy bastard—my wife's child. We will go to see thee—I and thy hunchback—to see thee on the tumbrel at the guillotine. She hath thy cursed cold eyes—frozen eyes."

The marquis listened with entire tranquillity.

"One or two more in the audience will matter little"; and, smiling, he walked away.

A strange tremor seized on the chin and lower lip of Despard. He said to François, "Come with me," and then, in a bewildered manner: "He is n't afraid yet. I—I want him to be afraid."

"*Dame!* thou wilt wait then till the cows roost and the chickens give milk."

"No; it will come."

"Stuff! How camest thou here? Didst thou denounce thyself? I have heard of men mad enough to do that."

"No. Do not tell. I trust thee; I always did trust thee. I am a spy. I am to stay here till I want to be let out, when he—he is tried. I wanted to watch him. Some day he will have fear—fear—and—I—"

"Well, of all the mad idiots! A mouse to walk into a trap of his own accord! *Dieu!* but the cheese must have smelt good to thee."

"I shall go out when I want to go. Didst thou know his daughter is dead? I am sorry she is dead."

"Yes—God rest her soul!"

"I wish she were here. If only she were here, it would be complete. Then he would be afraid."

"*Bon Dieu!*" cried several, "he will kill him!" The thief had caught Pierre by the throat, and, scarce aware of the peril of his own strength, he choked the struggling man, and at last, in wild rage, hurled him back amid a startled mass of tumbled people.

"Beast!" muttered François, at his full height regarding angrily the prostrate man. In an instant the jailers were at his side. "What is this?" said they.

"He—he kicked my dog!"

"Did he? Well, no more of this, citizen."

"Then let him be careful how he kicks my dog; and take him away, or—" Pierre needed no further advice.

Presently Ste. Luce came over to François.

"What is wrong?"

"He kicked my dog!"

"Indeed? Do you know this man well? Once you warned me about him. Where have you met?"

"We juggled together, monsieur, when I used to tell palms. He is a bit off his head, I think."

"'Tis common in France just now. But he has a damnably good memory. We of Normandy say, 'As is the beast, so are his claws.' The fellow is of good blood in a way; but, *mon Dieu!* he is a coward to be pitied. To be through and through a coward does much enlarge the limits of calamity. If I or if you were to hate a man, for reasons good or bad, we should kill him. But a coward! What can he do? He has his own ways, not mine or yours. His claws are not of the make of mine. I have no complaint to make as to his fashion of revenging himself; but really, revenge, I fancy, must lose a good deal of its *distinctness of flavor* when it waits this long. *It is, I should say, quite twelve years—quite.*

There is a child, he says, or there was. Do you chance to know anything about it?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever see it? Is it male or female?"

"A girl, monsieur. I never saw it."

"How old?"

"I do not know."

"Penitence becomes a question of dates, François. But it is true—true that I never had the least talent for regret; and if a man is not capable of regret, why, François, how the deuce can he achieve penitence? Don't think I am laughing, my most accomplished thief. There are men here who—there is M. de—well, no matter. There are men here who are honestly bewailing their past—well, amusements—sins, if you please. I cannot. There are some here who, because they are noble by descent, are making believe not to be afraid, and will make believe until the knife falls. I am not penitent, because I am not; and as to the knife, I have had a most agreeable life, and should never have gone on living if life had ceased to amuse me."

He was now silent awhile, his strong, handsome features clear to see, as they lay on the scant grass in the sunshine. The thief had learned that at times this great seigneur would talk, and liked to do so; and that at other times he was to be left to the long silences which were difficult to secure where this morbidly gay crowd, of all conditions of men, was seeking the distraction of too incessant chat.

He rose quietly, and went away to talk with Domville of the Comédie, who himself was always glad of the company of François's cheery visage.

In the salon, which was now deserted, he saw Despard. Pierre stood at an open window, and was pulling at his fingers, as François had so often seen him doing. He was gazing at the people in the yard. His eyes wandered feebly here and there, as if without interest or purpose. His attitude of dejection touched some chord of pity in his partner's heart.

"*Dame!* he must have thought I was rough with him for a dog—a dog." He had no mind to explain.

Pierre turned to meet him. He was not angry, nor was he excited. The shifting phases of his malady had brought to him again the horrible misery of such melancholy as they who are sound of mind cannot conceive. When this torture has a man in its grip, the past is as nothing; the present a curse; duty is dead; the future only an assurance of continued suffering; death be-

comes an unconsidered trifle; life—continued life—an unbearable burden.

Poor Pierre said no word of his ex-partner's recent violence. The tears were running down his cheeks. The man at his side was, as usual, gaily cheerful.

"What is wrong with thee?" said François. "I was hard on thee, but thou knowest—"

"What was it?" replied Pierre. "I—it is no matter."

François, surprised, went on: "Can I help thee?"

"No. I cannot sleep; I cannot eat. I suffer. I am in a hell of despair."

"But how, or why, *mon ami*?"

"I do not know. I suffer."

"Rouse up a bit. Why didst chance to come here? I asked thee that before. If thou canst get out, go at once. Thou art not fit to be in this place. This devil of a marquis excites thee. To be a spy thou shouldst be ashamed. Canst thou really get out when it pleases thee to go?"

"Why not?" said Pierre, in alarm. "Dost thou think they will not let me go? I did not want to be a spy, but I was half starved. All I could get I sent to keep my—his poor little humpback. Vadier lent me some money. I kept none, not a sou. I asked him to let me come here as a spy. They say my reports are useless. I can't help that. I will go out. I want to see that man suffer; I want to see him afraid. He is not afraid. Do you think he is afraid?"

"No."

For a moment there was a pause, when Pierre, in a quiet, childlike manner, said, "Do you think he ever will be afraid?"

"No, Pierre; he never will be. What a fool thou art to have come here! 'T is not so easy to get out."

"*Mon Dieu!* don't say that. I—they said—"

"Dost thou believe a Jacobin—and Vadier, the beast, of all men?"

"Hush!" said Pierre, looking about him suspiciously. "I must go—I must go. I must walk; I cannot keep still."

He remained in this mood of subdued terror and the deepest melancholy for some days. Then for a few hours he followed the marquis about, proclaiming his own wrongs in a high-pitched voice. At last Ste. Luce complained to the keeper, Vaubertrand, who hesitated to interfere, being puzzled and fearful as to the amount of influence possessed by this spy of the Committee of Security. He mustered enough courage at last to tell Despard that he must not speak to the marquis; and, as he luckily caught him

in his mood of despair and depression, the man timidly promised to obey.

XXI.—*How François, having made a bargain with Citizen Amar, cannot keep it with the Man of the Wart—How Despard dies in the place of the Marquis—Of François's escape from prison.*

THE second week of June was over. The keeper, who had taken a fancy to the merry thief, called him aside one afternoon, and said:

"Thou must write thy report, because to-morrow comes Citizen Grégoire. Thou canst use the office for an hour, as is permitted. But take care. Thou dost know how they are treated in the prisons who are suspected of making these reports to the committee. I will come for thee at dusk."

François thanked him, and at the time mentioned was locked up in the office; for despite Vaubertrand's amiability, he was careful as to the security of his prisoners. As it was now dark, the office table was lighted by two candles. He found pen and ink and paper, but no competent thoughts. What was he to say—whom to accuse? He had made a hasty contract with Amar, and was of no mind to fulfil his share of it. He got up from the desk, and walked about. "The deuce!" he said to Toto, who never left him. "'T is a scrape of our own making. I should have told that scamp with the pretty face to go to the devil with his spy business. *Sacristie!* doggie, I am like that fellow in the play that I once saw. He sold his soul to the devil, and did n't want to pay up when the time came. What to do?" He had told the marquis, whom he trusted, of the difficulty he had anticipated.

Ste. Luce, much amused, said: "Take me for a subject. I am as sure to die as an abbot's capon. If you have a conscience, it may rest easy so far as I am concerned."

François took it seriously. "I beg of you, monsieur—"

"Oh, a good idea!" laughed the nobleman, breaking in upon his remonstrance. "Tell them how you saw me kill three good citizens that night on the stairs. By Mars! François, those twenty minutes were worth living for. I was in a plot to rescue the king; tell them that."

"Not I," grinned the thief.

"Confound it! you are difficult."

And now, as François recalled their talk, his task was not more easy. He nibbled the end of his quill, and looked about him. At

last, as he walked to and fro, he began to exercise his natural inquisitiveness. It was never long quiet. He stared at the barred windows. A set of pigeonholes attracted him. He glanced hastily over their contents. "*Tiens!*" he exclaimed.

Every day or two, about 3 P.M., a clerk of the Committee of Security brought a great envelop stamped with the seal of the republic. Within was a paper on which were clearly set out the names and former titles of the citizen prisoners selected for trial the night before in joint counsel by the Great Committee and that of Security. The keeper copied each name in the space in the blank summons kept for this use, and these fatal papers were then duly delivered after supper.

François looked at the packet. It was sealed. He knew well what it meant. It was labeled outside: "Mandate of the Tribunals Nos. 4 and 5."

"Toto, we may be among them; we must see." He looked about him. Before him were all the writing-table implements then in use. He heated a knife, and neatly loosened the under wax of the seal. The death-call lay before him. He ran over it with shuddering haste.

"*Dieu!* we are not there. But, *mon ami*, here is the marquis!" His was the last name at the foot of the first page. François sat still, his face in his hands. At any moment he might be caught. He did not heed.

"I must do it," he said. He saw, as it were before him, the appealing face of the dead woman, and felt in remembrance the hand the great seigneur had given him on the stair. He had a glad memory of a moment which had lifted him up to the higher levels of self-esteem and manhood.

"I will do it, Toto; 't is to be risked; and, *mon Dieu!* the rest—the rest of them!" Some he knew well. Some had been kind to him. One had given him clothes when they were greatly needed. He was profoundly moved.

"If I burn it, 't is but to give them a day, and no more—if I burn it!"

He took scissors from the table, and carefully cut off the half-inch at the foot of the paper. It was now without the name "*Ste. Luce, ci-devant marquis.*" He tore up the strip of paper, and put the fragments in the fireplace, behind the unkindled logs.

Next he casually turned the page. "*Ciel!* this calls for eleven. I have left but ten. They will think it a blunder. One will be wanting; that is all."

He used a little melted wax under the

large seal, replaced the warrant in the outer cover, and returned the document to the pigeonhole whence he had taken it. This done, he sat down again, and began to write his report.

He found nothing to say, except that those he would have spoken of had been already disposed of; and now he thought again that he would burn the fatal paper. He rose resolute, but at this moment the head keeper came back.

François was sorry, but he was not used to writing, and made excuses until at last the man said impatiently:

"Well, thou must settle all that with Amar or Grégoire. I gave thee time enough." Could he have another chance? He was told that he should have it; but now it was super-time; better not to be missing. He went out and up-stairs to his place at table.

He had lost his gaiety. Here and there at the table were the doomed men and women. He could not eat, and at last left the room to wander in the corridors. Pierre soon found him. He was eager, anxious, and full of strange news.

"When will that brute marquis be sent for? I was to go out to-day. They have forgotten. There is trouble in the Great Committee. I hear of it from Vaubertrand. Robespierre and Vadier think things go not fast enough; and the rest—the rest, except little cripple Couthon and Saint-Just, are opposing our great Robespierre."

François began to be interested, and to ask questions. The gazettes were no longer allowed in the prisons. The outer world was a blank to all within their walls.

Despard, flushed and eager, told him how daily the exit of the prisoners for trial was met by a mob clamorous for blood. Then he began to exhibit alarm. Did François think that he, Pierre, might by chance miss the execution of the marquis? He would speak to Grégoire, who was coming next morning. They should learn not to trifle with a friend of Robespierre. When François left him he was gesticulating, and, as he walked up and down the deserted corridor, was cracking his knuckles or gnawing his nails.

After supper the varied groups collected in the salon. The women embroidered. A clever artist was busy sketching the head of a girl of twenty for those she loved, who were to see her living face no more. Some played at cards. Here and there a man sat alone, waiting, stunned by the sure approach of death. The marquis was in gay chat with the Vicomte Beauséjour.

"Ah, here is my mysterious gentleman," cried Ste. Luce. "They have bets on you. Tell these gentlemen who you really are. They are puzzled."

François smiled. He was pleased to do or say anything which would take his thoughts off the near approach of the messenger of doom. He said:

"M. le Marquis knows that I am under an oath."

"*Pardi!* true, true; I have heard as much."

"The bets stand over," said a gray old man, M. de l'Antilhac. "We knew you as a juggler."

"Yes; and a fencing-master," said Du Pin.

"You are both right. These times and the king's service set a man to strange trades. Well, gentlemen, I am not to be questioned. Tales lose heads."

They laughed. "Pardon me," said a younger man. "The marquis was about to tell us of the delightful encounter you had on his staircase. 'T is like a legend of the days of Henri IV of blessed memory."

"Tell them," said Ste. Luce.

"The marquis does me much—*Dieu!*" François cried, and fell back into a chair, as weak as a child. The turnkey went by him with the fatal missives.

"Art thou ill?" said De l'Antilhac. "What is it?"

"Yes," said François. "Excuse me. He—he—" And, as it were fascinated, he rose and went after the keeper.

Vauberland paused behind a gentleman who was playing piquet.

"Citizen St. Michel," he said, and passed on, as he laid the summons before the player.

"At last!" said the man thus summoned. "Quatre to the king—four aces. Let it wait."

Vauberland moved on. François followed him. The calls to trial and death were distributed. A man rolled up the fatal paper without a word, and lighted his pipe with it. One of those who sat apart took his summons, and fell fainting on the floor.

"Nothing for me?" said the marquis.

"Not yet, citizen."

"I was never before so neglected."

The game went on. Here and there a woman dropped her embroidery and sat back, thinking of the world to come, as she rolled the deadly call to trial in her wet fingers, and took refuge in the strength of prayer.

François felt as if it were he who had condemned these people. He went to his cell, and tossed about all night, sleepless. Rising early, he went out into the garden. After breakfast the keeper said to him:

"You ought to have had your report ready. Grégoire is coming to-day. He is before his time. If he is drunk, as usual, there will be trouble. That fool Despard is wild to-day. He will be sure to stir up some mischief. All the *mouchards* will be called."

"Despard is an idiot. He is raving one day, and fit to kill himself the next. Get him out of this."

"*Dame!* I should be well pleased. He swears I keep him here. He will—ah, *mon Dieu!* the things he threatens. I am losing my wits. My good François, I have been kind to thee, and I talk rashly. I wish I had done with it all."

"And I too, citizen; but thou art safe with me."

As the jailer spoke, he looked over his list of those summoned. "*Sacré bleu!* here is a list which calls for eleven, and only ten names!"

"Some one has made a mistake."

"No doubt. But Grégoire never listens. Pray God he be sober. Be in the corridor at nine; Grégoire will want to see thee."

François would be on hand. As to the report, he should wish to ask how to draw it up. He found a quiet corner in the courtyard, and began to think about the man with the wart—the man of whom he knew so little, and whom he feared as he had never before feared a man. The every-day horror and disturbance of the morning had begun. Officers were coming and going; names were called; there were adieus, quiet or heartrending. The marquis was tranquilly conversing, undisturbed by the scene, which was too common to trouble those who had no near friend or relation in the batch of prisoners called for trial. François had seen it all, day after day. It always moved him, but never as now.

He stood looking at a young woman who was sitting with the order on her lap, her eyes turned heavenward as if in dumb appeal. Now and then she looked from one man to another, as if help must come.

François glanced at the marquis; he was the center of a laughing group, chatting unconcerned.

"*Ciel!* has the man no heart?" he murmured. "Why did I save him even for a day? The good God knows. It must make life easy to be like him." The marquis would have been amazed to know that the memory of a white, sad woman's face, and of one heroic hour, had given him a new lease of life.

"Ah, Toto," said the thief to himself, "we held that stair together, he and I." The

thought of an uplifting moment overcame him. A sudden reflection that he might have been other than he was flushed his face.

"Ah, my friend Toto, we could have been something; we missed our chance in the world. Well, thou dost think we had better make a fight for it. Life is agreeable, but not here. Let us think. There is one little card to play. Art thou up to it? Yes; I must go now. Thou wilt wait here, and thou wilt not move. In an hour I shall be with thee; and, meanwhile, behold a fine bone. No, not yet, but when I come. Attention, now!"

He turned his back to the house, took off a shoe, and extracted a paper, which he folded so as to be small and flat. Then he produced a bit of a kid glove he had asked from Mme. Cerise of the Comédie Française. In it he laid the paper, and put the little packet, thus protected, in the dog's mouth. "Keep it," he said. "It is death—it is life." The dog lay down, with his sharp, black nose on his paws, shut his eyes, and seemed to be asleep. He had done the thing before.

When François entered the corridor he found the keeper.

"Come," said Vaubertrand. "The commissioner is in a bad way, and drunk, too. He is troubled, I think, and the citizens who are outside reproach him that the supply for the guillotine is small, and the prisons full. What have I done to be thus tormented? There will be a massacre. *Ciel!* I talk too much. I have favored thee. Take care—and thou canst laugh yet." Whereupon François laughed anew, and went after him.

The large hall on the first floor was unusually full. There was much confusion. The great street door, as it was opened wide and shut again in haste, gave a not reassuring glimpse of men in red bonnets roaring the "*Ça ira*." Over all rose the shrill tongues of the women of the markets. A new batch of prisoners was pushed in, the keeper declaring he had no room. Officers of the Committee of Safety untied the hands of the newcomers, and ranged them on stone benches to left. On the right were those who were called to trial. François stood aside, watchful.

Pierre Despard was waiting, flushed and anxious. As a spy, he had leave from Vaubertrand to descend in order to state his case to Grégoire. He went hither and thither, noisy, foolish, gesticulating. He was now in his alternate mood of excitement, and soon began to elbow his way toward the office.

"Citizen La Vaque is summoned."

A tall man answered from the bench.

Then another and another was called. The officers went down the line, and, paper in hand, verified the prisoners. They were taken, one by one, into a side room by a second officer, and their hands secured behind their backs.

At last the first officer said: "Here are but ten, Citizen Vaubertrand, and the list calls for eleven. The keeper must see the commissioner." The officer in charge reproached Vaubertrand for neglect. The man with the wart came out from the office.

"Silence!" he cried. "What is this?"

The matter was explained, or was being set forth, when the door opened, and another half-dozen unfortunates were rudely thrust in, while the crowd made a furious effort to enter. Grégoire turned pale.

"Thou shalt answer for this. Find another. I shall hear of it, and thou, too."

Meanwhile, Despard, too insane to observe Grégoire's condition, and lost to all sense of anything but his own sudden wish to escape, was frantically pulling the furious commissioner by the arm.

"Citizen," he cried, "I must be heard! Dost hear? Thou wilt repent. I am the friend of Robespierre." Grégoire paid no attention; he was half drunk, and raging at poor Vaubertrand.

"I will report thee," cried Despard. "I denounce thee!" Grégoire turned upon him in a rage.

"Who is this?" he cried.

"I am Despard of the fourth section. I will let thee know who I am." In his madness he caught Grégoire by the collar and shook him.

Grégoire called out: "Take away this fool! What! you threaten me—me—Grégoire? Ah, thou art the rascal who plunders châteaux. I know thee. Thou dost threaten an officer of the Committee of Safety. Tie this fellow; he will do for the eleventh. Quick, there!" There was no hesitation. The officers seized their prey, and Grégoire, growling, went again into the office.

Pierre fought like the madman he was, but in a minute was brought back screaming and added to the corvée. It was complete. He was carried out raving, amid the yells and reproaches of the mob, which broke up and went along with the wagons.

Again there was quiet in the hall, where the thief stood in wonder, horror-stricken. "It is I that have killed him—he who did long to see another die. And for him to die in the place of the marquis—*dame!* it is strange."

"*Ciel!*" cried Vaubertrand, wiping the

sweat from his brow. "This is the second they took this way to make up for some one's blunder. Come, and have a care what you say. He is half drunk." François entered the office.

"Who is this?" said Grégoire, facing him, with his large, meaningless face still flushed and angry.

Vauberland pushed forward the reluctant François. "It is one of the reporters, Citizen Commissioner."

"Ahem! One of Citizen Amar's appointments," said Grégoire. "Thou canst go, Citizen Vauberland"; and he looked up as he sat at the table.

"Thy name?"

"François," said the thief.

"Thy occupation?"

"Juggler."

The Citizen Commissioner was on the uncertain line between appearance of sobriety obtained by effort and ebriety past control. As he interrogated François his head dropped forward. He recovered himself with a sharp jerk, and cried sharply:

"Why dost thou not answer? I said, How didst thou get here, and who gave thee thy order to report?"

"Citizen Amar; he is a friend of mine."

"Is he? Well, where is thy *sacré* report?"

"I should like to tell the Citizen Commissioner what I have to say. I—I did not know just how to frame it."

Meanwhile Grégoire was considering him with unsteady eyes. "Ah, now I have it; now I remember thee. Thou art an *ex-émigré*. I shall attend to thee. It was thou who stole my wallet of papers; and thou couldst laugh, too. *Ciel!* what a laugh! Try it now."

François replied that he was no *émigré*; as to the rest, he could explain; and leaning over, he said quietly:

"You will do well to hear what I have to say."

"'You will do well!' Idiot! Why dost thou say '*you, you*'? Cursed aristocrat that thou art! Say '*thou*' when thou dost address me, or I shall—where is that report?"

"If the citizen will listen. There was in that wallet a little paper addressed to Citizen de la Vicomterie. *Dame!* it was good reading, and I have it still."

"Thou hast it? Thou wilt not have it long."

Grégoire was not over-intelligent, and had now the short temper of drink. The prisoner tried to get a moment in which to explain that another held the document.

Grégoire was past hearing reason. "Offi-

cers, here! here!" he cried. "Search this man! Search him. Strip him. Here! here!"

François did not stir. "When thou hast done we can talk."

"Hold thy tongue! Search him."

"*Ma foi, marquis,*" said the thief, later, "they did it well. They even chopped up the heels of my shoes. And my coat! *Sacré!* The good keeper gave me another. In our cell, as I learned, they went through the beds and Heaven knows what else. I was well pleased, I can tell thee, when it was all over."

The commissioner had now cooled down. "Put on thy clothes," said Grégoire, and himself shut the door. It was François's turn.

"Citizen," he said, "didst thou think me fool enough to leave within reach that little letter of thine to the good citizen of the committee—to—ah, yes, La Vicomterie is his name. I am not an *émigré*, only a poor devil of a thief and a juggler. I do not love Citizen Robespierre any better than some others love him—some I could name. But one must live, and the day I go out to thy infernal tribunal, Robespierre will have thy letter. A friend will go himself and lay it before the committee."

Grégoire grew deadly pale, all but the wart, which remained red. "I am betrayed!"

"Wait a little. Thou art not quite lost, but thou wilt be unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless thou wilt open that door and set me free. I have no grudge against thee. I will arrange to have for thee the letter, and must receive from thee a new card of safety, and a good passport on business of the Committee of Security."

The commissioner was partly sobered. "How shall I know that thou wilt keep thy word?"

"Thou wilt not know until I do. Why should I not?"

"But the letter may be lost."

"Well, what then? Thou wilt be safe, and have one less life to answer for to the devil when he gets thee."

"Talk business. There is no devil."

"I don't agree with thee. His name is Robespierre. The mischief is that it is I who do not trust thee. Thou hast a wart, citizen. Men who have warts are unlucky to meet. But take care, because I am a desperate man, and most extremely value my head. If thou shouldst fail to—"

"No, no; I promise."

"Good, then."

"Wait; I will write out the papers."

"I shall not hurry thee. I must pack up. I will be back in half an hour. Be so kind as to arrange that I may return without hindrance."

François went at once to the garden, and called Toto. Then he hastened to his *cachot*, or cell, and, finding himself alone, shut the door, took the little packet from Toto's mouth, and gave him the promised bone. He placed the paper inside his stocking, and secured it with a pin. Next he gathered up his small effects, laid his mangled cloak on the bed of a fellow-prisoner, and descended thoughtfully to the office.

He was glad to see that the man of the wart was sitting apparently inattentive to the piles of accounts before him. "Clearly, the citizen is worried," said François to himself.

"I have thy papers. One had to be sent out for a signature. Here is the card of safety, and reapproved as that of a citizen who has denounced an *ex-émigré*. Also, behold a passport, and an order from the Committee of Safety to leave Paris on business of the republic. All are in the name of Citizen François, juggler."

"The citizen has been thoughtful."

"*Sacré!* I never do things by halves; I am thorough. And now, as to the paper?"

"It will be best for thee to come, at twelve to-day, to No. 33 *bis* Rue Poulletier. There I will take thee to my old room, or another, and make good my side of the bargain. After that, I have the agreeable hope never to meet thee again."

"I will be there at noon."

François's watchful ear detected a certain emphasis on the "I" of this phrase, which made him suspicious. He said quietly:

"Citizen, thou hast sold me my head. I shall give thee thine. Afterward I shall be in thy power."

"Yes, yes; that might be so with Amar or Couthon, but not with André Grégoire."

"*Tiens!*" said the thief, "what is this—'André'? This order is signed 'Alphonse Grégoire.' The citizen must have been absent-minded. Look!"

Grégoire flushed. "True, true. I will write a second. I was troubled."

François stood still, received the second order, and, saying, "*Au revoir*, citizen," was about to leave, when a thought seemed to strike him. He paused, and said: "There is here a *ci-devant* marquis you may recall—Ste. Luce."

"Well?"

"Put his name at the foot of the file of

accused and keep it there. Get a clerk to do it. The citizen is aware that it is done every day."

"Impossible! Art thou insane? I run risk enough with thy order and passport. But this I dare not do. There are limits."

"Do it, or I throw up my bargain. By Heaven, I am in earnest! Come, what will it cost? Will one hundred louis d'or do the business?"

Grégoire reflected. What more simple than to say yes, pocket the money, and let things take their course?

"I will do it for that—I mean I can have it done."

"Then give me ten minutes."

"I will wait."

The rich throughout these evil days were allowed to have in prison as much money as they could get from without. About March of this sad year they were told that they must feed the poorer captives, and were regularly assessed. François was aware that the marquis was well provided. He found him in the garden, and asked him to step aside.

"I am free, monsieur," he said. "No matter how. And I have bargained for your own head." He briefly related so much of his talk with Grégoire as concerned the marquis.

Ste. Luce looked at him. "*Pardi!* You are an unusual type of thief—or man. I would thank you if I considered my head worth much. But, after all, it is a natural attachment one's body has for one's head, or one's head for one's body, to put it correctly. Will it be wasted money, my admirable thief, or will the rascal keep his word?"

"Yes—after we get through with the affair."

"You are a great man, François, but I have not the money. I lost it last night to Delavigne. I will get the loan of it. Rather a new idea to borrow one's head! Wait a little." He came back in a few minutes. "It pretty well cleaned out two of them. Good luck to you; and if ever we are out of this hole, we must fence a little. By the way, I hear they took that poor devil Despard to-day. It is a relief. He bored me atrociously."

"Yes; they took him in your place, monsieur. It was to have been to-day—"

"To-day! In my place? *Tiens!* that is droll."

"Yes."

"But how—why?"

"No matter now. I will tell monsieur some day."

"Are you a magician, Master François?"

"I was. But I did not desire this man's death."

"And the guillotine will have him, and he will not be on hand to see me scared. *Ciel!* but it is strange. Alas! the disappointments of this mortal life! Good luck to you, and *au revoir*. I thank you."

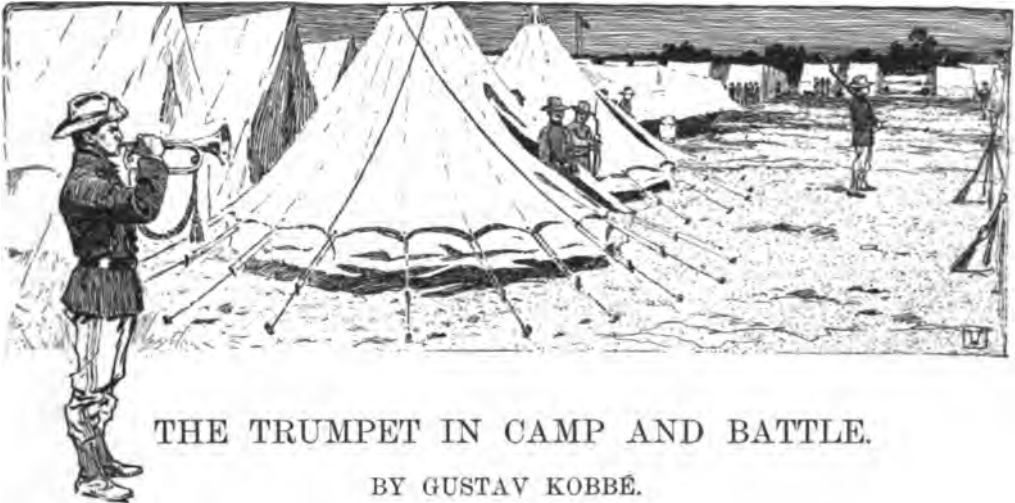
A few minutes later, Grégoire, having carefully disposed of the gold about his ample person, escorted Citizen François to the outer door. The look with which the commissioner with the wart regarded the retreating back and the big ears of François was unfriendly, to say the least.

François understood the risks of his position. For a time he was safe. After he gave up that precious paper he would be at Grégoire's mercy. "More or less," muttered the thief, with a laugh which set Toto to caper-

ing. He went toward the Seine, looked in the shop windows, and had a bite and a good bottle of wine, for the marquis had insisted on giving him ten louis for his own use. About half-past eleven he turned into the Rue Poulletier, and rang the bell at 33 bis.

"Come, Toto," he said, as he went in. "We owe Mme. Quatre Pattes a little debt. Let us be honest and pay." He closed the door behind him, and heard the sharp voice of the concierge: "Who goes there? Speak, or I will be after thee." He drew back, and looked in through the glassed door of the Crab's room. He knew she would not sally out. Why should she? Her house was only a hive of thieves and low women, who were driven away when they could not pay, and who rarely plundered one another.

(To be concluded in the next number.)



THE TRUMPET IN CAMP AND BATTLE.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE.

ONCE again the nation thrills to the call of the trumpet and the roll of the drum. The trumpet is the clock of the camp, but on the battle-field notes of command ring from its brazen throat. In camp it awakens the soldier, summons him to drill, invites him to mess, and bids him go to rest. In the face of the enemy it calls him to arms and to the charge. Over the soldier's grave it sings the last song—"lights out."

Considering the antiquity of the trumpet and the drum, and their obvious adaptability to sounding signals, it would seem as if field music must have originated simultaneously with these instruments. That soldiers marched and fought to their martial strains

in the most ancient times we know from passages in the Bible and the classics. But there is a difference between military and field music. The former is played by the regimental bands, and consists chiefly of marches and inspiring airs, the latter is played on the field of battle, to fire the soldier's heart. Field music is "sounded" by the bugle, the trumpet, the drum, or the drum and fife, and consists of a system of signals by which, instead of by word of mouth, commands are conveyed to the troops. It is impossible to discover when the first system of this kind originated. Probably it developed gradually. The fact that a trumpet or a drum can be heard much more distinctly on

the battle-field than an officer's voice, which might at the most important moment be lost in the din, is so obvious that signals for the most usual commands, "charge" and "retreat," must have come into use with the instruments capable of sounding them, other signals being gradually added.

Some calls in use in various armies to-day are believed to be very old. In "La Damnation de Faust," Berlioz introduces a trumpet-call after the soldiers have marched by on the plains of Hungary. This is a French cavalry call, and tradition says it dates back to the crusades. Fortunately, for it is very pretty, the call has been adopted from the French service into ours:



It is the French cavalry *retraite*, and our "retreat"—not the retreat in the face of the enemy, but the retreat at sunset, when the sunset gun is fired, and the flag is lowered on the last note of the call. Dress-parade is usually held at this time, so that the ceremony is an imposing one. It is known in the United States navy as "evening colors," and the same call is sounded.

The firing of a gun at sunset is said to be a survival of an ancient custom which consisted in making a great noise in camp as the sun went down in order to frighten away evil spirits.

The first use of field music of which we have absolutely authentic information was at the battle of Bouvines, that village of French Flanders where the French have won no fewer than three victories—Philip Augustus defeating Otto IV of Germany there in 1214, Philip of Valois defeating the English there in 1340, while in 1794 the French defeated the Austrians at the same place. It was at Bouvines, in 1214, that trumpets sounded the signal for the victorious French charge, the first authentic instance of a command given by a trumpet-call.

Without attempting to describe the technical differences between the trumpet and the bugle, it may be said that the trumpet

has louder and more penetrating notes than the bugle. The trumpet *schmettert* (smashes), as the Germans say. In our own army formerly the bugle sounded the calls for infantry, the trumpet for cavalry. Now, with the extended order for skirmishers, we use the trumpet exclusively. But bugle and trumpet, with the above distinction in their functions, are still used in several foreign armies. This distinction between the instruments is very ancient. Horace says, in his first ode to Mæcenas:

Multos castra juvant, et lituo tubae,
Permixtus sonitus.

Forcellini, commenting upon this passage, says: "Sunt qui lituum a tuba distinguunt, ex eo quod ille equitum sit, haec vero peditum." ("There are those who distinguish between the *lituus* and the *tuba*, in that the former is used for mounted and the latter for footsoldiers.") The *lituus* was the cavalry trumpet, the *tuba* the infantry bugle.

Tennyson, with an exactness which was perhaps only the intuition of a poet, writes in "Guinevere":

Far off a solitary trumpet blew.
Then waiting by the doors the warhorse neigh'd
As at a friend's voice.

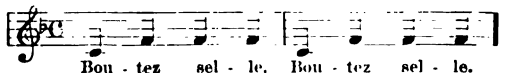
And again, in the same book of the "Idylls of the King":

Now must I hence.
Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow:
They summon me their King to lead mine hosts
Far down to that great battle in the west.

It was the trumpet at the sound of which the warhorse neighed, and the trumpet which sounded "thro' the thick night" to summon King Arthur. The bugle has, however, inspired one of the most beautiful of the songs in "The Princess," with its refrain:

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

The oldest trumpet-calls preserved in notation are to be found in a composition published in Antwerp in 1545—"La Bataille," by Jannequin, describing the battle of Marignano in 1515. A *boute-selle* (our "boots and saddles") and an *à l'étendard* (our "to the colors") occur in this. Here is the *boute-selle*, certainly a very primitive affair:



Bou - tez sel - le, Bou - tez sel - le.

The earliest indisputable evidence of the use of the drum in the English army is furnished by Froissart, who mentions the drum in the list of instruments to the music of which Edward III entered Calais in 1347. The drum seems to have been first used for field music in Italy. "The drum proclaims the commands of the officer to his troops," writes Machiavelli in his "Art of War," in which he also recommends trumpets and flutes, probably fifes. The fife seems, however, to have been first introduced into Germany, where it still retains a strong hold. We hear of it in England, however, as early as 1683, Sir James Turner writing in his "Pallas Armata": "With us any captain may keep a piper in his company, and maintain him, too, for no pay is allowed him"—to which Sir James adds quaintly, "perhaps just as much as he deserveth."

"Tattoo," which is sounded at 9 P.M., after which quiet must prevail in the quarters, can be traced back to the Thirty Years' War, during which it was established by Wallenstein, the soldiers calling it *Zapfenstreich*, the name it still bears in the German army, and which exactly describes the purpose for which it was established. The call was introduced by Wallenstein to terminate the nightly revels of his unruly troopers. In order that the drinking-bouts should really cease with this call, the provost was ordered to proceed to all the sutlers' booths, see that the bungs (*Zapfen*) were in the barrels, and draw a chalk-line (*Streich*) over them, the sutler being exposed to heavy penalties if the morning inspection showed the line to have been tampered with during the night. Hence *Zapfenstreich* means literally "bung-line." The *grosse Zapfenstreich* ("grand tattoo") of the German army is a magnificent expansion of this call. I have heard it on the Emperor's birthday, and it is also usually played after the annual maneuvers by the combined bands and field music of the whole corps, some two thousand performers. After eight bars for fifes and drums, a few drummers begin the long roll, pianissimo, the number being augmented and the volume swelled until a thunderous fortissimo reverberates from more than three hundred drums. Suddenly these break into four bars of simple march tempo, and the bands play the *Zapfenstreich* proper, an old-time quickstep. After this the cavalry bands play the retreat, trumpet-calls being interspersed with rolls of kettledrums and full chords on the brass instruments. A short call for drums and fifes, a slow movement,

the "prayer," by the combined bands, a roll for the drums, the bugle-call *Gewehr ein*, and two bars of long chords, bring to a close a stirring performance, the effect of which is heightened by the brilliant surroundings—torchlights, glittering uniforms, and refulgent arms.

Our own term for the call to quarters, "tattoo," is derived by some authorities from "tap to," giving it the same meaning as *Zapfenstreich*. In the British infantry service tattoo is elaborate, bugles, drums, and fifes, and sometimes the band, taking part. The "first post," or "setting of the watch," is sounded by the bugles twenty minutes before the hour at which the men have to be in their barracks. The "rolls," three strokes by the big drum, each succeeded by a roll on the side drums, follow the call. The drum-and-fife corps then march up and down the barrack-yard, playing quicksteps. At the hour for retiring to quarters, "God Save the Queen" is played, the whole being concluded by the bugles.

In our army tattoo is not an elaborate ceremony; but it is the longest call in the service, consisting of twenty-eight bars, taken partly from the French and partly from the British service. The first eight bars—



—are the French signal for lights out (*extinction des feux*), and were formerly played for taps in our army. These eight bars, which were Napoleon I's favorite call, are followed by twenty bars which are copied from the British infantry tattoo, described above, and begin:



concluding with this effective phrase:



It is usually played in a three-part arrangement, and is one of the most sonorous and impressive of all the calls.

Tattoo is too long a call for words; but the Germans have adapted verses to their Zapfenstreich, for instance:

"Zu Bett! zu Bett!"
Die Trommel geht.
"Und dass ihn Morgen früh aufsteht,
Und nicht so lang im Bette l  ht [*sic*]."

This may be freely translated:

"To bed! to bed!"
The drum has said.
"To-morrow early out of bed,
And do not be a sleepy head."

Another Zapfenstreich verse, which once was prophecy, but now is history, is as follows:

Die Franzosen haben das Geld gestohlen.
Die Preussen die wollen es wieder holen.
Geduld! Geduld! Geduld!

(The Frenchmen, the Frenchmen our money have
ta'en.

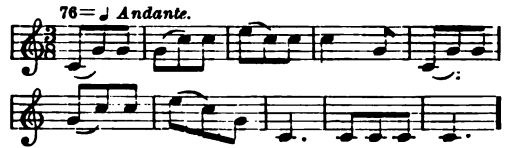
The Prussians will soon get it back again.
Just wait! Just wait! Just wait!)

Our own tattoo is especially interesting, because the French call of "lights out," which forms the first eight bars, was one of the calls of Napoleon's army, and was, as stated above, a great favorite with him. This was one of the calls which were "*compos  e et arrang  e par David Buhl*" for the army of Napoleon. In Georges Kastner's "*Manuel de Musique Militaire*" these calls are given, and attached to this one is a note: "*Sonnerie favorite de l'Empereur.*" The "Emperor's favorite" is the only call of his army which has survived the monarchy, the second empire, the revolution, and the commune. The French still cling to the "*Sonnerie favorite de l'Empereur*"—"lights out." It is as if the foot-lights had been turned down on the drama of *la gloire*. Yet the French seem to hear in the favorite call of the great Napoleon—and a beautiful call it is—a voice from their glorious past. And so, although now soldiers of *la R  publique Fran  aise*, the French army goes to rest as the "*sonnerie favorite de l'Empereur*" falls upon the stillness of the night. Strange, too, that it was not "boots and saddles," or the call to arms or to the charge, that the great commander loved best, but the call that sent the army to its rest.

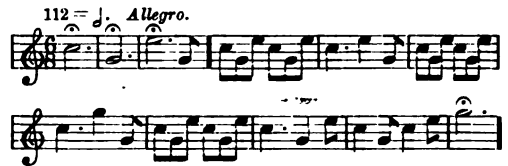
The concluding twenty bars of our tattoo, which, as I have stated, are taken from the English service, the English themselves seem to have derived from one of the *tocchi di tromba* of the Italian service; for they bear

in part a striking resemblance to *il silenzio*, a fine trumpet-call of the Neapolitan cavalry, which I have found in Kastner's book.

Our own bugle-calls underwent considerable change when Upton's tactics came into use in 1867. Both Scott's and Casey's tactics were largely adapted from the French infantry service, and the French infantry calls were transferred bodily to our service. Retreat, for instance, was the call still in use in the French infantry, beginning:



Instead of the present sonorous and effective tattoo, we also had that of the French infantry, which begins:



When Upton's tactics were prepared, General Upton requested General Truman Seymour (then Major of the Fifth United States Artillery), who was a man of artistic and musical tastes, to prepare a system of calls. The object of Upton's tactics being to provide uniformity in all branches of the service, the calls were made the same for all arms, excepting such signals as pertain to special acts of the trooper and the artillerist which the infantryman cannot perform.

Major Seymour did his work very well. It is doubtful if any army has as terse and practical a system of drill and skirmish calls as ours, while the general calls are capitally selected. As the calls were to be the same for all branches, Major Seymour could choose from both infantry and cavalry calls. Of the old calls found in Casey's tactics he retained the reveille of the French infantry:



to which our soldiers sing:

We can't get 'em up,
We can't get 'em up,
We can't get 'em up
In the morning.

He also retained the French "church call" (*la messe*). This and our dinner call are both taken from the "Sonneries de Chasseurs d'Orléans," which were promulgated in 1845, our dinner call being the French *la soupe*:



For the retreat of the French infantry Major Seymour substituted for the same ceremony the French cavalry call, that ancient call of which I have already given the music. Another spirited signal adopted from the French cavalry is the "assembly of trumpeters," or "first call":

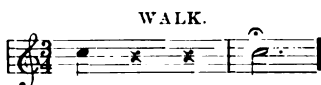


This precedes reveille, retreat, and tattoo, and, as these calls are usually played by all the trumpeters at the post, is the signal for them to assemble. It is also the first call for all ceremonies. Another pretty call is the "assembly," the signal to form the companies into ranks:

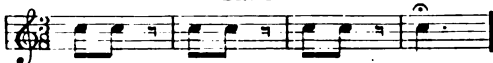


The most thoroughgoing change made by Major Seymour was, however, his erasure of the French infantry tattoo, and his substitution of the call, made up of the French extinction des feux and the British tattoo, which I have described above.

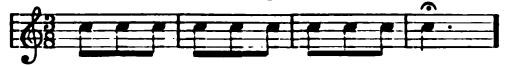
The skirmish signals have been devised upon a most practical system. All changes of gait are differentiated upon the same note. Thus we have:



TROT.



GALLOP.

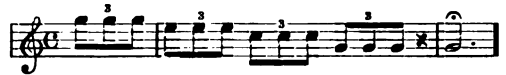


Movements to the right are signaled on the ascending, those to the left on the descending, scale:

PLATOONS RIGHT WHEEL.



PLATOONS LEFT WHEEL.



GUIDE RIGHT.



GUIDE LEFT.



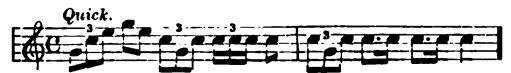
In guide center, the middle or center note of the three is the one that is accentuated and held:

GUIDE CENTER.



These calls are readily memorized, not only by the men, but, in the mounted service, by the horses, which will go through a drill faultlessly if left to themselves to follow the signals.

A characteristic cavalry call is our "boots and saddles":



This is said to be an English call, but I do not find it among the English cavalry signals. The same call in the French cavalry is in exactly the same rhythm as ours, though it begins a fifth lower:



and ours would therefore rather seem to be derived from the French. Ours, being pitched higher, rings out louder and more effectively, and bears out that sentence in our cavalry tactics: "It is generally expected of cavalry, and is its pride, to be bold and daring." "Stable call":





is another characteristically buoyant cavalry signal. Our soldiers have set these clever verses to it:

Now go to the stable,
All you who are able,
And give to your horses
Some oats and some corn.

For if you don't do it
The captain will know it,
And then you will rue it,
As sure as you're born.

West Point has a church call of its own, which is extremely pretty. It is here printed for the first time:



At West Point special calls not used elsewhere in the service are sounded for the different recitations, and at 7 P. M. a pretty "evening call to quarters" is sounded. This is also printed here for the first time:



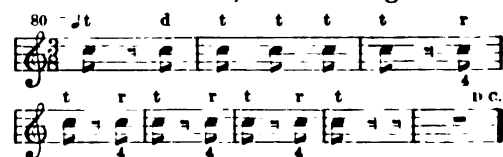
These calls are believed to have originated at this post many years ago, and are tenaciously clung to.

The drum and fife seem to be disappearing from our service. There is a drum-and-fife corps at West Point, which has preserved a number of the old calls, such as "peas upon a trencher" for breakfast, "roast beef" for dinner, and "Hark, the bonnie Christ Church bells" for church. The latter is an old Eng-

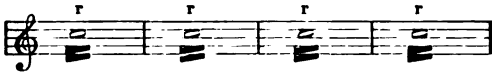
lish round; and, in fact, our drum-and-fife calls are of English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh origin, having evidently been adopted into the Revolutionary army from the British service. Under Scott's and Casey's tactics there were no fewer than fifteen general and twenty skirmish calls for the drum. Among the former were the "general" (to strike tents, etc., preparatory to marching), "assembly," "reveille," "retreat," "tattoo," and the "long roll" or "daddy-mammy," as it is always called in the British and American service. At West Point the old calls, like "peas upon a trencher," have been handed down by ear. The drum and drum-and-fife calls under the new tactics are few in number; for in the new extended order the line is so long that an instrument of penetrating tone like the trumpet is needed. For this reason, although a few of our infantry regiments retain the drum-and-fife corps, the musicians must also be trumpeters.

The uninitiated think that in order to make a drummer of a person it is only necessary to give him a drum and two sticks. But a drummer requires a most supple wrist, all beats being from the wrist; and while some people can learn to drum in six weeks, others cannot learn in a lifetime. The "daddy-mammy," for instance, is produced by striking two blows with the left hand and two blows with the right hand with extreme regularity and phenomenal rapidity, so as to produce a continuous tremolo, and must be learned at an early age. "Daddy-mammy," by the way, undoubtedly derived its name from the suggestion in the "long roll" of the exercise of parental authority, whence our own phrase, "what Paddy gave the drum."

The music for the drum is for convenience written in the treble clef, the C on the staff being used. As the drum does not produce a musical note, it is necessary only to indicate the rhythm and the nature of the beat—whether a tap (*t*); a flam (*f*), which means two taps; a drag (*d*), in which one stick drags over the drumhead, while the other taps; or a roll (*r*). The number of strokes to each roll is indicated by figures. Here, for instance, is the "general," consisting of taps, rolls of four strokes, and one drag:



The "daddy-mammy" has this notation:



"To the colors" is a good example of a drum-and-fife call, the drum-beats being flams and taps, with a roll of nine strokes:



General Albert Ordway was the author of an interesting little book which recognizes the utility of the bicycle for military purposes. There are cycle corps attached to several regiments of the Connecticut National Guard, and experiments are being made in our standing army, under the supervision of General Miles. General Ordway's book is entitled "Cycle-Infantry Drill Regulations"; and in addition to the regular trumpet-calls of our service, he devised a system of whistle-calls. The notation, if I may so term it, of the calls consists

of short and long dashes indicating the duration of the blast, for instance: forward, -- (two short blasts); halt, -; begin firing, ---- (two long and two short blasts); cease firing, ---; double time, ---, ---, ---. These calls are interesting, because the officers of the United States army have recently been ordered to have whistles inserted in their sword-hilts for use in giving signals on the skirmish-line.

In speaking of our trumpet-calls I purposely omitted one with which it seemed most appropriate to close this article, for it is the call which closes the soldier's day—"lights out," or "taps":



I have not been able to trace this call to any other service. If, as seems probable, it was original with Major Seymour, he has given our army the most beautiful of all trumpet-calls. Played slowly and expressively, it has a tender, touching, mournful character, in keeping with the fact that it is sounded not only for "lights out," but also over the soldier's grave, be he general or private, so that as with "lights out" night closes in upon the soldier's day, so with the same call the curtain rolls down upon his life.

TWO AND FATE.

BY RICHARD HOVEY.

THE ship we ride the world in sniffs the storm,
And throws its head up to the hurricane,
Quivering like a war-horse when ranks form
With scream of bugles and the shout of men;
Neighs to the challenge of the thunderbolt,
And charges in the squadrons of the surge,
Sabring its way with fury of revolt,
And lashed with exaltation as a scourge.
Who would not rather founder in the fight
Than not have known the glory of the fray?
Ay, to go down in armor and in might,
With our last breath to dominate dismay,
To sink amid the mad sea's clashing spears,
And with the cry of bugles in our ears!

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

NANCY PENINGTON.

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

AT the foot of Church street, on the bluff of Black's Creek, in Bordentown, New Jersey, there is a small inclosure known as the "Hopkinson burying-ground." In this place of sepulture are laid to rest the Bordens, the Hopkinsons, the Kirkbrides, and other allied families, and among the inscribed stones there is cut on one of them: "In memory of Ann Penington, daughter of Isaac and Sarah Penington, who departed this life October 28th, 1806, in the 22nd year of her age."

Carried off in the bloom of youth by consumption, the indications of which can be descried in her picture, Nancy Penington had sat the previous year to have her portrait painted for her half-sister, Elizabeth Wister; and this picture, painted when she was twenty, is one of the most interesting of the portraits of women that Stuart limned. It is interesting in itself as a characteristic portrait of a young woman, beautifully executed; but it has the added interest of having received the highest possible mark of approval from the great painter himself when he affixed his signature to the canvas.

Stuart's conceit was proverbial, and when he was asked, on one occasion, why he did not place his name or initials upon his pictures to mark them, answered: "I mark them all over." While this is emphatically true, and Stuart's pictures are otherwise unsigned, he is known in two instances to have placed his name on his work. One of these is his original whole-length portrait of Washington, belonging to the Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, signed, "G. Stuart, 1796"; and the other is this portrait of Nancy Penington, where beneath the window-bench can be read, "G. Stuart, Bordentown, 1805."

That this superb portrait is well worthy of the guinea stamp thus placed upon it by Stuart can be seen from the admirable engraving by Mr. Wolf, wherein the qualities of the painter are rendered with masterly skill. It is painted with unusual care for one of Stuart's pictures on this side of the water. Many of his portraits in England show thoughtful attention to the details; but when Stuart returned to *his native land* he seems to have thrown off

all convention, and to have painted with a freedom that sometimes ran into carelessness. He had the true artist instinct and love for white, and therefore we find most of the women that he painted robed in diaphanous, colorless gowns, wherein he could show his feeling and his power. But he painted Nancy Penington in black velvet, seated in a chair covered with crimson brocade, the better to set off her auburn hair and her red-hazel eyes, and to give the sensation of healthiness to the hectic flush upon the cheek that bespeaks her early doom. This canvas is more than a portrait: it is a picture; and it is this picture quality in portraiture that makes the English school, to which Stuart essentially belonged, so easily the greatest school of portraiture the world has ever seen. Stuart has also given us in this work a glimpse, in the view of the Delaware's banks, of what he might have accomplished had he turned his brush to landscape art, as did his co-worker, Gainsborough.

Cosmo Alexander, with whom Stuart went to Scotland in 1773, died not long after reaching Edinburgh, and Stuart was left, according to his biographer, in the care of Alexander's friend Sir George Chambers, who "quickly followed Alexander to the grave," leaving Stuart without protection. But this story is without foundation, as there was no Sir George Chambers at the period considered. There was, however, a Scotch painter of some repute, Sir George Chalmers of Cultra, who had married either a sister or a daughter of Cosmo Alexander; and this Sir George Chalmers is doubtless the person intended, although he lived on until 1791, so that it could not have been his demise that left Stuart to his own resources, which, being few, necessitated Stuart's working his way home on a Nova Scotian collier, after only a few months' absence. The circumstances connected with this episode in Stuart's early life were of such a painful character that his daughter says he could never be induced to talk about it; and while no direct advantage seems to have been gained from this brief visit, the atmosphere of more cultivated lands certainly gave him a broader vision and purer taste for art.



ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

OWNED BY THE MISSES STEVENSON, PHILADELPHIA.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAIT OF NANCY PENINGTON.



SAN JUAN HARBOR. VIEW FROM CASA BLANCA, PONCE DE LEON'S HOUSE.

THE ISLAND OF PORTO RICO.

BY FREDERICK A. OBER,

Late Commissioner in Porto Rico of the Columbian Exposition.

THE "great navigator" who discovered the New World was very felicitous in his names for the lands he found, and it was with good reason that he called Borinquen, the Indian island, Puerto Rico, after the noble harbor in which he watered his ships in November, 1493. As Aguadilla it is known to-day, and the same palm-shaded spring gushes forth now as then, in volume sufficient to supply a fleet.

Fifteen years later another of fame's favorites, Ponce de Leon, landed in the bay, where he was well received by the Indian cacique Agueynaba, who gave him specimens of gold. In the year 1510 he founded the town of Caparra, now known as Pueblo Viejo, abandoned the year following for the more advantageous situation of San Juan. The Indians becoming, as the Spaniards say, *disgustados*, because they were reduced to slavery and compelled to labor in the mines, rebelled, and murdered all the white men they could catch outside the settlement. The Spaniards had told the guileless red men that they were immortal, and for a while they believed them; but Cacique

Agueynaba finally conceived a theory of his own, and proceeded to put it to the test. In accordance with his orders, two of his followers caught an unprotected white man while fording a stream (which is known and shown to-day), threw him down, and held his head under water three long hours. Then they took him out, but still with fear and trembling, and, dragging the body to the bank, sat by it during two whole days, until unmistakable signs of decomposition convinced them of the man's mortality. In the end—and it came quickly—the Indians, to the number of half a million or so, were exterminated; but that was a mere incident in Spanish colonization, and the places they left vacant were filled with blacks from Africa.

San Juan, the city founded in 1511 on the north coast, soon became a place of importance, and not long after settling here Juan of the Lion Heart built himself a castle on the promontory above the harbor's mouth, and there he planned the voyage through the Bahamas which resulted in the discovery of Florida, in 1513. But his search for the fabled

Fountain of Youth was not so fortunate; and so in 1521, being stirred by the news from Cortez in Mexico, he set forth again, this time to be wounded by an Indian arrow, to die in Cuba, and to be brought back to San Juan, where his ashes still repose, in a leaden case, beneath the altar of the Dominican church.

From his castle, known as "Casa Blanca," the view he often gazed upon is still outspread, through screens of palms above the crenelated wall around his garden, across the landlocked bay which, so many times since De Leon's death, has been the scene of naval demonstrations.

Those early settlers may well have deserved their fate; still, one may hardly withhold sympathy from them in their many and varied misfortunes. In 1515 they had a visitation of ants which devoured everything before them; and then, soon after the insects had been driven away or destroyed, an epidemic of the smallpox decimated their ranks, swiftly followed by another disease, more insidious, but scarcely less fatal in its effects. In 1529 French pirates burned the town of San German, on the south coast; the fierce Caribs ravaged the eastern provinces, carrying off some of their prominent men to be sacrificed at cannibal repasts; and seventy

years later, in 1595, "that great pirate, Don Francisco Drake," appeared off San Juan, which city he sacked, the English claim; but to be gloriously repulsed, the Spaniards say. The fortifications of San Juan then mounted seventy pieces of artillery, with thirty-four in the great Castillo del Morro alone. There is no doubt that a Dutch attack was repelled in 1615, and another English attempt defeated in 1678; but in the latter instance the Porto-Ricans were aided by a hurricane, which destroyed many of the ships of war. The islanders were wont to point many a moral with this signal instance of divine interposition, until a fleet of their own was similarly destroyed, in 1702, when it seemed to them more rational to ascribe such an event to natural causes.

During the greater part of the seventeenth century the *filibusteros* and *bucaneros*, composed of combined Dutch, French, and English renegade adventurers, continually harried the coast and attacked the supply galleons coming from Spain. At first intrenched in the island of St. Kitts, they were driven out by a fleet under Don Federico Toledo, fitted out in Porto Rico, when they flocked to the island of Tortuga, north of the coast of Haiti, whence they preyed upon Spanish commerce at their convenience.



COUNTRY GIRL AND CALABASH-TREE.

The Morro of San Juan, standing well out at sea, was a chip on the Spanish shoulder at which passing fleets could not resist taking a shot or two. The last great attack upon San Juan, previous to the American bombardment of this year, was in 1797, by the English, under Abercrombie, who were compelled to retire after a three days' siege.

During the century that has elapsed since that event the inhabitants of this rock-ribbed fortress town have boasted the impregnability of their fortifications, until so rudely disturbed by the guns of modern battle-ships.

Until it was discovered that Porto Rico possessed great value as a "strategic center" of naval operations, the fair isle slumbered undisturbed, merely a link, and no important one, in the emerald chain that separates the Atlantic and the Caribbean. Suddenly naval folk became aware of its importance; they saw that while it borders on the Caribbean Sea, yet it breasts the rough Atlantic waters; that it is equidistant, or about a thousand miles, from Key West and Colon; from New York fifteen hundred miles, which is half the distance from Cadiz; thirteen hundred from Newport News, which is half the distance to the Canaries. It lies, in fact, at the very point that we should have selected for a coal-ing-station, had we unrestricted choice of

location. All the arguments that have been advanced for the acquisition of the island of St. Thomas, sixty miles distant, and for which at one time we were almost ready to pay seven million dollars, apply with tenfold force to Porto Rico, with its six good harbors to the one of St. Thomas, and its commercial as well as strategical potentialities.

The commerce of the island is chiefly with the United States; and for the last ten years, according to the available statistics, we gained half a million each year in exports, and two millions in imports. Its exports to Spain in 1895 were over six million dollars, and to the United States ten times that amount; its imports from Spain for the same year being about nine million dollars, and not twice that amount from the United States. In size Porto Rico ranks as fourth of the Greater Antilles, coming after Jamaica, being only 108 miles in length, to its rival's 149, and of about equal breadth, or between 40 and 50 miles, with an area of 3600 miles, as against Jamaica's 4193. Yet it is said to export nearly or quite double the quantity of sugar, tobacco, and coffee that its neighbor sends abroad.

A compact little island, an irregular parallelogram in shape, it can be easily governed, and readily made defensible; while its sister isle of Cuba, with its seven hundred



IN THE MARKET-PLACE, PONCE, THE LARGEST CITY IN PORTO RICO.



FORTIFICATIONS OF SAN JUAN—SOUTHWEST ANGLE, LOOKING WESTWARD.

miles of length and its two thousand miles of coast-line, cannot. While the mountains, swamps, dense forests, and bayous of Cuba afford secure hiding-places for the insurgents, with consequent prolongation of a rebellion, in Porto Rico, on the contrary, the physical features all lend themselves to the continuation of whatever system happens to be in power. In a word, there are no points of vantage whence a rebel against authority may emerge to annoy his enemy, no retreats that are not also accessible to the Spanish soldier. This is the simple reason why uprisings have never made head in Porto Rico, why they never will. Many a time the banner has been raised with "*Patria, Justicia, Libertad! Viva Puerto Rico libre!*" inscribed thereon, but only to be trailed in the dust at the point of Spanish bayonets, and those who bore it sent, some to Africa, some to be shot.

The entire aspect of this island on the northeast verge of the Caribbean is peaceful and paradisaical. An interval of twelve years lay between my first and second visits to Porto Rico; yet, though I had traveled in other countries meanwhile, I could recall no such scene of grandeur, tempered with the melting loveliness of a tropical landscape, as greeted me when I approached the north coast of the island. It is indeed, as the Spanish writers who have seen it say, a

panorama agradabilisimo. In the extreme northeast rises the highest peak of the central cordillera, in the Luquillo Sierra, known as "el Yunque," or "the Anvil," variously estimated at from thirty-six hundred to forty-five hundred feet in height. The hills are of lesser elevation toward the west and southwest, but the whole north-central country is rugged and uneven. Between the spurs from the main range lie innumerable secluded valleys, where the soil is of great fertility. The impressive features of the landscape are the rounded summits of the multitudinous hills, which leave the coast in constantly rising billows that finally break against the cordillera vertebra; yet all are cultivable, and cultivated, to their very crests, though the higher mountain peaks are forest-clad.

More than thirteen hundred streams, it is said, of which number perhaps forty or fifty attain to the dignity of rivers, rise in the hills and seek the coasts, most of them running northerly, though the best harbors are in the west and south. But notwithstanding the great river flow, portions of the island in the southwest are afflicted with drought at times, owing to the precipitation of the northeast "trades" against the northern hills.

The higher hills are clothed in the



A BALCONY OVERLOOKING THE PLAZA, SAN JUAN.

exuberant and diversified vegetation of the tropical forest, where tree-ferns flourish, and great gum-trees and mountain palms tower aloft; at lower levels are the cedar and mahogany, walnut and laurel, with many others noted for their useful woods. Throughout the island are found those trees and shrubs valuable for their gums, as the mamey, guaiacum, and copal, while the list of medicinal plants includes most of those, invaluable to our pharmacopœias, which tropical America has given to the world. These are the *silvestres*, nature's wild children; but of cultivated plants there is no species peculiar to the tropics that does not flourish here. In the littoral levels, between the mountains and the sea, grows the sugarcane, which may be cultivated up to an altitude of three thousand feet. It was introduced here from Santo Domingo, having been brought to America either from Spain or the Canaries. The annual yield of sugar is estimated at about seventy thousand tons.

In these fertile lowlands, also, tobacco does exceedingly well, and the annual production is said to be quite seven million pounds. It may be cultivated on the hills, but the true mountain-lover is the coffee, which does not do well below six hundred feet, and is at its best a thousand feet above the sea. It was first brought here from Martinique, in 1722, and now yields to the extent of seventeen

thousand tons annually. Maize, the true Indian corn, is indigenous, as is the yucca, the aboriginal "staff of life"; and both grow everywhere, as well as the pineapple, which is more reliable and more universal than the peach of our north-temperate zone. Cotton and rice are found at nearly all elevations, the latter, which is the chief food of many laborers, being what is known as the mountain variety.

Bananas and plantains are wonderfully prolific, bearing fruit in ten months from planting. The plants virtually last sixty years, being equally long-lived with the cocoa-palm, which produces nuts in six or seven years, and thereafter during the space of an ordinary life, its yield being reckoned at a hundred nuts a year. The annual product of bananas is given as two hundred millions, and of cocoanuts three millions. The entire range of tropical fruits is represented here, such as the guava, lime, orange, aguacate, sapodilla, and avocado pear; while all subtropic vegetables may be raised, including those of the south-temperate zone, such, for instance, as are grown in Florida.

The mineral kingdom has not been so exhaustively exploited as the vegetable, but more than traces have been found of copper, coal, and iron, as well as vast deposits of salt. The rivers at one time ran to the sea over beds of golden sand, and from the

streams to-day (as in the neighboring island of Santo Domingo, where the first American gold was discovered) the natives wash out nuggets, by the crude processes of that distant day when Agueynaba went prospecting with his false friend Ponce de Leon.

There are no native quadrupeds here larger than the agouti and the armadillo, but birds are relatively numerous, with a few of fine song, and some of brilliant plumage. All domestic fowl do well here, and the great pastures of the northeast and southeast support vast herds of cattle and horses, which suffice not only for the needs of the island, but are exported to all parts of the West Indies, being held in high esteem.

There are no poisonous reptiles to be feared, but insects of questionable character are too numerous for comfort. This island, indeed, were a Paradise without them; even with them, the inhabitants seem to experience little trouble. The worst of these are the scorpions, centipeds, tarantulas, wasps, mosquitos, some species of ants, ticks, chigoes, and fleas. The heat of a tropical climate like that of Porto Rico, which, though rarely exceeding 90°, is continuous, is conducive to the breeding of insect pests of all sorts.

The climate is hot and humid, but not inimical to health, except locally, in the marshy districts, and in cities where the

ordinary rules of sanitation are neglected. There is no yellow fever away from the coasts. Though all the seasons may be indicated here, yet only two are distinctly recognized, the rainy and the dry, the first lasting from July to December, and the latter from January to June, both inclusive. The midwinter days are most delightful, differing but little from those of autumn in southern Spain.

The chief centers of population are Ponce, on the southern coast, with thirty-eight thousand inhabitants; and San Juan and Mayaguez, with about twenty-seven thousand each. The principal harbors are San Juan and Arecibo, on the north coast; Aguadilla and Mayaguez, on the west; Ponce (roadstead), Arroyo, and Guayanilla, on the south; and Humacao and Fajardo, on the east. In some respects Ponce, the largest city, is more attractive than the capital, San Juan. It has a fine cathedral, several plazas, a large theater, excellent stone buildings, and an abundant supply of pure water conducted from the hills by means of aqueducts. In going from the port of Ponce to the city one may note the direction of the prevailing winds by the dust-covered canes, which are on the southern side of the road, while those on the north side are bright and clean.

Communication between cities is chiefly



UNDER THE SEA-WALL, SAN JUAN. OCEAN SIDE OF FORTIFICATIONS.

coastwise, though there are some good roads and many bridle-trails. A railroad has been projected around the island, and about one hundred and thirty miles have been built of the total four hundred to be constructed; while there are nearly five hundred miles of telegraph lines, connecting all important points, besides two cables maintaining communication with the outside world. These are controlled by the government, which is vested in a captain-general appointed by the crown,

causeway and two bridges. Within the curvature of a deep and landlocked bay lies the harbor, sheltered from all except northerly winds, with a "boca," or narrow entrance, which vessels drawing three fathoms can enter and find anchorage within at any depth to six fathoms, with two and a half at the wharves.

The seaward or western front of the islet on which the city is built is precipitous, and here is perched the old castle known as the



MORRO PARADE-GROUND, NORTH OF GLACIS, SAN JUAN.

who is assisted by a military junta, also by royal appointment. About 5000 troops regularly garrison the island, which are supplemented by a reserve militia. The colony is divided into seven departments, with representation in the Cortes according to the number of inhabitants, and the captain-general is president of the assembly of the island, the royal *audiencia*. Recently Porto Rico has been more profitable to Spain than Cuba, the annual revenue usually exceeding expenditures by a million and a half of pesos, the last statistics available giving the former as 5,455,000, and the latter 3,906,000.

As the only fortified city, the possession of which carries with it that of the island, San Juan, the capital, deserves perhaps particular description. It is situated at the extreme western end of an island on the *north coast*, about five kilometers long and *two broad*, connected with the mainland by a

Morro, between which and the city proper lies a parade-ground some twelve hundred feet in extent. Trapezoidal in shape, San Juan rises amphitheater-like from the bay, completely inclosed within massive walls from fifty to one hundred feet in height. In general appearance it has some suggestions of Algiers, with its gaily colored houses, jutting balconies, airy miradors, and inclosing medieval walls; though not so imposing as that "diamond in an emerald setting," nor so picturesque.

Morro Castle dates from Ponce de Leon's time, but the Morro as it stands to-day was completed in 1584. The *faro* stands here, with a first-class light, and within the Morro's walls are the buildings of a small military town—quarters for troops, a chapel, bake-house, and guard-room, with dungeons down by the sea and underneath. This is the citadel, the initial point of the line of circumvallation,

composed of connected bastions, castles, and *fortalezas*, running from west to east, to the Castle San Cristobal, thence north to the ocean.

The oldest portion of the line is at the southwest angle, and is called the "Fortaleza," the platform of which supports the captain-general's palace, and was built in 1540. The sea-wall to the north is pierced by the gateway of San Juan, which affords entrance to the glacis of San Felipe del Morro, between the palace and the semi-bastion of San Augustine. Turning southwardly from the Fortaleza, we note the bastion of La Palma, and the semi-bastion of San Justo, in the curtain between which two is the arched entrance from the Marina, or outside ward, to the intramural city, and known as the Puerta de España. Beyond it, to the east, are the bastions of San Pedro and Santiago, the latter in the eastern wall, the middle part of which is pierced by the landward gate called the Puerta de Santiago, protected by a ravelin of the same name. The fortress San Cristobal, though sometimes called a castle, is in reality an amplification of the fortifications facing east, or landward, and extends from the bay on the south northward to the ocean.

These fortifications in their present shape were projected in 1630, and virtually finished between 1635 and 1641; but San Cristobal and the outworks were not completed until the comparatively modern date of 1771. The eastern advanced works consist of two lines of batteries, protected by a deep moat; of the small fort of San Antonio at the bridge of that name; and at the extreme eastern end of the islet a still smaller fort, San Geronimo, which defends the bridge of Boqueron.

Oceanward, reliance is placed more in the cliffs and foaming breakers than in artificial bulwarks. Directly beneath the northern wall, entrance from the city to which is by a gate through the Morro glacis, lies the principal cemetery, filled with mausoleums, *panteons*, and marble monuments. While those who can afford it are sealed up in cinerary cells of the vast columbarium against the fortress wall, other hundreds merely occupy rented graves, from which they are evicted at the expiration of a certain term of years, after a custom prevailing in all Spanish countries. Over the gateway of this cemetery juts an ornate sentry-turret, and above it stands a metal figure of the recording angel.

The houses of the intramural city are

built mainly of *mamposteria*, with plain fronts, sometimes having Tuscan cornices, flat roofs, and iron balconies. Of the thousand houses within the walls, not more than half the number are two stories in height, but few are three, and all, of course, are chimneyless. The streets are flagged, but filthy, for the supply of water is scant, chiefly derived from rains; and though occupying an unexampled situation on a high tract of land between southern bay and northern sea, San Juan is frequently scourged with yellow fever and other diseases endemic in the tropics.

There are two plazas and several plazuelas in the city, which afford breathing-spaces, while in the Marina outside is a small but beautiful public garden used as a pleasure resort. The chief buildings are the governor's palace, the city hall, the archiepiscopal palace, two colleges, three hospitals, and eight places of worship, including the cathedral, with three spacious naves, and a high altar of finest marble. In the church of La Providencia is the special patroness of Porto Rico, Nuestra Señora de los Remedios, whose cloak alone is valued at fifteen hundred dollars, and her jewels at twenty thousand.

The largest edifice in the city is the Cuartel de Ballaja, three stories in height, inclosing an area of 77,700 meters, and used as quarters for the troops. The places of amusement are the theater, owned by the city corporation, several clubs and casinos, and the cock-pit. The last-named is to be found outside the walls, in the Marina; but the active participants in the exercises of the *valla de gallos*, the cocks themselves, are to be seen all over the city. Of a morning, particularly, the air rings with challenge and counter-challenge, sent forth in clarion tones, as at daybreak each owner of a bird (and this means nearly every male resident of San Juan) brings out his chanticleer and ties him to a stake driven into the sidewalk in front of his house. A common sight here is that of some fond fancier holding his feathered jewel in air at arm's length, and spraying head and wings with water with which he has filled his mouth. Bull-fights are rarely celebrated here, because, alas! San Juan cannot afford to import a really fine "line" of fighters, human and taurine, for the *corrida*; so the cock-pit, perforce, supplies its place.

It is difficult to differentiate the 800,000 natives of Porto Rico from their brother Hispano-Americans in Cuba, Mexico,

and South America. The statistics inform us that there is a total population of about 806,000, nearly half which number, or 326,000, are colored, many of the others very much "mixed"; and yet all adhere to the racial type, which is Spanish, as well as the language spoken by all. No great attention is paid to education, although there are 500 primary schools in the island, as well as those of secondary and higher grades. "The Puertorriqueños," says an author of the last century, "are well proportioned and delicately organized; at the same time they lack vigor, are slow and indolent, possess vivid imaginations, are vain and inconstant, though hospitable to strangers, and ardent lovers of liberty." Referring to the various peoples here, such as the Chuetas, or descendants of Majorcan Jews, the Gibaros, or Spanish-Indian mestizos, etc., the same old writer says: "From this variety of mixture has resulted a character equivocal and ambiguous, but peculiarly Puertorriqueñian. The heat of the climate has made them lazy, to which end also the fertility of the soil has conduced; the solitary life of the country residents has rendered them morose and disputatious."

A more modern author affirms that they are "affable, generous, hospitable to a fault, loyal to their sovereign, and will to the last

gasp defend their island from invasion. The fair sex are sweet and amiable, faithful as wives, loving as sisters, sweethearts, and daughters, ornaments to any society, tasteful in dress, graceful in deportment, and elegant in carriage. In fact, visitors from old Spain have frequently remarked their resemblance to the *doncellas* of Cadiz, who are world-renowned for their grace and loveliness."

The truth is that they all have the Spanish *cortesía*, and are more like the polite Andalusians of the south of Spain than the boorish Catalans of the northeast. Even the lowliest laborer, unless he be one of the four hundred thousand illiterates, signs his name with a *rubrica*, or elaborate flourish, and styles himself "Don," after the manner of the Spanish *grandeës*; and the humblest shopkeeper, when receipting a bill, will add that he "avails himself with intense pleasure of this occasion for offering to such a distinguished gentleman the assurance of his most distinguished consideration!"

This need not imply affectation, nor even insincerity, but merely a different conception of the social amenities from that of the all-conquering American, who, it is to be hoped, will not treat this foible with the contempt which, in his superior wisdom, he may think it merits.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

A PAINTING BY PIERRE MIGNARD, IN POSSESSION OF THE AUTHOR.

BY LLOYD MIFFLIN.

THE radiant angel stands within her room.
 She kneels and listens; on her heaving breast,
 To still its flutt'ring, are her sweet hands pressed,
 The while his lips foretell her joyful doom.
 Tears—happy tears—are rising, and a bloom
 Clothes her of maiden blushes that attest
 The Rose she is. The haloed, heavenly guest
 Lingers upon his cloud of golden gloom.
 He gives to her the lily which he brings.
 Each cherub in the aureole above—
 Where harps unseen are pealing peace and love—
 Smiles with delight, and softly coos and sings;
 While over Mary's head, on whitest wings,
 Hovers the presence of the Holy Dove.

FACTS ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES.

WITH A DISCUSSION OF PENDING PROBLEMS.

BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP,

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

THE guns of Admiral Dewey did something more than destroy a Spanish fleet in the harbor of Manila. Their echo came back to us in a question new in the history of our government. In the shaping of the Constitution our fathers evinced a foresight that has ever since been our admiration; but their prescience looked ahead to no such problem as this one which a naval victory on the other side of the world has raised. It is a problem for the solution of which we have surprisingly little data. Neither precedent nor experience can be satisfactorily drawn on, and we see with sudden clearness that some of the most revered of our political maxims have outlived their force. Washington's farewell address, and the later crystallization of its main thought by President Monroe, had come to possess with us almost the force of a constitutional provision, and even to be regarded by the nations as one of the fundamentals of our government. Our staunch belief in the value of that doctrine of political isolation has been shaken by Dewey's victory. The impending question of what shall be done with the fruit of that victory has made us examine in a new temper, and with new lights, this political doctrine of ours; and it has sharply emphasized to our minds the changed conditions surrounding us now, compared with those which gave birth and force to that doctrine.

The world is much smaller now than when Washington read his farewell address. The Philippine Islands, although almost on the other side of the earth, are much nearer the seat of our government, by the measure of transportation and time, than were in that day regions that are now populous States. The same factors that have brought comparatively close to us the most distant countries have developed a new mainspring that has become the directing force in international affairs—the mainspring of commercialism. In the days when Washington enunciated the policy of political isolation the questions that were before parliaments and assemblies were questions

of individual freedom, of representative government, of civil and political rights. The debates of the legislative bodies of the nations are no longer on those lines. They are on finance and questions of commercial development. It is the age of commerce, and it is commerce that has for a generation been shaping the foreign policy of every nation but ours. It has been the flag of commerce, rather than of national aggrandizement, that has led the troops of England, France, and Germany through Africa. It was to plant the flag of commerce that there has been such manœuvring by the nations of Europe to gain footholds along the Chinese coast. And now, without the slightest premeditation on our part, and with the most inadequate preparation to handle the question, we have suddenly found ourselves in possession of a vantage-point more valuable than the prizes for which the great nations of Europe have been scheming. With the extraordinary conditions surrounding this sudden acquisition of rights, it is natural that there should be the most intense interest in the characteristics and the commercial possibilities of these islands and their population of eight millions. To reach any intelligent opinion in regard to their disposition, we need, of course, as clear an idea as possible of just what they are, of the advantages to be gained by their retention, and of the difficulties to be encountered in their administration.

It is as a base for commercial operations that the islands seem to possess the greatest importance. They occupy a favored location, not with reference to one part of any particular country of the Orient, but to all parts. Together with the islands of the Japanese Empire, since the acquirement of Formosa, the Philippines are the pickets of the Pacific, standing guard at the entrances to trade with the millions of China and Korea, French Indo-China, the Malay Peninsula, and the Islands of Indonesia to the south. Australasia may even be regarded as in the line of trade. A glance at the

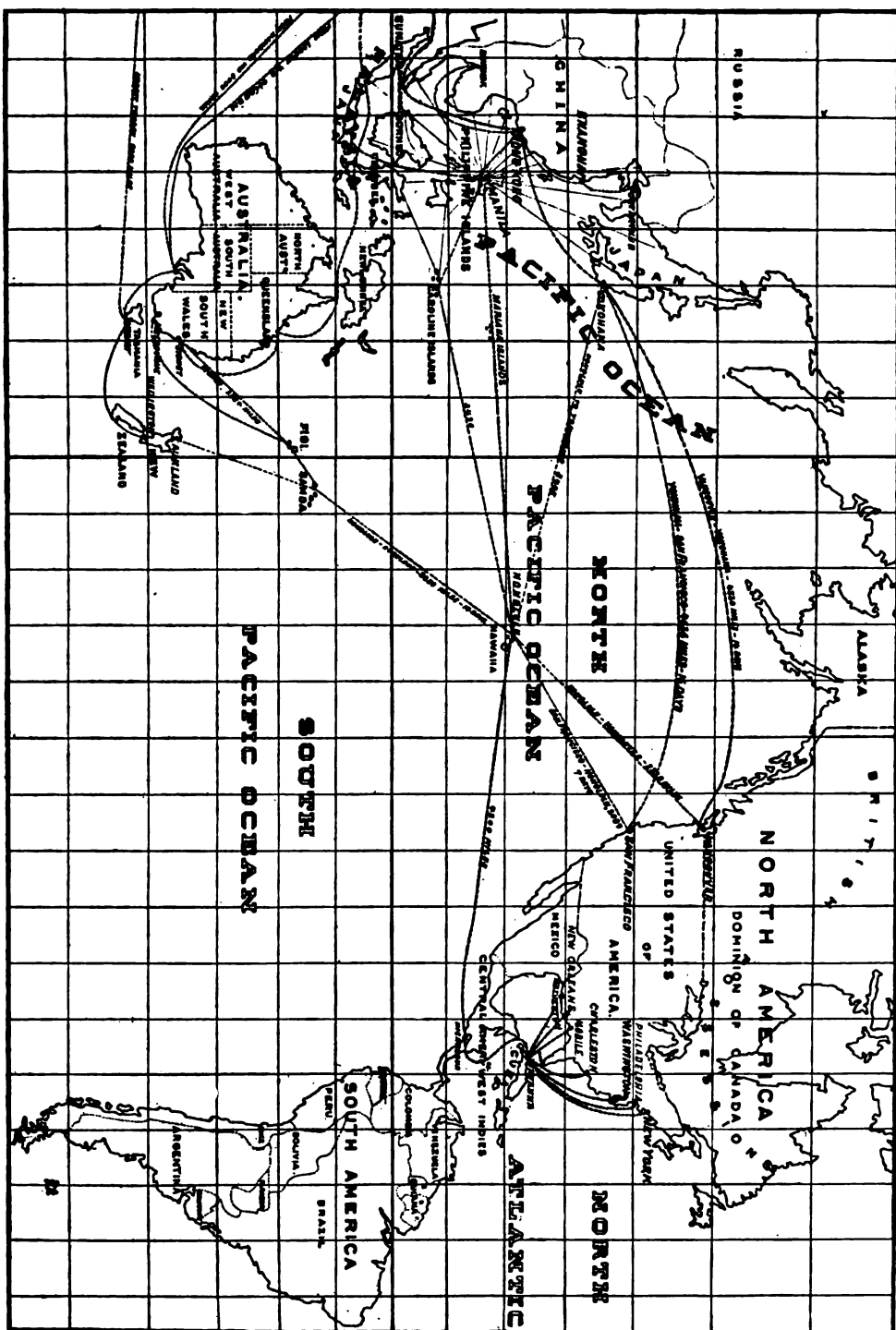
map will readily show what a commanding position the archipelago occupies with reference to adjacent territory. While it is true that the islands lie a little out of the direct line of ocean traffic in voyages by way of the eastern passage, there are reasons which operate strongly for a discontinuance of navigation by way of the Straits of Malacca and the China Sea to the Orient. The voyage by this course is one dreaded by all navigators at certain seasons of the year, when the Straits become the center of the worst storm disturbances known to the world, and when navigation is consequently restricted. With the opening of the Nicaragua Canal, however, the trade of our Atlantic ports with the Orient will take the safer and shorter route thus provided; and in addition to this, the commerce of much of Europe which now seeks the East by the voyage through the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, the Indian Ocean, and the Straits, or by the Cape route, will turn in the opposite direction. The possession of the Philippines by a progressive commercial power, if the Nicaragua Canal project should be completed, would change the course of ocean navigation as it concerns a large percentage of the water-borne traffic of the world. Europe looks to the Nicaragua Canal and the Pacific as offering a better route to the far-Eastern countries; and in the event of its completion, the archipelago will be the gateway to all the trade of lower China and the countries south. Hong-Kong, the great warehouse where are stored and whence are distributed the products of the earth in the maritime trade of China, may, in the course of these changes, now in prospect, become scarcely more than a distributing-point for the trade of the valley of the Si-Kiang.

In the trans-Pacific trade the Hawaiian Islands will afford a resting-place for ships, and their importance will be immeasurably increased by the opening of the canal, and the diversion of ocean traffic from the channels it now follows. The Nicaragua Canal and the Hawaiian Islands will be invested with new interest to us by the unexpected acquisition of rights in the Philippines, which will then be a key to the Orient of vast importance to the United States, or to any other progressive nation which may have the opportunity to make of them a base for the distribution of far-Eastern commerce.

More than half of the people of the earth live in the countries which may be easily *reached from the Philippines*. There is China, *which, according to the latest estimates, has*

a population of more than 400,000,000; the East Indies (British, Dutch, and French), 343,000,000; Japan, 42,000,000; British Australasia, 5,000,000; Siam, 5,000,000; and the Straits Settlements, 600,000—altogether, a population ten times that of the United States. Trade relations cannot at once be established with all these millions, for many of the populous provinces of China and far-Eastern Asia lie remote from the coast, and it will be years before communication with the interior is opened by rail. Nevertheless, since the Chino-Japanese war railroad-building in China has been advancing rapidly. Out of adversity something of good has come to the Celestial Empire, and the lesson taught by the victorious Japanese has resulted in the birth of a new China. Ancient exclusiveness is being laid aside, and the empire is already on the road to progress. How long the dominion of Hong-Kong over the maritime trade of China will last, even should the Philippines not become its rival as a distributive market, is a question which may largely be determined by the occupation of Kiao-Chou, Port Arthur, and Wei-Hai-Wei. Russia's great railway across her Siberian possessions must also be taken into account in disposing of the trade of China. Penetrating the rich province of Manchuria, with the certain prospect of forming a junction with a road to be built from Shanghai, it will be only a few years before that city will be connected by rail with Europe. The great rivers of China, the Si-Kiang, the Yang-tse-Kiang, and the Yellow River, have hitherto furnished the only ready means of reaching the trade of the interior. Hong-Kong, at the mouth of the Si-Kiang, has monopolized the commerce of the valley drained by that river, and the trade of Canton, formerly of much magnitude, has dwindled into insignificance. It may be easily seen that the recent acquisition of Kiao-Chou Bay, Wei-Hai-Wei, and Port Arthur gives Germany, England, and Russia, respectively, advantageous locations with reference to the commerce of the valley of the Yellow River. The onset made with a view to opening China to trade cannot fail to result in a remarkable transformation of the empire in a few decades—a change as complete as that which has taken place in Japan, which twenty-five years ago was as China is to-day, and is now a ranking power, a leading member of the family of progressive nations.

The foreign commerce of all the countries of the far East exceeds two thousand millions



a year. The reports of the bureau of statistics of the Treasury Department show that the imports are a few millions in excess of one billion dollars, and the exports about the same. In the total value of the foreign trade the United States has an interest of about one hundred and fifty million dollars, a little over seven per cent. Our chief trade among these countries is with Japan. We buy more than thirty-two per cent. of Japan's exportable products, and we supply twelve per cent. of all the empire buys abroad. We take one twelfth of China's exports, sending in return one twentieth of her imports. Trade with the Hawaiian Islands is almost exclusively our own, more than ninety-nine per cent. of their exports being shipped to the United States, while they take from us seventy-six per cent. of all their imports. We enter into the trade of British Australasia to the extent of five per cent. of its total commerce. To the Philippine Islands we send but little over one two-hundredth part of their imports, while we take more than one fifth of their entire exports, and more than one half of their exports of sugar and hemp. The import figures must not, however, be taken to indicate the whole of American shipments to the countries named, for they represent only the trade direct. Many exports of the United States are credited in English and American statistics to the commerce of Great Britain. Our interests in the Orient, however, may best be understood from the fact that, next to Great Britain, we have the largest commerce with these countries. Germany and France, although active in securing commercial advantages in China, have not yet acquired sufficient importance in trade returns to be classified, except as "other Europe." There is a promising field for our manufactures of cotton in almost all countries of the Orient. Within a few years our exports of raw cotton to Japan have doubled, and our trade with China has shown a marked tendency toward expansion. We have the bulk of the trade in mineral oils, although there is a growing competition with Russia, which may be greater when the trans-Siberian road is completed. American flour also has gained a foothold, and the growers of the hard wheat of California, the best shipping wheat in the world, look to the far East as a future market for their exportable surplus. Machinery of all kinds is rapidly gaining in favor, and within a *year one of the Chinese railroads has been equipped with Baldwin locomotives.* One of

the street-railway lines of Manila is now provided with American cars made in Philadelphia, and notwithstanding the great expense of transportation, they are preferred to those of Germany, which were discarded.

What is there in the Philippines, aside from their most important consideration as a base for the extension of trade? This magnificent archipelago has an area of about 114,000 square miles, or more than two thirds that of the Spanish peninsula, and three times that of Spain's possessions in the West Indies. The chain extends in a southeasterly direction for a distance of some eighteen hundred miles, and separates the waters of the China Sea from the Pacific. Luzon, nearest Formosa and the coast of China, and the largest island of the group, is of sufficient extent to equal the combined area of Cuba and Porto Rico. The fertile island of Mindanao, at the southern extremity of the archipelago, has an area equal to that of "The Pearl of the Antilles." Between these two great islands, Luzon and Mindanao, are others, smaller and of varying importance. Upon one of them, Panay, is situated the city of Iloilo, rapidly developing into a port quite independent of the influence of Manila, which, for the most part, controls the trade of the Philippines. Apart from the chain proper lies the island of Palawan, which, extending in a southwesterly direction from the island of Panay, reaches almost to British Borneo, and is the western boundary of a body of water of great depth, known as Mindoro or Sulu Sea.

The number of islands in the archipelago is variously estimated at from five hundred to two thousand, the smaller figure relating to those which are susceptible of cultivation or are valuable for their timber and minerals. Their area is as large as that of the six New England States, with New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. The area of arable land, however, is scarcely more than one third of that contained within the limits of the States named. The reason for this is the volcanic origin of the islands, and the consequent ruggedness of the country. In Luzon, the principal island and the one upon which Manila is situated, there is a fertile valley drained by the Cagayan, some two hundred miles in length and one hundred wide, lying between ranges of mountains on each coast. The valley of the Cagayan, under good government, has a bright future before it. At the mouth of the river is the town of Aparri, opposite the island of Camiguin, which stands guard over an extensive bay.

In this bay, harbor facilities may be found equal to and safer than those in the Bay of Manila; and persons who have been to the islands investigating their possibilities of development look to Aparri as likely to become a rival of Manila. This is so for the reason that Aparri is twenty-four hours nearer Hong-Kong, and four hundred miles nearer San Francisco, than the capital of the island. As already said, Manila dominates the Philippine trade, although Iloilo has gained some importance as a sugar-mart, and Cebu is known for its exports of hemp.

After centuries of Spanish misrule, the islands are scarcely more advanced than they were when, in honor of Philip II, they were given their name. Their varied resources are virtually undeveloped. Their people have never been taught how to take advantage of the bounties which nature has placed before them.

Interest chiefly centers on the island of Luzon, not only because Manila is situated on that island, but because of the diversity of its products. In the valley of the Cagayan are great tobacco-fields, which rival those of the Vuelta Abajo of Cuba. The greater part of the sugar exported from the Philippines is produced on the island of Luzon. Hemp, the main product of the group, is grown almost entirely on other islands. Rice is a staple crop, because, as with most other peoples of the Orient, it is the greatest article of food consumption. None is exported, however; and notwithstanding there is abundant territory suitable for rice-growing, it has not been utilized, for the reason that the directing agencies have in this, as in all other instances, failed to induce the people to make the most of their advantages.

Coffee also is grown, and the more civilized natives have each a little grove of trees, which produce four or five bushels of the coffee-berry a year. Only small quantities are sent to the markets for export. A little corn is raised, mainly in the vicinity of Manila, where in season it is peddled on the streets, boiled or roasted. None is fed to stock, paddy rice being used for that purpose. Hay is unknown, its place being taken by a swamp-grass, upon which the buffalo cattle, the draft-animals of the Philippines, feed.

The most important agricultural product is what is known to commerce as Manila hemp. Thousands of tons of this fiber are raised annually on the Pacific slopes of the southern islands, where it also grows wild. That this is the leading product of the Phil-

ippines is due to the fact that its cultivation requires the least effort. With only careless attention, it is possible to raise many tons to the acre. The fiber is obtained from a species of plantain called *abaca*, a tree which grows to the height of from fifteen to twenty feet and is from eight to twelve inches in diameter. The trunk may be as easily separated as a stalk of celery. An ordinary knife only is required to cut down the tree, and a rude instrument is used to press out the juice and shred the fiber. After a little drying in the sun, and packing it into bales of two hundred and forty pounds each, it is ready for shipment. The United States and England take almost the entire crop. Hemp of this kind is grown nowhere else in the world. It is said that a fortune awaits one who can invent a machine which will accelerate the process of pressing out the juice and pulp, leaving only the fiber. A rude knife and a lever for holding it strongly in position are the instruments now in use.

Next in the order of importance as a product of the soil is sugar. The poorest sugar in the world is produced in the Philippines, and yet the islands are capable of producing the best. The reason for the poor quality lies in the method of manufacture, and not in any disadvantage of soil, climate, or character of the cane, which is superior in saccharine. The methods of sugar manufacture which prevailed in the fifteenth century are still in vogue in the Philippines. The last account of mills in operation showed that there were in the islands 5920 cattle-mills, 239 steam-mills, and 35 water-mills, while there were only three vacuum-pan sugar-works. The process of making sugar in these islands varies with locality; but all the product is what is known as a very low grade of muscovado sugar. It is not drained or clarified by any of the modern methods, and brings the lowest price in the markets of the world, except, perhaps, low-grade sugar of a similar character made in Brazil. The estimated crop of the islands for the season of 1897-98 is 190,000 tons. Cuba's crop for the same period is estimated at 200,000 tons. Until the year 1890 the United States annually imported from 110,000,000 to 300,000,000 pounds of Manila sugar; but since that time a market has been found nearer the supply, and China and Japan have become large consumers of Manila sugar. There are extensive refineries at Hong-Kong, which take a considerable part of the product. Last year our imports of sugar from Manila were only a little over 73,000,000 pounds. This falling

off is due to two causes—one the market found in China and Japan, and the other the competition of the bounty-aided beet-sugars of Europe, which have also the advantage of nearness to London and New York, the great sugar-centers of the world. The consumption of sugar is increasing so rapidly, especially in the United States, that, properly handled, the sugar resources of the Philippines will necessarily be developed in order to add to the world's supply. We annually import sugar to the value of \$100,000,000, an amount which largely offsets our exports of wheat. It is believed by the best authorities that by the employment of modern methods the industry in the Philippines may be made to rival Cuba in the output and quality of cane-sugar. It has been a matter of comment that while sugar of excellent grade is produced in Cuba, in the Philippines, under the dominion of the same country, but little effort has been made to develop resources which even surpass those of Cuba. One reason for the superior quality of the sugar of Cuba, however, is to be found in the proximity of the United States. American capitalists have there entered the field with modern ideas and modern machinery. Still other reasons may be assigned: in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the British West Indies, notwithstanding a lack of labor, the industry advanced until brought into competition with beet bounties. In the latter countries it has been necessary to import coolies to cultivate the fields and work the mills, but in the Philippine Islands there are many thousands of laborers available for work in the manufacture of cane-sugar. How to use the surplus labor in the Philippines has been, seemingly, more of a problem than the lack of labor in the West Indies. With such a redundancy there has been no inducement in the Philippines to introduce labor-saving machinery. There are in abundance two elements of productivity—land and labor. The intelligent use of capital, added to these, would revolutionize the industry, and make the Philippines a great cane-sugar-producing country.

The third product of the Philippines in the order of importance is tobacco. While the United States furnishes a market for the hemp and sugar of Manila, scarcely any of its tobacco or cigars is brought to this country, except now and then upon sailing-vessels engaged in the Eastern trade. But the crop is an important one, and Manila tobacco and cigars have long held the same *reputation* in the East that the Havana product holds in the West. Lately the industry

has shown a tendency to expand, owing to the fact that the Spanish government, realizing, in one instance at least, the effects of an evil policy, has abandoned its monopoly of the trade. Much revenue was formerly derived by the government from its exclusive control of the tobacco-market, and for that reason it was maintained many years, until the industry languished. Delivery of the crop under the old system was required to be made at the government warehouses in Manila, and the natives were bound to accept for it the standard price fixed by the Spanish authorities. Needless to say, this was far below the market value of the tobacco. The manufacture of cigars, cigarettes, and cut tobacco at Binondo, a populous part of new Manila, has now assumed great proportions. One company employs 10,000 hands, and has a capital of \$15,000,000. Spain has heretofore taken the bulk of the crop grown on the sixty thousand acres under cultivation.

There are few other products of agriculture to be mentioned. Fruit is not cultivated, but grows wild in abundance and variety characteristic of a tropical country. Bananas of delicious flavor, oranges of poor quality, mangos, guavas, and many other native fruits grow wild. There are no olives or figs, and there is no vine-culture. Dairy-farming has not yet been established in the islands, although there is said to be great opportunity in that direction. Butter is imported from London in bottles, and, naturally, is held at a very high price. Throughout all the islands of the archipelago agriculture is yet in an undeveloped state. Vast opportunities may be found for exploiting modern methods of farming. There is not a farm in any of the islands which will compare favorably with even the worst on the American continent. Plowing is done with a sharpened stick, and nothing is known of agricultural labor-saving implements such as are in use in the United States and other civilized countries. Only the most primitive methods are employed.

The mineral resources of the islands have never been developed, although they are known to be considerable. There is coal in abundance in Cebu and Negros. Gold is found in the alluvial deposits along the streams, and at the mouths of rivers, particularly in Luzon and Mindanao. Copper exists in the central districts of Luzon, and lead is plentiful in Cebu. Immense deposits of sulphur are found in the craters of extinct volcanoes, and in some of the islands there is found a good quality of iron ore.

While riches await a progressive people in the development of the agricultural and mineral resources of the country, there is still another source of wealth not yet drawn upon, and toward which the attention of capitalists in this country has already been directed. A company is now forming for the purpose of invading the forests which clothe the slopes

forth to decorate the interiors of our palace-cars and residences.

The present foreign commerce does not seem large in comparison with our own enormous and growing trade. In the best seasons \$30,000,000 a year will cover the exports, and \$25,000,000 the imports—a total commerce in one year of about half the value of what



A TIMBER-YARD.

of the mountain-ranges and cover thousands of acres of the valley lands not yet under cultivation. These forests, abounding in rare hard woods, are virtually untouched. More than sixty varieties capable of use are known to exist. The rarest are a green and a yellow wood, which retain those colors in the finished product. They are susceptible of high polish, and for carving are said not to be surpassed. The trees are not large, but the logs cut from them will average a foot in diameter, and are quite large enough for all practical purposes. Some day, whether the United States retains possession of the Philippines or not, adventurous and enterprising men will push their way into the hearts of these valuable forests, and their treasures will be brought

we sell to foreign countries in a single month.

The proposition to retain permanent possession of this important group, raising as it does a problem entirely new to our scheme of government, is not attended with unanimity of public sentiment. Standing upon the threshold of a new and momentous venture, it is natural that there should be at once two parties: the one radical and in favor of holding advantages fortuitously gained, ambitious to participate in the world's rivalry for new markets; the other representing the conservative element, who, while realizing the temptation which the occasion presents, are nevertheless mindful of the dangers involved in a distinct departure from time-honored

precepts hitherto regarded as necessary to the safety of our institutions. To the first of these the project is alluring. In the undeveloped resources of the Philippines they see a great opportunity for our genius. They recognize that in a decade we might make a change greater than has been wrought since Magalhães discovery until the present time. They see great development companies formed to cultivate tobacco and sugar by modern methods, others formed to test the richness of the unknown mineral deposits, and still others to develop transportation or to reap the treasures of the forest. They see, also, that with honest, intelligent, just, and humane government there might be astounding improvement in the character of the people. All this is recognized as well by the conservative party, to whom the commercial side of the question strongly appeals, but who fear the dangers from a governmental standpoint. To them the character of the population is a cause for hesitation in any plan of permanent control. There can be no thought of assimilation. It cannot be expected that the people of these islands will ever be brought to a comprehension of our institutions. We need not even hope for sympathetic submission. In this race of natives and half-castes, with its considerable percentage of Chinese, our conservative party sees a people who must be governed in a

manner foreign to our whole system. It is foreboded that a strong paternalism, virtually without representation, is what the islands must have; and this element sees that the administration of such a system would be hampered by a legislative power always jealous of the executive, and in this case necessarily ignorant of the conditions and requirements of the problem. They argue that if we are to enter this field of antipodal development, we should clearly comprehend what a departure it would be from the lines of our historical growth, and we should recognize its full import; that we should at the beginning understand that our Constitution contemplates no such conditions; that if we are to administer such a government as would be required of us, we should start with a solid foundation, laid in constitutional amendment, drawn with a full knowledge of the necessities of the case. But it is believed by them that if we take the time to give this subject the consideration necessary before such a constitutional amendment can be adopted, there will be little danger that we shall finally take an ill-advised or hasty step.

Alaska might be offered as a precedent, but it is in our own hemisphere, and sparsely peopled; it involved no problem so difficult of solution as would be that of a government for the Philippines. Still, there are features



A CIGAR FACTORY OF MANILA.



THE OLD CATHEDRAL.

of its acquisition and administration which, by analogy, might be applied to the permanent control of the Philippines. Alaska, it will be remembered, was ceded to the United States by Russia on March 30, 1867, and was soon thereafter formally delivered into our military possession, General Rousseau of the army representing our government. By an act of Congress, approved July 27, 1868, the laws of the United States relating to customs, commerce, and navigation were extended over the vast territory thus acquired, and from that date until May 17, 1884, a period of sixteen years, these laws were administered and executed by the Treasury Department and its subordinate officers.

The act of May 17, 1884, provided for the appointment of a governor for Alaska, a United States district court, with marshal, clerks, and deputies, and for United States

commissioners to be stationed at various points in the Territory. Subsequently laws have been passed regarding town sites, and protecting fishing and mining rights; and the present Congress has passed a law defining the rights of railway corporations, extending the homestead laws over the Territory, and limiting the amount of land to be taken up, purchased, or occupied by any one person or corporation upon navigable waters.

So that Congress has met the necessities of this Territory, as they have arisen from time to time, by suitable legislation; but no provision has been yet made for a territorial form of government with a legislature. That will come in due time, and the future will see one or more States carved out of that great territory, but not until it is peopled with men from the States in such numbers as to give assurance of stable self-government.

LIFE IN MANILA.

BY WALLACE CUMMING.

THERE is no place in the civilized parts of the world which has been so entirely unknown, even to well-informed people, as the Philippine Islands. Even the ubiquitous "globe-trotter" passes them by, for they are

off the regular route which runs from Singapore, via Hong-Kong, to Shanghai or Japan, and the China Sea is a specially unpleasant body of water to cross. The steamers running between Hong-Kong and Manila are so small



A BIT OF CORREGIDOR.

that the trip is like a rough Channel passage lengthened to between sixty and seventy hours. Of the alternative route from Singapore I will not speak beyond saying that the steamers on this route are Spanish; for to most people who have not had the advantage of a Spanish bringing up the usual Spanish steamer is not to be thought of. Never shall I forget the nightmare horrors of my own first passage from Hong-Kong to Manila. I was hurrying to Manila to enter the American house of Peele, Hubbell & Co, as a junior clerk. At that time (the autumn of 1882) Manila was being devastated by the worst epidemic of cholera ever known there. The death-rate rose to thirteen hundred a day, and Peele, Hubbell & Co., having lost two clerks, and not knowing how many more might go, cabled me an offer of a position.

On reaching Hong-Kong, I found that, owing to the quarantine against Manila, the next regular steamer would not leave for ten days or two weeks. Being blissfully ignorant of the fact that a person entirely unacquainted with the life and ways of the East, and not having enough knowledge of Spanish to swear by (barely enough, indeed, to swear *with*), is about as useful as the vermiform

appendix,—and with the same capacity of being very troublesome,—I allowed myself to be persuaded to take passage on a tiny little German tramp steamer, about to start. She was of less than two hundred tons, with her cabin just forward of the engine, and separated from it by an iron bulkhead which gave it the benefit of all the heat. It was barely large enough to accommodate a fixed table and four chairs, and had on each side a cabin with two berths each. There were two other passengers. One doubled up with the captain. The other, a young Filipino, shared the other cabin with me. We ran into a typhoon just outside of Hong-Kong harbor, and did not get out of it until we entered Manila Bay, six days later. Never did time pass so slowly. I had forgotten to bring any reading material. The cabin was unbearably hot, the deck was under water the whole time, and the bridge was the only place of refuge; even that was soaked with spray. The night was even worse, for though I was not sick, my little Filipino more than made up for my immunity, and effectually deterred me from occupying the berth to which I was entitled. So I made a bed of the cabin floor, twisting myself around the

legs of the table to prevent being rolled from side to side. We did arrive at last, however, though the steamer had such a list, through the shifting of her cargo, that dishes would slide off the cabin table even when we were anchored in the calm water of Manila Bay.

The coast is a bold one at the entrance to Manila Bay, a small rocky island dividing the entrance into two unequal passages. The island is that Corregidor so often mentioned in the reports of the naval battle. After passing through the entrance, the bay widens out, extending about forty miles north and south, and the same east and west.

Manila is on the eastern shore of the bay. About seven miles nearer the entrance, on the southern shore, is Cavite, the scene of the great naval battle, where there are a dry-dock and an arsenal. We came to anchor on Sunday morning about a mile offshore. All vessels drawing over sixteen feet discharge a part of their cargo in the bay and then enter the river Pasig, on which are located the principal business houses and wharves. Though any land would have been most welcome after six days of such tossing as we had experienced, yet my first view of

Manila was most unattractive. Two terrible typhoons had visited the city six weeks before, and the shores of the bay were literally strewn with wrecked vessels. Every vessel lying in the bay at the time had been driven ashore, while thousands of native houses were destroyed.

The population of Manila was placed at about three hundred thousand. That is probably not an overestimate, for it is certain that at least sixty thousand people died of cholera during that epidemic. All statistics are, however, mere guess-work, for there are no official figures. During all the years the Spaniards have owned the islands, they have occupied only the mere edges, and great areas on the larger islands are as wild and unknown as at the landing of Magalhães.

The old city, called there distinctively "Manila," is built in the angle made by the river Pasig and the bay. It is surrounded by stone walls forty feet thick, and a wide moat, in part double. Each gate has a portcullis, and is approached by a drawbridge, and the top of the wall is lined with cannon of two hundred years ago. It is said to be the most perfectly preserved type of the old walled city now left. In it are the cathedral, the archbishop's palace, most of the



A STREET IN CAVITE.



CITY WALL OF MANILA, WITH ITS DEFENSES.

government offices, and many convents and monasteries. Many European Spaniards live there.

Spreading far on the shore of the bay, and on both banks of the Pasig, on a perfectly flat, alluvial plain intersected by numerous creeks, are the different pueblos, or wards (some fifteen or twenty in number), which together constitute what is known to the outside world as Manila. The population is a mixture of all races. Every color is represented, from the blonde Caucasian Scandinavian to the darkest native. The latter is least common, and is usually an American negro from some ship, or, more rarely, a specimen of the dwarfish aboriginals known as Negritos (little negroes). They have the thick lips, flat noses, retreating foreheads, and woolly heads of the West Coast African, and closely resemble the Bushman of South-central Africa. They are numerous, and in the unknown interior of Luzon they live an utterly savage life, and have never been even nominally subdued.

The Spaniard from "the Peninsula," as they call Spain, is invariably an office-holder, or in the army or navy. He looks down on everybody else, and has come to make as much money as possible, no matter how, and then go back to spend it in Spain. Then there are the Filipinos,—“children of the country,” they are called,—who are supposed to be pure-blooded descendants of Spanish settlers. But there are few of them without some touch of Chinese or native blood. There are from forty to sixty thousand

Chinese. Many of them are wealthy, but the bulk of them are coolies earning twenty cents a day. The vast majority of the population is made up of every shade and cross, natives (Malays) and half-breeds (mestizos). Smallest in number, but controlling the entire import and export business, are the “foreigners”—English, Germans, Americans, Swiss, etc. Most of the European countries are represented.

Among the first things to impress a stranger are the horses. Descended from horses brought from Mexico, they have become much smaller, while they are also much more shapely. In fact, I have never seen a better-looking breed. There is nothing of the pony about their shape, though in size they range between forty-eight and fifty-two inches. At first it looked absurd to see them ridden by big men whose stirrups hung down to the horses' knees; but I soon found out that they easily carried a rider weighing two hundred pounds. The foreigners have a jockey club, which holds two meetings a year at the beautiful turf track at Santa Mesa. To avoid sharp practice, members of the club only are eligible to ride. This necessitates a scale of weights starting at one hundred and thirty-two pounds and rising to one hundred and fifty-four pounds. It demonstrates the speed and strength of these miniature horses that a mile has been run in two minutes and ten seconds by a pony carrying one hundred and fifty pounds. Only stallions are used. Mares cannot even be brought into the city. Nobody walks;

everybody rides; and on any special *fiesta* thousands of carriages fill the streets. I doubt if there is a city in the world that can turn out half the number of private vehicles in proportion to the population. The better houses differ in some ways from any other in the world. Always of two stories, there is a high stone basement, with a carriageway through to the court, where are the servants' quarters and domestic offices. The upper story is of wood, being complete in itself, so that in case of an earthquake it will settle together. The ceilings are covered with cloth instead of plaster. A wide stairway leads up from the carriageway. Between three and four feet above the floor of this story is a wide window-ledge with grooves running the whole length of every side. In these grooves slide blinds, and also frames in which are set small squares of oyster shell (called "conchas"). Both blinds and conchas run the full length of each side. Either or both can be closed at the same time, and both can be slid back to the width of one at each end, leaving the whole side open, and allowing the air to circulate as freely as in a shed. The roofs were formerly made of heavy curved tiles. Now galvanized iron is used, as it vastly decreases the chance of the roof falling during an earthquake, and lessens the damage if it does. On the other hand, the iron roof is

much more likely to be blown off by the terrible typhoons.

The native houses are built of bamboo, with thatched roofs made of the leaf of the nipa palm, and elevated from six to ten feet on bamboo poles. When one builds a house in Manila, it is necessary to decide whether to make it safe from earthquake or typhoon. The frail nipa house may swing like a ship in a heavy sea during an earthquake, but is perfectly safe; while the tile or iron roof may fall, killing and destroying everything near it. But when the typhoon comes, the nipa houses go down by the hundred, while the tile- and iron-roofed ones suffer little.

Possibly the chief peculiarity of the Philippines is its position as the stronghold of the priest and the religious orders. All the great orders are established there; black, blue, brown, and white robes swarm in the streets. All education is in their hands, and in the country and village the priest is virtually all-powerful. No translation of the Bible is allowed to enter the islands, and no Protestant church can be built, no service held. To illustrate the power of the church, I will describe the ceremony I saw on Corpus Christi. There was a great procession, with all the officials, troops, and sailors taking part. Finally the procession halted, and the archbishop drove slowly by in his carriage, drawn by four white horses, with outriders and



ESCOLTA, STREET OF MANILA.

guards. As he passed the colors of each regiment, the carriage stopped, and the colors were laid on the ground. The archbishop descended, stood on them, and elevated the host to the four quarters, and then went forward to repeat the ceremony at each regiment.

they do on all the great holidays of the church, to music, fireworks, cock-fighting, processions, etc.

Almost all these processions took place at night, and the effect was most picturesque. There would be a line of marchers, men,



A HALF-BREED. THE UPPER PORTION OF THE COSTUME IS MADE OF THE FIBER OF PINEAPPLES.

Formerly, a serious drawback to a visit to Manila was the lack of hotels, but now there are several. If the visitor has letters of introduction, there is also a pleasant and comfortable foreigners' club at which he may stay. Manila loves holidays. At one time there were over forty in each year. The number has been sadly diminished, though there are still thirteen left, I understand. *Each pueblo has its saint, and on that saint's day the inhabitants give themselves over. as*

women, and children, walking in single file on each side of the street, every one with a lighted candle in his hand. At intervals, in the middle of the road, would come images of the Saviour, the Virgin, and the saints, borne on the shoulders of from ten to thirty men, surrounded by priests, and preceded by a band of music. Some of the images were covered with diamonds and other precious stones, said to be enormously valuable. In these cases there was always a guard of

soldiers with fixed bayonets about the image. Often there would be thousands of people walking in these processions, and all the while it was moving, tens of thousands of rockets and bombs would be fired. These rockets and bombs are home-made. The rockets consist only of a joint of bamboo filled with powder, exploding with a great

gray robe with a hood, and it comes to the ground. The effect is very strange, and as the people go they repeat continually: "*Santa Maria, Madre de Dios, ora pro nobis!*" It may seem strange that grave-clothes are provided before they are needed; but in Manila they are considered a prime necessity, and every native owns those clothes, even if he is bare



A NATIVE.

noise, but with little light. The bombs are simply a handful of powder tightly wrapped with hemp. They cost a mere trifle, but make a great noise, and no fiesta is complete without plenty of them.

The most curious procession is participated in only by natives and the poorer mestizos. It takes place, if I remember rightly, during Holy Week, and is a high solemnity. Every one walking in the procession is robed in his grave-clothes. The garment is a long, loose

of all others. The ordinary dress of the native man is trousers and shirt of "piece-goods" (calico), the shirt being worn outside the trousers. On holidays they wear a shirt made of *piña*, which is an expensive material. Native servants wear the same articles, but they must be of spotless white; and very suitable and nice-looking it is, though I suppose that the idea of being driven by a coachman so dressed would shock the habitués of Central and Hyde



COCK-FIGHTING, A COMMON STREET SCENE.

parks. A curious freak of custom was that native servants were required to serve barefooted, while it was an insult if a Chinese servant appeared before his superior without his shoes.

Our firm had a mess-house, in which the partners lived, and which was open to all their American and English employees. Should the latter prefer to live elsewhere, one thousand dollars a year was allowed as the equivalent. I lived at the mess, finding it much the more comfortable. Indeed, it would have been hard to be dissatisfied with our way of living; and as it will show the style in which the great American houses in the East are conducted, I think it worth telling with some detail. The mess was a fine house, handsomely furnished, in one of the pleasantest parts of the city. The table was supplied by a

Chinese cook. He was allowed five hundred dollars a month, and given certain of the heavier groceries, such as flour, rice, etc. He paid his under-cooks, and was responsible for meals at the mess, and for breakfast (like the French *déjeuner à la fourchette*) and afternoon tea, which were taken at the office by all the employees, except on Sundays and fiestas. Then there was a majordomo, who had control of all the servants and had charge of the house. There was also an extra house-servant, and a Chinese porter, who opened and shut the great house doors, filled the baths, pulled the punka, and watered the street in the dry season. Then every one had a personal servant, who took care of his room, attended to his clothes, waited on him at table, prepared his early breakfast (about 7 A.M.), and so on. Everybody also

owned a horse or horses, which involved one more servant at least. Being a junior, I contented myself with one pony and a two-wheeled trap, something like a dog-cart. The others drove victorias and pairs. Three of our mess owned racing-ponies, which inured to my benefit, as it gave me as much riding as I wished. After the bath and an early breakfast came the drive to the office, between eight and eight-thirty; then work till twelve-fifteen, at which hour breakfast was served at the office; then work again until five-thirty, interrupted between three and four by afternoon tea; then to the bungalow to dress, to drive, and back to dinner at seven-thirty.

To a lover of music Manila is a charming place. The natives have wonderful musical talent, and there were numerous bands. Those of the three regiments then stationed there were remarkably good; and four afternoons each week they played in turn on the "Luneta," a sort of plaza on the shores of the bay just outside the old walls. I recall vividly the open-air concert, by three hundred instruments, given in honor of Prince Oscar of Sweden. The glorious full moon of the tropics, far brighter than in more Northern lands, shining on the quiet waters of the

bay, the innumerable lights, the brilliantly dressed crowd, and the thrilling music of the mighty bands, softened in volume on the great plain, combined to make it an occasion to be long remembered. The "Battle of Castellejos," which they played, was inspiring, and the effect was heightened by the repetition of the trumpet-calls by soldiers who were stationed at intervals far off upon the plains, while the guns on the city walls added a touch of reality.

During the height of the rainy season, from about the middle of June to the middle of September, all outdoor pursuits are suspended. The violence of the downpour is hardly to be imagined by dwellers in higher latitudes. The streets in Manila, and some of the roads for a few miles outside, are fairly good during the dry season, but quickly become nearly impassable when the rains set in. As I have already mentioned, Manila is intersected in all directions by creeks, which are traversed by hundreds of canoes. These canoes are dugouts, often of great size, and the natives are most expert in handling them. They are indispensable at times when vast floods come down from the great lake, about thirty miles from Manila, of which the river Pasig is the outlet. One



SCENE ON A CANAL IN MANILA, SHOWING LIGHTERS AND CANOES.

storm will sometimes raise the river and overflow most of the city. After a few hours' rain I have gone direct from our steps into a *banca* (canoe), and been paddled through the streets to the office.

In this lake is found one of the most remarkable phenomena in the islands. Not very far from the center rises what is evidently the old crater of a submerged volcano. Circular in shape, it comes up abruptly from the water, the sides several hundred feet in height, except in one place, where it is not more than thirty. The natives are dreadfully afraid of it, saying it is full of crocodiles; but a party of us who went there in a steam-launch induced them to drag their canoes over, and paddle us about. The interior walls rise perpendicularly, and are masses of vegetation which has found foothold in every crack and cranny. The water within seems to have no communication with

the lake, and is no longer water, but a mass of corruption and putridity that fills one with shuddering horror. We saw no crocodiles. Perhaps our noise frightened them; but I cannot understand how fish could live in that mass of filth, nor where the crocodiles would find food, if fish were lacking. The depth of this place is unknown, no bottom having been found in the soundings thus far made.

I have no space here to write of many other interesting topics: the venality of the Spanish officials, from the lowest to the highest; the almost incredible impediments which they throw in the way of business; the character and customs of the women, Filipina, mestiza, and native; the fruits, including the mango, king of all, and the one hundred and sixty-five varieties of bananas, and—but the list itself might extend almost to the length of an article.



NATIVE HOUSE AND NATIVES IN MANILA.



CAPTURE OF THE "BUENA VENTURA" BY THE "NASHVILLE."

AN ARTIST WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

BY WALTER RUSSELL.

ON Thursday afternoon, April 21, 1898, I was at work upon a drawing in my room at the Key West Hotel. The usual quiet of the town was disturbed by unusual cheering beneath my windows. "*Viva Cuba libre! Viva los Americanos!*" by Cubans, had been the only sounds of cheering I had heard in Key West; but this cheering was by *Americans*. In the corridors I found a scene of confusion. Correspondents and artists were making pell-mell for their rooms, while others were appearing with hastily packed grip-sack in one hand and wearing apparel in the other. A glance assured me that *war had begun*.

Without delay I placed my half-packed luggage, three cameras, and nine half-gallon bottles of a popular spring water in a carriage at the door, and drove to the despatch-boat *Sommers N. Smith*, which was to take me, with four others, to the seat of war.

The *Puritan*, *Amphitrite*, and *Terror* were throwing out great volumes of black smoke, hastily getting up steam; the *Marblehead*, *Wilmington*, and one or two other gunboats were already under way, moving very slowly. Torpedo-boats were skipping from one ship to the other with messages; sailors who had

had shore-leave, and had been searched for by the master-at-arms's assistants, were being many of them literally shipped on the *Somerset* for delivery aboard their respective ships. An army of correspondents and artists were in Key West, representing newspapers and magazines all over the globe.

Supper was served under the awning of our trim little craft. We were about to push out into the stream, when one of our crew sheepishly sneaked ashore, then another and another. This was a wholly unanticipated defection; but we were not alone in our misfortune, for we soon discovered that the entire crew of the despatch-boat at the next wharf had deserted. Immediately we steamed out half a mile or so to insure keeping the remainder of our crew with us. "Did you think you were shipping to go to a Sunday-school picnic?" thundered our captain to his mutinous men.

That night the fleet lay at anchor between Key West and Sand Key, all ready for an early morning start. We were informed that if challenged we must show a signal similar to the one shown us. For that purpose we lacked one red lantern, and I was sent in a



CAPTURE OF THE "PANAMA" BY THE "MANGROVE." (THE LARGE VESSEL IS THE CAPTIVE.)

small boat to the *Cincinnati* to borrow one. I was glad of the opportunity, for it afforded me a chance to see how Jackie felt about going to war. The American sailor was even more anxious than I expected. "Remember the *Maine*!" was the watchword. It was chalked upon the gun-shields, inside turrets,

on the ceilings, and over the hammock-hooks. That night we had drawn lots for turns at the watch, it being agreed that "discipline" would be good for us. One of the party put several slips of paper in his hat, and our hours for watch were picked from its depths. We all sat out the first watch, and

then the second. Then, as we were all sleepy, it was agreed that we should postpone our "discipline" until the morrow. That night "discipline" died.

At five o'clock the next morning all hands took a plunge into the sea. Then we saw the *New York* signaling. Soon the flag-ship was moving, followed in double, indented column by many other ships. Two torpedo-boats were doing scout duty on each side of us. We covered about seven square miles of the Atlantic, no ship more than four hundred yards from the one immediately preceding it. It was an impressive sight. The sun beat down with tropical fervor; but with an awning over our heads, and an ice-box at our side, war up to that point was luxury. As we passed one ship, then another, down the line, and shouted to some friend by megaphone, invariably the cry came back, "Remember the *Maine*!"

The *Nashville* was seen to leave the line of formation. With my field-glasses I saw on the horizon a smoke-stack, two masts, and a flag with a peculiar device—a Spanish flag, sure enough. One or two others joined in the chase. So did we. When the *Buena Ventura* had surrendered, a boat was lowered from the *Nashville*, and I was close enough to note the eagerness of our sailors, and the joy on the face of the young officer detailed to board the prize. The crew of the *Buena Ventura* were soon reassured and the captain pacified; and our sailors, pulling away at ropes and chains, their cutlasses dangling at their sides, soon brought the ship about, and prize and escort disappeared below the horizon, *en route* for Key West.

Toward five o'clock that afternoon the coast of Cuba loomed up ahead. A faint suggestion of masonry, with a thimble-shaped tower, appeared later. That was Morro Castle. A puff of smoke was seen issuing from the bow of the *New York*, followed by a loud report. She turned sharply to the east, and ran like a race-horse toward a pinhead on the horizon. Black smoke curled from her three funnels. Chief Engineer McConnell was getting all that was possible from her boilers. Soon the prize began to run close in to shore, while shot after shot went flying after her. Our little yacht tore through the rough water in a frantic endeavor to keep up with the race. The seas off Havana are treacherous in the extreme. Soon two sick men were watching the exciting race. In due time the *Pedro*, our second capture that day, was on her way to keep the *Buena Ventura* company. She made a

noble run; five miles more would have put her safe in Matanzas harbor.

Off Matanzas I witnessed the first serious bombardment. After our ships had fired for five minutes, the Spanish batteries answered, the first shell striking about a hundred yards to the left of the *New York*, and out toward us. The Spaniards banged away wildly, their shells either going over our heads or falling widely right and left. Our shells rained into the Spanish batteries, raising columns of sand mixed with black specks (I wondered if the black specks were Spaniards) high in the air, the dust blotting out the distant mountains for a moment. The *New York* had a monopoly of the firing until the Spaniards returned the fire. I could see the *Puritan's* guns training upon the enemy long before permission was given from the flag-ship to fire. When a few puffs of smoke had revealed the Spanish batteries, the *Puritan* and the *Cincinnati* were allowed to try their skill. The signals had not reached the yard-arm before advantage was taken of them. In all about one hundred and five shots were fired by our ships, the last one, a thirteen-inch shell from the *Puritan*, entering the battery upon the left shore, utterly demolishing it. The fire ceased as suddenly as it began, and then the three ships steamed toward Havana for a mile or two and stopped.

We steamed alongside the *New York*, shouted our congratulations to Admiral Sampson, who stood upon the bridge, and offered to take to Key West any mail or despatches he might have. He accepted our offer. Suddenly a blue-shirted, bare-armed creature with flying hair appeared through the superstructure door, and spoke to an orderly, who, raising a megaphone to his lips, shouted: "Mr. — wants to know how long you will wait for him to finish his article for the —?" And picturesque Mr. —, stripped for action, was given ten minutes.

A great monotony overhangs the whole fleet on blockade. Sometimes two or three ships are together; more often they are ten miles apart. We lay near one or another the greater part of the time, and occasionally went aboard for a chat with her officers and crew. The day following the bombardment of Matanzas we sighted the *Iowa*. Some one suggested that we go tell Captain Evans about the fight. We steamed alongside. Captain Evans stood on the bridge over our heads. Then came the cry (always the first cry from the ships to a despatch-boat), "What's the news?" We told him about the fight, while his eyes dilated. He leaned



ENGAGEMENT AT MATANZAS, APRIL 27.

as far as he safely could over the rail until we had finished, and then replied, in his own characteristic way, "Why don't they give us a chance?" This called forth laughter from our boat, and cheers from the *Iowa*. A small boat was lowered from the *Iowa*, and a bag of mail came aboard, with a request to send it to Key West by our tender, which made daily trips to us for news. We moved away from the

Iowa, and fell in with another craft, a torpedo-boat towing a small prize to report to the *New York*; then steamed up the coast to Cabanas. Every night all lights were extinguished, and we lay, quietly drifting, the only incident usually being a flash from a blinding search-light till the invisible patrol, having satisfied herself regarding our identity, would hood her search-light, and disappear in the darkness.

WILD EDEN.

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

THERE is a garden inclosed
In the high places,
But never hath love reposed
In its bowery spaces;
And the cedars there like shadows
O'er the moonlit champaign stand
Till Light, like an angel's hand,
Touches Wild Eden.

Who told me the name of the garden
That lieth remote, apart,
I know not, nor whence was the music
That sang it into my heart;
But just as the loud robin tosses
His notes from the elm-tops high,
As the violets come in the mosses
When south-winds wake and sigh,
So on my lips I found it,
This name that is made my cry.

There, under the stars and the dawns
Of the virginal valleys,
White lilies flood the low lawns
And the rose lights the alleys;
But never are heard there the voices
That sweeten on lovers' lips,
And the wild bee never sips
Sweets of Wild Eden.

But who hath shown me the vision
Of the roses and lilies in ranks
I would that I knew, that forever
To him I might render thanks;
For a maiden grows there in her blossom,
In the place of her maidenhood,
Nor knows how her virgin bosom
Is stored with the giving of good,
For the truth is hidden from her
That of love is understood.

No bird with his mate there hovers,
Nor beside her has trilled or sung;
No bird in the dewy covers
Has built a nest for his young;
And over the dark-leaved mountains
The voice of the laurel sleeps;
And the moon broods on the deeps
Shut in Wild Eden.

O Love, if thou in thy hiding
Art he who above me stands,
If thou givest wings to my spirit,
If thou art my heart and my hands,—
Through the morn, through the noon,
through the even
That burns with thy planet of light,
Through the moonlit space of heaven,
Guide thou my flight
Till star-like on the dark garden
I fall in the night!

L'ENVOY.

Fly, song of my bosom, unto it
Wherever the earth breathes spring;
Though a thousand years were to rue it,
Such a heart beats under thy wing,
Thou shalt dive, thou shalt soar, thou shalt find it,
And forever my life be blest,
Such a heart beats in my breast,—
Fly to Wild Eden!

THE SANITARY REGENERATION OF HAVANA.

BY GEORGE M. STERNBERG, M.D., LL.D.,
Surgeon-General U. S. Army.



PAIN took possession of the "Pearl of the Antilles" in 1511, but it was not until after the capture of Havana by the English in 1762 that it became a city of importance.

At the date last mentioned the whole island contained only one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants. The city was evacuated by the English in July, 1763; but, according to the Spanish historian Pezuela, "new life was given to agriculture in Cuba by England's commercial activity, and by the desire to open a new mart to her African slave-trade." More than four hundred thousand African slaves are said to have been imported to Cuba during the sixty years following the English occupation.

There is historical evidence to show that yellow fever prevailed as an epidemic in Havana in 1648, and subsequently up to the year 1654, when it disappeared, and for more than a hundred years, if we can rely upon negative evidence, the city of Havana was free from this pestilential malady. The historian already quoted (Pezuela) says: "Although Havana is situated on the northern boundary of the torrid zone, it was very justly considered one of the most healthy localities on the island before its invasion, *in a permanent manner*, by the vomito negro (yellow fever), imported from Vera Cruz in the summer of 1761." This quotation and others in the present paper are from the report of Dr. Stanford E. Chaillé of New Orleans, made, as chairman of the Havana Yellow Fever Commission of 1879, to the National Board of Health. The other medical members of the commission were the present writer and Dr. John Guiteras, then of the Marine Hospital service, now professor of pathology in the University of Pennsylvania.

The author already quoted gives the following account of the reintroduction of yellow fever into Havana in the year 1761, after a period of immunity from this disease of one hundred and seven years:

"In May there came from Vera Cruz, with *materials and some prisoners destined for*

the works on the exterior fortifications of Havana, the men-of-war *Reina* and *America*, which communicated to the neighborhood the epidemic known by the name of the 'vomito negro.' At the end of the following June there were stationed in this port nine men-of-war, despatched from Cadiz, and sent to the chief of the squadron, Don Gutierrez de Hevia; they brought a reinforcement of two thousand men. To the epidemic more than three thousand persons succumbed on this *the first appearance* of the vomito; from May to October occurred the greater number of victims in the garrison and in the squadron."¹

The historical evidence relating to the prevalence of yellow fever subsequently to the year 1761 indicates that the city of Havana has not been free from the disease since that date—in other words, that it is now, and has been since the date mentioned, endemic, *i. e.*, that the city is permanently infected with the germs of the disease. The question of the sanitary regeneration of Havana, therefore, from our present point of view, relates to the possibility of placing this city in such a sanitary condition that it shall be exempt from yellow fever.

Before considering this question, let us inquire whether there is any good reason for the belief that such immunity exists elsewhere as a result of improvements in the sanitary conditions of cities lying within the area of yellow fever prevalence. We know that there may be an immunity due to latitude or altitude quite independent of local sanitary conditions. With reference to this I may be permitted to quote from one of my own published papers:²

"Yellow fever is essentially a *disease of the sea-coast*, and especially of large cities in an unsanitary condition; but when circumstances are favorable it may extend into the interior, following routes of travel, and especially navigable rivers.

"It is, however, confined to the lower levels, even in tropical or subtropical regions.

¹ "Pezuela," vol. iii, p. 27.

² Article on yellow fever, in "The American System of Practical Medicine." Lea Bros. & Co., publishers.

In the Antilles the disease rarely prevails at an altitude above seven hundred feet. In Mexico the cities of Orizaba, Jalapa, and Puebla, which are more than three thousand feet above the sea-level, have never suffered from the disease, although they have unrestricted communication with the infected sea-port, Vera Cruz. In Spain, where several severe epidemics have occurred, the disease has rarely prevailed at an altitude above one thousand feet. The epidemic at Madrid (altitude, two thousand feet), which occurred in 1878, was, however, an exception to this rule. In the United States a severe epidemic occurred at Chattanooga, Tennessee, in 1878. This town has an altitude of seven hundred and forty-five feet, which is the highest point at which the disease has prevailed in this country.

"*Temperature* is an essential factor in determining the prevalence of yellow fever in those places where it is endemic, and in the establishing of new centers of infection. Although the disease prevails to some extent throughout the year in the cities of Havana, Vera Cruz, and Rio de Janeiro, it is especially prevalent during the hot season in these cities, and its epidemic extension occurs only in the summer months."

The researches of the Havana commission of 1879 showed that during the ten years preceding our visit to Havana deaths from yellow fever had occurred not only every year, but every month in the year. The average number of deaths was greatest in July (328), and least in February (14).

In places which have a mean winter temperature below 65° F., the disease, when introduced, cannot establish itself as an endemic. The development of an epidemic requires a temperature of 75° to 80° F., maintained for some time, and upon the approach of cool weather the progress of the disease is checked. When the temperature falls below the freezing-point it is usually completely arrested, and, as a rule, the disease does not recur during the succeeding summer, unless it is again introduced.

Probably the only reason why yellow fever has not established itself permanently at any one of our Southern seaport cities is because the winter temperature is too low to preserve the vitality and favor the multiplication of the germ. It therefore dies out during the winter, or, according to the popular idea, is killed by the first frost. This being the case, we must not be too ready to assume that if we had possession of Havana this pestilential malady would be promptly stamped out by

the sanitary improvements which we would make. For, as a matter of fact, we have not accomplished this in our own cities on the Gulf coast. When yellow fever is introduced into one of these cities during the season favorable for its prevalence, history shows that it extends, with more or less rapidity, until the epidemic is terminated by the cool weather of autumn; and all efforts to arrest its progress by sanitation have heretofore been attended with a very unsatisfactory degree of success. Why, then, should we expect to be more successful in Havana if the task were thrown upon us of effecting the sanitary regeneration of that city to such an extent as to make it immune from the disease under consideration? Two questions present themselves: 1. Could the government of the United States effect the sanitary regeneration of Havana, if we had possession of that city? 2. Would the Congress of the United States appropriate the money necessary to accomplish this result?

Without attempting to answer the second question, I may remark that Congress has not heretofore appropriated money for the sanitary improvement of cities within the limits of the United States, and each municipality has had unlimited authority to be as dirty as it pleased. Questions relating to water-supply, disposal of sewage, paving of streets, etc., are disposed of by each city according to its own good pleasure, and it would be a new departure for the general government to appropriate large sums of money for these purposes.

That it is practicable to put the city of Havana in such a sanitary condition that it would be exempt from yellow fever I fully believe. But that this is an undertaking of considerable magnitude, involving the expenditure of large sums of money, and requiring much time, will be apparent when we have taken account of the nature of the sanitary improvements necessary for the accomplishment of the desired result.

The assertion has repeatedly been made that General Butler kept yellow fever out of New Orleans during the Civil War by "cleaning up" the city; and those who have accepted this statement have naturally inferred that by the same methods the city of Havana could be made proof against this disease. The reasoning is good, but it is based upon erroneous data. The street-cleaning and other measures of police enforced by General Butler, in my opinion, had nothing to do with the exemption of New Orleans from yellow fever during his administration as

military commander of the city. It was my fortune to be on duty in New Orleans during the administration of General Banks, which immediately followed that of General Butler, and the police regulations inaugurated by Butler were followed, to some extent at least, by Banks. The city of New Orleans remained free from yellow fever during Banks's administration also, but that this was due to its condition as to cleanliness is not credible. Many cleaner places have suffered from yellow fever when it has been introduced during the season favorable for its extension. I have had personal experience in support of this assertion, and may mention in this connection the epidemics at the Pensacola navy-yard in 1874, and at Fort Barrancas, Florida, in 1875. These places, under strict military surveillance, were kept in a better state of sanitary police than Butler ever attained in New Orleans. The true explanation of the immunity of New Orleans during the Civil War is to be found in the absolute quarantine restrictions by which the exotic germ of the disease was kept out of the city. This was rendered more easy by the fact that very little commerce was maintained with Havana and other infected ports. In 1861 the native-born citizens of New Orleans were to a large extent immune from yellow fever, because of the frequent epidemics which had occurred in that city during the ante-bellum period. During the great epidemic of 1853, 7970 deaths resulted from this disease in the city of New Orleans, and this was followed by 2423 in 1854, 2670 in 1855, 74 in 1856, 199 in 1857, and 3889 in 1858—a total of 17,225 during the decade preceding the war. This probably represents at least 170,000 cases. As many of the older inhabitants of the city were immune from having suffered from the disease in previous epidemics, it is evident that to a large extent the citizens of New Orleans were immune to yellow fever when it was occupied by the Federal troops in 1861.

The immunity of the creoles of New Orleans was not a birthright, as they generally supposed, but was due to an attack during childhood, commonly unrecognized, or at least to postnatal exposure during successive epidemics. The idea also prevails in Havana that native-born citizens have an immunity from the disease, and as a matter of fact the deaths from yellow fever are largely among strangers, and in the mortality statistics of the city this disease comes third, the first place being occupied by pulmonary con-

sumption, and the second by the group of intestinal diseases, including diarrhea, dysentery, and cholera infantum.

The death-rate of a city is, as a rule, the best index of its sanitary condition, and, judged by this standard, it is evident that there is great room for improvement in this city, which at one time was "justly considered one of the most healthy localities on the island" (Pezuela). Chaillé, in the report of the Havana Commission, from which I have already quoted, says:

"The actual sanitary condition of the principal ports of Cuba is very unfavorable, since in recent years their death-rates have ranged from 31.9 to 66.7. It also proves that the sanitary condition of the inland towns is very little, if at all, better than that of the seaports. The high death-rates of Guanabacoa and of Marianao are especially notable, because these suburban towns, within three and six miles of Havana, are summer resorts, and enjoy, especially Marianao, a high repute for salubrity."

The annual death-rate of Havana, estimated from the best attainable sources, was found by Chaillé to be 36.3 per 1000; of Guanabacoa, 39.8; of Marianao, 39.5. If we compare these rates with that of London (18.8), or of some of our principal seaport cities in the United States,¹ it will be evident that there is ample room for sanitary regeneration.

Let us now consider for a moment the actual sanitary condition of Havana at the time (1879) that the Yellow Fever Commission of the National Board of Health made the investigations to which reference has already been made.

"In Cuban cities generally good drainage is never found, except in such comparatively inextensive parts where nature requires little or no assistance. Even in Havana, the oldest and wealthiest city, the visitor is often astounded, especially in the rainy season, by impassable mud-holes and green, slimy, stagnant pools in the streets and in the back yards. This condition was found even in the Pueblo Nuevo ward, which is located so admirably for good drainage that little labor would be required to make it perfect.

"Messrs. Ariza and Herrera reported: 'Havana has no sewers, save in a few principal streets. These sewers have been built at interrupted intervals, and without reference to any general plan for drainage. They

¹ Boston, 22.5; Philadelphia, 20.17; Baltimore, 18.43; New York, 21.52; New Orleans, 27.88.

are seldom cleaned, and are generally obstructed in part or wholly with sediment or filth from the streets, and exhale offensive odors. As the sewers are few in number, the greater part of the water of the city empties through the streets into the harbor or the sea, but the quantity flowing into the sea is comparatively small.' Mr. A. H. Taylor, a civil engineer thoroughly informed on this subject, testified that the sewers of only three streets subserved any good purpose whatever, and that the remainder were so defective that the city would really be much better off without them. Covered by gratings which have large interspaces, the dirt and refuse of the streets find such ready entrance that a number of these sewers were seen filled up, with apparently solid materials, to within a few inches of the gratings. Since very few houses are connected with sewers, these are less offensive than they would otherwise be; but no one who has seen them can find any words except of unhesitating condemnation for their grossly defective structure.

"Less than one third of the population live on paved streets, and these are as well paved, and kept as clean—it is believed cleaner than is usual in the United States. The remainder live on unpaved streets, which for the most part are very filthy. Many of these, even in old and densely populated parts of the city, are no better than rough country roads, full of rocks, crevices, mud-holes, and other irregularities, so that vehicles traverse them with difficulty at all times, and in the rainy season they are sometimes impassable for two months. Rough, muddy, or both, these streets serve admirably as permanent receptacles for much decomposing animal and vegetable matter. Finally, not less, probably more, than one half the population of Havana live on streets which are constantly in an extremely insanitary condition; but these streets, though so numerous, are not in the beaten track of the pleasure tourist, in which capacity the writer, in 1856, spent ten days in Havana without witnessing many of the evils now testified to with emphasis.

"At least twelve in every thirteen inhabitants live in one-story houses; and as the total civil, military, and transient population exceeds two hundred thousand, there are more than twelve inhabitants to every house. Tenement-houses may have many small rooms, but each room is occupied by a family. Generally the one-story houses have four or five rooms; but house-rent, as are also food and clothing, is rendered so expen-

sive by taxation, by export as well as by import duties, that it is rare for a workman, even when paid from fifty to one hundred dollars a month, to enjoy the exclusive use of one of these mean little houses. Reserving one or two rooms for his family, he rents the balance.

"In the densely populated portions of the city the houses generally have no back yard, properly so called, but a flagged court, or narrow vacant space, into which sleeping-rooms open at the side; and in close proximity with these, at the rear of this contracted court, are located the kitchen, the privy, and often a stall for animals.

"Messrs. Ariza and Herrera report that in Havana the average height of the ground floor is from seven to eleven inches above the pavement; but in Havana, and more frequently in other Cuban towns, one often encounters houses which are entered by stepping down from the sidewalk, and some floors are even below the level of the street. In Havana some of the floors, in Matanzas more, in Cardenas and Cienfuegos many, are of the bare earth itself, or of planks raised only a few inches above the damp ground.

"The privy and the sink for slops, the open kitchen shed and the stable, immediately adjoin each other, confined in a very contracted space close to sleeping-rooms. The privy consists of an excavation which often extends several feet laterally under the stone flags of the court. Even if the sides be walled, the bottom is of the original porous earth or subsoil rock, thus permitting wide-spread saturation of the soil.

"Of the various evils recounted in connection with the subject of houses, there are two which deserve special attention. Many facts, besides those associated with the holds of vessels, justify the belief that the growth of the poison of yellow fever is specially favored in warm, moist, ill-ventilated places, where air is closely confined. The low-lying floors touching the earth, the small, densely packed houses, the unusually contracted ventilating-space in their rear, the large unventilated excavation for privies and sinks, all furnish, as is firmly believed, the most favorable breeding-places for the poison of yellow fever. In addition, statistics prove that in great cities subjected to ordinarily unfavorable conditions, the denser their population, the sicklier and shorter the lives of their inhabitants. Common sense and experience unite to teach that the denser a population, the more wide-

spread and frightful the havoc, especially of communicable diseases. Elsewhere will be found a special report on the density of the population of Havana compared with numerous other cities, and it therein appears that more than three fourths of the people of Havana live in the most densely populated localities in the world. A tropical climate renders this enormous evil still greater. Not only in Havana, but throughout Cuba, the average number of inhabitants to each house is unusually great; and this fact enables us better to understand the great prevalence in Cuba of those communicable diseases which its climate and other local conditions favor."

There is no reason to believe that the sanitary condition of Havana has materially changed since 1878, and the quotations made indicate some of the improvements necessary for the sanitary regeneration of the city. These are a complete and satisfactory system of sewers, pavements for the unpaved streets, and reconstruction of the unsanitary dwellings in accordance with modern sanitary regulations.

That the sections of the city which are in the worst sanitary condition afford the largest proportional share of deaths was shown by the investigations of the Yellow Fever Commission of 1879. Dr. Chaillé says:

"The portion of the city in worst repute is the fifth district, and especially Jesus Maria, one of its wards. This is, to considerable extent, reclaimed swamp-land, filled in largely with street refuse and garbage. It fronts the bottom of the harbor. Its rough, unpaved streets are in many places almost impassable in wet weather, even to pedestrians. Great mud-holes, covered with green slime, and fit only for the abode of hogs, are numerous. The houses, as well as the streets, have an uncared-for, filthy, and disgusting appearance; and the sickly, anemic residents look as dirty and cheerless as the streets and houses.

"The Punta or Colon wards, in the third district,—at least, the portions which immediately front the sea,—have a reputation almost as bad as the Jesus Maria ward. The foundation rocks were, during the last century, excavated to build fortifications, and these excavations were filled up with street refuse and garbage; hence this ward is, like Jesus Maria, to some extent, reclaimed land. These portions are alleged to be very unhealthy, while houses only six or eight blocks distant are not so. Comparatively light rains *flood the banquettes and run into the houses.*

The streets are wider and the houses better than in Jesus Maria. Some consider the location of the latter, at the bottom of the harbor, a chief cause for its unhealthfulness; but the unhealthy portion of the city now referred to fronts the sea.

"The Pueblo Nuevo ward, still farther to the west, also fronts the sea, and is built on a slope which attains an altitude of nearly 70 feet. Notwithstanding these advantages, it is very badly drained, and has, as it apparently deserves, an ill repute for healthfulness.

"The three suburban wards, Jesus del Monte, the Cerro, and Vedado, enjoy the best reputation for salubrity, and also for their freedom from yellow fever. Intelligent residents are readily found who will assert with great assurance that no one is ever attacked in these wards, except those who have been elsewhere infected.

"The summit of Jesus del Monte has an altitude of 67 meters, or 220 feet, the highest point in Havana or its immediate vicinity. However, there are few, if any, houses about the summit. The average level of the ward is only 80 feet, and more inhabitants live below than above this level. The natural drainage is excellent; the houses in the elevated portion occupy more ground and are better ventilated than in Havana."

Let us now turn for a moment to the sanitary history of two cities in the United States which have, apparently, been made immune to yellow fever by the very improvements above referred to.

One hundred years ago New York and Philadelphia were, to a large extent, destitute of pavements and sewers, and no doubt unsanitary conditions existed in many parts of these cities which were not materially different from those found by Dr. Chaillé in the Jesus Maria ward of Havana.

The city of Philadelphia suffered a devastating yellow-fever epidemic in 1793. The population of the city at the time was estimated at about 40,000, and of these more than 12,000 fled from the city. The total number of cases was about 11,000, with over 4000 deaths. In 1797 yellow fever again prevailed in Philadelphia, and caused about 1300 deaths. The following year a more fatal and wide-spread epidemic occurred, resulting in a mortality of 3645 in Philadelphia, 2080 in New York, and 200 in Boston. An epidemic of smaller proportions occurred in Philadelphia in 1802, and limited outbreaks have occurred in the vicinity of New York during the past fifty years (Fort

Hamilton in 1848, Governor's Island, 1870), but the great cities of New York and Philadelphia are now practically immune from this pestilential malady; and, in my opinion, Havana would enjoy a similar immunity if it could be placed in as satisfactory a sanitary condition as regards its dwellings, sewers, pavements, etc. I have said nothing about water-supply, for, as a matter of fact, Havana is now supplied with much better water than that furnished the citizens of Philadelphia, and its typhoid-fever rate is extremely low. There is no evidence that the prevalence of yellow fever is materially influenced by the quality of the water-supply of a city; but quantity of supply is an important factor in connection with the flushing of sewers and general cleanliness.

The idea has frequently been advanced that the prevalence of yellow fever in Havana depends upon the foulness of the water of its landlocked harbor, and the cutting of a canal through from the bottom of the cul-de-sac to the sea has been proposed as a remedy for the evil. This matter was carefully considered by the Havana Commission, and there are excellent reasons for believing that no results of importance would be attained by carrying out this expensive undertaking. In the first place, we know that the crews of vessels anchored in

the harbor at some distance from the shore rarely contract yellow fever. Again, the Punta or Colon wards, which front immediately upon the sea, "have a reputation almost as bad as the Jesus Maria ward," which is at the bottom of the cul-de-sac formed by the harbor.

The conclusion reached by Dr. Chaillé, after a most careful investigation of the subject, is stated in the following words:

"Colonel Albear seems to have completely demonstrated the impracticability of these proposed canals; and my own conviction is that, if practicable, they could not possibly place the small harbor of Havana in as favorable sanitary condition as are by nature the large harbors of Matanzas and Cienfuegos, where yellow fever none the less prevails."

While I do not consider the proposed canal an essential feature in the sanitary regeneration of Havana, there are certain important improvements in connection with the harbor which would contribute greatly toward the accomplishment of the object in view. These are a substantial sea-wall along that part of the city fronting on the harbor; and an intersecting sewer, in connection with a complete system of sewers, with a pumping-station for the discharge of sewage into the ocean.

KNIGHTS ERRANT.

BY L. H. HAMMOND.

THOU Pain, before whose strength I reel,
 Thou of the iron grip,
 Beneath thy mailèd clutch I feel
 My life-blood slowly drip.

Thine eyes burn downward through the dark;
 Helpless, I writhe and strive;
 Uplifted, through the gloom I mark
 The hand that holds the gyve.

Fettered, I watch in the slow dawn
 The free knights riding by,
 The knights to whom men's hopes are drawn,
 Who neither yield nor fly.

They beckon, and I learn at length
 The price for knighthood paid:
 Thy fetters are their secret strength,
 Thy clutch their accolade.

COLE'S OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.

SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY (1753-1839).

BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE.

THE career of Sir William Beechey reminds us anew of the ease with which a fashion-made fame may "blaze and pass away." Sir William was a court painter, a Royal Academician, a much-praised delineator of society's face in the time of George III. During a long life he exhibited at the Academy upward of three hundred and fifty portraits of royalty, nobility, and celebrity; every one of note sat to him, and after Sir Joshua he was the first painter to be knighted by the king; and yet to-day there are few of his profession to do him reverence. His reputation and even his pictures seem to have disappeared from view. Some of his portraits are still in royal residences and English country houses, but one rarely sees his work in public places.

He was born at Burford in 1753, and was at first articled to a conveyancer, and afterward to a solicitor in London; but in 1772 he broke through the legal mesh, and became a pupil at the Royal Academy. He had Reynolds for an example and Paul Sandby for a friend and adviser, and being precocious, he attracted attention to himself at an early age. After some four or five years' residence at Norwich he established himself in Brook street, London; was elected an associate of the Academy; and in 1793 painted a portrait of Queen Charlotte that gave him the title of Painter to Her Majesty. Shortly afterward he put forth what has been called his masterpiece—a large equestrian group of George III with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York reviewing the troops. This gained the painter the rank of Academician and the distinction of knighthood. The picture is now at Hampton Court, where it attracts little notice. It is a somewhat bombastic performance, but royalty was flattered by it, and it served Beechey's purpose well in gaining him court favor. Fashion flocked to him, and for many years he was the favorite painter of the upper classes. Lawrence finally succeeded him in fashionable esteem, though Beechey always held a following of his own. He died a very old man, at Hampstead, in 1839, leaving two sons *who became painters of some rank.*

Beechey's early portraits were executed with precision, and, it is said, bore excellent likeness to the originals; but his later ones were often rambling and careless, with the carelessness of prosperity. At no time were they strongly marked by any great artistic inspiration. There was a want of mental fire in the conception and some superficiality in the execution. Nor was his type too attractive—for, of course, he had a type like Hoppner and the others of his time. His ladies of fashion were large of body, round of arm, heavy of cheek, and often of desperate dullness. His portraiture hardly awakens a lively sympathy, as does that of Gainsborough, though he occasionally did children with spirit and naïve characterization, as Mr. Cole's engraving happily indicates.

His classical pictures were, like those of his contemporaries, lacking in imagination and in knowledge of composition. Following Romney, he posed young women as Bacchantes, Adorations, Evening Stars, Hebes; but in each case it was merely the idealized portrait with some attribute to suggest the title. The "Infant Hercules" was a Hercules only by virtue of his club, and when Beechey repeated the figure he substituted a cross for the club and called the result "John the Baptist." He knew nothing about historical painting, but, of course, he primed canvases and set palettes for it, like every one in the school.

Occasionally Beechey had an interesting way of regarding his sitters, and sometimes worked with unwonted vivacity; but usually he was perfunctory, and almost as colorless mentally as the white dresses with which he chose to garb his fair sitters. Technically he was not strong in either drawing or painting, and was often exaggerated in lights and colors. Reynolds groaned in spirit at seeing his faults emphasized by his followers, but he probably never dreamed that their work would pass current as his. A painter usually has sins enough of his own without being held responsible for those of his imitators, yet it has been Sir Joshua's fate to have not a few of Beechey's pictures laid at his door. Needless to say they add little to his fame.



FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE LOUVRE.

BROTHER AND SISTER. PAINTED BY SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY.

(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)



PHOTOGRAPH LEFT BY HUGH KELLY.

A CUBAN PEASANT HOUSE OF THE BETTER SORT.

CUBA AS SEEN FROM THE INSIDE.¹

BY OSGOOD WELSH, AN AMERICAN SUGAR-GROWER.

CUBA, the land of tragedy, slavery, comedy, and romance, the old home of the bucaneer, has been the scene of many a conflict. The legends of the island are full of romance, and in many cases are pure inventions. It has been in the possession of Spain for about four hundred years, and peopled by native-born Spaniards and Africans and their descendants, known as Creoles. While a province of Spain, and, as Spaniards regard it, an integral part of the kingdom, the island has always been the spoil of the Spanish office-holder. Corruption in administration has been rife and the demoralization of the inhabitants most thorough. The bucaniers disappeared years ago, but brigandage exists up to the present day. Every part of the island has its own brigand chief, who collects tribute from the people of his district. So fruitful is the soil of Cuba, and so easy the life in times of peace, that the peasantry have always been a happy-go-lucky lot. Nor does one have to go far to discover what may be called the national pastime; for on Sundays and holidays, at every railroad-station and in all the small settlements, men may be seen with fighting-cocks under their arms.

¹ For inside information from another point of view, the reader is referred to "Ten Months with the Cuban Insurgents," an article in the *JUNE CENTURY*, by a young American who was an officer with the insurgents.—*Error*.

Of late a great deal has been said and written about Cuba, but in nearly all cases the accounts are colored and poorly digested. It must be remembered that slavery existed all through the island, and was totally abolished only in the year 1886. The demoralizing influence of slavery upon the slaveholding classes is well known; its effects are discernible throughout the island, and cannot be eradicated until at least one generation after the abolition of the system has passed away. For many years, Cuba, in common with other West India islands, enjoyed the monopoly of supplying a large part of the world with sugar, and the profits accruing were enormous. By the sugar industry families of great wealth and influence were built up.

For a time the civilization of Cuba was in many respects far in advance of the United States. The dwellings both in the cities and on the sugar estates were in many instances palatial, the furnishings and fittings gorgeous in the extreme, and the use of silver for all domestic utensils was quite common. Thus there existed in the island what might be termed a barbaric civilization, as compared with what is known as a more domestic civilization in this country. The line between the rich and the poor was sharply drawn. The disaffected and restless citizens of the island to-day are, to a great extent, the descendants of those rich families

who, by reason of their profligacy, indolence, and neglect, have become almost extinct as a power in the land. There are, however, a few notable exceptions. The palatial residences and large estates remain; but the families, if in possession at all, exist only in name. Their fortunes were dissipated in Havana, New York, Saratoga, Paris, and Madrid. The present generation of those families are profligate, idle, and more or less vicious, and, in consequence, a disturbing element in the island.

The insurrection that began about three years ago was made possible by the industrial depression in the island. Following the downfall of the great Cuban families, the control of the sugar estates fell into the hands of native-born Spaniards and a few Americans. Slavery became extinct, and Chinese labor was substituted and abandoned. Owing to the competition of the bounty-fed beet-sugars of Europe, the price of sugar in the markets of the world became very low; and had it not been for the wonderful natural advantages possessed by the island, and the ingenuity of those who of late have controlled the work of production, the industry might have become almost extinct, as in the case of some of the English islands. Many small factories were abandoned, private railroads were built, and the work was concentrated into what are known as central factories, thus minimizing the labor required and decreasing the expense of manufacture. It must be understood that

sugar is the one great staple product of the island. Tobacco, while of considerable importance, cuts but a small figure as compared with sugar. During the few years immediately preceding the present insurrection, the crop of sugar steadily increased from seven hundred thousand to one million tons per annum, and this in the face of extremely low prices.

The people of the United States do not appear to appreciate what the Cuban insurrection really is. The United States is in fact the battle-ground, because of the industrious propaganda carried on by the Junta, whereas the island of Cuba has been the scene of disaster and destruction. The insurgents had no importance whatever in the eyes of serious-thinking people until the autumn of 1895, when, it will be remembered, some important newspapers in this country, and a number of senators, took a lively interest in the insurrection; and it was not until then that the spirit of insurrection became generally rampant in the island. The Cubans are a peculiarly impressionable people, always eager to be on the safe side; and when they saw the attention paid in the United States to their affairs, they immediately jumped at the conclusion that their independence was in sight; and, wishing to be on the winning side, all became more or less active insurgents. The peasantry are by nature docile and industrious for a tropical people, but at the same time ignorant and superstitious, and there-



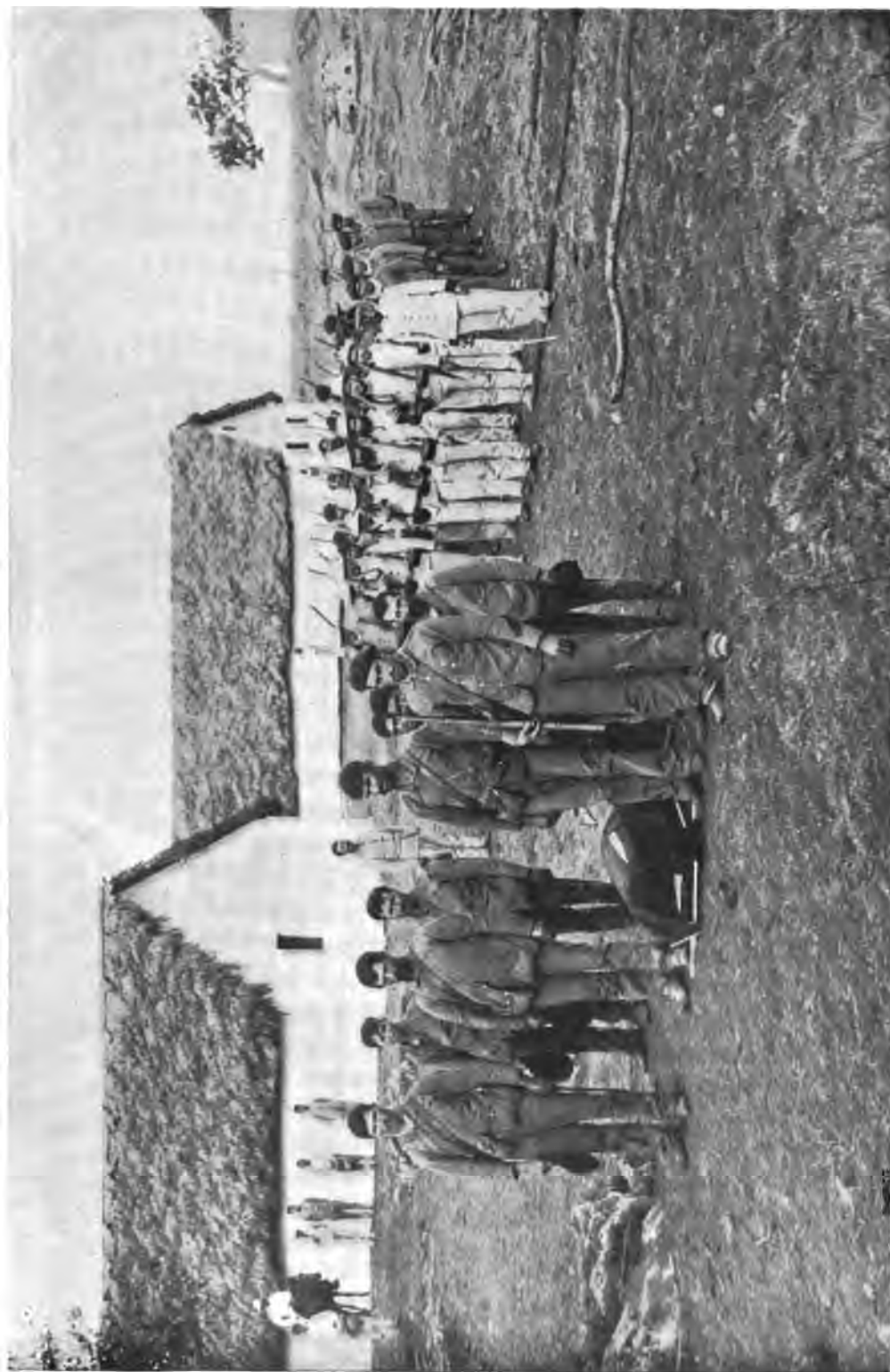
PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY HUGH KELLY.

PEASANT HOLDING A WOODEN PLOW.



PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY OSBODD WELSH.

A SUGAR-PLANTER WITH STAFF AND SPANISH BODY-GUARD.



PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY OSGOOD WELSH.

FUNERAL OF A PLANTATION GUARD, KILLED IN REPELLING AN ATTACK OF INSURGENTS.



PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY OSGOOD WELSH.

BLOCKHOUSE ON A PLANTATION RAILWAY, AND LOOKOUT TOWER MADE OF AN OLD SUGAR-HOUSE BOILER.

fore easily led by schemers like the leaders of the insurrection.

The two prominent figures in the movement were Maximo Gomez and Antonio Maceo. Gomez is a San Domingan, a white man, a soldier of fortune, and a "boss." Maceo was a mulatto, an ardent enthusiast in the interests of his race, a conscientious, honest, upright man, who in the European schools had trained himself in the art of war. He enjoyed the respect of his enemies, and was a born soldier.

The "insurrection," as it is known, had its inception in the eastern provinces, and virtually did not exist west of Puerto Principe. It will be well to remind the reader that the most eastern province of the island is Santiago; then come Puerto Principe, Santa Clara, Matanzas, and Havana, the westernmost province being Pinar del Rio. The island at the time of the outbreak was literally full of horses and cattle. Gomez, Maceo, and their followers, armed and mounted, made a raid from the east toward the west, penetrating the province of Pinar del Rio.

Their line of march was wide, and was literally a pillar of fire by night and a cloud of smoke by day. During their march their numbers were steadily augmented, the ignorant peasantry little knowing that they

were adding fuel to the flame that would be their destruction, and end in making so many of them the famous "reconcentrados." The path of destruction of this raid is clearly discernible in the devastated country, and the ruin of every structure within its lines, except possibly the larger sugar properties that were protected by Spanish troops. Maceo penetrated Pinar del Rio, and was left there by Gomez, who returned to the fastnesses in the wilds of the east. It will be remembered that Maceo fought many engagements in Pinar del Rio. Succor from Gomez being denied him, he was ultimately compelled to leave that province, and, in his effort to cut his way through the Spanish lines, fell a victim to the chances of war, and in his death the possibility of race complications growing out of the insurrection was largely eliminated; for it must be remembered that Maceo was a negro and enjoyed the absolute confidence of his race. By common repute, the negroes of the insurrection are the best fighting men; and had Maceo lived, they would have had in him a powerful advocate in demanding full recognition for their part in the conflict. Since the death of Maceo, the so-called war in the provinces of Pinar del Rio, Havana, Matanzas, and Santa Clara has been confined to occasional encounters with the Spanish troops and the

destruction by the insurgents of all unprotected property.

The question is often asked, Why has not Spain, with her large forces, been able to quell the rebellion? To those who are most intimate with the conditions prevailing in the island, the only answer seems to be that the Spanish generals and other officers are incompetent, and, being stimulated by double pay while on colonial service, appear to be in no hurry to get back to Spain. The mystery of Spain's utter failure in Cuba seems to have its solution in the fact that sixteenth-century methods are employed in the face of nineteenth-century conditions, a practice under which success is impossible. The indomitable pride and courage of Spain, and the inability of the Cubans to effect an organization leading to efficient self-government, are the factors that have prolonged the situation through all these years. The corruption of the Spanish administration in Cuba is proverbial, and need not be dwelt upon; but it should be borne in mind that the seed sown by them has found a fruitful soil in which to grow. The Cubans themselves, more particularly those of the towns, have been imitators of their masters, and in the matter of barbarity and cruelty the roaming bands of insurgents have been equal in every respect to the worst of the Spanish forces. Those of the people of the United States who, during the Civil War, lived in what were known as the border-lands or disputed territory can form some idea of the conditions existing in many parts of unhappy Cuba, where the country is harried first by the Cuban patriots and next by the Spanish irregular forces, known as guerrillas.

Much has been said of the terrible *machete*, a deadly weapon indeed in the hands of a desperate man, and when used against a defenseless person. The machete was never intended for a weapon of warfare; it is an instrument of husbandry carried by the Cuban peasant in times of peace, and is his one familiar daily companion. It cuts his fire-wood, aids him in building his hut, hews his path through the *manigua*, and performs many other offices. The machete is a straight, heavy blade about two feet long, with a wooden or bone handle, having no guard; consequently it is utterly unsuited as a weapon to be used in a conflict with an armed man. The Cuban, of course, by reason of his long familiarity with the instrument, is an adept in its use, and its effect upon a group of unarmed workmen is truly terrible. It is in the foray against the de-

fenseless and unarmed that the most serious work of the machete has been done in the island of Cuba.

The principal central sugar-factories of Cuba have tributary to them large areas of land on which is grown the cane for the mills. The cane is transported to the mills by private lines of railways, these being in some cases fifty miles long. To illustrate the method of warfare practised by the insurgents, consider one of these large properties as it was before the Gomez-Maceo raid and afterward. Imagine a tract of country twelve miles square, through which is laid about fifty miles of railway, with many stations and buildings for the accommodation of workmen and their families, and with the necessary stores. At about the time of the Gomez-Maceo raid this place was visited by the insurgents, and every outlying building, being unprotected, was destroyed. What is known as the "batey," or the piece of land on which the factory, shops, dwelling-houses, etc., are situated, was guarded and consequently was unmolested. Literally thousands of people were thus rendered homeless and destitute. The proprietors, recognizing the seriousness of the situation, immediately set to work to care for the unfortunate peasantry; and to guard them and the property from further devastation, a system of small forts or blockhouses was devised and speedily erected. Meanwhile the process of "reconcentracion" went on, with the happy result of providing safe homes for the unfortunate. In all, sixty-four of these forts were erected on that particular property, and at one time they were garrisoned by about nine hundred men, in the pay of the owners of the property, the arms and ammunition being furnished by the Spanish government. In addition, the proprietors established a force of about two hundred mounted guerrillas for the protection of the workmen in the fields and for the general maintenance of order. The expense, as can be readily understood, was enormous; but the property, barring the first raid, has been preserved intact. The proprietors received many threatening letters from the insurgent leaders, but in the face of all difficulties and dangers maintained the integrity of the property and supplied a veritable sanctuary for thousands of people who were victims of the insurgent raids throughout the surrounding country. Each family, as it arrived, was allotted a piece of land and given facilities for the erection of a dwelling-place.

When the insurrection broke out, the

population of Cuba was, in round numbers, one million five hundred thousand, one third black and two thirds white, the line between black and white being sharply drawn, as in this country; that is to say, all tinged with black blood are classed as black. Some few Chinese remained in the island after the system of Chinese contract labor was abandoned; so the working-classes of the island

order, and not merely for the purpose of setting up an insurgent government, there would be found a general disposition to lay down arms and go to work. It is also safe to say that all people, both Spaniards and Cubans, having possessions in the island look to the United States as the only power that can guarantee peace and prosperity. Setting aside the class to whom the patronage and



PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY OSGOOD WELSH.

DEFENSES ILLUSTRATIVE OF SIXTY-FOUR STONE PORTS AND BLOCKHOUSES ON A SUGAR PLANTATION NEAR CIENFUEGOS.

were composed of Spaniards, native whites, negroes, and Chinese. All hotels and shops were kept by Spaniards, and most of the employees in those establishments were from old Spain. Draymen, stevedores, and the like were Spaniards and negroes. The cigar-makers were invariably Cubans, both white and black. The field-laborers throughout the island were native Cubans, white and black, and a few Chinese. In sugar-factories are found Spaniards, Cubans, and Chinese. Excepting a comparatively small number of men who are active in the insurrection, it is safe to say that the people of the island, both Spaniards and Cubans, are anxious for peace. And if they could be made to understand that the advent of the American forces was for the purpose of establishing peace and

power of government are attractive, serious-minded Spaniards and Cubans alike believe that successful Spanish rule is no longer a possibility; but insurgent rule, as an alternative, is dreaded. I say this without hesitation, because of my large circle of acquaintance among the residents of the island, both Spanish and Cuban, many of whom I find it a privilege to count among my friends.

By taking an active part in the affairs of the island, the United States has assumed a grave responsibility. By overthrowing a government which has existed for centuries, it binds itself, in its own interest and in honor, to give the island as good a government as it gives to its own people. It is bound also to safeguard its interests as a protecting power. A ship-canal

is sure to be cut somewhere through Central America, and Cuba, with its magnificent harbors and unlimited resources, will always be the key to the Caribbean Sea; consequently Cuba must be under the control of the dominant power of the Western Hemisphere. The imagination cannot depict the limits of the possibilities for Cuba as a secure and wisely governed territory.

Save the railway systems of the few most densely populated provinces, there are no internal improvements in the island. After leaving the immediate vicinity of the larger towns there is not a single made road. The conditions of existence are so easy that the strongest incentive for improvement is lacking. In no place on the face of the earth is it probable that the contrast between the rich and the poor is so marked. The home of the peasant is a hut, generally of but one room, with a lean-to for a kitchen; its frame is of light poles, and the shell and the leaves of the palm-tree furnish the materials for the roof and walls. Nothing more primitive could be imagined.

With but little more than an apology for cultivation, the earth yields abundantly for the needs of man. Cattle and horses thrive, and it is a poor peasant indeed who has not one or more of the strong and easily kept ponies of the island. Under a strong arm the almost universal desolation of to-day would, as if by magic, be turned into peace, abundance, and prosperity. To illustrate the fertility of the soil, it may be mentioned that there are many cane-fields from which more than one hundred annual crops have been taken without the return of anything to the land. Not more than about one fifth of the island has been under cultivation.

By pretty much all the world Cuba is

known as "The Pearl of the Antilles," and this by reason of no poetic fiction, but because of its wonderful prolificness, due to soil, climate, and rainfall. Cuba, under unfavorable conditions, has produced one million tons of sugar in a year, or, say, one half of the annual consumption of the United States. With a stable government and a guaranty of exemption from revolution, the people of the United States could be supplied by the island with all the sugar they need, and at less cost than they can get it elsewhere. Even under the unfavorable conditions of the last few years, sugar is made in Cuba at a cost of less than two cents per pound, and it is known that that figure could be materially reduced. The level lands and lower foot-hills are adapted to sugar cultivation, and in the hill countries the finest coffee known in the world is grown.

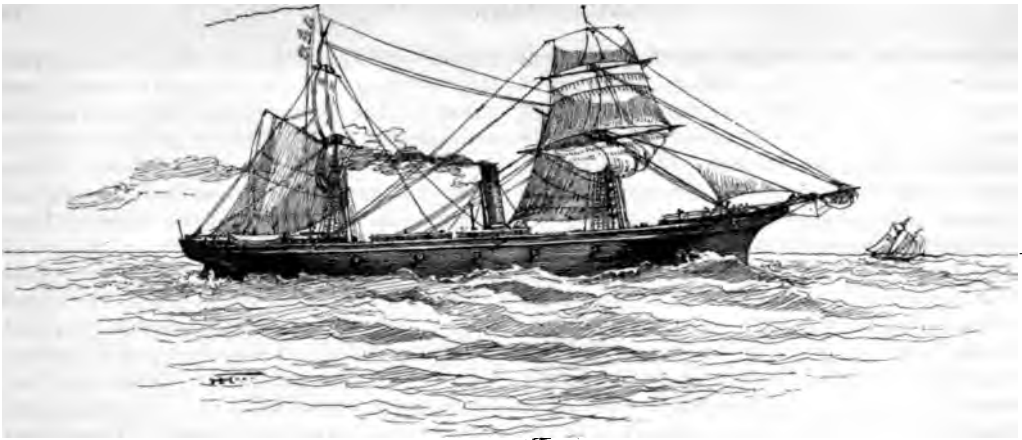
Of course Cuba is tropical, and has all the inconveniences of a damp, hot, summer climate; but the mountains are a delightful place of residence and wonderfully healthy all the year through. As a winter resort it is far more desirable than any place available to the majority of the people of the United States, and would unquestionably become the Mecca of those seeking exemption from our cold winters. All winter long fresh vegetables and fruits abound. The sulphur springs in the hills about one hundred miles from Havana are particularly attractive. The deposits of iron and copper ore and asphaltum are only partly developed. Coal is not known to exist in the island, but the virgin forests of valuable wood are immense. Nature has given every conceivable advantage to Cuba, and it requires only the intelligence of man to develop the wonderful resources and establish a producer of wealth hitherto unknown.

SONG.

BY CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

ROSE that wast born with the morning,
And hast lived and died for me,
Here in the dusk of the evening
I rue the death of thee.

Would that the beauty and sweetness
That thou on my heart hast shed,
I had caught into a cadence,
To live when I am dead!



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RIDEAU, CHERBOURG.

THE CONFEDERATE CRUISER "GEORGIA."

CONFEDERATE COMMERCE-DESTROYERS.¹

III. "THE CONFEDERACY'S ONLY FOREIGN WAR."

BY JAMES MORRIS MORGAN,

Formerly Midshipman on the Confederate cruiser *Georgia*.

AS I am probably the sole survivor of the only foreign war in which the late Southern Confederacy engaged, I have determined, after more than thirty years of silence, to give a true history of it to the public. It may be asked how I became a survivor. In reply, I would explain that a Southerner is a survivor, in contradistinction to a Northerner, who is a veteran.

In the winter of 1863-64 I was the only midshipman on the Confederate cruiser *Georgia*. My rank did not allow me to seek companionship among the crew, nor did it permit of my associating on terms of equality with the lieutenants. We first joined the *Georgia* off Ushant Island, on the coast of France, after having been pitched and tossed about in the English Channel in a small tug-boat during a terrific gale which lasted for three days. We hoisted our guns and ammunition on board the new cruiser, and raised the Confederate flag; and then we met with our first disappointment: the crew we had brought out refused to go in the vessel, with the exception of barely a sufficient number to venture to sea with. However, we rectified this difficulty in a few days by capturing a big prize, the *Dictator* of New York, and shipping nearly her entire crew. We burned the *Dictator*, and proceeded to the Cape Verde Islands,

where we came near running into the hands of a United States man-of-war which was riding peaceably at anchor within the harbor. We turned suddenly, and ran around the island, and waited for the man-of-war to go to sea in search of us. I am glad to say that we never saw her again.

We then went to the port of Bahia in Brazil, where we met the *Alabama*, and I had a good time with the numerous little midshipmen on board. The *Georgia* then cruised down the Brazilian coast as far as Rio de Janeiro, off which port we captured the *George Griswold*, dangerously near the tabooed marine league. We then steered out into the Atlantic, and captured and burned several vessels. The captain of one of them, the *Good Hope*, had died on the voyage, and his crew had preserved his body in brine. Captain Maury of the *Georgia* had the remains brought on board his ship, wrapped the rude coffin in the United States flag, read the Episcopal service for the burial of the dead at sea, and committed the body to the deep. While this religious ceremony was going on, the *Good Hope*, a few hundred yards away, with all sail set, was one mass of flames from her trucks to her keelson, and two white sea-birds were circling around the main-trunk of the *Georgia*. I was in charge of the deck while the ceremony was going on, and the lookout reported to me that a sail on the starboard bow was bearing down upon us

¹ For narratives of the cruises of the *Tallahassee* and the *Florida*, see the *JULY CENTURY*.—EDITOR.

very rapidly. I noiselessly stationed myself behind our captain, and informed him of the fact. He paid no attention to me, and I felt very uneasy; but the moment the coffin splashed into the waves he showed that he had heard me, for his next words were: "Beat to quarters, sir!" We went to our guns, and awaited the stranger, who came close up, hove to, and lowered a boat. Soon the captain came on board the *Georgia*. His first words as he stepped over the side were: "Can I be of any assistance? How did she catch fire?" Poor fellow! he thought the blaze was accidental, and had headed for the burning ship to offer assistance. His vessel proved to be the American bark *Seaver*. He explained that he had been for a long time in the Pacific Ocean, and was ignorant of the fact that civil war was raging at home. Under the circumstances, Captain Maury decided not to burn him. Our prisoners were put on board of his vessel, and he went on his way rejoicing.

It was in these seas that one night, during a gale of wind, we came near having a collision with the United States frigate *Niagara*. She passed so close to us that you might have thrown the usual biscuit aboard. It was well for the tempers of the officers of the *Niagara*, as well as for our own nerves, that neither of us knew the name of the other ship until the "cruel war was over."

We next found ourselves at the barren island of Trinidad. This lonely spot is generally sighted by vessels, who approach it to see if their chronometers need correcting after a long sea-voyage. We lay hidden under the shadow of the Sugar Loaf, a natural monument which rises out of the sea alongside the island to the height of twelve hundred feet. We lay at anchor here for some time, and made two prizes, one of which we burned, after taking enough coal out of her to replenish our bunkers. The first intimation that passing vessels would have of our proximity would be a shot skipping across their bows as a signal that we desired them to stop. We then sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, and arrived at Simon's Town to find that the *Alabama* had sailed a few hours before.

Some of the lieutenants of our ship made up a jolly party, and visited the city of Cape Town. When they returned I was given my liberty for a few days. What to do with it, I had not the slightest idea; so I hired a horse, and rode across the to me unknown country between Simon's Town and Cape Town. On the way, I met a Dutch boy who

could not speak English, and a tame Kaffir negro, with whom, despite my utter loneliness, I did not fraternize on account of my Southern prejudices. At last I arrived at Cape Town, hungering for human society. At the hotel, after performing my ablutions, I was shown into the dining-room. I thought, on seeing the crowd of people, "Here, at all events, is company who won't object to my rank." I was wrong. There was company, and very interesting company at that! But on my entrance several of them arose, and flying oaths made the air of the place sultry. I could hear above the din one particular voice swearing that he would never eat at the same table with a pirate! These words were not accurate, as he had eaten at the same table with me for three weeks while he was a prisoner on the *Georgia*. It seems that the hotel was full of ship-captains whose vessels had been destroyed by the Confederate cruisers. For a moment it looked as if they were going to assault me. I was armed, and, true to the instincts of my native land, I got the "drop" on them. The proprietor was horrified. He rushed between us, and begged me to accompany him. I complied. He invited me into his private apartments, where I dined with his wife and daughters. Here, at last, was society more congenial than that of the Yankee skippers. Since I have become older I have often felt grateful to that inn-keeper for taking me out of the room in time; for I have been told that a British jury would not have looked upon a man who shot down another with the same favor that I might have expected in my native Louisiana.

The next day I returned over the weary road to Simon's Town, and rejoined my ship in high spirits. While we were calking decks and taking provisions on board, her Majesty's troop-ship *Himalaya* entered the harbor. There was a British regiment on board, bound for the East Indies. They took the greatest interest in the "pirate," and some of the officers invited the little "secesh" midshipman, as they called me, to dine on board of their huge ship. It was a red-letter day with me, and I enjoyed my visit immensely, as they made much of me; and when they were leaving port the soldiers cheered our ship. We manned the rigging and returned the compliment with three times three.

We put to sea a few days afterward, and cruised to the southward a short distance, where we met the tea fleet coming from the East. By this move we missed running into the United States ship *Vanderbilt*, which was

hunting for us. When we turned to the north with the fleet, and while going from one vessel to another inquiring of them their nationality, we came under the shadow of Table Mountain late in the afternoon, and saw the *Vanderbilt* on the horizon, steaming for Table Bay. We did not molest her, but satisfied ourselves with making a prize of the merchant ship *John Watt*. The *Vanderbilt* was six times as large as the *Georgia*, and carried twelve eleven-inch guns, whereas the *Georgia* carried only five little pop-guns, the largest of which was a five-inch rifle.

Night after night, as we continued on our course to the north, the sea was illumined with phosphorescent lights. Grass was growing upon our hull, some of it being six inches long, reducing the speed of the ship to five or six knots under steam at her best. We next entered the port of Santa Cruz in the Canary Islands, famed among sailors as the place where Nelson lost his arm. The governor kindly permitted us to coal ship and buy fresh provisions, and after a pleasant rest of three days we went on our way. A Federal man-of-war had left this port only a few days before we entered it.

We now steered north, evidently seeking a dry-dock, of the services of which we stood in much need, as the ship could hardly drag herself through the water. One day, during a calm, we captured the *Bold Hunter*, loaded with coal. We tried to replenish our stock from her, but, the wind rising, the sea became too high, and we recalled our prize crew, who before returning fired the ship. The officer of the deck on the *Georgia*, through carelessness, allowed his vessel to drift too near the burning prize, which was forging ahead under all sail, with no one aboard to control her movements. Seeing a collision imminent, he pulled the engine-bell to go ahead at full speed. As the engine started there was a crash in the engine-room, and we knew that the usual accident had happened—namely, that the wooden cogs which turned the shaft had broken. In an instant the *Bold Hunter* was upon us. She rose on a high sea, and came down on our rail, smashing boat-davits and boats. She recoiled, and rushed at us again like a mad bull. This time, plunging from the top of a huge wave, she came down on our taffrail, doing much damage. It now looked as though the cruise of the *Georgia* was about to end; and had not the *Bold Hunter* suddenly sheered off and passed to leeward of us, the only "foreign war" in which the Southern Confederacy ever engaged would never have been fought.

While the engineers were repairing our engines we calmly gazed upon our late antagonist, the fires seething in her vitals and leaping up her beautiful white sails to her mastheads, and then running down her tarry rigging to her body again. She rolled and plunged and seemed to writhe in mortal agony until relief came in one deep dive, and she disappeared. Never had a ship without a crew made a more desperate and damaging attack upon her pitiless tormentor.

Having finished our repairs, we proceeded on our way toward the English Channel.

The next day we had an exciting encounter with a Frenchman—the bark *La Patrie* of Marseilles. We overhauled her when there was barely sufficient air stirring to fill her sails. This was the only kind of weather in which we could catch anything, so foul had the hull of the *Georgia* become by our long stay in tropical waters. When ordered to heave to, the Gaul refused, saying he was a "Frenchman, and would not stop for a pirate," adding that we were *canaille*.

The insolence of the reply did not ruffle the gentle temper of Captain Maury. "Oh, he will stop," he said. "I have observed that Frenchmen like theatricals, but they don't mean any harm." He then ordered a boat lowered, and, turning to me, gave me my instructions as boarding officer. "Board her, sir," he said, "and tell her captain that you only want to see his papers. If they are correct, we do not wish to molest him; but if he is an American masquerading under the French flag, with a Frenchman on deck to deceive us, I will blow him out of the water if he does not swing his mainyard immediately. Use no force, sir."

With an unarmed boat's crew, I went alongside the stranger. Her captain stood in the weather gangway, holding an old sword in his right hand, which he menacingly flourished as he forbade me to attempt to board. His crew were behind him, two of them having guns, the rest being armed with handspikes and various other harmless-looking implements, such as marlinespikes, but deadly weapons, in reality, when in the hands of sailors. I returned to the *Georgia*, and reported the manner of my reception. Our first lieutenant now joined me in the boat, and the crew was armed. We went back to the infuriated Frenchman, but met with no better success. We were anxious to avoid using force, as we were bound to a French port; but this defiance of our rights as a belligerent was too much to be patiently

borne. Again returning to the cruiser, we "beat to quarters," and fired a blank cartridge, with no apparent result. We then fired a solid shot across his bow. The Frenchman still defied us. As the *Georgia* swung round, our captain, scarcely allowing room enough for the stern-chasers to miss our adversary, ordered me to fire. The shot struck the water a few inches from his cutwater, covering his forecastle with spray. In my nautical experience I never before or since saw a maintopsail thrown aback so suddenly. We again entered the boat, this time boarding *La Patrie* without waiting for an invitation. As interpreter, I demanded to see the ship's papers. Her captain replied that we would have to use force. "Ask him," said our lieutenant, "if he wants me to knock him down. I am tired of this nonsense. If he does not show his papers in two minutes, I will fire his ship." The skipper said he wanted the lieutenant only to lay his finger gently on his coat-sleeve—that would be sufficient; and with many gestures proceeded to show how it ought to be properly done. If the lieutenant would only grant this favor, he would show his papers at once, and no longer detain us. The lieutenant complied with his request, and the Frenchman led the way into his cabin. With a courtly bow he remarked, "*Ici nous sommes des messieurs,*" produced his papers, which were all correct, and opened a bottle of champagne to celebrate the occasion. This incident was afterward made the subject of a diplomatic correspondence between the Emperor's government and Mr. Slidell. Fortunately for us, a few days after our battle with *La Patrie* we found a small French brig in distress. She was on her beam ends, and out of provisions and fresh water. We righted the little fellow, who hailed from Cherbourg, and supplied his wants. This rescue was of value to us when the report of *La Patrie's* captain reached France.

Shortly after these adventures, on a dark night we entered the artificial fortress harbor of Cherbourg. When day broke we were greeted by a grand view of the French iron-clad fleet anchored on our starboard beam in two long lines between us and the forts on the breakwater.

We had been here only a few days when a fearful storm burst upon us in the night. A wooden line-of-battle ship dragged her anchors and came down upon us. She held her ground only when she was a few fathoms away. All that night we watched her anxiously, praying that those cables would not

part. When day broke it was a grand sight to see the huge ironclads pitching bows under to every sea. Later in the day it was heartbreaking to witness the efforts of the fisher-boats struggling in from the Channel, missing the narrow entrance to the port, and go smashing upon the rocks. One fellow made such a gallant struggle for life that the French flag-ship *La Couronne* cut loose a launch containing twenty men and a young lieutenant, which had been towing astern, and they rowed to the rescue of the fishermen, whose craft went tumbling upon the rocks of destruction before the assistance arrived. And then the launch followed, being smashed like an egg-shell, and her heroic crew perishing with her. When the elements quieted down, the bodies were picked up, and there was a grand funeral. We poor "pirates" were invited to attend, and we saw a rare pageant. The bodies were placed on light-artillery gun-carriages, the coffins being draped with the national colors. Soldiers and marines lined the avenue from the dock-yard to the cemetery. A large number of priests, followed by bands of music, preceded the cortège. Then came the biers, followed by admirals and other officers, according to rank. We were placed just after the admirals. Then came the crew of the *Couronne*, numbering six hundred men, followed by the ships' companies of the rest of the fleet. Upon arriving at the cemetery, the bodies of the common sailors were first lowered into one big grave. They were to abide together in death, as they had lived and suffered together in life. But the officer had a separate grave. Just as his body was being lowered into it, a gorgeous aide-de-camp on a grand charger dashed up and called a halt. He saluted the ranking admiral, and handed him a package and an official communication. The packet contained the cross of the Legion of Honor. The communication was an order from the Emperor to pin it on the breast of the young man. The coffin was opened, the order obeyed. The officers and sailors drew to one side; then battery after battery of flying artillery dashed up, fired a salvo over the graves, limbered up, and made room for the next. It was a grand sight. You may say that it was theatrical, that everything was timed, and all had been prepared beforehand. Supposing it was, what young officer with blood in his veins but would gladly give his life to serve a country that would make him the central figure of such a *coup de théâtre*, even though it was only his dead body which received the ovation?

After waiting many weary weeks in Cherbourg, the *Georgia* was finally given permission to enter the government dock and be overhauled and repaired. I was granted leave for a few days to visit friends in England; for although a solitary midshipman on the *Georgia*, I had some friends in various corners of the earth. I stopped in Calais to see some old classmates of my Annapolis days, who were attached to the Confederate steamer *Rappahannock*, which was lying in that harbor. She was a condemned English gunboat, and had been bought at auction by a Confederate agent, and then stolen from an English port by a Southern naval officer, and run into Calais to be fitted out as a commerce-destroyer.

After paying my visit to England, I returned to the *Georgia*, where I found that all was hurry and excitement. Something was about to occur—no one knew what, but all hands were on the qui vive. Our old captain had been detached; our new captain was our former first watch officer, a man under thirty years of age; our new executive was our former navigator, a man of twenty-three; and the additional new lieutenants were still younger men. The *Kearsarge* was outside waiting for us. One dark night we took up our anchor and slipped out. Morning found us well down the English Channel, surrounded by steamers and sailing-craft, but paying attention to none. Out into the Atlantic we sped, away from the haunts of men.

One day, when it was getting very lonely, the masthead lookout broke the monotony by singing out, "Sail ho!" "Where away?" asked the officer of the deck. "Two points off the starboard bow, sir," came the reply. I reported the sail to the captain, who was busy over a chart; I also explained that the strange sail had long skysail poles, which was a never-failing sign of a Yankee. When I had finished, without looking up, he simply said: "Tell the officer of the deck, sir, to hold his course." I was dumfounded, and when I repeated the message, something that sounded like a very low whistle came from the officer. Onward we flew, under steam and sail, as though we were afraid of being too late for something. At last the welcome cry of "Land ho!" came from the masthead, and we were soon anchored in the open ocean, about two miles from the land. "Where are we now?" I heard a lieutenant ask the navigator. "Off the coast of Morocco, about thirty miles south of Mogador," was the reply.

Day after day we rolled and tugged at our anchor, the monotony being broken only by the sight of an occasional caravan coming out of the desert, winding its way along the beach for a short distance, and then disappearing behind the mountains, which come down to the sea at this point.

Our young captain became restless and uneasy; he spent most of his time nervously pacing the quarter-deck; and at last, the strain becoming too great to be borne alone, he informed his officers that he was waiting for the *Rappahannock*, to give her our battery, as the Confederate naval authorities in Paris had decided to put the *Georgia* out of commission, as she was not fitted for the service. The *Rappahannock* was long overdue at the rendezvous, and our captain was at a loss what to do.

Some of the officers were smoking near the gangway when I remarked to one of them that I had seen the *Rappahannock* at Calais. The captain overheard me. "What's that, sir? What did she look like? What do you know about her?" "I know that she is a dilapidated old craft, and the midshipmen said that she was hogged, or had broken her back, by resting on the bottom at low tide in the dock. When I saw her she was made fast to the quay by two cables, one forward, the other aft, the shore ends being made fast to posts, on each of which sat a French gendarme to make sure that the ship should not get away!" At this there was consternation in our camp; but as our commander decided to wait a few days longer, we had to rest content. One day, while in charge of the deck, I saw a small object apparently floating on the water near the shore. It was bobbing up and down as it rose and fell with the motion of the sea. As it came nearer it looked like a white sponge. Slowly it approached the ship, until at last, with the aid of marine glasses, I discovered that it was an old white-headed man swimming through the waves, which were high enough to make our ship roll. At last he reached the vessel, caught hold of the Jacob's-ladder, and slowly dragged his poor, emaciated body out of the water. He had a piece of gunny-sack around his hips for clothing. After his great exertion, he fell upon the deck insensible. Our doctor poured a glass of brandy down his throat, without effect, and in a few moments repeated the dose, which revived him. He was offered a third; but the faithful Mohammedan, true to his religion, pointed his bony finger toward the heavens, and shaking his head, uttered the one word, "Allah!"

The officers contributed a lot of old clothes, two old razors, and a couple of sheets for the old man to make a turban with. A boat was lowered, and I took him to the shore, where I found the surf running so high that it was impossible to land. However, the old Moor did not mind it at all, and smilingly jumped overboard, and waded to the dry land. The next morning a boat-load of the followers of the prophet came alongside, and offered us some fine fresh fish. We reciprocated, and offered sheets, scrap-iron, etc., which were highly appreciated. After they had left us, several of the officers, including myself, tired of the monotony of ship life, asked permission to go ashore for a walk along the beach. The captain, thinking it would be safe, as the natives had shown themselves to be so friendly, granted the request, little dreaming that his amiable act was about to plunge the Southern Confederacy into a foreign war.

We stepped into a boat, and the sailors seemed delighted to row us ashore. Upon arriving in shallow water, the blue-jackets jumped overboard, and, amid great laughter, each officer mounted on the shoulders of a man, and rode through the surf, dry-shod, to the beach. Dismounting, we raced and jumped like a parcel of school-boys. The wet sailors, who had returned to the boat, smilingly watched our antics.

Suddenly—I never knew how it happened—I was surrounded by a crowd of armed Moors. Their guns seemed to be about eight or ten feet long. Each fellow was yelling at the top of his voice in an unknown tongue, and the bushes back of the beach seemed to be pouring an endless torrent of men toward me. I gazed around wildly, looking for my companions. None of us were armed, but I wanted company, and wanted it badly. I saw some of them, but they were all separated, and all surrounded as I was. With marvelous dexterity a dusky giant seized me by the shoulders from behind, twisting me around until I faced the sea, and—oh, the humiliation of it!—he kicked me! He kicked me at every step while crossing the beach; he kicked me into the water; and, not satisfied with this, he kicked me until I was up to my neck in the sea, and desisted only when I climbed into the boat, where I found all my comrades. They had all been treated in the same uncereemonious manner. I shall go down to my grave firmly believing that the brute of a “true believer” who personally attended to my embarkation had a blacksmith’s rasp lashed to the sole of his foot.

Our sailors bent to their oars without orders. Save for the rhythm of the stroke, the silence was oppressive. It was at last broken by a gallant lieutenant mildly asking why the rest of us had not shown fight. The conundrum remained unanswered. Arriving on board our ship, the captain was quickly made aware of the facts as to our inhospitable reception and rough treatment by the Moors. At first he smiled; but as the tale concerning the indignities to which we had been subjected was unfolded, he grew angry, lost his temper, and fairly yelled, “Beat to quarters!” We manned our guns. I commanded the third division, composed of two little ten-pound Whitworths. “Fire a shell for range, sir,” said the captain to me. I fired, and the shell exploded against the mountain-side. “Two thousand five hundred yards will do it, sir!” The word was passed forward to the officers in charge of the heavy guns. War was declared against Morocco, and the battle began. As fast as we could load and fire, for an hour or more we pelted the Moors—or, at least, we pelted the places where we thought they were; for the mystery of their sudden appearance was solved at the first fire, when the frightened hordes on the beach rushed up the barren hillsides, and disappeared into the bowels of the earth.

Toward evening the barometer fell rapidly; a heavy swell was rolling in from the ocean, the wind was rising, and we were on an unfriendly lee shore. Our captain decided to put to sea. “All hands up anchor!” was the boatswain’s welcome call, and next we heard from the fore-castle the still more cheering cry, “The anchor is aweigh, sir!” “Ring ahead!” said the first lieutenant. The engines slowly revolved, when all at once there was a crash in the engine-room, a stop, and we knew our engine had broken down again. “Let go your anchor!” shouted the officer of the deck; but the wind had increased in violence, and the ship dragged it on her way to the shore. “Let go your port anchor!” came from the quarter-deck, and it dropped with a thud. All the cable on board was paid out, and still we continued our promenade toward the shore. The engineers were working for their lives below; but the line officers could only stand still and gaze upon the thousands of Moors who were again gathered on the beach, waiting impatiently for their prey and their revenge, which was now so nearly within their reach. And still the *Georgia* dragged her anchors. We were approaching very near the shore,

and could hear the yells of rage, hatred, and insult which the mob hurled at us. We needed no interpreter now to understand them. All at once a tremor went through the ship, and we knew that the engines were again moving. A hearty cheer went up from our crew, which was hushed by another crash in the engine-room. We were very close to the shore by this time, and among the rocks, which could be plainly seen from the deck. The Moors were fairly foaming at the mouth. Again the engines started ahead, and this time they continued to revolve. We weighed first one anchor, and then the other. The wind increased in violence while we battled with the elements, slowly but surely drawing away from the land. Night had enveloped us by this time, and we could only imagine the chagrin and disappointment of the followers of the prophet. We proceeded to Bordeaux, where we were informed that the French gendarmes still sat on the posts to which the *Rappahannock* was made fast at the quay of Calais.

We spent several delightful weeks in Bordeaux. Thousands of people visited the *Corsair*, as they called the *Georgia*. Many refugees from New Orleans also called on us, and showed us every attention. At last we regretfully said good-by, and steamed down the river to the mouth of the Gironde, where we waited until night to make our escape from the Federal men-of-war, who were well posted as to our movements. With all lights out, we passed into the Bay of Biscay, neither seeing nor being seen by our would-be captors. We shaped a course for St. George's Channel, and safely entered the port of Liverpool without further adventure.

I was the only officer who desired to visit the shore on the night of our arrival. I proceeded at once to the theater, being dressed in full uniform. The audience had evidently heard of my arrival. I never before fully

realized what an important personage I was, and regretted that my past had been wasted among unappreciative people. My importance suddenly dawned upon me. The house arose *en masse*, and wildly cheered. The manager asked as a favor that I would deign to occupy the most conspicuous box. The artists acted at me alone, ignoring even the gallery, and introduced into the play "gags" about the Southern cruiser, which caused the spectators to interrupt the performance with their cheers.

After the play I was feasted by perfect strangers, graciously permitting many of them to shake my hand. I did not care whether they thought I was Admiral Semmes or not. Doubtless this was the only occasion on record where a midshipman was the ranking officer present. The next day, May 10, 1864, the crew of the *Georgia* was paid off, the Confederate flag was hauled down, and the ship was put out of commission. The *Georgia* was sold to a British merchant who had a contract to carry the mails from Liverpool to Lisbon and the Cape Verde Islands. On her first voyage for the new owner she was captured off the mouth of the Tagus by the United States frigate *Niagara*, and sent to Boston, despite the fact of her *bona fide* English ownership. She was condemned by an admiralty court and was sold as a prize.

Once again, during the winter of 1867, I saw the *Georgia*. Strolling along the wharves in Charleston, South Carolina, one day, my eyes suddenly fell on a familiar model. It was the gallant old cruiser, now a disreputable-looking steam-brig being loaded with cotton. To see the Stars and Stripes proudly floating at her peak did not strike me as anything unusual. We had constantly cruised under these colors, in former days, to deceive our enemies. A few months after I last saw her, the *Georgia* dashed herself against the jagged rocks of Newfoundland.

IV. THE LAST OF THE CONFEDERATE CRUISERS.

BY JOHN THOMSON MASON R, FORMERLY MIDSHIPMAN OF THE "SHENANDOAH."

WITH the exception of the *Stonewall*, an ironclad built in France and got to sea too late to be of any service, the *Shenandoah* was the last of the Confederate cruisers to elude the vigilance of the neutral governments of Europe—a much more difficult feat to accomplish than it had been when the *Alabama* and *Florida* made their escape from England, some two years earlier.

On October 1, 1864, a number of Confederate naval officers, who had been for some time waiting orders in England and France, received instructions from Commodore Samuel Barron, who was the senior officer in Europe, with headquarters at Paris, to proceed at once to Liverpool, and report for duty to Captain James D. Bulloch, the Confederate naval agent there. I

was fortunate enough to be one of those officers, having been sent to Europe more than a year before to join the *Alexandra*, then building at Liverpool, which was seized by the English government before her completion.

Upon our arrival at Liverpool, we were instructed to procure an outfit for a two years' cruise as quickly as possible, to have our trunks packed in wooden cases so that they might have the appearance of ordinary merchandise, and to send them on board the steamer *Laurel* at Clarence Basin. Nothing was told us of the destination of the *Laurel*; but if questioned by any one, we were to say that we were going home.

These orders were issued on Monday morning, and by the following Friday the baggage had all been shipped, and the officers were instructed to remain at their respective quarters all day Saturday, ready to move at a moment's notice. The utmost secrecy was observed, and not one of these officers, some twenty in number, knew what was to be the destination of the party; nor did we seek for information, knowing that secrecy was of the essence of the undertaking. At six o'clock on Saturday evening, however, after a day of suspense, orders were received by us to be on Prince's Pier at nine o'clock, and to go on board the tug *Black Hawk*. Twenty-three officers and about a dozen picked men, the latter being the remnant of the crew of the *Alabama*, which had been kept together for such an occasion, met at the rendezvous, and were soon carried on board the *Laurel*, then lying in the river; and before daylight the next morning the *Laurel* weighed anchor and went to sea. The unsuspecting pilot who took us out complimented Captain Ramsey of the *Laurel* on the good behavior of his passengers, who all seemed to know their places at once, gave no trouble, and asked no useless questions. The *Laurel* was a small steamer owned by the Confederate government, and used afterward as a blockade-runner. She cleared for Matamoras, via Nassau, but her real destination was the Madeira Islands, where she was to rendezvous with the *Sea King*, afterward the *Shenandoah*, the latter having sailed from London the same day that we left Liverpool. In addition to the "passengers" I have mentioned, the *Laurel* had on board the guns, gun-carriages, ammunition, and all the other equipment and stores of a warlike nature intended for the *Shenandoah*. Five days of rapid steaming, with fine weather and a smooth sea, brought us to Madeira, where we anchored

in the beautiful harbor of Funchal, to await the arrival of our consort, whose movements had not been so rapid as ours.

The *Sea King* had been purchased in London by an English merchant who was engaged in the shipping-trade. She was loaded with coal and assorted merchandise, the latter being provisions and stores of a non-warlike character intended for the cruise. She was supplied with a crew and officers from the English merchant service, and cleared for Bombay and other ports in the East Indies on a cruise not to exceed two years. She was an ordinary merchant vessel of the kind usually sent on such a voyage. None of her officers or crew, with the exception of the captain, who had received some hints, suspected for a moment that the ship was bound on any other voyage than the one named in the shipping articles. In short, there was nothing about the vessel, officers, crew, or cargo to excite the suspicions of the most watchful, and the result was that she left her dock without difficulty or detention. At the moment of starting, however, Lieutenant William C. Whittle, who was to be the executive officer of the *Shenandoah*, was put on board as a passenger, under an assumed name. As soon as the ship was fairly outside of English jurisdiction, Mr. Whittle made himself known to Captain Corbet of the *Sea King*, showed his authority from the owner to purchase the vessel, took charge of her, and immediately shaped her course for the Madeira Islands, where she arrived a few days later than the *Laurel*. The *Sea King* did not come into the harbor, but signaled the *Laurel* from the offing, and we went out at once and joined her. The two vessels were run under the lee of Desertas Island, an uninhabited rock, where they were anchored alongside, and the guns, ammunition, and other stores on the *Laurel* were transferred to the decks of the *Sea King* as rapidly as possible.

Captain Corbet had with him a crew of forty or more, and we had hoped that most, if not all, of them would be only too glad to join us; but in this we were grievously disappointed. After leaving London the sailors had soon discovered that something unusual was in the wind. They had become restive about the mysterious voyage upon which they were embarked, and when they found their vessel at anchor under a lonely and barren rock in mid-ocean, taking on an additional cargo, they demanded to know what it meant. Upon being informed of the true state of affairs, they became



DRAWN BY W. TABER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM A DRAWING OF THE "SHENANDOAH" MADE BY LIEUTENANT SCALES DURING THE CRUISE.
THE "SHENANDOAH."

Lieutenant Scales's picture was made from accurate measurements.

very indignant at the deception which had been unavoidably practised upon them, and when asked if they would like to join the *Shenandoah*, they stubbornly declined our enticing offers of generous wages and liberal bounty. They upbraided poor Captain Corbet, who had been almost as much in the dark as they, in unmeasured terms; and but for our presence, I think they would have given him a ducking. The end of it all was that we paid them the three months' wages, as a forfeit for the violation of the shipping articles, to which they were entitled under the English law, and turned them over to Captain Ramsey on the *Laurel*, to be landed by him at Teneriffe. Only a few firemen and coal-heavers remained with us; and when ready for sea, instead of a crew of one hundred and fifty men, which would have been our proper complement, we could muster only nineteen, all told, including those in the fire-room, the cook, and a cabin-boy.

Lieutenant Waddell, who was to command the *Shenandoah*, was much discouraged at this outlook. He thought it would be very unsafe to take the vessel on a cruise with so slim a crew, and talked of running into a French or Spanish port; but the officers being called into council, we all protested strongly against such a course, knowing that in all probability our cruise would end in whatever port we made. We told the captain that if he would take the wheel, we would work the ship and do whatever else was needed until such time as we could pick up recruits from the prizes we might capture, or elsewhere, as occasion should offer.

The captain having given his assent to this arrangement, the anchor was weighed, and on the evening of the 19th of October, just eleven days after the two vessels left England, we parted company with the *Laurel* and her cargo of growling sailors, and the cruise of the *Shenandoah* began. Short-handed we most certainly were; but as the officers, including the captain and doctors, numbered twenty-four, we had, with our crew of nineteen, forty-three souls on board; and as we were all in the best of spirits, able and willing to do any kind of work required of us, we were not so badly off, after all.

The *Shenandoah* was a full-rigged ship of excellent sailing qualities. She carried a cloud of canvas, having cross-jack, royal studding-sails, jib-topsail, and all the "high-fliers." She had rolling topsail-yards, which were of great assistance to us in shortening sail in the early days of the cruise, when sailors were so scarce. She was a wooden ship with iron knees and frame, iron masts and bowsprit, and steel yards, and all of her standing-rigging was of wire. She was of the class of vessels known as "auxiliary screws," having a propeller that could be hoisted out of the water when not in use, and a funnel that shut down, like a telescope, flush with the ship's rail. Her engines were small, the steaming apparatus being intended for use only in calm weather, and she could not steam much more than eight knots an hour under the most favorable conditions. She was a fast sailer, however, and on more than one occasion during our cruise her log showed seventeen knots.

The armament, which was mounted under many difficulties during the first few days after leaving Madeira, consisted of six guns—two rifled 32-pounders forward, and four 8-inch shell-guns amidships. There were also two little brass "pop-guns" on the poop-deck, which the *Sea King* had carried as a merchantman.

Our commanding officer, Lieutenant James I. Waddell, was from North Carolina. He had been an officer in the United States navy, and resigned at the beginning of the war to join the Confederate service. The executive officer, Lieutenant William C. Whittle, Jr., was a Virginian, a son of Commodore William C. Whittle of the old navy, and had also seen service before the war. The other lieutenants were John Grimball of South Carolina; Sidney S. Lee, son of Captain S. S. Lee of the old navy, and nephew of General Robert E. Lee; Francis T. Chew of Missouri; and Dabney Minor Scales of Mississippi. Lieutenants Whittle and Grimball were in the same class at Annapolis with Admiral Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay. Our sailing-master was Irvine S. Bulloch of Georgia, who had held the same position on the *Alabama* at the time she was sunk off Cherbourg; he was a younger brother of Captain James D. Bulloch. The remaining ward-room officers were Surgeon Charles E. Lining of South Carolina; his assistant, F. J. McNulty; Paymaster W. B. Smith; Chief Engineer Matthew O'Brien of New Orleans; and passed midshipmen Orris A. Browne and John T. Mason, both Virginians. In addition to these, we had three assistant engineers, three master's mates, and the four forward officers, boatswain, gunner, carpenter, and sailmaker.

It would be difficult to describe the condition of the *Shenandoah's* decks and of the ship generally at the start. The stores from the *Laurel* had been simply thrown on board, and lay about in hopeless confusion. The heavy guns and gun-carriages, in huge boxes, so lumbered up the deck that it was almost impossible to move, much less work the ship. The vessel was new and strange to us all, and the stores put on board of her at London were stowed without any expectation of their being used during the voyage, so that everything had to be overhauled. The officers and men were divided into gangs, and went to work with a will. Fortunately for us, the weather continued fine, and in the course of ten days we had things in pretty good shape—port-holes cut and guns mounted and secured, magazines built and ammunition safely

stored, the fore and after holds carefully restowed, and everything snug for the voyage.

Meantime the ship was heading to the southward, the object of the cruise being to destroy the American whaling fleet, more particularly that in the North Pacific Ocean and the Arctic Sea. On October 29, ten days after the cruise began, when about fifteen degrees north of the equator, we captured our first prize, the bark *Alina* of Searsport, Maine, bound from England to Buenos Ayres, and loaded with railroad iron. Vessel and cargo were valued at ninety-five thousand dollars. All neutral ports being closed to us, and our own closely blockaded, we had no alternative but to destroy her; so, the vessel and cargo being appraised and condemned as prize by a drumhead prize court, the *Alina* was scuttled within an hour after her capture. We took nothing from the prize but her ensign and chronometer, the officers and crew of the prize being allowed to take their personal effects, or baggage, with them when sent on board the *Shenandoah* as prisoners. We made it a rule from the start that there should be no pillaging of the captured vessels. If we needed stores for the ship's use, we took them, but our sailors were never allowed to plunder on their own account. The *Alina* had a crew of nine men, six of whom joined us at once, and were a most welcome addition to our slender ship's company.

During the next few weeks we were in the track of vessels crossing the equator, and made a number of captures, among them the schooner *Charter Oak* from Boston, the sides of which inclosed a freight less precious than that of its colonial namesake, but much more acceptable to us just then, it being an assortment of canned fruits and vegetables instead of musty parchments. The *Charter Oak*, however, gave us an accession which we had not anticipated, in the shape of the captain's wife, sister, and little boy. As we had no accommodations for ladies, Captain Waddell gave them quarters in one of his cabins. A few days afterward we spoke a Danish brig, and transferred a number of our prisoners to her, paying their passage to Rio, to which port the brig was bound.

On the 10th of November, about midnight, we captured a large ship called the *Kate Prince*, bound for Bahia, which we bonded, putting on board of her the captain of the *Charter Oak* and his family. Other vessels captured in this locality were the bark *D. Godfrey*, brig *Susan*, and schooner *Lizzie M. Stacey*, all of which were burned.

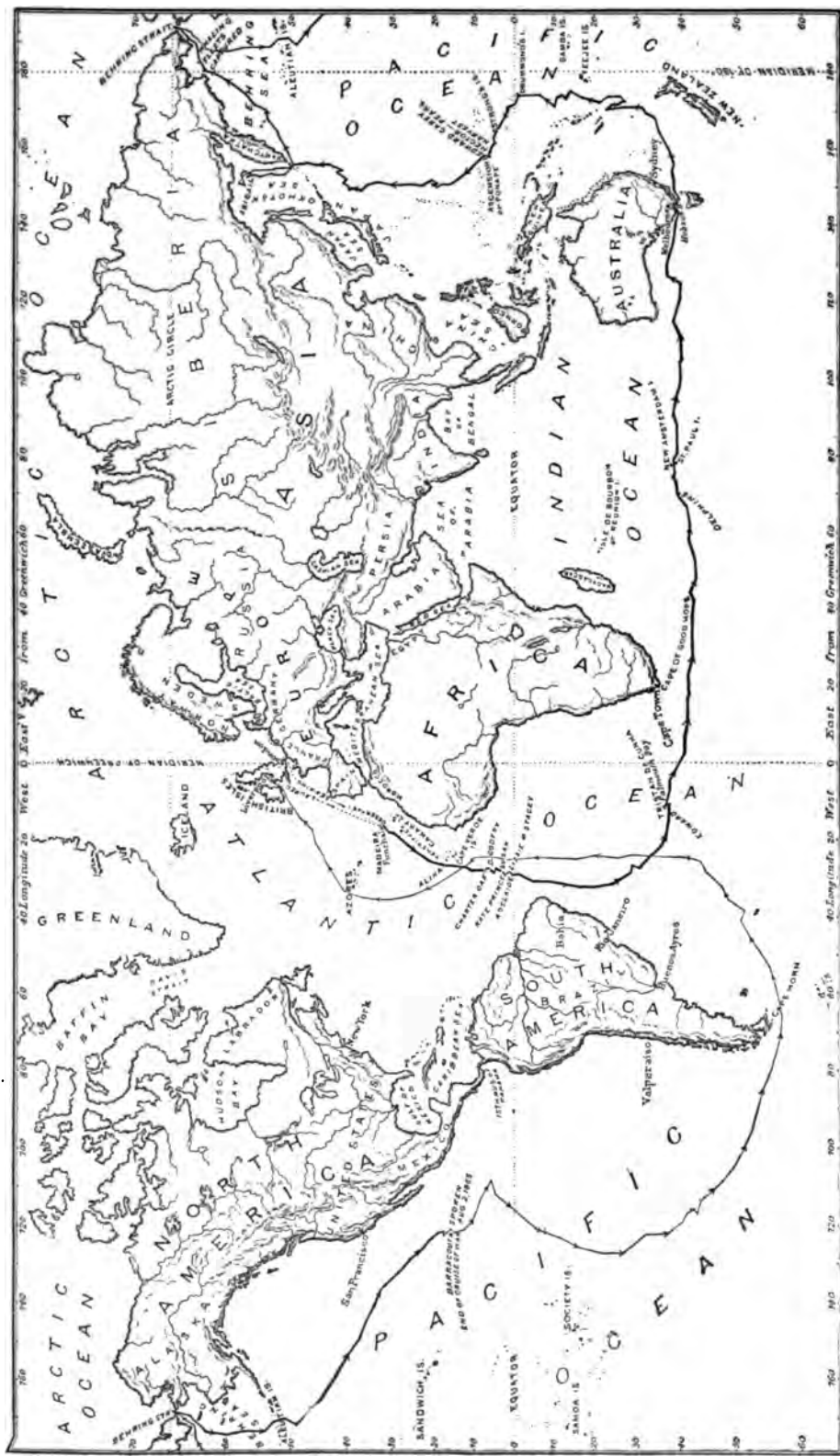


CHART OF THE CRUISE OF THE "SHENANDOAH."

DRAWN BY JACOB WELLS, AFTER ONE PLANNED BY CAPTAIN MADDELL.

From each of these prizes we received recruits for our ship's company; in some cases all hands volunteered, with the exception of the officers. In one case the captain himself expressed a desire to ship before the mast on the *Shenandoah*. This was the captain of the brig *Susan*. He was a German, and knew little and cared less about the war between the States, and was deterred from becoming one of us only by the consideration that such action on his part might prejudice the rights of the owners of the vessel and cargo in claiming their insurance money. Most of the sailors in the American merchant service were foreigners, and it was due to this fact that so many of them shipped with us when their vessels were destroyed.

By the latter part of November we were pretty well to the southward, and early in December we entered the whaling-grounds of the South Atlantic. We did not stop to cruise here, as our principal field of operations was to be in the North Pacific and the Arctic. In passing, however, we picked up one whaler, the bark *Edward* of New Bedford, with a good-sized whale alongside, which the crew were busily engaged in cutting up and trying out. We were now quite near the island of Tristan da Cunha, an out-of-the-way place inhabited by some forty people, mostly English and Americans, who very seldom saw any one from the outside world, no vessels stopping there, except an occasional whaler to get fresh water and provisions. Having burned our prize, we ran into Falmouth Bay, the harbor of this little island, and put ashore the officers and crew of the *Edward*, and got from the inhabitants of the island some fresh meat, for which we gave in exchange flour that we had taken from the prize. This island was the first land we had seen since leaving Madeira, but we did not drop anchor, and no one was allowed to go ashore. On the 7th of December we took our departure from Tristan da Cunha, and shaped our course around the Cape of Good Hope for Australia. The day after leaving Tristan da Cunha we discovered that the coupling-band of our propeller-shaft had been damaged seriously, thus rendering our steaming apparatus useless for the time being. But as our main reliance in fast traveling was upon the sails, this accident caused us no delay. We got the propeller upon deck, however, and in the course of a few weeks the engineers repaired the injury as well as it was possible to do it at sea. In the meantime we continued our course under sail with fair winds and fine weather, which

lasted until Christmas, when we encountered a very severe gale of wind, which continued for several days, and did us considerable damage.

Late in the afternoon of the 29th of December, in about 40° south latitude, in the middle of the Indian Ocean, we very unexpectedly captured the bark *Delphine* of Bangor, Maine. The gale of the previous few days had scarcely abated, and the sea was running very high, when the *Delphine* came up astern of us. We were under reefed topsails, with propeller up and fires out, and the bark was under a good press of canvas, and to windward of us, so that we were very much afraid she would give us the slip before we could make sail. But the captain of the *Delphine* had no suspicions, taking us for an Englishman, and ran close up to us for the purpose of exchanging signals. The *Shenandoah* was then hauled close up to the wind, and the bark passed under our stern, leaving us to windward, when we at once fired a blank cartridge from one of our little guns. The *Delphine* at first paid no attention to this, but kept her sails full, and gained on us rapidly. We then cleared away the two forward guns, and prepared to give her a rifle-shot; but before we were ready for this she hauled up her mainsail and hove to. Captain Nicholls of the *Delphine* was of course greatly chagrined at the manner in which he had been caught; and when informed that his vessel was to be destroyed, he declared that his wife, whom he had with him, was a delicate and nervous woman, and that it would be as much as her life was worth to bring her from one ship to the other in such rough weather. Captain Nicholls pleaded so earnestly that Captain Waddell was much moved, and thought seriously of letting the bark go under bonds. At this juncture the first lieutenant suggested that the surgeon be sent off to see Mrs. Nicholls, which was done. Dr. Lining, upon his return, reported that she was a person of robust health and strong nerves, and that there was not the slightest cause for apprehension on her account. We had taken two stanch whale-boats from the *Edward*, and these were found very useful in transferring the crew of the *Delphine* in the high sea that was running. We brought all hands off safely, hoisting Mrs. Nicholls and the stewardess on board in a boatswain's chair; but it was nearly midnight before we got the bark on fire and resumed our course. The prisoners from the *Delphine* remained with us until we reached Australia. Captain Nicholls and his wife were taken into

the ward-room mess and were given quarters in the starboard cabin. Mrs. Nicholls was a handsome woman, and after the first few days she was quite gracious, and would sit in the ward-room and chat with the officers and play checkers and backgammon with us. Captain Nicholls, however, was very melancholy, and refused to be comforted. One of the officers endeavored to rally him by saying: "Now, captain, just suppose that on the morning of the day you came up with us you had altered your course only a *quarter of a point*; we should not have seen you, and you would never have been captured." Captain Nicholls turned on him with a grim smile, and retorted: "That shows how much you know about it. That is just what troubles me; I did alter my course that very morning exactly a quarter of a point, and that was the only reason why I was captured."

The weather cleared up with the beginning of the new year, and on January 2, 1865, we made the island of St. Paul, which the sailing directions and all the books we had on board described as thrown up by volcanic action, and uninhabited. There was very little wind at the time, and when we were about five miles from the land some of the officers got permission to go ashore. We pulled off in a whale-boat, and upon reaching the island found, much to our surprise, that there were two Frenchmen in possession of the place, and that it was used as a fishing-station by these men, who came from the Isle de Bourbon, on the coast of Africa. They fished during the summer, and left in the fall with their catch, the winter season being too rigorous and stormy to stay on the island. It will be remembered that we were in the Southern Hemisphere, where January is midsummer. The water of the harbor literally swarmed with fish, and we very soon filled our boat. On one margin of the little bay we found a spring the water of which was almost hot enough to cook the fish that we caught from the other end of the boat.

From St. Paul to Melbourne nothing of interest occurred; but a few days before reaching Australia we missed a fine prize. Captain Waddell was extremely anxious to reach port in time for the mail for England, which left at the end of the month, and he was making all haste under steam and sail when we sighted a large ship, American rigged; but the captain would not go out of his course to overhaul her, being of the opinion that she was the English ship *Nimrod*, which we had spoken a few days before. Most of

the officers were of a different opinion, which was justified by the sequel; for when we got into port we learned beyond a doubt that the ship in question was the *David Brown*, an American vessel, owned by the father of Mrs. Nicholls. Captain and Mrs. Nicholls had recognized the ship at once, and trembled for her safety. We caught the January mail, but we did not catch the *David Brown*.

On January 25, 1865, we made the land of Australia. About noon we took on board a pilot, and in the afternoon of the same day we were safely anchored in Hobson's Bay, the port of Melbourne. We had expected to spend only a few days here, but the week of steaming just before reaching port, with the damage to our shaft sustained in the South Atlantic, and imperfectly repaired, had been productive of serious results. A diver who was sent down to examine the stern bearings reported the injury so great that it would be necessary to dock the vessel in order to make the necessary repairs. Thus our stay in Melbourne became a matter of weeks instead of days.

The colonial authorities were extremely civil, and readily granted us permission to make the repairs required, and to take in coal and such provisions and other non-warlike stores as we needed. The citizens received us with the utmost kindness and hospitality, and did everything in their power to make our visit pleasant. We were dined and fêted at every turn. Crowds of people came daily to visit the ship, and our decks were so encumbered with guests that it became impossible to do any work, and at the end of the first week we were compelled to establish visiting hours. While the work of repairs was going on, and we were enjoying the hospitalities of Melbourne, an incident occurred which for a time threatened to bring our cruise to an untimely end. Although most of the people were apparently in sympathy with us, there were at Melbourne a number of American shipping merchants, and they, with the American consul, tried in every way to involve us in a dispute of some sort with the authorities, in the hope that the ship might thus be detained or seized. Some of the men that we had shipped from prizes deserted shortly after we got into port, and one of these deserters was induced to make an affidavit that a British subject named "Charley" had been enlisted on the *Shenandoah* after she reached Melbourne. Armed with this affidavit, the American consul and his friends went to the commissioner of trade and customs, who happened to be

the only member of the colonial government who did not sympathize with us, and demanded the seizure of the vessel for this alleged offense. The *Shenandoah* was then on the dry-dock, or slip, undergoing repairs to her stern-post, and the first intimation we had of the trouble was the appearance in the afternoon of a number of police officers and militia, who surrounded the ship-yard, told the proprietor that he would not be allowed to launch the vessel, and warned all those who were employed in making repairs to the ship to stop work. Thus, although the *Shenandoah* was not actually seized, and every one on board was free to go and come, yet in point of fact we could not have been more effectually detained. An officer then presented himself at the gangway, with a warrant for the arrest of Charley, and requested permission to search the ship for him, which was of course refused; but the master-at-arms of the ship was ordered to make the desired search, which was done, and no one but the ship's company and the hired mechanics were found on board. The colonial authorities were duly informed of the result, but were not satisfied. In the meantime all the carpenters, joiners, painters, and calkers who had been at work on the vessel left, the mechanics engaged in the repairs to the stern-post and shaft alone remaining. The gentleman who had the contract for this part of the work said at once that if we would provide his men with food and lodging, he would keep them on board until the job was finished, but that if they went ashore once they might be prevented from returning. We readily assented to the arrangement, and this, the most important work, went on without interruption. As for the rest, it was so far advanced that the ship's carpenter could manage it.

About nine o'clock that night an officer was sent from the *Shenandoah* with a communication to the government to the effect that the ship would be ready to launch at high tide in the afternoon of the following day, and that if the existing restraint was continued, Captain Waddell would haul down his flag, pay off his crew, and proceed home at once by way of England, leaving his vessel where she was. No reply was received to this letter, but it had the desired effect; for the next day, as the afternoon tide came in, the policemen and militia disappeared. The repairs to the shaft were finished in the meantime, and when the moment for launching arrived the proprietor of the yard politely informed us that he was ready to put the ship into the river. We were launched safely at five

o'clock, and what had threatened for a time to be a very serious complication was thus happily terminated within twenty-four hours, without causing us the least delay. It is needless to say that the *Shenandoah* had not shipped any men in the port of Melbourne, and that the story about Charley was a pure invention of the deserter who swore to it.

After this we had no further communication with the authorities, but proceeded with all possible speed to get the ship ready for sea, having been three weeks in port, losing valuable time, with the principal object of our cruise unaccomplished. We had been obliged to lighten the ship to put her on the ways, and three days were spent in replacing the coal and other stores, and in taking in such additional supplies as we needed before we were ready to resume our cruise. During this time the captain received numerous warnings of mysterious plots, alleged to have been set on foot by the American consul and his friends, to blow up the *Shenandoah* or set fire to her. Although we did not attach much importance to these anonymous communications, we kept a bright lookout, particularly at night, and no strange boat was allowed to approach the ship.

On the morning of February 18 we weighed anchor and went to sea. Our crew of thirty-odd men had suffered somewhat from desertions at Melbourne, so that we were still deplorably short-handed; and although we had applications enough to man our ship twice over, we were compelled to decline all overtures to enlist men while in British waters. When the ship was fairly outside of English jurisdiction, however, it soon became known that there were a number of strangers on board; and when these "stowaways" were mustered on deck they numbered forty-two, about twice the number of our own crew—men of all nations, kindred, and tongues. Among them was the captain of an English steamer lying at Melbourne when we left, who had thrown up his command to come on board of us, and who was made captain's clerk.

These stowaways had been smuggled on board, and doubtless with the knowledge and connivance of the crew; but I do not believe that a single officer knew that we had any one on board but the ship's company when we left Australia, nor did one of the stowaways show himself until the vessel was fairly at sea. We shipped these men, and they made a most welcome accession to our crew.

After leaving Australia we cruised for a few weeks off the coast of New Zealand, but encountered nothing but a succession of

gales and rough weather; and from there we made our way to the North Pacific, and touched at Ascension Island, one of the Carolines, just north of the equator, which we knew to be the recruiting-station for whalers, it being the time of year for whale-ships to stop for fresh provisions before going to the Northern seas.

Ascension Island is inhabited by Kanakas, who live in the most primitive style, having not even the elements of civilization. Sailing-vessels touch there from time to time, but up to the time we were there no steamer had ever been in sight of the island. As we approached the land the breeze left us, and we furled all sail and steamed into the harbor, to the terror of the natives, as, so far as their knowledge went, we were moving without any means of locomotion. In the harbor we found four American whalers, the ships *Edward Carey* and *Hector*, and the barks *Pearl* and *Harvest*, of which we made prizes.

A few days after our arrival we invited the king of the island to make us a visit. He accepted the invitation, and came off from the shore in one of our boats, the captain's gig, which we sent for him, escorted by a perfect cloud of native canoes containing the members of the royal household and his body-guard. The costumes of the people were admirably adapted to the climate, their bodies being tattooed from head to foot. They wear over this a "coat" of cocoanut-oil, which gives the skin a fine gloss, and makes the tattooing show to greater advantage; and when this is done, your Ascension Islander is in full toilet. The king and his suite came on board the *Shenandoah* with some trepidation, but were soon reassured by our manner toward them, and proceeded to examine the guns and engines with great interest and wonderment. After making the tour of the ship they sat down on the deck and smoked pipes with us, and we conversed through an interpreter, an English convict who had escaped from Australia and had been many years on the island. Upon getting up to take their departure, our guests unwittingly left a portion of their costume behind them, and the next morning we had extra work in holystoning the deck. We took some stores from the prizes to replenish our supply, and then burned all four vessels, after putting the crews ashore on the island and giving them such things as they needed in the way of clothing and provisions from their ships.

On April 15 we went to sea again, having spent two weeks at Ascension Island, and continued our northerly course. Upon

reaching the outer edge of the Japan seas we cruised there for about a week in the track of vessels crossing the Pacific; but meeting no American ships, and our principal object being to capture whale-ships we went on to the Okhotsk Sea, which we entered on the 20th of May. We accomplished little in the Okhotsk, the only prize we captured there being the whaling-bark *Abigail*, which we burned, taking the officer and crew on board the *Shenandoah*. We found the "floe" ice very heavy in the Okhotsk. One morning, when pretty well up north during a calm with a dense fog, we forged into one of these immense floes, and when the fog lifted we were completely surrounded by ice as far as the eye could see. Fortunately for us, the weather remained calm, and we were able to work out of our uncomfortable position without serious damage.

We cruised three weeks in the Okhotsk Sea; but either there were no more whalers there, or else we could not find them, and at the end of that time we passed out, and shaped our course for Bering Sea and the Arctic Ocean. Our prisoners from the *Abigail* were a very jolly set, and bore their misfortune with great cheerfulness. Almost every evening they would enliven the monotony of their captivity by a dance on the fore-castle or a "shanty." Fifteen of these men joined us among whom were two of the mates.

On the twenty-first day of June we entered Bering Sea, and crossed the 180th meridian of longitude. Having completed half the circuit of the globe in an easterly direction we gained a day; but before nightfall we went out of our course to chase a ship, which carried us back to the other side, and our new day was lost almost as soon as won. The following morning, however, we again crossed the central meridian, and the 22d of June was a double day, forty-eight hours long.

The sight of large pieces of "fat-lean," or whale meat, floating in the water now warned us that whalers were at work near by, and very soon afterward we came up with several.

The week which followed was the busiest of the cruise. Not a day passed without our making one or more captures. In all we took twenty-five whale-ships, which, with the exception of three or four, were burned. Some disposition had to be made of the prisoners, and as we could not put them ashore in those frozen regions, we were obliged to bond one vessel in every six or seven, in order to dispose of the crews of the others. One of the vessels which we bonded was in charge of a woman, the wife of the captain, who had died

at sea. Occasionally, when the weather was fine and we had more prisoners than we could conveniently accommodate on board, we put them astern in whale-boats for the day. On one occasion we had twenty-four of these loaded boats towing astern.

Our last capture was made on the 28th of June, on which day we took eleven vessels. Nine of them were fired, and were all burning at the same time within a few miles of one another. One of these eleven vessels had been caught in an ice-floe, and was so badly injured that her captain had determined to abandon her, preparatory to which there was a sale of all the movables on board, which the other vessels had assembled to attend. Most of these were at anchor near the injured vessel, and hence we captured them all with but little trouble.

The captain of one of these vessels showed fight. He mounted the poop-deck of his ship, armed with a bomb-gun used in killing whales, and threatened to fire into the boat which was about to board him. The officer in charge of the boat, however, disregarded this threat, and pulled to the gangway and went on board with his crew. When the flag was about to be hauled down, another scene of the same sort was enacted; but by this time the boarding party had discovered that the belligerent captain had been celebrating the occasion, and was royally drunk. He was taken in charge after some resistance, and refusing to leave his ship, had to be lowered into the boat with a block and tackle. Several of the ships, when they saw what was going on, slipped their cables, and steered, some for the shore to get within the marine league, and some for the ice-floes; but as the wind was light, and we had steam up, we very soon had them all in hand.

We were now in Bering Strait, and the next morning entered the Arctic Ocean, where we encountered heavy floes of ice, and the navigation was very dangerous. There was every reason to believe that a number of whalers had passed into the Arctic ahead of us, and we hoped to come up with them; but the captain was afraid to venture very far, the ice being so heavy; and after a day spent in the Arctic, we turned and steered to the southward. On the 5th of July we passed out of Bering Sea into the open Pacific, and saw the last of the ice-floes.

For the next month nothing occurred to break the monotony of ordinary sea life on the *Shenandoah*. We were steering to the southward to get into the track of the China traders and the Pacific mail-steamers. By

the end of the month we were in the desired cruising-ground, and on the 2d of August we overhauled and spoke the English bark *Bar-racouta*, from whom we received news of the collapse of the Confederate government. While in the Arctic Ocean we had received from the *William Thompson*, one of the captured whalers, California papers of April 22, giving an account of the assassination of Mr. Lincoln and the evacuation of Richmond; but the same papers contained the proclamation of Mr. Davis, issued from Danville, saying that the war would be prosecuted with renewed vigor. We had hoped all along that the disaster might not be as bad as these accounts stated; but the *Barracouta* had left San Francisco on July 20, and it was impossible to doubt the correctness of the news she gave us, and yet so strong had been our faith that it seemed incredible to us.

The important question now arose as to what was the proper disposition to be made of the *Shenandoah*. Captain Waddell at first thought of taking the ship to Australia, and running into Sydney or back to Melbourne, and the course of the ship was altered with that view, and for twenty-four hours we steered for Australia. At the end of that time, however, the captain changed his mind, and the course was again altered, and we resumed our way to Cape Horn, the captain announcing to the officers and crew that he had determined to take the ship to the nearest English port; but her actual destination was not made known to any one. Immediately after parting company with the *Bar-racouta*, the guns of the *Shenandoah* were dismounted and sent below into the hold for ballast; the port-holes, which were of our own construction, were boarded up again; and all the small arms and warlike appliances were stowed away between decks. We kept the ship under sail most of the time, with propeller up and smokestack "reefed," saving the little fuel that remained for condensing fresh water for the use of the ship's company, and for any other emergency that might arise.

After doubling Cape Horn, the question of the ship's destination was again agitated among the officers. Were we bound for Cape Town, or would we go on to Liverpool? Cape Town was, in point of fact, the nearest English port, but it was thought by some that a home port would be preferable to a colonial one. As between Cape Town and Liverpool the ward-room officers were about evenly divided, and the question was very fully discussed by them, and their respective views



DRAWN BY W. TABER, FROM A SKETCH LENT BY JOHN T. MASON.

FAREWELL TO LAWRENCE ISLAND PRIZES.

were made known to Captain Waddell by written communications addressed to him. The captain finally called a council of the five lieutenants, and submitted the question to them. At this deliberation the first lieutenant declined to vote, on the ground that he was the executive officer, and as such had already fully expressed his views to the captain; his preference, however, was for Cape Town. The remaining four lieutenants voted one for Cape Town and three for Liverpool, and thus the matter was finally decided. While the subject of the final disposition of the ship was being discussed, Captain Waddell expressed to two of the officers the opinion that, as government property, the *Shenandoah* reverted to the conquering power, and that it would be, perhaps, strictly considered, proper to take the ship into a United States port and surrender her. This suggestion, being strongly opposed by the two officers to whom it was made, was not further considered. Many of the officers thought that the best course, and a perfectly proper one, would be to destroy the ship and go ashore in the boats; but to this the captain would not give his consent, and it was therefore abandoned. We kept steadily on our course, and as far as possible gave everything a wide berth.

Our crew, augmented by the stowaways from Melbourne and volunteers who had joined us from the prizes captured, now numbered about one hundred and thirty men, of all nations under the sun; and as they were acquainted with the unfortunate termination of the war for the South, and knew that the *Shenandoah* had no govern-

ment behind her, we had contemplated the possibility of having some trouble with them. But in this we were agreeably disappointed, for every one of this cosmopolitan crew behaved with perfect subordination. Our first lieutenant, Mr. Whittle, had from the start preserved the most admirable discipline on board at all times, and it was in a great measure due to his excellent management of the crew that no difficulty occurred.

On September 29 we struck our track of the year before in the South Atlantic, and early in October crossed the equator. So far we had not lost a man by sickness or accident, but we had now two very sick men on board. There is a superstition among sailors that, however long a sick man may last at sea, he is sure to die as soon as he "smells the land." Our two invalids respected this superstition, for they died within a few days of each other, and less than a week before the ship reached Liverpool, and when some of the old sailors declared they could smell the bogs of Ireland.

On the 5th of November, 1865, we reached England, anchoring in the Mersey on the morning of the 6th, and the cruise of the *Shenandoah* ended, the vessel being surrendered to the English authorities. When we took on board the pilot, the first question we asked him was about the war in America, as we had been hoping against hope that there might be some mistake about the news we had received in the Pacific. This called forth an amusing cartoon from "Punch," representing the *Shenandoah*, with Captain Waddell, astride of one of his guns, shouting through a huge trumpet to a pilot-boat in the distance: "Is Queen Anne dead?"

THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SPANISH FLEET DESCRIBED BY EYE-WITNESSES.

THE naval battle of Manila Bay on May-day, 1898, will be ranked by historians of the American navy with Perry's victory on Lake Erie and Farragut's attack on the forts of Mobile Bay. Splendid as an example of American daring and skill on the part of Admiral Dewey, it is unique because of the terrible loss inflicted on the Spanish, without the death or serious injury of a single man on the American fleet. Like the shot of the "embattled farmers" of 1775, the roar of Admiral Dewey's guns at Manila has gone round the world, and has shown to the nations the efficiency of the American navy.

The guns of the American fleet were heavier than those of the Spanish squadron, but the Spaniards, in addition, had several shore batteries with formidable guns. On the lunette in front of the city of Manila were several ten-inch Krupp guns, and on Cavite fortress, which guarded the harbor, were batteries of six- and eight-inch guns.

The battle was fought mainly at a distance of from twenty-five hundred to thirty-five hundred yards, or, roughly, between a mile and a half and two miles. At this range accurate marksmanship was imperative. Even at the lesser distance the Spanish fire was ineffective. The simple truth is that the Spaniards had had no target practice, while on most of the American ships target-firing was a regular monthly duty. The absolute lack of skill of the Spanish gunners was demonstrated by their waste of ammunition while the American fleet was drawn off for breakfast. They kept up a continual fire from the Cavite batteries, although their glasses should have shown them that all their shells fell short. At close quarters they were equally powerless to inflict damage, for both the *Baltimore* and the *Olympia* approached very near to Cavite in the second engagement, and succeeded in silencing the guns of the fortress without suffering the loss of a man, and without material damage to either ship. And after this the little gunboat *Petrel* dashed up and down close inshore, destroying the Spanish gunboats, and silencing the remaining shore batteries; and she also escaped unscathed.

The narrative of the battle is told in much detail in the following statements by three Americans who witnessed it. They arrived at San Francisco on June 7, and their accounts as here given for the readers of THE CENTURY are the fullest made by them, and have been authorized by their signatures. Colonel George Alvin Loud, who had served as paymaster of the revenue cutter *McCulloch*, but who was relieved just before the fleet sailed from Hong-Kong, secured permission to serve in the battle. He watched the fight from the *McCulloch*, and actually jotted down notes of what he saw through his glasses. Dr. C. P. Kindleberger was junior surgeon on the battle-ship *Olympia*, and was able to give most of his time to observation of the battle. The third account is given by Joel C. Evans, gunner of the *Boston*, who furnishes a graphic picture of the scene below among the men who did their part in securing victory for the American fleet.

I. NARRATIVE OF COLONEL GEORGE A. LOUD,

Who witnessed the battle from the revenue cutter *Hugh McCulloch*.

ON Sunday, April 17, the *Hugh McCulloch*, Captain Daniel B. Hodgson, a revenue cutter to which the writer was attached, reported, in accordance with orders received at Singapore, to Admiral George Dewey, commanding the Asiatic Squadron at Hong-Kong. We found there assembled the *Olympia*, *Raleigh*, *Boston*, *Concord*, and *Petrel*; also the supply-transport *Nanshan* and *Zafiro*. The first five, or the fighting ships, made a beautiful sight grouped together, in their

snow-white dress, trim and in perfect order, ready for active service. On the 19th this appearance was suddenly changed. In response to an order issued by the admiral, all the fighting ships, including the *McCulloch*, were quickly changed to a slate or drab, their fighting color, and it gave them a grim, business-like appearance. This complete change of color required only from three to six hours' time.

On Friday, April 22, the *Baltimore* arrived

from Yokohama, and in forty-eight hours was docked, bottom scraped and repaired, painted, coaled, and provisioned, and ready for further service. It was remarkable despatch; but as a declaration of war was expected every moment, Captain Dyer did not lose an instant, and his ship was a scene of busy, bustling life, surrounded by a swarm of coal-junks, water-boats, provision-junks, and sampans, all pouring their loads aboard the *Baltimore*, the painting going on at the same time.

The fleet was ordered to leave Hong-Kong harbor Sunday, April 24, the English colonial secretary, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, stating that a state of war existed between the United States and Spain, to which Commodore Dewey replied that he would leave the harbor, as requested, although he had as yet received no notice from his country that war existed.

The *Boston*, *Concord*, *Petrel*, *McCulloch*, *Nanshan*, and *Zafiro* left Hong-Kong harbor at 2 P. M. Sunday, the *Olympia*, *Baltimore*, and *Raleigh* following at 10 A. M. Monday, to reassemble at Mirs Bay, thirty miles distant. The departure of our fleet made no little stir in Hong-Kong, the sympathy of the English there being with us. As the *Olympia*, on which the writer happened to be temporarily, passed the English hospital-ships, they gave us three hearty cheers, which were unexpected, but which were most heartily returned. Three steam-launches filled with enthusiastic Americans followed us down the harbor, waving flags and wishing us God-speed. Owing to our being obliged to wait for the arrival of Mr. Williams, our consul at Manila, we did not get away from Mirs Bay until Wednesday, April 27. The consul arrived at 11 A. M. Wednesday, and all commanders were at once signaled to come on board the flag-ship. Orders then came by signal: "All ships prepare to leave anchorage at 2 P. M." We were off promptly to the minute, the *Olympia* leading, her band sending out the inspiring strains of the "El Capitan" march. The order of squadron formation was in two parallel lines, the *Olympia*, *Baltimore*, *Raleigh*, *Petrel*, *Concord*, and *Boston* forming one, in the order given; and the *McCulloch*, abreast and half a mile distant from the *Olympia*, followed by her wards, the *Nanshan* and the *Zafiro*, forming the second. The purchase of these last two ships by Admiral Dewey just before the declaration of war was a shrewd and well-timed move. The *Nanshan* had on board three thousand tons of coal, and the *Zafiro*

six hundred tons additional, besides six months' stores for the fleet.

The voyage of the fleet, which presented a beautiful sight, was uneventful; and we were off Point Bolinao, on the island of Luzon, the largest of the Philippine group at daybreak Saturday morning, April 30. At this point there is a cable landing-station, from which advice of our coming, as we expected, and as we afterward learned, was telegraphed to Manila. To economize coal we were, as usual, steaming at eight knots per hour; but at this point the admiral ordered the *Concord* and *Boston* ahead at full speed to reconnoiter Subig Bay; and by eleven o'clock they were out of sight ahead and at ten o'clock the *Baltimore* was also sent ahead at full speed to assist the *Concord* and *Boston*, if necessary, should the enemy's fleet be found in force, as was quite probable, in Subig Bay.

At 5 P. M. the entire fleet was in Subig Bay; but none of the enemy was found there, and our commanders were called or board the *Olympia* for final orders. At 6 P. M. we were off again, steaming at six knots per hour, the admiral's orders being to pass the Corregidor forts, forty miles farther on, at midnight. The squadron formation was changed, the second line, led by the *McCulloch*, falling in behind the *Boston*, which continued to occupy the last place in the first line. No exposed lights were permitted on any of the ships, except a hooded stern-light on each to guide the following ship; and we went forward, like silent specters, toward the dangerous pass guarded by forts and supposed to be planted with mines and torpedoes.

Corregidor Island is at the entrance to Manila Bay, and thirty miles distant from the city of Manila. On one side of the island the pass or channel is one mile in width, and on the other side five miles. The crews were all called to quarters at eleven o'clock. As we passed by the island at midnight, steering toward the wide channel, we saw rockets shooting skyward from the summit of Corregidor, and answering rockets from the mainland opposite, and also signal-lights flashing along the shore; and we feared we were discovered, and in for a serious fight before we could gain admission to the bay. We continued, however, silently forward up to the center of the channel, and all the six fighting ships were past the forts, but by this time exposing their stern-lights to the enemy as well as to the following ships. As the *McCulloch* arrived opposite the fort on

the mainland [El Fraile battery, on a small island—EDITOR], a blinding flash showed from there in the darkness, and we heard the scream of a shot near us, and the resounding report of a heavy gun. It showed that we were at last discovered. A second and a third shot were fired by the fort, and answered by three shots from the six-pound rifles of the *McCulloch*, and two from the guns of the *Concord* and the *Boston*, which seemed to satisfy the fort, for we heard and saw no more of them. This was a most thrilling, nerve-trying experience; for we fully realized that at any moment we might receive a fatal shot from the big Krupp guns in that unseen fort, or be lifted out of the water by a sunken mine. The fort on the summit of Corregidor Island is six hundred feet above the water, and would not have been easy to pass in daylight, as we should have been under a plunging fire down upon our decks, which would have been difficult for us to have answered effectually.

After we had passed Corregidor Island, we steamed slowly forward in the darkness, it being a cloudy night, the crews still at quarters, though allowed to rest by lying on the decks at their stations, ready for instant service; and a novel sight the decks presented, covered with the sleeping sailors. All the ships had been put in order for battle. All extra spars and sails were taken down, boats were covered with canvas or nettings to keep splinters from flying from them when hit, everything movable was stowed below or thrown overboard, cabin partitions were taken down, and, as in the *Baltimore*, there being no place below for them, this beautiful woodwork was thrown over the side. The ammunition-hoists in the *Olympia* and *Baltimore* were temporarily armored by winding the anchor-cables around them, and all was done that Yankee ingenuity could devise to guard against disaster in the fight which we now knew was surely and shortly coming.

In the gray dawn of the coming day we found ourselves in front of and about four miles distant from Manila. It was Sunday, May 1, at about 5:15, that a puff of white smoke was seen on the Manila shore, and a shot struck the water a mile short of our ships; then from the opposite shore, at Cavite, seven miles distant from Manila, came heavy reports, and their shots also fell short of us. The *McCulloch*, with the transports, stopped in the middle of the bay, not so far distant but that shots fell about us during the entire fight. Our fighting ships, without making reply to either attack, steamed rapidly up

the bay, which terminates several miles beyond the city. After thus passing, they swung round toward the Cavite side, and steamed straight toward the forts and the Spanish ships which were anchored there, and which now added their rapid fire to that of the forts.

Cavite is the government arsenal and naval depot, and there the Spanish admiral had chosen his fighting-ground. As the flag-ship came on she opened fire at 5:35 with her forward eight-inch rifles, and, swinging round in front of the fort, sent in broadside after broadside from her rapid-fire five-inch guns of the port battery. The other ships, in usual order, followed in and opened fire, and now the battle was fast and furious. Never, it seemed to us on the *McCulloch*, did spectators watch a more desperate game; for from the continual rain of shot we saw poured into our ships it seemed certain that there would be heavy loss of life, and some of our ships probably crippled or sunk, before the fight was over.

As we watched with breathless interest, we saw that our ships had passed and had turned a half-circle. Slowly back they went past the forts, now working their starboard batteries as rapidly as possible, the fire from the shore showing no signs of abatement. Again they wheeled and came down the line. We saw a large white ship move out to meet the *Olympia*. We suspected it was (and it afterward proved to be) the Spanish admiral's flag-ship, the *Reina Christina*. She was met by such a storm of shot, all the fleet which were in range joining in, that she could not reach the *Olympia* at close quarters, and, wheeling about, tried to make back for the little harbor at Cavite from which she came; but at the instant when her stern swung in line, one of the big eight-inch rifles in the forward turret of the *Olympia* hurled a 250-pound percussion shell, which, true to its aim, raked her from her stern forward, exploding her boiler, and completely wrecking the ship and setting her on fire. This shot, the Spanish surgeons told us, killed the captain and sixty men; and the entire loss on this ship in the admiral's desperate sally was one hundred and forty killed and more than two hundred wounded.

The admiral changed his flag to another ship, the *Isla de Cuba*, but fared no better, being driven back and the ship sunk at the entrance of the little harbor. It was at this time that the *Olympia* had her moment of greatest peril. We could see two black boats, which turned out to be torpedo-

launches, coolly awaiting her approach; and as the *Olympia* came on they started for her at full speed. The *Olympia's* gunners realized the danger to their ship, but were not "rattled" for an instant. Failing to hit the small targets with the large guns, as the launches rapidly approached within eight hundred yards the secondary battery of rapid-fire six-pounders poured in their shells with such deadly effect that the first launch blew up, one of our shots either exploding its boiler or the torpedo, for with our glasses we could see a huge column of water go up, and the boat instantly disappear, with all her crew. The second launch was riddled with shot, and was beached. It was afterward found by us with a dozen or more shot-holes through it, and all bespattered with blood. It was a brave effort on the part of the Spaniards, but American marksmanship checkmated their bold move.

Back a fourth time, and then a fifth, went the fleet past the batteries and ships; and then, at 7:45, we saw the *Olympia* heading toward us instead of starting for her sixth time down the line. What did it mean? It looked to us until the last half-hour as though we had stirred up a hornet's nest and our fleet had met its match. Why were they coming out of the fight? Was it because they had been disabled or badly injured, or had the loss of life been such that we were repulsed? What could it mean? It was a quarter of an hour of terrible anxiety and suspense to us all, until the *Olympia* neared us. No signs of serious damage could we see, and as our crew gave them three hearty cheers, they came back to us with such a happy ring that it boded well.

All commanders were summoned on board the flag-ship, and our anxiety was relieved, on Captain Hodgson's return, by the happy news that not a man had been killed, and on the *Baltimore* only six slightly wounded; and not a shot had done our ships serious damage. We learned that the ships had come out only to give our men a little much-needed rest, and breakfast, of which they also stood greatly in need. The sun had come up in a cloudless sky, the air perfectly calm, and the heat of this tropical climate, with the stifling powder-smoke (which much of the time settled around the ships in a dense cloud), made it imperative that the men have a few moments' rest in purer air.

While the interval or cessation of battle, as we now know, was from no serious cause, the Spaniards thought, as we afterward learned, that we had retired to bury our

dead, and, in fact, that they had repulsed us. They were, however, quickly undeceived. At 10:45 the *Baltimore* was ordered to go at her highest speed in front of the forts. She disappeared in a dense cloud of smoke from her two huge funnels, and shortly after we could hear the quick, ringing reports from her six- and eight-inch guns, and the battle was on again. The forts bravely replied at first, but soon their fire slackened. For two hours past we had seen several ships burning fiercely, and it was now plain that their naval force was out of the fight.

The *Olympia*, after an interval of twenty minutes, followed the *Baltimore*, pushing the latter on, and the other ships, following each in turn, stopped or slowed down in front of the Cavite forts, and rained their broadsides into them. Two of our ships, now that resistance had weakened, lay idle in the bay beyond the forts, while the other four were pressing the fight to a finish. With our glasses we watched as shot after shot struck the huge sand embankment, bursting, and sending clouds of sand a hundred feet in the air. The fighting plan was now different from the morning work. The ships moved into proper distance, stopped, got accurate range, and then, with deliberation, sent in shot after shot, with the obvious determination that every shot should count.

The saucy little *Petrel*, with her main battery of four six-inch guns, being of light draft, steamed in nearer than any of the rest, and coolly banged away as though she were an armored battle-ship. Quiet Captain Wood won the admiration of the whole fleet and the *Petrel* was on the spot rechristened the *Baby Battle-ship*. At 12:45 the Spanish flag was still flying, and the *Petrel*, *Boston* and *Raleigh* were at the front, the other three resting. At 1:05 P.M. the three ships at the front rattled in a continuous fire which finished the fight, and the *Petrel* signaled that the enemy had "struck," or hauled down their flag.

It was a happy moment. We all shook hands over the fortunate termination of the first battle of the war. Our crew was sent into the rigging, and three cheers for the Asiatic Squadron were called for by the executive officer, and never were any cheers given with more thankful hearts.

We cannot fail, however, to give justice to our enemy, for all agreed that the Spaniard is a tough fighter, even if he cannot shoot straight. It was a most astounding result of four to five hours' shooting, partly from the finest Krupp rifled cannon, that no harm

worthy of mention was done to our ships, and only six men were slightly wounded on the *Baltimore* from flying splinters. There was no excuse for such bad marksmanship, as we gave them the full broadsides of our ships at short range for targets.

At 2 P.M. the *Olympia* ranged up alongside of us, showing only a few honorable dents; and a beautiful sight she was, with strings of signal-flags on fore and after spars. All the ships through the fight carried three large American battle-flags, one at each masthead, and a third at the main gaff or after flagstaff; and a magnificent sight it made in the second part of the engagement, when a fresh breeze had sprung up, keeping the smoke away from our ships, and causing the flags to stand out in beautiful relief against the cloudless sky.

The consul, Mr. Williams, was sent aboard the *McCulloch*, and transferred by us to one of the English merchantmen anchored in front of the city. At 3 P.M. we anchored near the flag-ship again. At the same moment the *Boston* came up within hail, and it thrilled our hearts to hear the plucky crews give each other the hearty, happy cheers for a victory in which each had borne so creditable a part. In fact, at this moment each crew was more than ever in love with their ship and their captain, and all adored the plucky commodore, who had not lost a move in the game since war was declared. During the fight he had his station on the *Olympia's* forward bridge, with no protection whatever from the flying shot and shell around him. None could have been cooler under fire than Admiral Dewey. Commander Lamberton, the flag-captain and the admiral's chief of staff, and Lieutenant Brumby were with him on the bridge.¹ A shot came within three or four feet of their heads, cutting off the signal halyards, but he did not appear to notice it. The commanders of all the ships acquitted themselves with the greatest credit, Captains Gridley and Dyer, old veterans that they were, and all the others, behaving with the greatest pluck and skill possible, not one of them all using his conning-tower.

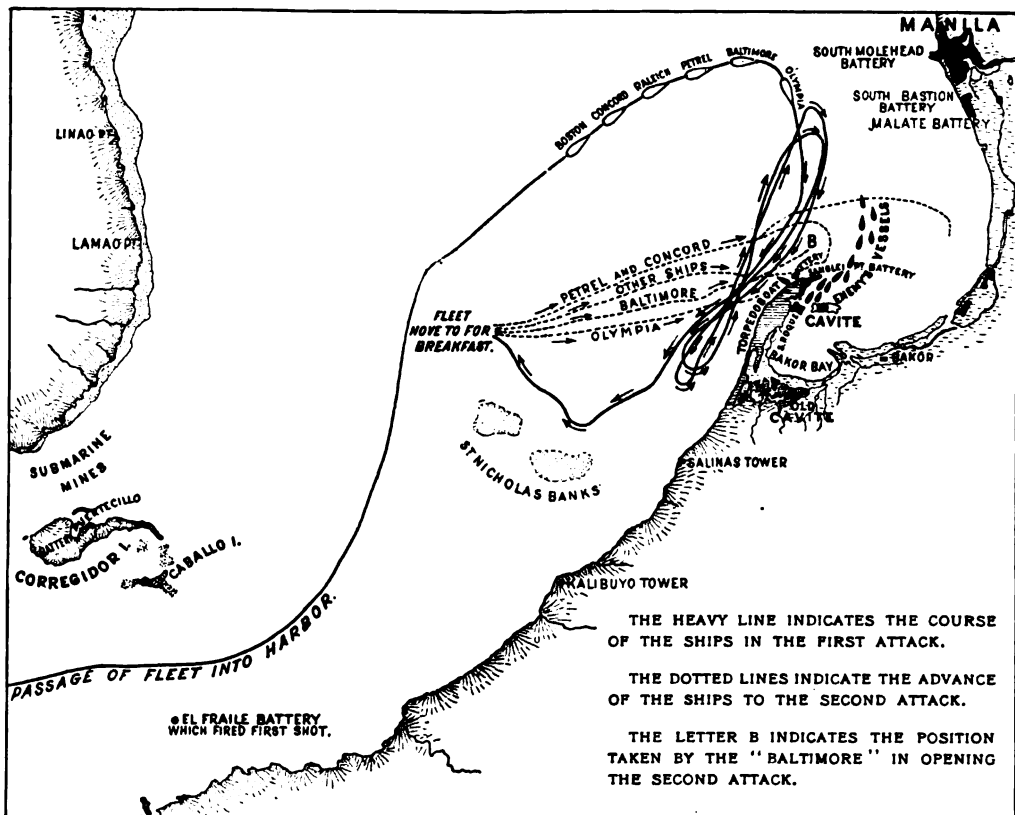
The *Boston*, in regard to her small boats, was the most damaged ship in the fleet, and her boats were shattered, with one exception, not by the enemy's fire, but by the concussion of her own guns, which will indicate the terrific explosive power of these modern high-power guns. Only two boats out of her

ten could be used after the fight. Paymaster John R. Martin, of the *Boston*, not being especially busy in his proper sphere while the fight was at its hottest, made his appearance with a tin cup in one hand, and in the other a pot of coffee, made over a spirit-lamp, no fires in the galleys being permitted in action, and he continued all through the fight to make and serve the refreshing drink to the thirsty men, though a shell which burst in Ensign Doddridge's room, close at hand, came near ending his enterprise. This shell, in exploding, wrecked the contents of the ensign's room, and set it on fire; but the flames were quickly extinguished by the ship's fire department, always ready for such an emergency. Chaplain J. B. Frazier of the *Olympia* had his head out of a port-hole, watching the fight with the greatest interest, when a Spanish shell struck the side of the ship only a few feet away, and burst. His head suddenly disappeared inside that port-hole, and he is still counting himself in luck that he has a head left to tell the story.

Lieutenant W. P. Elliott, executive officer of the *Baltimore*, but during the Manila battle in charge of the auxiliary squadron, the *McCulloch*, *Nanshan*, and *Zafiro*, was the most disappointed man in the fleet at not being able to take a hand in the fight. Captain Hodgson kept the *McCulloch* close up behind the fighting ships, where the shot flew over and about her, and, with big hawsers on deck, he awaited an opportunity to go in to the assistance of any of the fighting ships, should one be disabled under the fire of the forts.

The only shot which pierced our ships worthy of mention was on the *Baltimore*. It was a 4.7 armor-piercing shot, and struck and entered at the upper deck-line, deflecting slightly upward, scattering splinters from the three or four feet of deck next the ship's side, which slightly wounded five or six of Ensign Irwin's gun-crew. It went through both sides of the coaming of the engine-room hatch, and then, glancing on the recoil-chamber of one of the six-inch guns, struck the circular shield of heavy steel in front of it. Following around the concave surface of the shield, the shot came back across the deck toward the side from which it entered, struck and bent a ladder on one of the big ventilators, and fell spent upon the deck. One of the gun's crew leaning against the ventilator was thrown senseless on the deck, and was carried below, but shortly surprised the surgeons by getting

¹ Also Lieutenant Scott, Mr. Stickney, correspondent of the "New York Herald," and the signalmen.—G. A. L.



ROUGH SKETCH-PLAN OF THE BATTLE (NOT DRAWN TO SCALE).

This map is made from a blue print of a map drawn, under the direction of Lieutenant W. P. Elliott, during the progress of the battle, by a draftsman aboard the *McCulloch*. Use has also been made of a sketch-map by Lieutenant Robert M. Dutton of the *Boston*, to the extent of indicating the order in which the ships formed line of battle, and the position of the torpedo-boat which advanced from the west shore of Cavite and was driven back. This sketch-map was sent by Lieutenant Dutton in a letter to his father, W. J. Dutton, of San Francisco. Lieutenant Dutton was graduated at Annapolis in 1891, in the same class with Lieutenant Hobson, the hero of the *Merrimac* exploit.

The shore batteries of the enemy began the firing at daylight, and were not answered until the Spanish fleet of nine vessels hove in sight, some twenty minutes later. The American ships retired from the engagement at 7:35. The second attack began at 10:40, the *Baltimore* leading and engaging the enemy's remaining ships and forts alone for over twenty minutes. At 12:50 all Spanish flags were hauled down, and the *Olympia* signaled the fleet, "The enemy have surrendered."

Fate of the Spanish ships: SUNK: *Reina Christina*, *Castilla*, *Don Antonio de Ulloa*. BURNED: *Don Juan de Austria*, *Isla de Luzon*, *Isla de Cuba*, *General Lezo*, *Marquis del Duero*, *El Correo*, *Velasco*, and *Isla de Mindanao* (transport). CAPTURED: *Rapido* and *Hercules* (tugs), and several small launches.

up and walking back to his gun, where he did his duty to the end of the fight.

The conduct of our men in this their first fight was beyond praise. Not a man flinched, but each remained at his post, doing his duty coolly and well. As to the loss of the enemy, it is impossible to learn with accuracy, for the dead on the burning Spanish ships were not removed, but were burned with them. From what can be learned from the Spanish surgeons, there were upward of eight hundred killed, and double that number wounded. The *McCulloch* having anchored in Cavite harbor on the day after the fight, we saw hospital-flags, the Geneva cross of red in a white field, flying over the cathedral, the hospital, and another large building. The writer was with Lieutenant Hodges,

who had command of the side-wheel steamer *Isabella I*, one of our prizes, when on Tuesday afternoon he started to convey the wounded from Cavite across to Manila. On the one trip made that afternoon two hundred and one were taken over, which did not comprise one half the number to be transferred. We were not allowed to enter the river Pasig at Manila with these wounded, but steam-launches came out and transferred them from our boat to the shore. When the boats from our ships first went ashore after the fight at Cavite, a procession of priests and Sisters of Charity came out to meet them, and asked that we would not kill those who lay wounded in the hospitals, which revealed their idea of the bloodthirstiness of the terrible "Americanos." This idea very

quickly vanished when they found that we were anxious to assist them in every way possible, and to protect them from their own people, a mob of whom started to loot the houses and even the hospital itself.

The physique of the Spanish crews, as shown by the wounded, was far below that of men we would enlist on our ships; in fact, we would think our ships poorly manned with such material.

It was a grand sight, through the night after the fight, to see the burning ships, which lighted up the sky with their flames. Occasionally an explosion would be seen and heard as the magazines ignited. A sample of the horrors of war was seen by the writer on Monday afternoon, when in a rowboat we rowed around the charred skeleton of the *Reina Christina*. Rounding the stern, something unusual showed on the projecting sponson of a forward gun, which, on nearer inspection, proved to be the corpse of a Spaniard, nude, save for a belt about his waist, both legs shot off at the knee, and bearing other horrible wounds. Owing to the body being on the sponson outside the hull, it had not been burned. It was one of the most gruesome sights I have ever seen. I could not be thankful enough that no such sights were to be seen on our ships.

During the second part of the fight the *Olympia* at one time was in the background, while some of the other ships were at work in front of the forts. The big guns in the forward turret of the *Olympia* (or it may have been the turret mechanism) were not working satisfactorily. Admiral Dewey pointed to a large Spanish transport which had been beached during the early morning down in the end of the bay, about two miles distant from the ship, and suggested that they try a shot. Captain Gridley gave the order, and the first shot went through the transport, and the second also went through, within ten feet of the first. The admiral laughed, and said he could find no fault with those guns, or with the gunners either. The crew of the transport went flying over the side, and the boat was soon a mass of flames.

The cutting of the telegraph cable was an incident showing the complete information that the admiral had of everything pertaining to Manila Bay. The Spaniards refused to allow us to send any cable messages from the Manila cable office, which they must shortly have had great reason to regret; for, being informed of the exact location of the submerged cable in the bay, the transport *Zafiro*, by the admiral's orders, within three

hours grappled for, obtained, cut, and buoyed the ends of it, effectually cutting off Spanish communication with the outside world, and leaving the cable in readiness for our use as soon as proper instruments and experts could be obtained.

We had been told before the fleet reached Manila that the Spanish guns were obsolete; that they would jump out of their mountings at the first discharge. The old battery on the mole at the entrance of Pasig River was not used in the fight by the Spaniards. Their shore batteries at Cavite and Corregidor contained some of the finest modern Krupp guns, well mounted, and of larger caliber than any guns in our fleet. The idea that our fleet was opposed only by antiquated, decrepit artillery is nonsense, as we learned when our men were sent ashore at Cavite, after the fight, to blow up the batteries and destroy the guns.

Besides the side-wheel boat *Isabella I*, already mentioned, we captured a number of steam-launches and boats; but the best of them was a fine transport, the *Manila*, which had on board, among other supplies, six hundred tons of coal and a lot of beef cattle. The latter were shortly satisfying American appetites. As spoil of war, the arsenal, with its complete outfit of machinery for naval repairs and for the manufacture of military equipment, and the pile of eight hundred tons of coal and other stores, are items not to be despised.

At the time the *McCulloch* was passing the Corregidor forts a sad event occurred. Overcome by the heat in the engine-room, as the firing of the guns on deck was going on, Chief Engineer Randall was seized with apoplectic convulsions, sinking into a comatose condition, and expiring two hours later. At four o'clock Sunday afternoon the *McCulloch* steamed down the bay, and with an impressive service his body was lowered into the sea.

We were greatly delayed in getting official news of the fight and our victory to the outside world. Our inability to use the cable from Manila made it necessary to send a despatch-boat to Hong-Kong. On May 3 the *McCulloch* was ordered to coal up from the *Nanshan* to the fullest capacity for this trip, for we knew we could obtain no coal at Hong-Kong for the return trip. It was slow work, and in the tropical heat terribly hard on our men coaling our ship; for we could not, of course, obtain laborers from shore to do so. At noon Thursday, May 5, we were off. Flag Lieutenant Brumby; Lieutenant-Commander

Briggs, executive officer of the *Baltimore* during the fight; J. C. Evans, gunner of the *Boston*; Dr. Kindleberger of the *Olympia*; and the war correspondents Stickney, Harden, and McCutcheon, went to Hong-Kong with us. At 12:55 the signal which came to us from the flag-ship read: "Be ready to sail in five minutes"; and on the instant we were off, the band on the *Olympia* sending us sweet strains of music in farewell as we passed her. In passing the *Baltimore*, their band gave us "Auld Lang Syne" as an appropriate farewell to their able executive officer Lieutenant Briggs, who went with us to the hospital at Yokohama. Although suffering from rheumatism, he would not leave his ship until all chance of fighting was past.

The *Boston* and the *Concord* escorted us out past Corregidor, where we sighted the military tops of a man-of-war. We thought a fight was in prospect, and all cleared for action; but as we came nearer the ship proved to be the French cruiser *Bruix*. The usual running time for passenger-boats from Manila to Hong-Kong is sixty hours, but in forty-eight hours we were in the harbor, and the cable-lines were soon hot with the long messages our war correspondents were hurrying forward. It was most pleasing to us all to see the gratification of the English people at Hong-Kong over our victory. It seemed as though our friends at home could not be more delighted. As they put it: Blood is thicker than water.

II. COLONEL GEORGE A. LOUD'S DIARY, WRITTEN DURING THE BATTLE.

ON BOARD THE "McCULLOCH," Saturday, April 30, 8 A. M. The fleet is steaming along near the shore, which is green and fertile. The *Boston* and *Concord* have been detailed to get news of any Spanish war-ships which may be in hiding among the little islands. At 5 P. M. we are in Subig Bay, which the *Boston*, *Concord*, and *Baltimore* have been reconnoitering. We were ordered to stop a little schooner flying the Spanish flag, but the captain had no news, as he came from some other port than Manila. All the captains have been called aboard the *Olympia* for consultation. . . . We expect to have to fight our way into the bay and then settle conclusions with the forts at Manila and the war-ships, which are moored under the guns of the forts. . . .

8:30 P. M. The captains were only on the flag-ship a few minutes. The orders are that we are to run by the Corregidor forts to-night, and we are at once under way. About 11 o'clock all hands were called to quarters, for we were nearing the entrance to the bay. At the left of the entrance we see rockets being sent up. The big ships are nearly all through the pass, and we thought we would get through unnoticed also. We find there are forts on both sides of the wide channel, for a flash and a sharp report tell us they are awake at last. We answer by three shots, and they fire twice more, one shot going directly over us. The *Boston* gives them two shots that rang out sharp and strong from her heavy rifles. No more shots came, and we are all past the forts in safety. Now, in the quiet of the tropical night, we lie down on deck for a few hours' sleep.

6 A. M. Called to quarters at 5 o'clock.

The guns from shore opened at long range. The war-ships, in line, steamed down, swung a half-circle in front of the naval arsenal at Cavite, where the Spanish ships are anchored, but reserved fire until at close range. The fire from the forts was incessant. Our boats passed in line, and the sharp reports from their rifled guns show they are hard at work. The *McCulloch* lies about a mile farther off shore, yet some shots whistle close by our ships and explode near us. It is the most thrilling game a man ever watched, for our lives hang on the success of our ships. As I write the cannonade is incessant, and our ships, after making first passage by their forts, have turned about to pass again and give the starboard batteries a chance.

6:30 A. M. Shots shriek above and around us. Evidently the Spaniards have aimed too high to hit our fighting ships. We fear our ships have met their match, though we are thankful to see that none show the effects of their contact with the Spaniards at close range. Our men show that they have pluck, for we are giving the Dons a battle royal. What is the end to be? Our hope and our lives are all in the balance.

7 A. M. The ships have passed the batteries for the second, third, and fourth times, making two complete circles, and the *Olympia* has just turned in on the third circle, or the fifth time past the batteries. Those who said the Spanish would not fight now see that they were mistaken, for they are making a desperate battle, worthy of their ancestors. Our commodore is giving them a good sample of Yankee pluck, and is handling the squadron like an expert as he is.

7:30 A. M. I was in error in the last note,

for it showed later that our ships were turning a circle up in the bay, firing at longer range as each boat presented its broadside toward the batteries. As the fighting ships are in the upper part of the bay, farthest distant from the *McCulloch* and transports, a gunboat tries to steal out to catch us, and it looked for a moment as though we were in serious trouble. With breathless interest I watched every shot from our ships, and gladly noticed that they had concentrated their fire on this plucky ship, as she appeared to be badly hit and turned about and hurried back to shelter. Our ships are now straightening out to pass in line as at first. I fear greatly for them at this close range, for none are armored further than with protective decks.

7:45 A. M. The *Olympia* is past the batteries, and the *Baltimore* is at short range pouring in her metal. The nerve of gallant Captains Dyer of the *Baltimore* and Gridley of the *Olympia* will be a pride to all Americans, and the other captains are close behind them. The *Baltimore* is so high out of the water, and thus is so conspicuous a target at this short range, that it seems as though the Spaniards would surely destroy her. Our hearts ache for the result, for many of our brave men will never see another sunrise. This is Sunday and May-day, and it will be an American date in history. It is a sultry day, with dazzling sunlight, but the sunlight is against the enemy. Shots are shrieking over us, for some battery has decided to make a target of us instead of our heavy-weights that oppose them.

8 A. M. Our ships have all passed and have gone away out of range. The firing has nearly ceased. We are extremely anxious for the news. Are our ships to go again into that cyclone of shot and shell, or what? A fire of some kind over at the forts shows we have left our track behind us, and we are curious to know what it is. We think and hope it is some of the Spanish fleet, for the destruction of this fleet is our principal business here.

11 A. M. Glorious, glorious news comes back from the flag-ship. Not a man killed or seriously wounded on our ships in the two hours' combat! It seems impossible, when fighting at such close range. The range was so near that the rapid-fire guns in the fighting-tops of our larger ships were pouring in their fire. The combat is to be renewed shortly. Two Spanish ships are burning and we think we have sunk another. The *Olympia* steams by close to us and gives us three rousing cheers, which we send ringing back for them. The sailors are dressed down to fight-

ing trim, undershirts and duck trousers. They are in good heart and ready for the finish, and they and their ship in its dress of somber drab look ready for business, if not for parade.

11:20 A. M. The *Baltimore* is now close in to the batteries. We are steaming out to meet the English passenger-steamer from Hong-Kong, which we see coming up the bay.

12 NOON. After speaking the *Esmeralda* we are now returning to our wards, the *Zafiro* and *Nanshan*. We are too far away to see well, but for the last twenty minutes our ships, led by the *Baltimore*, have been pouring rapid fire into the navy-yard batteries. From the batteries we can see desultory shots. Two of our heavy ships, the *Boston* and *Raleigh*, are lying in the background as reserves, and the four others are fighting it out. It is a cool, deliberate duel, and it is plain that our ships are trying most carefully to make every shot count. The *Baltimore* has drawn out and the *Raleigh* has gone in, firing her forward guns as she goes.

12:30 P. M. We are called to lunch, but none of us can leave the fascinating spectacle for a moment. Three Spanish ships are burning. The little *Petrel* is at the front, working her broadside guns, and the *Raleigh* follows to reduce the batteries, if possible, at close quarters. The Spaniards are clear grit and still keep their flag flying.

12:45 P. M. The *Petrel*, *Raleigh*, and *Boston* are at the front, the other three lying in the rear.

1:05 P. M. The three ships at the front rattled in a continuous hot fire which finished the fight, and the *Petrel* has just signaled that the enemy has struck. On our ships all hands are called, the crew sent into the rigging, and three cheers are called for by Lieutenant Foley for the Asiatic Squadron. Never were any cheers given with more thankful hearts. We all shake hands with such a glad feeling of congratulation that it will never be forgotten. We all agree, however, that the Spaniard is a tough fighter, even if he cannot shoot straight. It is a most astonishing result—this four hours' shooting, partly from the finest Krupp cannon, with no harm done to our ships, and only six very slightly wounded on the *Baltimore* from flying splinters. There was no excuse for the Spaniards, for we gave them full broadsides at short range for targets.

2 P. M. The *Olympia* ranged up alongside us, showing hardly a dent or scratch, and a beautiful sight she was with six strings of signal-flags on fore and after spars. The

Manila consul, Mr. Williams, was sent aboard our ship, the crew of happy tars on the *Olympia* giving him three cheers as he left their ship. We transferred the consul to an English merchantman, by whose captain the consul sent a demand ashore to the Spanish governor-general for surrender of the city.

11 A. M., Monday, May 2d. We were on guard all night. From the flag-ship this morning we have these details of yesterday's

fight: On the *Olympia* a six-pound shell cut the rigging four feet over the admiral's head, and as Flag Lieutenant Brumby and Ensign Scott were raising signal-flags the halyards were shot away. The *Petrel* brings a string of captured small craft from the navy-yard trailing behind her, and the news that there were one hundred and thirty Spaniards killed on the *Reina Christina*, the captain included, and Admiral Montojo wounded. . . .

Geo. A. Loud.

III. NARRATIVE OF DR. CHARLES P. KINDLEBERGER, JUNIOR SURGEON OF THE FLAG-SHIP "OLYMPIA."

WHEN we left our anchorage at Hong-Kong for Mirs Bay we passed close to an English army hospital-ship lying in the stream. The patients gathered on the port side, and, with the doctors and nurses, gave three hearty cheers as we steamed slowly by. It did our hearts good, and from all our ships ringing Yankee voices answered them in kind. It was known at Hong-Kong that we were to proceed to Manila to destroy the Spanish fleet, and no doubt the Spanish consul at Hong-Kong telegraphed our mission to the authorities at Manila. The Chinese at Hong-Kong regarded our intentions with apathy, but I believe that the Japanese trusted in our victory.

We left Mirs Bay at 2 P. M., April 27, 1898, the fleet grim in its dull war color, and every heart aboard beating with excitement and resolve. All knew that the orders had been received to proceed direct to Manila and to capture or destroy the Spanish fleet, but the outcome was dark with mystery. English naval officers predicted that we would win easily, for they had seen our target practice; but other naval officers declared that the Spaniards had the weight of metal, and if they made the fight under the protection of the guns in Manila Bay, they ought to win. Nothing is so difficult for the American temperament to endure as uncertainty. As the vessels sailed over the calm sea between Hong-Kong and Manila it was easy to see that inaction fretted officers and men almost beyond endurance. The commodore had given orders for eight knots only, in order to economize coal, and this slow movement annoyed the men, who were keyed up

to fighting tension and suffered under the enforced idleness.

Cape Bolinao, the first headland of the main island of Luzon, was reached at four o'clock on the morning of Saturday, April 30. A report was brought to Commodore Dewey that a Spanish war vessel was in the little harbor, but he did not credit the rumor. We ran close inshore all day along the beautiful tropical coast of the island of Luzon. Poet or painter never pictured a lovelier scene, for in color and luxuriance of vegetation this island is not excelled anywhere in the world. We should have enjoyed the voyage had it not been for the preparations for battle and death seen on every side.

During the day everything made of wood that shot could reach was ruthlessly stripped off and cast overboard. Even the personal belongings of officers and men suffered the same fate. Rails and planks were cut away by jackies with their sharp axes, and chairs, tables, chests, and a great variety of smaller articles were added to the curious collection that littered the ocean for miles. It was hard on the lovers of curios, but nothing escaped the vigilance of the officers whose orders were to guard against splinters, more deadly on the gun-deck of the modern man-of-war than a solid shot.

Two hours after sighting Cape Bolinao the *Boston* and the *Concord* were detached by the commodore and ordered to make a reconnaissance of Subig Bay, forty miles away, where it was reported the day before we left Mirs Bay that the Spanish admiral would await the American fleet. Later the *Baltimore* was despatched under full steam to

assist them. When they returned they reported that two Spanish schooners were met near Subig Bay, but no trustworthy information was gained from their crews. No Spanish war vessels were seen, but the master of one of the schooners declared that he had just come from Manila harbor and that the Spanish fleet was not there. A Philippine insurgent leader, who was on one of our ships, boarded the schooner and closely questioned the crew. His report was that no dependence could be placed upon them. "They are liars," said he; "and this story is a lie."

When the three vessels returned to the fleet Commodore Dewey signaled for a council of war. All the captains met in the commodore's room on the *Olympia*, and after a short discussion it was decided to run the batteries at the entrance of Manila harbor at midnight. As soon as the captains returned, the fleet was off again at six-knot speed. When night fell all lights were put out except a hooded stern lantern on each ship, which served as a steering guide to the vessel following.

As junior medical officer on the *Olympia* my station in battle was in the sick-bay situated forward on the berth-deck beneath the eight-inch turret, and close to the forward ammunition-hoist. Before we left Mirs Bay the men had been instructed in the application of tourniquets and first aid to the injured. At the same time bandages and tourniquets were distributed to each division. All were instructed to have their hair clipped short, and most of the officers and men complied. This was for better endurance of the fierce heat and to facilitate the dressing of scalp wounds.

Instructions were also given in the art of carrying the wounded both by bearers and on stretchers, and orders were passed that all sick and wounded were to be brought at once to the sick-bay or the medical station aft. In charge of the forward bay was the senior medical officer, Dr. Price, assisted by myself, two baymen, and the apothecary. Aft was the senior assistant medical officer and Chaplain Frazier. About 6 P. M. we began to prepare the sick-bay for the coming battle. The battle ports were closed and a canvas screen placed around all the sides and on the inboard partitions to protect the surgeons and the wounded from splinters. Our instruments were laid out ready for operations; antiseptic solutions, ligatures, tourniquets, stimulants, anesthetics, etc., were placed on a table close by; and the operating-table was in position to receive patients.

When these preparations had been made I went on deck. The history of the American navy is full of exciting episodes, but I doubt whether in the midst of any battle the nervous tension of officers and men was greater than on this night, as we entered the harbor of Manila. Not a light could be seen as the *Olympia* steamed slowly into the broad channel between the islands of Corregidor and El Fraile. Dark and grim the Spanish fortifications loomed on either side, and it seemed well-nigh hopeless that we should escape observation. But the commodore followed a mid-channel course, and in the gloom all the fleet had passed the islands, except the revenue cutter *McCulloch* and the transports, when suddenly from the summit of Corregidor, six hundred feet above us, leaped a rocket, and its blazing course lighted up the heavens. Instantly an answering signal came from the opposite fort, and a moment later the boom of great guns from the south shore showed that the Spaniards were aroused and knew that the enemy was at their gates.

Magical was the change in the bearing of the men on the *Olympia*. They sprang to the guns, eager to reply to the Spanish challenge, but Commodore Dewey forbade any firing. The *Boston*, the *McCulloch*, and the *Concord* responded with a few shots; but orders were given to cease firing, and the slow, silent, forward movement was resumed. Probably the fleet would have entered the harbor undetected had it not been for the blazing smokestack of the *McCulloch* and the stern lights; but the discovery and the aimless firing by the Spanish gunners had a good moral effect on the men. Before, they had been nervous and overwrought. Now, with the certain knowledge that fighting was in store for them at break of day, they dropped down in the warm tropical night beside their guns or wherever they had been stationed, and were soon sound asleep.

Morning came, and just before the shadows lifted all hands had coffee. Then the galley fires were extinguished and the preparations for battle occupied all on board. At 5:15 o'clock we passed the merchant fleet, composed of English sailing vessels, with one German ship. They lay in the way of the fire of the forts. Just after we had passed them the batteries at Manila opened fire, but the only vessel to respond was the *Boston* with a few eight-inch shells. The revenue cutter *McCulloch* and the two transports, *Nanshan* and *Zafiro*, were left in the middle of the bay, but still in range. Then the six

fighting ships, cleared for action, sailed in to meet the fleet and the batteries. With three flags flying on each vessel, the ships made a brave sight.

The flag-ship *Olympia* led the way, and was followed by the *Baltimore*, *Raleigh*, *Concord*, *Petrel*, and *Boston*. We made a wide circle and came round opposite the city of Manila and down toward Cavite fortress, from which the red-and-yellow colors of Spain were proudly flying. At first we could not make out the Spanish fleet, and feared that it had really escaped; but a few minutes later we descried the flags fluttering from the vessels as they lay in a half-circle in Bakor Bay, just back of Cavite. On the *Olympia* the men stood at their guns with set teeth and the smile that one sees so often on the faces of men in the prize-ring.

When seven miles away puffs of smoke and roar of guns showed that the forts had begun their fire on us. But the shells did not reach, and the fleet sailed on without reply. Still silent, the *Olympia* drew near until she was only forty-four hundred yards away from fort and fleet. Then the roar of one of her forward eight-inch guns was the signal that the fight had opened. Almost instantly—it seemed to me like an echo—came the sound of the guns of the other ships. First would come the flash, then the puff of smoke, and then the mighty roar. We fired our port batteries in turn, and then, swinging round, discharged the starboard guns.

During this fight and the one later I watched the spectacle from the six-pounder guns forward of the sick-bay. There was very little for me to do, and as these guns were fired only when the ship was at short range from the shore, my position was an ideal one. Early in the fight I saw what looked like a ten-inch shell coming toward the ship with frightful velocity. It seemed inevitable that we should be destroyed. The shell struck the water ten feet from the bow and ricocheted clear over the vessel, with a screech that was indescribable. Had it struck five feet higher I should not tell this tale. Other shells fell as near, and the impact sent the water splashing over us.

Soon after two torpedo-boats put out from the fleet. They came straight for the *Olympia*, with the manifest purpose of sinking the flag-ship. When the foremost boat reached close range a perfect storm of steel burst upon it. The surface of the ocean burst into foam under the hail of shot, and the doomed boat went down with all her crew. The other, seeing the fate of her companion, turned and

made for the shore. With riddled sides she managed to float until the few surviving members of her crew escaped. As we neared Cavite a mine field exploded, but as we were fully a thousand yards off, the ship was not hurt.

Five times the fleet ranged up and down before Cavite, each vessel pouring in broadsides upon the Spanish fleet and the batteries of Cavite. As soon as the Spanish admiral could get up steam on his flag-ship, the *Reina Christina*, he came boldly out to give us battle. It was magnificent, but in his case it certainly was not war, for his flag-ship was hit again and again and his men were driven from their guns by the fierce fire of the *Olympia* and the other vessels. I saw the vessel turn and begin an attempt to retreat; but as she swung about, an eight-inch shell from one of our guns raked the ship fore and aft. We learned later that this single shell killed the captain and sixty men, hopelessly crippled the ship, and set her on fire. Several other ships were burning fiercely as at 7:30 the signal was given and our fleet drew off.

This was the signal that the Spaniards misconstrued as a sign that the Americans had retreated to repair damages. The truth is that Commodore Dewey desired to consult his captains and also to give all hands breakfast. The men had been fighting in the fierce heat for two hours, and they were worn with fatigue and hunger. But, weary as they were, they laughed when they looked shoreward and saw the effects of their work, accomplished without any serious damage to their own vessels or any loss to their men. A cold lunch was served, and soon the men were ready to fight again.

Looking over to Cavite, the sight was one that no one who beheld it will ever forget. The forts of Manila and batteries at Cavite were throwing tons of shot and shell across the water; but all were wasted, as they fell short of the fleet. Along near the shore the *Reina Christina* was in a blaze and the *Castilla* was burning.

At 10:45 the attack was resumed. Nothing in the whole engagement showed more nerve than the dash made by the *Baltimore* and the *Olympia* up to the Cavite batteries. It was vitally necessary that these batteries should be silenced, as the fleet lay behind them, and the forts mounted big guns that could sink any of our ships with one well-planted shot. Both ships steamed full speed straight for the fort. We saw the *Baltimore* disappear in a cloud of smoke. Then we en-

tered it and delivered a broadside. Nothing human could stand such a fire, well delivered at close range, and the Spaniards were forced to abandon their guns.

Then all the ships turned their guns on the remnant of the Spanish fleet, and under the terrible fire the *Don Antonio de Ulloa* sank with her colors flying. The big American ships did not dare venture far inside the harbor, but the *Concord* and the *Petrel* steamed in and shelled forts and ships. The *Concord* drove the crew of one hundred men from the transport *Mindanao* and set her on fire, while the *Petrel* burned all the ships she found afloat. At five minutes after one o'clock the white flag went up on Cavite fort.

When our men caught sight of this flag cheers went up which stirred one's blood. The sailors were beside themselves with joy, and cheered, shouted, hugged one another, and indulged in many other signs of rejoicing. Then came the report that no lives had been lost, and the cheering was redoubled.

At noon the day after the battle the Spanish evacuated Cavite. I was sent ashore to bury eight Spaniards, and landed at the hospital on the point near Cavite. I went through all its wards. The sight was terrible. It is a good hospital, with detached wards in little pavilions grouped about the central buildings. Everything was in good order and cleanly. I conversed with several of the doctors in French, as I do not speak Spanish and they had no English at command. They were extremely courteous, but to my question, "How many Spanish were killed and wounded?" they replied sadly that they did not know. In the wards I saw over eighty wounded. The horrors of war were seen at their worst. Some of the men were fearfully burned, some with limbs freshly amputated, others with their eyes shot out, their features torn away by steel or splinters—every kind of injury that surgery records. The shrieks and groans of the wounded were appalling. I could not stay to hear them, though my profession is calculated to harden one against such scenes. Had I been working, I should have endured it, but as an onlooker it was unbearable. We had received urgent messages from these doctors saying for God's sake to send Americans to guard the hospital against the insurgents, who, they feared, would murder them and their patients. We had posted guards as soon as possible, but not before the insurgents had robbed them of all the clothing not on their backs and all their food except enough for twelve hours.

I walked through Cavite with several officers and saw the insurgents looting the stores and houses. They were carrying away provisions, clothing, furniture, and everything else portable. The Spaniards had all fled, and they were undisturbed in their greedy labors. When they met us they bowed and smiled indulgently, with many salutations and spoken desires for our welfare.

I shall not forget the burial of the eight men for whose interment I had been despatched with a line officer and party. We came upon them lying on a little porch behind a small hospital in the Cavite navy-yard. The bodies were mangled and ghastly. A leg was missing from one, the back of the head from another, the wall of the abdomen from a third. Those who were not instantly killed must have died soon after the receipt of their injuries. Evidently they had been laid where we found them and then deserted. Shells had wrought the fearful havoc. Although dead but a few hours, the corpses were in an advanced stage of decomposition, owing to the climatic conditions. We dug a trench, covered the bodies with quicklime, and consigned them to the earth. The hospital inmates at Cavite were afterward sent to Manila under the Geneva cross in a captured steamer.

It seemed incredible to us, after the smoke and excitement of battle had cleared away, that we had lost not a single man, and that not a single ship had been seriously damaged. Primarily to the wretched gunnery of the Spanish we owed our escape; but there was an element of luck also in the escape of so many vessels from random shots. Many of their guns were old, but still they had enough good guns afloat and ashore to have made a destructive fight had they had the skill to handle them. Of ammunition and torpedoes also they had an ample store. No one who witnessed the Spaniards in action could say that they lacked courage. In fact, they exposed themselves, yet their valor was wasted in this long-range fighting. It was the oft-told story of the man behind the gun.

During the first battle Boatswain's Mate Heaney of the *Olympia* was treated by me for crushed fingers caused by the recoil of a gun, and another man suffered from the same cause, having a slight scalp wound. Two others had minor injuries. In the second battle none were hurt in the least or were made sick by the heat and work. The day was clear and excessively hot, but about the beginning of the second fight a fresh breeze sprang up which lasted all that day and

night. It was of incalculable benefit to our men, but the state of the thermometer may be judged from the fact that we all slept on deck that night without covering. The *Olympia* was struck thirteen times by Spanish shots, three times in the hull and the rest in the rigging. Two shots cracked the plates, but did not pierce them. I was told by a Spaniard after the battle that they thought our ships were armored, and so used armor-piercing shells, which, coupled with poor marksmanship, may account for our seemingly miraculous escape from harm.

The noise of the explosions was stunning, and a number of officers and men had their ears plugged with cotton as a safeguard. They could still hear commands, but were saved the shock of the rapid-firing guns. A private of marines was made deaf for several days, and powder smoke made many choke and caused watering of the eyes among all. When the eight-inch guns went off the noise in the sick-bay was terrible, and a cloud of smoke hid all from view in that direction. The ship heaved as if in the grip of a tidal wave, and one felt as though nothing could withstand the concussion.

I saw no fear shown by any one. After the battle began the coolness of the men and

officers was as real and as great as if they were at target practice. They aimed their guns with the ease and steadiness of men shooting partridges, and cheered each shot home to its mark. Exclamations of satisfaction when some specially valuable target was hit were frequent, and all executed their manœuvres with the sang-froid of veterans.

My part in the conflict being almost entirely that of a spectator, I had opportunities to see much, but I can give only my ideas of the battle and its surroundings. I left for Hong-Kong in the *McCulloch* with others a few days afterward, but before that time we had destroyed the batteries at the mouth of Manila Bay and were loading the captured transport *Manila* with guns and other trophies of the victory. Manila had not surrendered, but Dewey sent word that if a shot was fired from the city he would lay the place in ashes. The admiration for Dewey—which I have discovered since my arrival in America amounts to idolatry—is well deserved. He is worshiped by his men. All knew before the battle that he was a magnificent theorist in naval affairs, but it was a revelation to find that he was a genius in management and one of the greatest sea-fighters the century has produced.

Charles P. Kindleberger,
Assistant Surgeon, U.S. Navy.

IV. NARRATIVE OF JOEL C. EVANS, GUNNER OF THE 'BOSTON.'

I WAS in charge of the forward ammunition supply on the *Boston* during the battle of Manila Bay. I can only tell of the battle as I saw it and heard of its incidents at the time from officers and men aboard the American men-of-war. To begin at the bow of the story, the American fleet sailed from Mirs Bay, April 27. We steamed slowly for Cape Bolinao, the formation of the ships being "column at distance," or what a landsman might call Indian file, except the reserve division, which was on the starboard beam.

We went ahead on the 30th with the *Concord* to reconnoiter Subig Bay, where the Spanish commander intended to meet us; and his plans, captured later, showed that he had it in mind to sweep us off the face of the water. The rest of the fleet joined us in the bay, and we steered south until about thirty

miles from Manila harbor, when we were ordered to general quarters. Now we had no lights except a glimmering lantern on each stern to follow, but the enemy found us. The *McCulloch* had a Japanese brand of coal, and her smokestack appeared like a bonfire at election time. When we saw a rocket go up from Corregidor no one gave the Spanish credit for superior eyesight. We were not surprised when a gun boomed from the south shore, and we let them have an eight-inch shell just to tell them that they had seen us surely. The *Concord* fired two six-inch guns and the *McCulloch* four times, and then we paid no more attention to them or they to us. Two hours after midnight we were told to lie down, and the ships crept along at four knots an hour while we secured some sleep.

About five o'clock, just as daylight brightened the horizon, we were rushed to quarters without breakfast except a bite of hardtack and some cold meat. My station was on the forward berth-deck. My duties were to see that the ammunition called for from above was sent on deck with the utmost despatch and without mistakes in the size and kind desired. All the ammunition is stored in the lower hold, or the part of the ship next to the keel, there being different compartments for the powder, the shells, and the fixed ammunition. Technically, I had charge of the "forward powder division," and under me were twenty-five men. They were firemen and coal-heavers, off duty in the engine-room and trained to man the whips. They were used to their work, as this was their regular battle station, and even in practice the same discipline was enforced as when now we were fighting for country and life.

The Chinese servants, ordinarily used for fetching and carrying, were impressed into service, and showed courage and skill. The ship was already prepared for battle. Everything that led to the berth-deck from above was closed except the hatches for passing up the ammunition. This was to prevent a draft in case of fire. Every water-tight compartment was also shut, save, of course, the ones through which the ammunition came. The system of artificial ventilation had been stopped since midnight, and the valves in the air-duct closed, making the compartments absolutely water-tight, as with open valves a leak in the ship as the result of a collision or shot would be fatal. At the same time we had sent up four rounds for each heavy gun and two boxes of fixed ammunition for each of the secondary-battery guns.

Nothing had been neglected, and we were in perfect readiness when at daybreak we descried a line of merchant vessels at anchor, and soon afterward the Spanish men-of-war. Nine were counted drawn up in battle array. Now began our work in earnest.

I must tell first what we did below, where we could not see the fight, but felt it, perhaps, more than those above. Then I will tell what my mates who manned the guns saw and what they did. It was a little after half-past five o'clock when the roar of a gun on our deck above let me know that we had taken a hand in the game. It was an eight-inch monster, and before its echo below had died away the call for ammunition came. I think that was the proudest moment of my twenty-four years in the navy. I had sent many a shell above to hit or miss a sand-bank or some

old hulk for target practice, but we knew now that every one "meant business." On the bridge Captain Wildes would shout what was wanted, and the word came to us from those assisting above in hoisting. Each projectile was slung ready for use, the powder in copper cylinders and the fixed ammunition for the rapid-firing guns in boxes. The men worked coolly, with nothing troubling them but the heat and curiosity. Their eagerness to know what was going on was overwhelming, and impelled them to rush to the ports to discover the cause of extraordinary activity on deck or of lulls in the firing. I had little opportunity for this, as I had to be particularly careful that no error was made in the ammunition, and that not a second was lost. What between orders for full and reduced charges, steel and shell, I was kept busy all the time.

Often I have been asked if we were afraid. My answer is that I never saw men as easy in mind as those below; and later, when I went on deck, one would have fancied we were at a garden party for all the fear exhibited. The Chinese showed as much nerve as the Americans. They toiled at the whips and in lifting and carrying the ammunition. Their faces were as impassive as when serving dinner in Hong-Kong harbor. They chattered to each other in their own language, and laughed in their celestial way, when a shot, striking the foremast, shook the ship, caused the paint to scale off the mast a foot from us, and the angle-lines which strengthen it inside to rattle loudly. "Velly good," said one, and mechanically resumed his task. They, too, were curious; and when some man would sing out from the ports that we had struck a Spanish ship they were as happy as we. My own feelings were so lost in anxiety to do well with the ammunition that for the first hour and a half I thought little of what was being done above.

After this I became exhausted from the heat, loss of sleep, and lack of proper food; and when we were ordered to cease supplying ammunition I went on deck and lay down on the desk in the chart-house. Below, the thermometer was at 116°, and the fresh air was a great relief. From this vantage-point I could see the destruction we had wrought, and was informed of all that had happened.

The most exciting incident of the battle, perhaps never exceeded in its audacity and its fearful results for the attacking party, was the attempt of two torpedo-boats to destroy the *Olympia*. They waited as she ap-

proached, and then came at her full speed. The *Olympia* poured a storm of big shells about them, but they presented such a small target at the distance of several miles that they were not hit, and each moment of their nearer approach was filled with suspense and dread for all on our ships. Insignificant as they were, they might send the flag-ship to the bottom of the bay, and every shot directed at them carried a prayer for its success. When within eight hundred yards the *Olympia* used her secondary battery, and almost drowned the torpedo-boats in a rain of projectiles. The one which led suddenly paused, and then, coming on a few feet, blew up and sank with her crew. The other fled for the beach, and was found there the next day, a mere sieve, battered and blood-stained.

The engagement was a general one by this time, and forts and ships fired at one another with the fury of desperation on one side and perfect confidence on the other. The *Boston* was ordered to look after the *Reina Christina* and the *Castilla*, and we went as close to them as we might with any degree of prudence, steaming in an ellipse and firing the port battery. Then we ported our helm and gave them the starboard guns. The *Boston* did not escape unscathed. We were struck a number of times. The shot that had disturbed us below nearly ended Captain Wildes's life. He was on the bridge, with sun helmet, palm-leaf fan, and cigar, when the shot hit the foremast three feet over his head, passed from starboard to port, cutting a shroud in the fore-rigging, and burst ten feet from the side, the recoil sending the base-plug back on deck. The captain watched the shell's progress intently, and then resumed his smoking. Of all the officers on the bridge he was the only one who did not try to dodge the missile. He simply said, "We were lucky, gentlemen!" This shell went through the foremast, making a clean hole, and a piece of the mast fell on a man's foot, but so gently as not to injure him. Quartermaster Burton, at the "conn," had his cheek skinned by splinters of paint from the mast, and one or two suffered trifling bruises. A one-pound shell landed on a gun, was deflected to the deck, making an indentation, and was thrown overboard by a quick-witted gunner before it exploded.

We made the five trips past the forts and fleet, peppering the *Reina Christina* whenever able. Just two hours after the beginning of the battle we hauled out, and, withdrawing a few miles, the order was given for breakfast. Then it was that I went on deck. I could

not eat, but was fortunate enough to get a cup of Paymaster Martin's coffee. The men had cold comfort, as the galley fires had been ordered extinguished at 4 A. M. They were wearied and hungry, and ate the bread and meat with good appetites. After the meal the officers were summoned to the *Olympia* for a consultation. The *Boston* had no boat, as all were found shattered by the concussion of the guns. The *Petrel* loaned us a gig, and Captain Wildes was gone some time. Meanwhile we had our eyes glued on the ships we had been maiming, and were gratified to see the *Reina Christina* burst into flames, followed by the *Castilla*. We cheered and shook hands, and then I went below to my station, as the second round was to begin.

My men were talking excitedly about the fight, and naturally their versions were different. Some were sure that the *Boston* had done all the damage inflicted on the Spanish, and others that we had been badly hurt. The *Baltimore* led back, the *Olympia* seeking to save her ammunition, which was almost spent. The *Boston* was the third ship in the return. The *Baltimore* faced the Cavite forts at close range, and for twenty minutes fired without cessation. A mine field burst a thousand yards from her, but without damage. The *Baltimore* then steamed ahead two hundred yards, the *Olympia* taking her place for the same length of time. The *Boston* was favored at the end of forty minutes, when we attacked the sea face of the forts where the *Olympia* had been. We got so near inshore that our stern was in the mud, and we were as steady as a rock. I think there were only three guns then firing from the fort, and our first eight-inch shell dismounted all three. We then fired at all Spanish property within range, and, knowing that it was the end of the battle, took pride in accurate firing and measured ranges.

In the second fight I sent up ammunition until 11:30, about three-quarters of an hour. All my men were naked except for shoes and drawers, and I wore only a cotton shirt in addition. Three in the after powder division fainted from the heat, but none of my force was overcome. The heat was really fearful. The powder smoke settled down, choking us and half blinding some, and only the love of the work kept us going. The Chinese stood the heat better than we did.

The *Boston* stayed by the batteries until they were silent. All this time the two Spanish vessels were ablaze. The *Don Antonio de Ulloa* had the attention of most of us, and

finally went down with her colors flying. The Spanish emblem was still on the navy-yard, but a shell from the *Petrel* changed it for the white flag of surrender. The Spanish must have been magicians, for they switched the bunting as Herrmann used to change the rabbits. Maybe they had anticipated the inevitable. By an accident to her engine-room telegraph, the *Boston* was cut out of the job of going inside and destroying all the vessels, and the *Petrel* did the work. Then the cheering became general, and as ship after ship passed in their maneuvers the men shouted themselves hoarse with joy. The signal was set that none had been killed on any vessel of ours. It is not easy to convey a proper idea of the enthusiasm and delight at the news that our men were all safe, after the hell we had been through for hours. We could hardly believe it. All during the battle rumors flew with the shells, and we discussed reports of killed and wounded with eagerness and grief. Men who in the excitement of the moment had guessed that shots which hit or went near to our vessels must have injured the crews aboard, and who had credited and helped to spread these reports, were now so glad at their untruth that they actually cried like children. Allowance must perhaps be made for the revulsion of feeling which followed the great excitement since we left Mirs Bay, but I am sure that never again shall I see men give way so freely to their feelings as did the Yankee tars after the day was won at Manila. Some few who were religious audibly thanked God, and some the saints, that death had claimed none of us; and I recall one man who was on his knees in an ecstasy of thanksgiving when ordered above for some duty. An old gunner whose thirty years of service have made him wise in nautical and other things said: "God was pointing our guns, and maybe the devil was aiming the Spanish."

It was a lesson to see how quickly we relapsed into the routine of ship life after firing had ceased. Decks were washed and galley fires lighted. The big events that came

later are better told by those who were in authority. It was related to me by an officer on the *Olympia* that when the token of surrender had been shown, Dewey turned to his staff and said: "I've the prettiest lot of men that ever stepped on shipboard, and their hearts are as stout as the ships."

After the first flush of victory there was much work to be done, and we were all busy for several days. Incidents of the hot hours of fighting were recalled, and at mess the heroic and the ludicrous were mingled in the talk. Among the gunners the favorite discussion was the marksmanship of the Spanish. They lacked only skill to make a good fight. They had had scarcely any target practice. We of the *Boston* had had thirteen practice shoots in a twelvemonth. We husbanded our ammunition during the battle, while they poured it prodigally into the bay. They seemed to fire at random during the engagement of our entire fleet, whereas each American gunner had his target and concentrated his fire upon it. The British naval officers in Hong-Kong knew the difference between us and the Spanish in this particular, and when we were leaving port for Manila the captain of the *Immortalité* shouted to Captain Wildes: "You will surely win. I have seen too much of your target practice to doubt it." The British in China were confident of our victory when we sailed, but I believe that the Russian, German, and French naval officers thought Spain would conquer.

I returned to Hong-Kong on the *McCulloch*, leaving Manila on May 5. We made the trip in forty-six and a half hours. Our reception in the harbor was generous. We were surrounded by launches, while representatives of governments and of newspapers all over the world implored speedy information. That night ashore was to be remembered. The Americans made a jollification of it that outdid any celebration in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The British residents joined in it, and in spirit the men of the two nations were one in rejoicing over the victory of the Anglo-Saxon.

Joel C Evans

A MOTHER OF SPAIN.

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON.

MY little lad! my little lad!
Would I were by thy side to-day!
Mother of God! I shall go mad—
Heart of my heart so far away!
So far away, o'er cruel seas—
Earth, sea, and sky seem one red blot!
I hate, I hate this cool, soft breeze
That fans me, since he feels it not.

Perchance o'er fever-breeding plains
He marches, faint, with throbbing head.
(Would God that I could share those pains!)
Perchance—no, no, he is not dead!
“T is for the country, for dear Spain!”
Ay—love of country once I had,
But something burns so in my brain—
My little lad! my little lad!

HOW INDIA HAS SAVED HER FORESTS.

A LESSON TO THE UNITED STATES.

BY E. KAY ROBINSON.

THE mistake which is generally made in estimating the achievements of the Forest Department of the government of India is to suppose that these are the result of any preconceived plan of imperial magnitude, and would therefore be difficult and costly to imitate. As a matter of fact, the Indian Forest Department is the outcome of a tentative and almost trifling experiment. It may be doubted, indeed, whether even the clear evidence of mischief wrought by past neglect of forest preservation would ever have moved the government of India to action on any large scale. Timidity in incurring expenditure has always been the bane of that government, and its greatest and most successful undertakings have generally been forced upon it by necessity. Thus the Indian Forest Department owes its existence to the pinch of difficulty which was experienced, just fifty years ago, in providing timber for building war-ships in the dockyards of Bombay. In the previous year a local bureau had been created in Bombay to control the timber contractors; but the germ of the existing department was sowed farther afield, in Madras, where the discerning eyes of General Frederick Cotton noted, on an official tour, the reckless havoc that was being perpetrated in the dwindling forests of Madras to meet the demands of the contractors for the Bombay dockyard. On his recommendation, *the task of evolving a scheme to protect the*

Madras forests was intrusted to Lieutenant Michael, who had “seen something of forestry in Switzerland.” The lieutenant still lives, as Major-General Michael, near London; and thus we have within the span of one man’s active life the whole development in India of the successful effort of civilized man to undo man’s uncivilized mischief. This is summarized in the growth and work of the Indian Forest Department; and it is as typical of that department’s functions that so large a tree should have grown from a chance seed, as it is characteristic of the ways of the government of India that the man to whom so much is due should still go unrewarded.

For seven years Lieutenant Michael worked in the Madras forests, fixing by his personal experience the healthy and unhealthy seasons for forest operations, and, with “no better company than tame or wild elephants,” generally stereotyping the practical lines upon which the protection and development of Indian forests are still carried on. Then, having risen step by step to colonel’s rank, having ruined his health by years of exposure to jungle-fever, and having created a solid forest revenue for the Madras government, and secured an immeasurably greater gain in the creation of a preserve of forest resources annually increasing in value both to the government and to the community at large, he retired from his appointment. With Lieutenant Michael must be bracketed, as authors of Indian forestry, Dr. H. Cleghorn and Dr. (later Sir) D. Brandis. If the first was the pioneer

of practical forest work, the second has been described as the father of scientific arboriculture in India, while the third possessed that genius for organization which converted a small bureau in the far south of the country into an imperial department which exercises complete control over one eighth of the entire peninsula, producing a revenue approximating to a million sterling per annum. This sum, moreover, may be regarded merely as the lowest possible rate of interest derived from a growing capital which has been entirely created for the benefit of posterity by the labors of the Forest Department of India, whose guiding principle remains to-day, as it has been from the beginning, the subordination of current profits to the improvement of state property for the benefit of the people. "Reserved" state forests are marked off, large enough to supply all local and foreign demands upon each district for timber, fuel, and general forest produce, and these are worked so as to supply the largest possible *permanent* yield in the most economical way.

The three great difficulties in the way have been, first, the neglect of forests in the past, causing the denudation of land whose re-forestation has become a Sisyphean task; secondly, the traditions of the villagers, who had assumed a right of user in the matter of timber, fuel, and grazing to all forest land; and, thirdly, the habits of the people, who conceive that the best way of paying off a grudge against the government, of securing a tender crop of fodder for their cattle next season, or, in the case of jungle tribes, of preparing the ground for agriculture, is to set fire to a forest. Consequently, the preservation of reserved forests from injury by fire has come to be regarded, due allowance being made for the nature of the inhabitants, as the criterion by which successful forest work in India is judged, even more than by the maintenance of seed-bearing trees, the reproduction of valuable timber, or the pecuniary profit accruing to the state.

It is, however, the curse of forestry in India that its large domain of remunerative, scientific, and philanthropic public work should be dragged at the tail of the procession of political functions appertaining to the Home Department. Yet, in spite of this, the Indian forest officers do splendid work over the vast area committed to their charge, in every extreme of climate, from the moist, impenetrable forests of Assam, covering three fourths of the province, to the arid hillsides of Baluchistan.

Enumeration of the timber wealth of India would give no idea of the variety of factors with which forest officers have to deal. In Sind, for instance, it is no unusual detail of a year's forest work that an officer in charge of a district should report, as in 1894, the acquisition of ten thousand acres of treeless waste, and the loss of six thousand acres of forest, through the vagaries of the river Indus, which annually shifts its bed to right or left, often wiping out villages and threatening cities in its course. It all comes in the day's work of the forest officer in the Punjab, also, that he should ride for miles over the coarse pasturage of treeless *rukhi* land (coarse pasturage classified as "forest"), and personally impound the herds of half-wild buffaloes of neighboring villagers trespassing thereon. If he should have to encounter villagers sallying out with iron-shod bamboo staves, and offering forcible resistance—why, that comes into the day's work, too.

The task of the forest officer naturally divides itself under these heads: *settlement*, by the adjustment of legal rights to the ground; *demarcation*, by the definition of boundaries to the land appropriated as "forest" by the state; *survey*, to determine the suitability of the land for the produce of timber, fuel, fodder, pasturage, etc., for the neighboring population or for export; preparation of *working-plans*, whereby the resources of the land in these several respects may be best developed; provision of *communications*, whereby the produce of the forests may be brought within reach of the people, and of *buildings* for the accommodation of the staff and establishment; of *protection* of the forests from fire, trespass, encroachment, and injury, and *improvement* by means of felling, reproduction, and other operations of forestry; *working*, whereby the largest annual output of forest produce compatible with the preservation of the undiminished fertility of the forest area may be secured; *finance*, whereby the working of the department in each of its subsections, whether divided latitudinally as regards operations, or longitudinally as regards locality, may be shown to possess a satisfactory balance-sheet; maintenance of *establishment*, to secure efficiency in every detail of the work; conduct of *experiments* in the utilization of indigenous resources, and the acclimatization of exotic methods or material; regulation of the *export* of forest produce to other provinces or foreign lands; technical *education* and *recruitment* of men and subordinate officers suitable for forest work; and, lastly, *record*.

of work done. From this brief and imperfect summary it will be seen that the work of the Forest Department demands legal ability, geometric skill, botanical knowledge, administrative talent, engineering faculty, scientific experience, police ability, and economic science, besides all the qualities required for success in the financial, educational, commercial, organizing, and record work.

In spite of its limitations and its difficulties, the aggregate work of the Forest Department of India has produced a result which has been rightly described by Sir Richard Temple as one of the greatest achievements of the Victorian era; and it has been a work, too, which, as another authority, Sir George Birdwood, has shown, was begun only in the nick of time. "A few more years' delay," he says, "would have resulted in the total loss of half the forests of India," of which now the "reserved" portions alone, where the state declares and maintains its right to the entire produce, cover more than seventy thousand square miles, a total to which large additions have yet to be made in Madras and Burma. These reserves, moreover, increase annually in value. Land which was once denuded of trees by the unrestricted grazing of cattle, especially of goats, which browse by choice

upon the topmost-growing shoots of young saplings, is covered once more with forests which annually yield a richer output of timber and fuel. Valuable trees have replaced more worthless kinds. Carefully guarded, the rubber-tree grows more numerous and more productive; and in a country like India, where the mortality from fever largely exceeds that from all other causes combined, the cheap supply of quinine, dispensed in *piece* packets throughout the villages by government agency, would alone more than repay the labors of the Forest Department. Yet its most striking and important achievement has been the acclimatization of valuable foreign trees. Already many Indian landscapes have been completely altered by the Casuarina and Eucalyptus (beefwood and blue-gum) of Australia, while the introduction of the apple and chestnut in the Himalayas has brought new and important food-supplies within reach of the people. The Buddhists, the Arabs, and the Portuguese each added somewhat to the flora of India, partly from religious motives, and partly for luxury. To the British has been reserved the honor of surpassing their combined efforts by the exercise of a statesmanlike philanthropy which preserves and enriches the vegetable wealth of the land for the good of its population.

THE AUSTRIAN EDISON KEEPING SCHOOL AGAIN.

BY MARK TWAIN.

BY a paragraph in the "Freie Presse" it appears that Jan Szczepanik, the youthful inventor of the "teleelectroscope" [for seeing at great distances] and some other scientific marvels, has been having an odd adventure, by help of the state.

Vienna is hospitably ready to smile whenever there is an opportunity, and this seems to be a fair one. Three or four years ago, when Szczepanik was nineteen or twenty years old, he was a schoolmaster in a Moravian village, on a salary of—I forget the amount, but no matter; there was not enough of it to remember. His head was full of inventions, and in his odd hours he began to plan them out. He soon perfected an ingenious invention for applying photography to pattern-designing as used in the textile industries, whereby he proposed to reduce the *customary outlay* of time, labor, and money

expended on that department of loom-work to next to nothing. He wanted to carry his project to Vienna and market it, and as he could not get leave of absence, he made his trip without leave. This lost him his place, but did not gain him his market. When his money ran out he went back home, and was presently reinstated. By and by he deserted once more, and went to Vienna, and this time he made some friends who assisted him, and his invention was sold to England and Germany for a great sum. During the past three years he has been experimenting and investigating in velvety comfort. His most picturesque achievement is his teleelectroscope, a device which a number of able men—including Mr. Edison, I think—had already tried their hands at, with prospects of eventual success. A Frenchman came near to solving the difficult and intricate problem

fifteen years ago, but an essential detail was lacking which he could not master, and he suffered defeat. Szczepanik's experiments with his pattern-designing project revealed to him the secret of the lacking detail. He perfected his invention, and a French syndicate has bought it, and will save it for exhibition and fortune-making at the Paris world's fair, when the fair opens by and by.

As a schoolmaster Szczepanik was exempt from military duty. When he ceased from teaching, being an educated man he could have had himself enrolled as a one-year's volunteer; but he forgot to do it, and this exposed him to the privilege, and also the necessity, of serving *three* years in the army. In the course of duty, the other day, an official discovered the inventor's indebtedness to the state, and took the proper measures to collect. At first there seemed to be no way for the inventor (and the state) out of the difficulty. The authorities were loath to take the young man out of his great laboratory, where he was helping to shove the whole human race along on its road to new prosperities and scientific conquests, and suspend operations in his mental Klondike three years, while he punched the empty air with a bayonet in a time of peace; but there was the law, and how was it to be helped? It was a difficult puzzle, but the authorities labored at it until they found a forgotten law somewhere which furnished a loophole—a large one, and a long one, too, as it looks to me. By this piece of good luck Szczepanik is saved from soldiering, but he becomes a schoolmaster again; and it is a sufficiently picturesque billet, when you examine it. He must go back to his village every two months, and teach his school half a day—from early in the morning until noon; and, to the best of my understanding of the published terms, he must keep this up the rest of his life! I hope so, just for the romantic poeticalness of it. He is twenty-four, strongly and compactly built, and comes of an ancestry accustomed to waiting to see its great-grandchildren married. It is almost certain that he will live to be ninety. I hope so. This promises him sixty-six years of useful school service. Dissected, it gives him a chance to teach school 396 half-days, make 396 railway trips going, and 396 back, pay bed and board 396 times in the village, and lose possibly 1200 days from his laboratory work—that is to say, three years and three months or so. And he already owes three years to this same account. This has been overlooked; I shall

call the attention of the authorities to it. It may be possible for him to get a compromise on this compromise by doing his three years in the army, and saving one; but I think it can't happen. This government "holds the age" on him; it has what is technically called a "good thing" in financial circles, and knows a good thing when it sees it. I know the inventor very well, and he has my sympathy. This is friendship. But I am throwing my influence with the government. This is politics.

Szczepanik left for his village in Moravia day before yesterday to "do time" for the first time under his sentence. Early yesterday morning he started for the school in a fine carriage which was stocked with fruits, cakes, toys, and all sorts of knickknacks, rarities, and surprises for the children, and was met on the road by the school and a body of schoolmasters from the neighboring districts, marching in column, with the village authorities at the head, and was received with the enthusiastic welcome proper to the man who had made their village's name celebrated, and conducted in state to the humble doors which had been shut against him as a deserter three years before. It is out of materials like these that romances are woven; and when the romancer has done his best, he has not improved upon the unpainted facts. Szczepanik put the sapless school-books aside, and led the children a holiday dance through the enchanted lands of science and invention, explaining to them some of the curious things which he had contrived, and the laws which governed their construction and performance, and illustrating these matters with pictures and models and other helps to a clear understanding of their fascinating mysteries. After this there was play and a distribution of the fruits and toys and things; and after this, again, some more science, including the story of the invention of the telephone, and an explanation of its character and laws, for the convict had brought a telephone along. The children saw that wonder for the first time, and they also personally tested its powers and verified them.

Then school "let out"; the teacher got his certificate, all signed, stamped, taxed, and so on, said good-by, and drove off in his carriage under a storm of "*Do widzenia!*" ("au revoir!") from the children, who will resume their customary sobrieties until he comes in August and uncorks his flask of scientific fire-water again.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

National Good Neighborship.

IT is an ill war that blows nobody good. Americans under forty are just beginning to realize that the evils of war are not alone in the death and destruction which are incurred—and willingly incurred—in a cause in which the country has embarked. One cannot long disguise with heroism and glory the terrible ugliness of war—the fact that, necessary though it may be, it is not necessarily a short cut to justice, but often a very expensive and toilsome way around. Yet it would be rampant sentimentalism not to recognize certain obvious good results which have already resulted from the war with Spain. History alone can determine the relative good and evil of it, and Time has a provoking way of going ahead in despite of History.

We have already referred with gratification to the *entente* between Great Britain and the United States, and it is a pleasure to note the statesman-like and practical direction which it has assumed in the determination of the two governments to make a speedy end of existing questions of difference, most of which relate to our neighbor to the northward. For thirty years Canada and the United States have been treating each other like spiteful townfolk of adjoining properties. A reciprocity of annoyance has been in full play. Questions of boundary, commerce, transportation, labor, fisheries, mining, and copyright have been the source—have, indeed, it would almost seem, been intentionally made the source—of irritating reprisals, until on both sides the duties of neighborship have been lost sight of in a vulgar squabble for advantage. The principle of enlightened self-interest has failed to operate, and the principle of *noblesse oblige* is the only rescue from such a situation: magnanimity begets magnanimity, making one ashamed of being outdone in high conduct. England did not wait for assurances and engagements on our part before giving us her sympathy in our contest with Spain: her understanding of the issue was instinctive. She has found that the emergency has quickened our sense of justice and friendliness. The Bering Sea award was promptly voted; the tonnage dues have been abandoned; and now it is announced that, better than an arbitration treaty (but we hope preliminary to one), the two governments have determined to clear the docket between them once and for all. The inception of such a policy on our side, we happen to know, antedates the beginning of the war by several months. It is in keeping with the best traditions of our best diplomacy, which was founded in frankness and in regard for the rights of other nations, rather than in the evasion, pro-

crastination, and doggedness which pass for diplomacy in certain quarters.

In the execution of this policy of good neighborship it will be fortunate—indeed, essential—that the contracting parties should supplement their initial desire for agreement by recognizing that their work is largely a matter of compromise, of give and take. In such affairs somebody's private interests must always be sacrificed to the greater good. As in the recent and timely reciprocity arrangement with France, we must yield a point to gain a point. There is no real principle involved in the Alaska boundary question, and everything is to be gained by hitting upon a natural delimitation of the frontier. The egregious folly of placing a heavy duty on Canadian lumber, inducing the wholesale destruction of our depleted forests, ought to be abandoned. It would seem that freer play between the laboring communities might safely be established. But whatever is done ought to be done, if necessary, in firm defiance of petty local and personal interests.

It is a curious comment on the lack of imagination in most men that a personal sacrifice which would readily be made in the dangers of war will by the same persons be resisted to the utmost in the perils of peace. The imposition of taxes for an external conflict is cheerfully borne. It is often as important in internal affairs that private and sectional interests should be sacrificed for the public good. The curse of our legislation is provincialism, and whatever may become of the Spanish islands at the close of the war, something will be gained to our people if their imagination shall have been impressed with the conviction that no country liveth to itself alone. There should be an end of the provincialism that, for instance, in the Senate makes it possible that our national forest policy, instead of being based on the science and experience of the world, should be dictated by a few mining companies, by reason of the support of Southerners who have been affiliated with Northwestern senators on financial issues. The South and the West have both had too much of this sort of solidarity of provincialism, and the sooner their representatives rise into a broader atmosphere and do their own thinking on such questions, the more of a national spirit we shall have. In the Canadian matter, if representatives, personally or by section, insist upon this deference to local interests, the benefits of the British and American *rapprochement* may easily be thrown away.

It has been claimed that we have not acted the part of good neighbors in encouraging, as it is assumed, the filibustering invasions of Cuba. It is possible that certain officers of the law may have winked at the violation of our friendly relations

with Spain. But if she, with her large military and naval forces, could not prevent the landing of such expeditions, is it strange that we, with our then inferior forces, should not have been able to detect and detain them all? The weakness of her rule has been a standing menace to our welfare, and in nothing more than in the fact that she has permitted her cities to be a breeding-ground for yellow fever. The paper in the present number by the Surgeon-General of the army sets forth with authority the enormity of this peril.

We are much mistaken if, in general, the present war does not have the effect of making a new record in the matter of international responsibilities. Whether the European concert shall reckon with a new world-power, it at least must reckon with a new world-standard. It does not imply that the United States are to accept an imaginary commission from the Lord,

And deal damnation round the land[s]
On each we deem His foe,

to say that by reason of our championship of Spain's neglected and oppressed at our door the obligations of national good-neighborship hereafter will be greater than ever before. It will be well for us, in the final issue of the war, if nothing that we do shall diminish, in our own eyes as well as in the eyes of the world, the sincerity of our motives or the wisdom of our national conduct.

Concerning Empire.

THERE is difference of opinion among good men as to whether America should go, over night, into the business of annexing an island "empire." An Assistant Secretary of the Treasury gives some of the pros and cons in the present number of THE CENTURY. There are those who think that it is our duty to hoist the flag of America and keep it, for all time, over every obtainable inch of land hitherto displaying the standard of Spain, even if the usual moral laws would seem to require a less wholesale proceeding; even if there appear to be unknown as well as obvious dangers, as well as great allurements, in that direction; even if an apparently immoral action on the part of a nation, supposing such action to be immoral, might react unfavorably upon the morality of every citizen of that nation; even if—

But at this present writing the facts and figures are not before the country in sufficient quantities to justify a final debate. If honor, duty, and humanity compel the nation to assume unexpected and unwonted responsibilities in any part of the world, let us not believe it impossible for us to accomplish this new work. Meantime, however, what about the American empire that no one denies America should possess—the magnificent empire of these United States and allied territories, with their seventy millions or more of inhabitants? Has that empire suddenly diminished to something less imperial? Has the American empire of 1898,

with all that is noble in its history, enormous in its extent, and powerful in its people—has that empire lost its appeal to the imagination of its citizens? Will that empire with all its sacred traditions, all its possibilities, all its need of devoted service, with all its capacity for improvement, with all its internal and external problems—will that empire no longer stir the blood of its citizens to patriotic admiration, and patriotic sacrifice?

Whatever may be thought just and wise for us finally to do in regard to the new relations with mankind which the Spanish war has brought about, at least let us not forget that we already have an empire to guard,—and let good men and women see to it that what is done by our government shall be right and noble, and in the truest interest of that empire which none can dispute is forever ours.

An Attack All Along the Line.

If it is not only necessary and justifiable, but honest and right to make governmental appointments solely in the interest of political "organizations," as some strenuously maintain; if it is impracticable and absurd, hypocritical and loathsome, to take the opposite course, and to make political appointments, outside the classified service, for the sole reason of fitness, why is it that the best organs of public opinion, and disinterested people generally, feel such relief and express such satisfaction when the opposite policy is acted upon, and appointments to responsible positions are made solely for fitness and in the obvious interest of the entire community?

Why is it that recent unfit appointments of civilians to military office are criticized from one end of the country to the other, and such appointments as that of Mr. John B. Moore to be Assistant Secretary of State, and Mr. Oscar S. Straus, formerly minister to Turkey under President Cleveland, to his former position at Constantinople, and Mr. Gifford Pinchot as Chief of the Division of Forestry in the Department of Agriculture, are greeted with hearty and wide-spread applause?

The fact is that our citizens are beginning to recognize the fact that when offices are used as the natural spoils of machines, they soon become the personal perquisites of machine leaders; and that this private exploitation of the offices negates any possible benefits to the organization, and sows broadcast the seeds of corruption, dissension, and political failure.

The friends of reform should lose as little time as possible in apologizing for the merit system. As President McKinley said long before he was President, it "has come to stay." The attack upon the infamous spoils system should be all along the line! The American navy and regular army are the models for our whole public service. Let us admit no lower standards of efficiency in any public department.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A MIDDY IN MANILA.

[THE number of this magazine for August, 1875, contained an extremely engaging anonymous sketch entitled "A Middy in Manila." The recent visit of the American fleet to Manila has given that sketch a fresh interest; and it is herewith reprinted, with some of the illustrations which the now distinguished Mr. Edwin Abbey made for it at the time of its first publication, after material furnished by the author. We are permitted to say that the author is Mr. Frederick H. Paine, formerly lieutenant U. S. N.—THE EDITOR.]

To sail from winter into summer is very pleasant for those whose home is a man-of-war; and so we found it as we stood down the coast of Formosa, every day bringing us nearer to the Philippines.

We came to anchor, one day, at Tam-Fui, near the southern end of Formosa. The English had just bombarded the place, but we were too late for the fun. We went on shore and visited the ruins of an old Dutch fort, built in sixteen hundred and something, and made of about five hundred million bricks; the Chinamen had built up a whole town from the bricks of one wall. We threw stones at the pigs who reside with the natives, ate some bananas, and returned to the ship disgusted with Formosa. That morning we got under way again, and, after two days' delightful sailing over a summer sea, stood into the charming circular bay of Manila, and came to anchor near the city. No Italian sea and sky are more beautiful than we found here, and the bright Spanish town nestles cozily at the head of the bay, where the little river Pasig empties itself into the sea.

A happy party we were, that day, going ashore in our white jackets and straw hats; four days before we had shivered in flannels and overcoats. We pulled up the river to the landing, and there took carriages,—for nobody ever walks here who can ride,—and drove all through the towns, old and new. Manila was nearly destroyed by an earthquake in 1863, but it has since been all rebuilt. The ruins of the large cathedral are preserved, and when we visited it, the bell-ringer took us up into the tower, where we had a fine view of the town; and there he told us the story of the earthquake. He was standing where we now were, beside the bell, and saw the earth shake and the houses fall; the terrified inhabitants—looking to him at this distance like frightened ants—fled from place to place; then the roof of the cathedral fell upon the worshippers below, and buried many in the ruins. And he alone seemed to be left above the scene of destruction.

No foreigners are allowed to live inside the wall of this fine town; it is purely Spanish, with its convents, cathedrals, and its two-storied houses with overhanging verandas and latticed windows.

We called at a gentleman's house, one day. We

drove through the front door, and stopped at the foot of the stairs. An Indian boy took up our cards; we alighted, and while waiting for the boy I observed that the horses, cows, etc., resided on the ground floor, which is of stone, and that the carriages were also kept there; we then walked up a flight of broad stone steps, and, passing through an opening without doors, found ourselves in the large "sala," a spacious saloon with a dark wood floor polished like a piano top. On entering the room, one must offer his hand to every lady and gentleman without exception; this we did, and repeated some appropriate Spanish sentences (from the tenth lesson in Ollendorf, I think). There were the señor, his accomplished señora, and two flirtatious señoritas; the conversation soon became very brilliant, in one or two cases going as high as the twenty-ninth lesson, and some good things were gotten off from Ahn's "Spanish Reader"; midshipman Veer, who knew nothing whatever in Spanish except that romantic account, familiar to all students, commencing with, "The Island of Cuba is the most beautiful of all the Antilles," went through it with much eloquence, deftly inserting Luzon for Cuba, and Philippines for Antilles; but he brought confusion upon himself, for the subsequent conversation, all addressed to him, was so deep that he arose in despair, remarking that he was off soundings, and we took our leave, shaking hands all round as before. On arriving at the foot of the steps we turned around, *como el costumbre*, and said "*Buenos dias*," to the ladies, who had, also *como el costumbre*, followed us to the head of the stairs.

At five o'clock we started for the Calzada or public drive; hundreds of carriages were going in the same direction; in nearly every one were two or three ladies in evening dress, without cloaks or hats. There were a great many pretty black-eyed señoritas who glanced at us from under their long lashes in such a bewitching way as to give me a sort of electric tingle.

The drive is along the shore of the beautiful bay, and the scene one of life, beauty, and enchantment. On reaching the end of the drive, all the carriages haul off into an open space and stop, and the people gaze at each other and nod in recognition; little naked Philippina-presents dance round,

and offer you a light; the sun goes down in a blaze of green and gold across the bay, the full moon beams forth, silence reigns, and there you sit gazing at the people. Nothing pleases a Spanish girl more, and you can offer her no better compliment than to stare at her; I tried several determined stares on pretty girls, and they endured it with perfect serenity.

Gradually the carriages start off and drive up and down for an hour, then the band begins to play, and all stop at the Paseo or walk, a broad mall with trees on either side, and lamps, which make it very light even when there is no moon; and moonlight and lamps in the foliage together form a pretty combination. Here all alight and *flâner* back and forth; you watch the graceful undulating step of the Spanish girls, listen to the music, and take your only exercise for the day. Little girls skipped around us and asked us in Spanish to kiss them; it sounded very pretty, and we kissed a few.

The carriages used here are small barouches and victorias, drawn by native ponies. When tired of walking we took to ours again, leaned back, put our feet up, and drove to the city by the light of the moon; the barouches jingled along, the ladies went by in their white gauzy dresses, and the natives passed in their brilliant costumes. We all fell in love with Manila at first sight.

In the evening I went to the native theater; the play was in Indian, so the Spaniards understood nothing that was said, but applauded,

cracked jokes in Spanish, and kept the house in a roar; one comical duke pushed the native orchestra leader down the prompter's trap and led the band himself with his cane. The acting was all high tragedy; whenever the audience wished the performers to fight they would sing out "*Gue-r-r-ra!*" (War), and they would at once set-to. The native Indians are all fond of music, and play by ear entirely; there are nearly forty bands in this place; they play on European instruments, and give you any air you like. The girls play well on the harp; passing along the streets of the native town you may hear the familiar strains of some opera coming out of the windows of a poor little hovel. The native houses are mostly elevated in a queer way on bamboo stilts; the English basement is therefore an open space, in the cool shade of which pigs, fighting-cocks, and cats congregate to enjoy their siesta.

The dress of the Indians in Manila is a pair of modern trousers, a straw hat, and a shirt worn outside; some very wealthy natives wear beautifully worked piña shirts with gold studs, collar,



MAKING CALLS IN MANILA.

etc., worth hundreds of dollars; but always with the flaps outside. What bliss in summer! One could almost wish to be an Indian.

I have spoken only of old Manila inside the wall, with the more exclusive Spanish population. The greater population is outside, in the new town, where reside Europeans other than Spanish, a few Spaniards, and a vast concourse of half and half, Spanish, Chinese, and Indian, as it were—quadroons, octoroons, macaroons, etc. These are called Mestizos; some are very rich, and move in the best

a sort of walking embrace to slow music; you make a step to the right, rise on your toes, step to the left, rise, swing round, step to the right, rise, and so on; then, when you wish to balance, you wink at some fellow, stop in front of him, and go through the ladies'-chain, then clasp your partner's waist and take the other lady's right hand; the other fellow does the same, and now with the music you sway up to the center, sway back, and revolve in an ecliptic at the same time, after the manner of the planets. After swaying six times



"GUE-R-R-RA!"

Spanish society, and there are also the first and second classes of Mestizo society.

Our second day in Manila we were all invited to a first-class Mestizo ball at the house of the widow Mogez, given by some gentlemen of the American merchant houses there. Promptly at eight o'clock we drove into the widow's basement; we ascended the stone stairway, and a scene of splendor, brilliant colors, and black eyes burst upon our view. The Mestiza girls were sitting in a row on one side of the room, about forty of them; some decked in gay plumage, yellow, pink, and green being prominent colors, others dressed in somber hues; they were mostly very pretty, with lithe graceful figures, and eyes as black as coal. The gentlemen hovered near the doors of the grand sala, like hawks eying chickens; at the first note of the music they all made a pounce for partners. As I saw that pouncing was the game, I made a dive for a pretty yellow and green, rattled off a sentence from the fifteenth lesson in Ollendorf, "Will you do me the favor to *bailar conmigo?*" and started off on a dance I had never seen before, but which was easy to learn; it was the *Habanera*,

you drop the other lady's hand and gradually sail off again with the step and turn. The girls cling quite closely, and gaze up occasionally, Spanish fashion.

After the dance, we refreshed our partners and ourselves with claret-punch or beef-tea, and I then took up my position among the hawks, who began to circle as the band tuned up their instruments. It was a principle not to engage dances ahead, but to keep off for an even start when the music strikes up. I spotted a bright little girl in white gauze, and, at the first toot, I made a dash for her, neck and neck with four rivals, but beat them, and off we flew to a quick polka, in which they give a lively step, making it faster than the galop. I had never enjoyed a dance as I did that dash over the polished floor. The Mestiza girls understood no English, and it was fun to hear the remarks of our fellows; one flew past me, and called out: "Stand clear of this planetary system!" another cried: "Port your helm, Tommy; don't you see her starry top-lights?" and another fellow came dashing down the room, saying: "Clear the decks! Gangway for silver-heels!" I passed our skipper with

a shout, burst off a waistcoat button, carried away my collar-band, and, as the music stopped, sank exhausted in a chair, and called for bouillon for two. So we kept it up, dance after dance, and the hall resounded with shouts of laughter.

Whenever the couples ran against one another, the girls sang out with a sharp little "Hi!" which was very amusing. They have a great way of kissing one another all the evening, and the fanciest kisses I ever saw; first, both kiss to starboard, and then both to port. The first time I noticed it, a young damsel kissed my partner good-by as she started to dance with me. I was astonished, and said we were not going far, which made them laugh. I found that the girls in contiguous seats kissed good-by before every dance, as if to say: "You will elope this time, sure." When the time for supper came, I fell into the line, and escorted a blooming Philippina to the table. I asked a resident American what I should help her to, and he said, emphatically:

"Ham and turkey! Give her plenty of ham and turkey!"

I gave her a full plate, which she soon despatched, and called for more. Everybody ate ham and turkey. The gentlemen acted as waiters, and afterward sat down together. Spaniards are terrible eaters. And no wonder, on this occasion—for they came to the ball at 8 o'clock, and danced until 5 A. M. We held ourselves in dancing trim by refreshments, and the ladies kept even with us, and deserved great praise.

Next evening, on the Calzada and Paseo, we had a new pleasure in meeting and talking to our black-eyed friends of the ball, and practising our last Spanish lesson with them. When on board ship, we studied Spanish furiously; but as the ship was undergoing repairs, we had a great deal of time on shore.

The following day we gave a ball on board; the spar-deck was curtained in, and decorated with flags, lanterns, and designs. A gentleman on shore issued the invitations to the *Hidalgos* and Americans; no *Mestizas* were invited; we were sorry, but it could n't be helped. At nine o'clock a small steamer laden with precious freight came alongside, and all of our officers stood at the gangway to receive the ladies; first came on board the wife



A MESTIZA.

of an American to receive with our skipper, and then the other ladies came over the side one by one; we filed them off, presented them, and ranged them in chairs along the water-ways.

Suddenly there appeared in the gangway a face of such marvelous beauty, and a form of such exquisite proportions, that ten souls had but a single thought, which was to be the first to grasp her hand, and nine hearts beat, as one, quicker than the rest, helped the fair being down the little ladder. By the blessing of good luck I happened to be nearest when this vision appeared, and was the fortunate one who thus proudly conveyed her aft. I did not return to the reception committee that evening, but employed experimental Spanish until I succeeded in engaging her for four dances, and in assuring her of my sudden and violent capture. I attributed my success to the manner in which I wrote her name on the engagement card; we had asked the ladies for dances as they came on board, and had put them down as "Pink tulle



CHOOSING PARTNERS.

puffed, with white mantilla," "Very low neck and green slippers," "Plump, with diagonal yellow and green overskirt," etc.; but I wrote the beauty down as "La mas bonita de todas" (The prettiest of all); which so pleased her that she at once gave me three more dances. Flattery will tell.

After all the ladies were safely landed on deck, the gentlemen came aboard; a native band struck up the music, and the scene became one of animation and brilliancy. The graceful Spanish girls, the navy uniforms, and the chandeliers of bayonets lighting up the many-colored flags, made it seem like fairy-land. During the evening I bestowed the united effort of forty lessons in Ollendorf on "La Bonita," which was as far as I had gone. Oh! but she had "dark, flashing eyes," and lashes that swept her peachy cheek when she would look down. She was born in the province where roses bloom forever. Dancing with her was like floating away on clouds of mist, wafted by the breath of music over undulating prairies of spring flowers!

The ball was an immense success up to about one o'clock. I had danced many times with La Bonita. The ladies had just finished supper, and the men had sat down, when, to our consternation, it began to rain. It never rains here in the winter; it had not rained for two months, and did not for months afterward; but down it came now, pouring through the flat awning, and all along the edges, and slowly and surely moving inboard. The music flickered, and went out with a mournful discord; the merry laughter gasped and expired, and the ladies clustered within the wet boundary which narrowed and narrowed, and drew them together in a little bunch; finally, so small became the dry spot, and so tight was the squeeze, that the silence was broken by shouts of laughter and little screams; the water spattered up, the ladies pressed their petticoats in, and stood on the little toes of their little Spanish slippers. It was a moment of peril. The crisis having now arrived when it was sink or swim, we took the ladies by their hands, and made a rush for the cabin and poop, which were soon stowed chock-a-block with Spanish beauty; even the bath-tub and vegetable box were full of Castilian loveliness. We had no other shelter, as the ward-room was in use as a butler's pantry *pro tem*.

"These are hard lines," I whispered to La Bonita in Spanish down the cabin hatch.

"Will there be no let-up?" she sorrowfully asked, in the liquid language of Castile.

"Small chance" (*chico show*), I mournfully responded.

Suffocation began to set in among them, so we signaled for the small steamer, which soon came alongside; and then up came the dark-eyed beauties

from the submarine cabin; out they crawled from the bath-tub and bin. The deck was afloat, so we rigged sedans with arm-chairs and squigee handles, and thus carried them in state to the gangway to save their satin slippers and silk open-work.

"Until to-morrow!" whispered La Bonita, as I pressed her hand.

Next day the Manila paper spoke of the ball in glowing terms, and skipped the rainy part.

The next event was the arrival of the English Admiral, to whom the Governor-General gave a review of the troops. There are eleven thousand troops quartered here, and they all turned out. Most of them are Indians, who have an eye for everything military. They were uniformed in white, and marched with a quick, short step, and in excellent line; there were lancers, also, and cavalry, and flying artillery. The officers are Spanish; as they passed the Admiral and Governor-General they saluted by thrusting the sword quickly to the front, and then sweeping the air as if cutting off a daisy-top.

The Captain-General is the big man here; he drives out in state with four horses and postilions. No one else is allowed to drive four horses; as he passes, all raise their hats. In the procession, the bands jingled away at short intervals, and the crowds of *Mestizos* and Indians assembled beat time involuntarily with their feet. They are born with music in their soles.

We were in the season of the fêtes, Christmas holidays, and the New Year. At dusk, a large procession of the church began; first came a large golden image of the Virgin,

borne on a gorgeously trimmed and illuminated platform, and drawn by little Indians carrying torches. There were other images equally rich, and as each passed the people knelt and removed their hats.

The procession chanted as it moved along; there were little bits of Indian boys, dressed like priests with little false cowls, who toddled along, and looked very funny; then little mites of monks, with long dresses, who also toddled. Then girls with veils walked hand in hand, and little girls with little veils carrying tapers. The houses along the route were illuminated, in a simple and effective way, by tumblers half filled with oil, colored red, blue, and green, and having floating tapers in them. Later in the evening the music and dancing began in the largest houses of that part of the city. As we walked along the bright little streets, señoritas stood in the light of the lanterns to be looked at, and laughed and flirted; they threw at us bits of cotton with flash-powder on it, as they do at carnivals; it would nearly reach us, and make us jump, and then go out, greatly to the amuse-



"WILL THERE BE NO LET-UP?"

ment of the girls. The most brilliant balcony was that presided over by "La Bonita"; they all clapped their hands with glee when they saw us coming; threw their entire stock of flash-cotton at us, scattering us, and then invited us to come up. We gladly accepted, and at once plunged into the dimly lighted stable on the ground floor, found the stone staircase, which we ascended, slid across the slippery floor of the sala, and joined the gay party on the balcony. It was a curious scene; the street below us, thronged with Spaniards and Indians in their fantastic, remarkable costumes; the profusion of shirt on the men, and the confusion of colors on the women; the scores of lights on every house; and the lovely girls on the balconies, with their ever-moving fans. The young ladies of our veranda, proud of the capture they had made of foreign middies, glanced triumphantly at their neighbors, and fanned themselves with renewed energy.

It is fascinating to make love in Spanish; so I found it that evening as I sat in a quiet corner of the balcony with Nita; she looked so bewitching in the pink glow of the tapers! Then the tapers died out and the full moon rose, and I thought she was more lovely still. She told me how she had been once to Spain, to Castile, where her uncle lived, but that she drooped and sighed ever for Manila, where the happy days of her girlhood had been passed. So they brought her back, and now she said she would quit the islands no more. Transplanting was worse than death.

A shade of melancholy stole over me at this, and I told her in earnest but detached Spanish of the beauty of America, the soft southern clime in winter, and the clear balmy air of summer on the northern hills; and, warming with my subject, or encouraged by the gentle pressure of a soft little hand that had accidentally gotten into mine, I went on to state the many charms of that home upon the Hudson, and the welcome that would be given to a handsome Spanish bride. With drooping lashes and a quickly moving fan, Nita softly drew her hand from mine. I glanced idly at the old clock-tower of Manila which stood upon the adjacent corner, and observed that it was time for me to return on board ship, which I accordingly did, and without any superfluous conversation.

Every evening some one section of the city took its turn at the illumination, dancing, and festivity, and thither went all the youth, beauty, and pleasure-seekers of the town and suburbs. The most curious of the entertainments was a ball at the house of a rich Chinaman; there was a peculiar blending of barbarism and civilization in the furniture, table service, and appointments. There were present a large number of Chinese Mestiza ladies, with more or less of the almond-shaped eye, but some of them rather pretty and very fond of dancing the *Habanera*, and of looking with a sort of Hispano-Chinese tenderness out of the corners of their eyes. Their dresses displayed an Indian repugnance to superfluity, a Spanish love of bright colors, and a Chinese peculiarity of "cut bias." The wealthy Celestial received us very graciously, and presented us in Spanish to most

of the ladies present. About fourteen languages were being spoken at the same time in the sala, producing a most remarkable jumble of sounds; and, combined with the inspiring strains of a native band, the view of great Chinese banners and carvings, and the varied costumes of the mixed races, made a wild, weird scene.

I was dancing with a young Mestiza when her mother and three sisters beckoned to us from the staircase to come to them, which we obediently did, and I was asked to escort the party to another ball. Finding myself captured, I surrendered at discretion, and replied that I was in for anything; so, taking Miss Blackeyes on my arm, I went to the van of the convoy, and obeyed signals given from time to time by the Dama who occupied the position of flag-ship in the rear. We crossed the plaza and passed the clock-tower, and I suddenly became aware of the fact that we were about to pass the house of my fair charmer, Nita. "Good Heavens!" thought I. "If Nita sees me with this pretty girl, I am forever dashed from her good graces, and will be the laughing-stock of the mess"; for, of course, I was not discouraged by such a slight *contretemps* as that of the previous evening. I dragged the convoy across the street without signal from the rear, and tried to creep along the shadow of the wall. Horrors! There sat Nita in her favorite corner of the balcony, bathed by the gentle moonlight, leaning on her perfect arm, and looking directly across the street. I kept my eye on her sideways, and, as we came within the sweep of her bright black eye, she started a little, saw my confusion and the fair Mestiza on my arm, and bowed coldly, sending a yet colder chill through my trembling frame. My partner looked at me as if to say, "Who is your friend?" but I assured her it was of no consequence, and we soon after arrived at a very handsome house, through the windows of which came sounds of music, laughter, and soprano voices. We entered the basement, went up the broad stone steps, and met the host at the top. He waved his hand toward the row of forty pretty girls, to whom I gave one general bow, which was supposed to introduce me to every one. They asked me if I would dance a "Beerhenia." I replied that I was sure I could not dance such a thing as that. What was my surprise, then, to see them commencing a regular Virginia reel, "Beerhenia" being simply their pronunciation of Virginia!

The dancing continued, but I could not blot from my mind the vision of Nita leaning on her arm in the corner of that fatal balcony, and I determined to hasten from these scenes of gaiety and seek forgiveness at the hands of the fair Philippina. I therefore left my convoy to the chance of wind and weather, and, heading for the familiar clock-tower, soon found myself again under Nita's balconies. While hesitating at the portal to prepare myself, I was startled at meeting all the family and cousins about to sally forth without hats or wraps into the soft evening air. They had two guitars, a violin, and a flute with them, and invited me to join them in a moonlight canoe trip up the

Pasig. I glanced eagerly at Nita, who gave the slightest nod of approval; so I gladly accepted, and together we all went down toward the river, the ladies humming in chorus a little Spanish air, while one of them picked an accompaniment on her guitar, which was slung from her neck by a ribbon. When we reached the river-bank I hovered near Nita, to lay for a contiguous seat in one of the two long dug-out canoes waiting for us. We were soon distributed, and the Indians at either end shoved off with their paddles, and then headed up the river, keeping abreast in order mutually to enjoy the music. My seat was in the bottom of the boat at Nita's feet, which I considered rather *bien réussi*.

The night was warm and still, the river up which we paddled narrow, and bordered by the luxurious vegetation of the tropics. Sometimes the palm- and banana-trees on either side arched the stream, and through them came the rich moonlight, shining upon the graceful forms of the Spanish girls in our canoes, completing a fascinating scene. Then, to one of those bewitching accompaniments, Nita sang an Andalusian song, aiding its expression by her hand and fan, as only Spanish girls can do. At its close, had she requested me, I would have plunged to the bottom of that silent river. With all the eloquence of my soul (that is, all that my Spanish would allow), I whispered in her listening ear that night, as she, leaning over the boat's side with me, trailed her snowy hand through the phosphorescent water, or looked up at me with her handsome eyes. It was past midnight when we returned from that delicious trip, the memory of which is like some happy dream of impossible delight. As I pressed Nita's warm little hand good-night there was a slight responsive squeeze.

The following day the mail-steamer from Hong-Kong arrived, bringing us orders from the Admiral to join him there at once. This was a bitter disappointment to us; had we been girls, we would have wept on each other's bosom. Not one but was daft about some lovely Castilian, and to be

torn away thus suddenly was torture. We sadly prepared our P. P. C.'s in the Spanish style, by writing "A. O. P. Hong-Kong?" in the corner of our cards, which means "*Algunos órdenes para Hong-Kong?*" or "Any orders for Hong-Kong?" conveying much more meaning than "Pour prendre congé." We went ashore for the last time on the hospitable island of Luzon, and drove through the streets in all directions saying farewell. After leaving the houses, the young ladies would run to the front windows as we drove off, open the lattice a moment, wave their hands, and shout, "*Adios!*" or, "*Hasta la vista!*" and then close the Venetian with a snap. I put off calling on Nita till the last, and when finally I drove past the clock-tower to her house, my sorrow was doubled at finding her, with all her family, in a sort of Jersey wagon, just starting for some place out of town. Of course all opportunities for a tender exchange of sentiment were bowled over by this untoward circumstance. They bade me a cordial good-by, and I was about leaving them in sadness, when I made a sudden determination to have a more affectionate one with Nita, who was sitting in the back seat; so I jumped up behind the wagon, pulled open the curtain, and threw my arms around her. At this supreme moment she was too startled to draw away her lovely face, so I naturally kissed her farewell with all the fervor of a midshipman's soul. Brevet papa-in-law, horrified, started up the team to shake me off, brevet mama-in-law fainted away, and the sisters clasped their hands in hysteric sympathy. At the same time one of our fellows was hanging to me by my foot, vainly endeavoring to drag me away, but I clung to my flying adieu for half a square before I was torn forever from the fairest daughter of Spain.

I suppose I might introduce a little fiction at this point, and say, "My own darling Nita is looking over my shoulder as I write, reminding me of those blissful Manila days," but she is n't, and I have never heard of her since.





FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN WINDSOR CASTLE, ENGRAVED BY PERMISSION OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

PRINCESS SOPHIA, DAUGHTER OF GEORGE III. PAINTED BY JOHN HOPPNER.

(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)

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POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF EUROPE.

BY DANIEL G. BRINTON, M. D.

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

DEEP down in the heart of man bides the firm conviction that he dwells in the midst of an unseen world, peopled with beings of strange powers, who move incessantly athwart the plans of his own life. Above, beneath, close by, he knows them, feels them, but they elude his grasp. Futurity and fate lie in their hands; omens and portents are the hints they give; and there are states of soul and mighty crises when they become apparent to sight and hearing.

In lonely thorps the beldam still sits in the ingle nook, and with cracked voice frights the listening group with tales of warlocks and doppel-gangers, corpse-lights and white-women, and the scores of evil things which assail the high estate of man. How venerable is her calling!

Around the camp-fire on the prairies the half-naked Indians gather, and pass the night attent on the tale of the divine trickster Gluskap, who knew all magic and was so skilled in lies that not the wildest beast but would fall into his snares; or of the Strong Boy, born many moons ago, who dared do no work, for so exceeding was his strength that when he took up a tool or weapon he could not help but break it.

Mark that group squeezing into the narrow gallery of the bazaar, its tepid air heavy with odor of roses, spices, and fresh

leather, blocking the passage as with silent eagerness they follow the teller of sweet tales, "his own, Ferdusi's, and the rest." Respect his vocation, for this it was that carried the classical "Milesian stories" from farthest India to the Levant, and with fairy hand wakened the imagination of Europe from the slumbers of medieval barbarism.

For a long time—up to quite a recent date, indeed—the learned disdained to consider these foolish trifles, rating them beneath the attention of the serious-minded. They were old wives' fables, and the pastime of boors and clowns. But a significant change has come over the spirit of science. It has been discovered that even the obscene and puerile fables of savages are as worthy of study as the surely not less indelicate recitals of Greek mythology. The fairy-tales and ghost-stories of the country-side reveal a facet of universal human nature in a naïve and ingenuous manner not to be discovered in any other development. It is with no unmerited right, therefore, that the investigations of these out-of-the-way subjects is called a science, the Science of Folk-lore.

Many of its results are curious enough to be worth the telling, but they mainly aid in the demonstration of one unexpected truth—that the alleged progress of man, about which we are all ready to say so many fine



A GHOST.

words, is in fact but a superficial veneer, a deceptive surface on society, burnishing its exterior, while the most of each man remains the pristine savage that his remote ancestor was, with the same hopes and fears, wants and wishes. What we call "modern superstition" is the most ancient stuff in our make-up, and dates back to the time when our venerable forefathers, the cannibals and cave-dwellers, framed their first ideas of the world about them, and of their own origin and destiny.

As good an example as can be selected are ghost-stories. I have seen ghosts, and therefore have a right to talk about them in a familiar manner. They are vapory creatures, easily fading into nothingness, but momentarily with clearly defined forms. Mine did not last over thirty seconds in this seemingly corporeal state; but that was long enough. The one our artist displays must have been, as astronomers say, at the period of sharpest definition.

Ghosts are supposed to be "disembodied spirits"; but neither primitive man nor present believers hold that the body from which they come must be a dead one. Something analogous to what the modern "theosophs" call the "astral body" is recognized by all savages. They hold that it is the spirit of the person which in his dreams wanders far away and experiences strange adventures. It is gifted with such power of swiftness that space offers no obstacle, and time to come is to it one with time present. Hence the visions which appear in the night-time reveal what is happening in the distance and what will occur in the future.

Sometimes, however, the errant spirit loses its way, and cannot find the homeward trail to its corporeal house. Then the sleeper awakes, dazed and daft; he talks wildly, and the spell of madness is upon him. The medicine-man is summoned, and, bringing his magical apparatus, the rattle to summon the spirit, the tube through which to blow the living breath, and the herbs of power, he calls aloud on the wandering ghost to return to the body.

Ghosts were naturally more numerous in earlier conditions of society, for then man had so many souls. Now we are content with one, and there are some who try to make us doubt even that modest allowance. But in the good old days each person was credited with several. There was one, for instance, which belonged to his body, and must abide in it, or death would arrive; then there was the dream-soul, which, I have said, might

wander through time and space at will during sleep; and, most important, said many, is the name-soul, that which gives us distinctive individuality in our personal names; and, not to continue the list to a tiresome length, there was the bone-soul, which remained in the bones after the body had passed to dust. The last-mentioned was of peculiar value, for on its persistence depended the chance for resurrection into life on earth. The faith in this was nigh universal. When the body of Elijah touched the dry bones of the long-dead warriors, they clothed themselves in flesh, and were restored to living beings. The rabbis taught that especially in the bone *lutz*, the last of the spinal vertebræ, dwelt the spirit of the deceased. It is indestructible, say they, and not even a strong man with a sledge-hammer can break it.

Does any one suppose that such beliefs are antiquated, the property of distant ages and ruder conditions? Let him inquire in the grandest fanes of Christian worship as to the power flowing from the bones of the saints; let him ask the meaning of the popular dread of skulls and skeletons. Always it is this venerable belief that in them dwells some part of the spirit of the dead.

A word or two about the name-soul, before I pass to something else. The eastern Eskimos speak of it in a pleasant form. They hold to the doctrine of three souls: the one which perishes with the body; the second, which lives some generations about the village, and is lost; the third, the name-soul, which is immortal and mounts to the sky on the Milky Way, there to dance in the fiery streamers of the aurora borealis.

The relics of this belief still linger among us. Ask a French peasant his name, and he will generally put you off with a joke or with some pet sobriquet. He will not give you his baptismal name, for with it you might work some magic trick to his detriment. He has heard many a story of "the power of the name," and how he who knows it commands him who bears it. In the north of England, the peasantry do not favor naming a child from some respected ancestor; that departed worthy might not like it, and then the child would either die young or grow up "a bit of a graceless fellow."

The fairies seem to have belonged among the Celts—the ancient Britons, Welsh, and Irish. Perhaps they are to be explained by reminiscences of an early pygmy race, as some have argued. Fairy stories have wonderful tenacity, and are still thoroughly accepted in Ireland and Wales. They do not



THE KORRIGANS.

seem to have reached the United States in any other than their literary form. In Mrs. Bergen's collection of our current supersti-

tions, published by the American Folk-lore Society, there is not a single reference to them.

They were generally tricky imps, delighting to befool mortals and make them ridiculous, as Shakspeare portrayed them in that marvelous monument of folk-lore, the "Midsummer Night's Dream." But some were better inclined, as we see from a Welsh saying still current as a kindly wish in the rural districts: "God grant that swairt [swarthy] fairies may put money in your shoes and sweep your house clean."

The fairies were much concerned with human beings, and especially when a babe was born into the world was it prudent to be wary lest the fairy wives should steal it and put a "changeling" in its place. But if well treated, these capricious creatures could help the newcomer wonderfully, and lucky the babe who could count on a "fairy god-mother." They were kind to well-behaved children, and the Rev. John Horsley of Northumberland himself remembered a "fairy ring," where the fairies used to lay

"goodies" and other presents for children who kept themselves neat.

The "banshee" of the Irish is a fairy wife who is in permanent attendance on some families, but only those of good old stock and purity of descent. Her office is to announce by her wailing the approaching death of a member of the family. She is sometimes dimly descried as a spectral woman in mourning attire, her voice emitting a mournful cry. One stanza from an Irish ballad reads:

To me, my sweet Kathleen, the Benshee has cried,
And I die—ere to-morrow I die:
This rose thou hast gathered and laid by my side,
Will live, my child, longer than I.

In the artist's drawing we have a class of impish Irish fairies, the korrigans, or cluricauns, something like the kobolds or pixies of other localities. We may imagine the unfortunate wanderer is what the Manx call "pixy-led," and cannot find his way home, which is explained by the skeptical, however, as generally occurring "when the man has got a wee drap ower muckle whusky." Then it is that these little folk take their waggish fun of him, and, as the fairies in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," "pinch him, arms, legs, back, shoulders, sides, and shins."

Fairy lore became surprisingly popular in Europe after the tenth century. Much of it was introduced from Celtic sources, with the ever-popular legends of King Arthur and the



A BANSHEE.



FATA MORGANA.

Table Round. Prominent in these was the character of Morgan la Faye, and wide remains her renown! What reader has to be told the story of Ogier the Dane, a paladin of Charlemagne, of whom Morgan promised at his birth that his career should be long and glorious, and that he should never taste of death? When old of years and rich with honors he was induced to sail the seas in search of fresh conquests. But the loadstone rock of Avalon drew his craft to destruction. He alone escaped to land, and there met a beauteous damsel, who placed a golden ring upon his finger. It is Morgan la Faye, and her ring restores him to youth. Then she crowns his brow with a wreath of myrtle and laurel. It is the charm which brings forgetfulness of all that is past; and for two hundred years Ogier dallies with pleasure, recking naught of war and duty, until the cry of France in dire distress wakes him from his sybaritic slumber.

We do not rightly know in what latitude lies the sweet isle of Avalon; we are not quite certain where is that "land of double promise," *terra repromissionis*, as the medieval writers call the home of the fairies. But we know what it is like, for have they not told us with all desirable minuteness?

It is an island hidden somewhere by a wall of fog, where the day ends not and the summer lasts forever, whose flowers wither not, and yet whose fruit ever loads the boughs. It is rich in milk and ale and apples; its fortunate inhabitants know neither

age nor illness; they dwell in lofty houses, whose portals open on cerulean spaces, and whose spires and towers float in graceful lines against a cloudless sky. Some mortals, half slumbering at dawn or at dusk 'neath Italian skies, may be granted a glimpse of these stately mansions of the happy—may have a taste of that for which all are longing—the delights of fairy-land, home of Fata Morgana, the fay Morgan.

Science will call it a mirage; but when science is asked to explain it, she takes refuge in intricate hypothetical formulæ, which *might* apply to the passage of light-rays through atmospheric strata of different temperature, but which, after all, are merely guess-work. The vision is seen most frequently about the Straits of Messina, between Sicily and the mainland, and its attribution to the fairy queen Morgan came from her prominence in the romances of chivalry.

Those who dwelt inland, and knew not the mighty sea and what it hides afar, held that fairy-land was beneath the earth—not in any gloomy Plutonian realm of departed souls, but in the gay and bright domain of Queen Mab and Oberon, and of Crede, "the ever-beautiful." It, too, was the abode of perpetual youth, unending summer, and unfading flowers. From it the fairy folk would emerge to dance their mystic circles and visit the housewife's hearth. Its ruler was spoken of in northern Europe as the "earth king," and its queen as the "troll-wife."

This cycle of the fairy legends is in touch with myths of the most venerable antiquity. In numerous tribes, living far asunder, we find repeated the belief that the under-world is a place of joy, the abode of happy souls. There the sun goes at night, and it is the home of the bright stars when they sink beneath the western verge. Tribes so far asunder as the Kamschatkans and the Andaman Islanders alike cherish the expectation that some fine day this earthly plane of ours will turn upside down, and then we shall all share the delights of our subterranean relatives!

I mention this to show how modern folklore illustrates the unity of the human mind, and the similarities of the conceptions of man when he deals with the unknown. This, indeed, is the most valuable, as it also is the most surprising, result of the study of popular superstitions. Our minds work mechanically, under adamantine laws, and that master magician Nature practises no greater deception on us than when she persuades us that we are free agents.

The tricky, scampish nature of some of those pixies and nixies (the latter especially frequenting boggy places) is seen in the elf-fire with which they delude night-farers on the fens, holding before them cheery gleams of light, only to lure them into the mud and water. Scientists call this appearance an *ignis fatuus*, and ponderously explain it as the slow combustion of "methyl hydride." But who that watches the *feux follets* dancing along the meadow in the tepid summer night, or reflected in the inky tarn, would not rather cherish the older opinion that these are mis-leading kobolds from some earlier world?

There is one feature we note in the tale of Ogier the Dane which is characteristic of the later fairy literature of Europe. It is the supernatural lapse of time in fairy-land. Years, generations, centuries pass, but the mortal caught in the magic of the place wots not of speeding cycles. To him a few minutes or hours have elapsed, when to his kind epochs have been lived.

We are familiar with this in the tale of "Rip Van Winkle"; but Rip is represented as growing old with the years which had flown since he left his village. Not so the typical hero of fairy lore. He shares with the fairies the perpetual youth of their realm, and returns of the same age as when he left.

One plain, pathetic tale, such as those told by maids "who spin i' the sun," will answer as a type. There was a wedding in County Clare one summer eve. The jollity was at its height, and all were wishing good luck to bride and bridegroom over full flagons, when a guest told the happy groom that one wished to see him at the gate. He stepped aside, and found an old woman without, in her hand a wreath of gold. "This," she said, "is for your bonny bride; but first let me see it on yourself." And with that she laid it on his bare head. "Now give me a kiss, and go back to the fun," she added. He stooped and kissed her, and turned to the house. But all was dark and silent. He knocked, and after long waiting a strange man opened the door. "Where be my bride and the guests?" exclaimed the dazed youth. He asked in vain. All he could learn of the occupant of the cottage was that he had heard his grandfather say that once there was a wedding in



FEUX FOLLETS.

the house, at which the groom had suddenly disappeared and never returned.

Mr. Sidney Hartland, who has written the most philosophic analysis of fairy tales, rightly considers this power over time their most extraordinary trait. It adds, he observes, "a subtler, weirder, more awful horror to communion with the supernatural" than any other race had devised. In this "it was reserved for European nations to put the final touches of gloom and horror on the canvas." The absolute disconnection of life and time thus contemplated has in it the germs of catastrophes to all that is dear much more dreadful than separation in space.

As the Celtic mythology is the source of fairy lore, so Teutonic mythology contributed its part to general European folk-lore and superstition. Perhaps none of its legacies are more *saisissant* than the legend of "The Spectral Hunt." It is a tradition of a furious host riding through the sky, with hounds and horses, and noise of shouts and horns. Sometimes they are warlike, and instead of hunting-calls there is clash of steel, clangor of trumpet, and yells of fighting men. Or it may have been Herla, who led his crew across the Welsh marches, on land or in the air, as he chose, "a great company of men and women, with pack-saddles and panniers, birds and dogs," or the *chasse-galerie* of the French, said by old Gervase of Tilbury to be seen at

moonlight, a wild troop of soldiers, hunters, and dogs scurrying athwart the sky. The woodwards of Brittany told Gervase that this was the return of King Arthur and his merry men.

But the antiquary Jacob Grimm settled more correctly the business of the spectral huntsmen. He showed by evidence which all have accepted that the source of such tales in central Europe was the mythical stories of the hero-god Wodan (Odin) and his host. He was believed to dwell in Valhalla, with his earls and men-at-arms, quaffing mead from the skulls of slain enemies. At a signal, all would rush forth, with clatter of arms and clangor of horns, to do battle with their foes in the aerial spaces. When Valhalla had been banned by Christian teaching, Wodan became the "hidden hero," sleeping beneath the German hills, sallying forth from time to time on his wild rout across the midnight sky. And the truth of this is shown by the story of a blacksmith, recorded by Grimm, who dwelt near the Odenberg in the Black Mountains. One day he saw a gap in the face of the cliff, and stealing in, could see mighty men in armor playing at bowls with balls of iron. They were the host of Wodan.

Savage tribes everywhere looked upon the brutes as their equals, often as their superiors, and alway as their gods, or in the forms of the gods. Nothing was more



LA CHASSE-GALERIE.



A LOUP-GAROU.

natural, seeing that the brutes possess mysterious powers far transcending those of man, such as flying, swimming, scenting danger, and swiftness or strength to escape it.

Popular superstitions preserved all these primitive notions, and they have by no means died out even in "the best society." There is something uncanny for us still in the death-tick, in the midnight screech of the owl, in the unexpected appearance of a black cat. Mrs. Bergen informs us that in some parts of Massachusetts the cows are believed to forecast the future, and if they "moo" after midnight it is a warning of an approaching death in the family.

The highest degree of witchcraft is ac-

knowledgeed, the world over, to be when the adept can transform himself (or herself) into some lower animal. When wolves were still feared in Europe, that was the animal usually preferred. The superstition of the *loup-garou*, or wer-wolf, belongs to the folk-lore of most modern nations, and has its reflex in the story of "Little Red Riding-hood" and others. By processes of sorcery it was held that a man or woman could at will be transformed into a wolf, and would go forth to ravage the flocks and eat the children. In French legend the *loup-garou* needs to sleep but two nights in the month, and can spend the others in roaming the fields.

Let no one think that this esoteric art is



THE MAN IN THE MOON.

extinct. No, indeed; it flourishes vigorously in Central America. The eminent antiquary, the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, intimate as scarce another with the sorceries of the Nagualists of that region, urges that if human testimony is worth anything, the natives yet possess the means of turning themselves into wolves and tigers; and the intelligent Father Baeza of Yucatan reports that the confessional shows that certain sinners did, or thought they did, undergo such metamorphosis.

Of all the ancient divinities, the moon holds her own with greatest tenacity. In her collection of superstitions now current in the United States among English-speaking folk, Mrs. Bergen shows that those connected with the moon are largely in the majority.

Though we usually speak of the moon as feminine, in divination and fortune-telling it is evidently "the man in the moon" who is addressed. He is especially obliging in tell-

ing girls about their future husbands. An invocation very much favored in both Canada and the United States runs thus, with local variations:

New moon, true moon, tell unto me
Who my true love is to be;
The color of his hair,
The clothes he will wear,
And when he 'll be married to me.

Moonlight and love-words go together so naturally and so sweetly that no wonder the legends of many nations unite them. The classic amours of Endymion and Selene are too familiar to need more than mention. In Esthonian folk-tales it is "the man in the moon" who fell in love with the earthly maiden Videvik, and in her arms forgot his duty to light the night. Then the forest robber Wolf stole Videvik's oxen, and the "old father above," learning the mischief, separated the lovers, so that now they can see each other only in the reflection of still

pools at evening twilight. Then the moon may be seen, 'way down in the water, watching for his love to come to the brink.

The man in the moon is not visible to all people. The Aztecs, and other American as well as some Asiatic tribes, do not perceive human lineaments in the round face of the full moon. What all of them do see is a rabbit; and since I learned this, that is what I also see. He is sitting on his haunches, his nose in the air, and his long ears thrown straight back. It is lifelike. Whether, as some have asserted, the "Br'er Rabbit" stories are to be traced, through this connection, to lunar myths, is worth further study.

Does any one believe that these popular superstitions have passed out of existence, and have become questions for the antiquary only? Never was there a greater error. Time was when the astrologer, the diviner, the sorcerer, had to practise his mysterious arts in secret. The law of the state menaced him with its severest punishments; the church

fulminated against him and his clients its direst anathemas. He could show himself only at country fairs, among ignorant boors, himself broken by the rack and the strap-pado, lugging on his back the machinery of his harmless but suspicious deceptions. Were he consulted by the wise and rich, as he frequently was, it must be with closed doors and under studied secrecy.

How different is it now! For some strange reason, there has been a wonderful revival within the last decade of nearly every medieval superstition, under various guises, in the most enlightened centers of the world. The practitioners of this modern sorcery, instead of concealing, advertise their claims, and urge them on the community under pseudo-scientific names and jargons. Palmistry, astrology, sympathetic magic, the doctrine of signatures, hiero-therapeutics, and all the farrago of fifteenth-century thaumaturgy, flourish to-day in Boston and New York, in Paris and Chicago, to a degree surpassing anything known three centuries ago.



A SORCERER.



A STORY-TELLER.

There is a reason for this. Sorcery is science seen upside down. There is a confused groundwork of truth, a fallacious method of viewing facts, at the basis of these pseudo-sciences. Yet the truth and the facts exist, and these explain the success of the deceptions. They dazzle and daze minds not trained in sound reasoning; and how few are! The societies for "psychical research" and theosophic speculation begin with an acknowledgment of the *possible* truth of ghost-seeing and of communion with the divine. This possible ground is seized by the charlatan as proved basis for his illusory edifice.

Superstitions are at core the same everywhere and at all times, because they are

based on those desires and that ignorance which are and will ever be a part of man's nature. He is dimly aware of mighty, unmeasured forces in ceaseless activity around him, controlling his own destiny; the ominous and omnipresent portent of death meets him at every turn; dissatisfaction with his present condition, intense longing for a life and joy which it can never offer, goad him to seek a knowledge which weights and measures are impotent to accord him. Yet such restricted knowledge is all that science can supply. Therefore he turns in despair to the mystics and the adepts, the Cagliostros and the Humes, who stand ready to beckon him into their illusory temples of folly.

INCIDENTS OF THE CUBAN BLOCKADE.

BY WALTER RUSSELL.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

MY time while on the blockade, serving as a special artist, was about equally divided between the various war-ships and a small steam-yacht the duty of which was to divine intuitively when and where something was to occur, and be there to witness it. Our little crew of four constituted a strategy board in itself. We were, indeed, war prophets. More than once wisdom in our reasoning brought us our reward. More than once we were alone in our glory, the only despatch-boat on the spot.

A sailor boy had asked me to bring him from Key West fifty boxes of cigarettes for some of the crew; and one morning I threw the bundle upon the deck of his ship. Tearing off the cover, he scrawled the words, "Thanks! Hope to meet you twenty-two miles to the eastward at noon," and scaled the bit of pasteboard to me.

A correspondent who by common consent was chairman of our strategy board was on board the ship at that time, and obtained another slight clue.

So we headed eastward from Havana, while the blockading fleet lay basking serenely in the sun. So also did many despatch-boats. At noon my sailor friend and his ship were there. Shortly after noon there was an engagement,—the first of the war,—and there was no other despatch-boat near. Next morning New-Yorkers were informed that despatch-boats were as numerous there as

pickets in a fence. Every newspaper had a dozen. The incident was witnessed by only one artist besides the writer; yet I have since seen a double-page color supplement of that battle in a weekly periodical, where, under the artist's name, was printed the claim that it was sketched from our yacht.

Two days later I tried the cigarette experiment again. I also brought reading-matter, upon request. Among the magazines was "Lippincott's," which contained a story by Amelie Rives, entitled "Meriel," which I had taken pleasure in reading, and which I recommended to a friend among the junior officers. The name "Meriel" struck him rather forcibly. Pulling a map of Cuba from his pocket, he pointed out a town with a similar name twenty-two miles west of Havana, around which was drawn a line in red ink.

"I think," said he, "that this will be our next stopping-place for target practice."

That evening we lay one mile off Mariel, with the *New York* alongside. We were close enough to see the low buildings and one little round blockhouse on the shore, also the town inside the cove. A beautiful picture it was. To the left of the cove a mountain rose sheer and perpendicular, its top catching the rays of the setting sun. In the valley this peaceful town nestled in the shadow of the opposite hills—a shadow very much like outstretched protecting wings, trying to screen the little town from the view of the terrible



"ANOTHER LETTER WAS
PASSED TO ME."

engine of destruction at our side. One spot of gold shone against the green-blue background of the hills, a cross upon a tiny church steeple, which lifted its slender finger above the veil of shadow in which was enshrouded the little town.

Supper was spread under our awning astern. The *New York*, we supposed, was at our bow. The engineer had prepared for the night, carrying a lower pressure of steam for economy's sake. Our lookout forward strolled leisurely aft, informing us that the *New York* was moving off about two miles to the westward, under full steam. Instantly our craft was all alive. The engineer sprang from his seat and darted down to the engine-room. One correspondent dropped his novel; another, from London, and myself ceased shark-fishing, and bent our energies toward getting away from that spot. Within rifle-shot was a blockhouse, around which we could see several figures moving. Inside the little cove a small Spanish gunboat, which until now had not been visible, peeped out upon us. Our armament consisted of four "guns," which were carried in our hip pockets. We could hear the firemen below *shoveling* and scraping as though their lives depended upon it, while the engineer, whom

we had christened "Chaplain," made the air blue with language which should have lost for him that title forever. It took us twenty minutes to get away. Now, why did not the Spaniards take a shot at us? We would have fallen easy victims, without doubt, and our little craft could have been turned into a Spanish gunboat. The fact that our boat was painted the color of our war-ships, I think, saved us from an experience which we might not have had the pleasure of relating; also, our apparent coolness in remaining on the spot, as though we had been left there by the *New York* to act as watch-dog until her return.

Very soon after we drew up to where the cruiser had gone just in time to see her guns spit long tongues of flame against the purple sunset sky. A troop of cavalry was seen near Cabanas by the *New York*, and fired upon until the last man had disappeared over the brow of the hill. This picture was too beautiful for death and destruction. The sky and water were purple and gold. The *New York* herself had an ethereal aspect, as though it were a concentration of mist which floated in a body between sea and sky, rather than upon the sea. The sun sank blood-red, apparently twice its usual size, into this molten sea, which blackened almost immediately afterward. Then 't was night—night without the twilight which we in the North love so much.

We were drifting with the Gulf Stream toward Havana. The force of the tide and the direction of the wind exerted an influence causing what an old salt would describe as a corkscrew movement. The Gulf Stream would not yield a point. All night long a howling, angry wind lashed and fought and swirled the sea into hills and mountains of foam. All night long we lay strapped in



OUR MASCOT.

our bunks. At recurring intervals a mountain of water pounded down upon our deck, lifting our skylight up enough to let two or three bucketfuls in upon us. It was useless to make any change of clothing, even had we not been too sick to render such a move possible. That night was one long, rolling, pitching, tossing salt-water bath. Next day two of our strategy board had to perform the work of four. On board the war-ships many of the crew, especially the newly enlisted men, suffered from the corkscrew movement peculiar to Cuban waters.

One Sunday morning the sea was as calm as a lake. The *New York* was surrounded by a dozen war craft and as many despatch-boats, which had gathered like a brood of

Christianity against a background of loaded six-inch guns and half-naked gunners, some peering from the gun-sponson, others listening to the words of the minister. How entirely interested and absorbed every sailor seemed to be in the prayer! It contained so much that was of personal interest—that struck right home to every heart. The *Maine's* survivors at Key West, the possibilities of sudden attack and its horrible results, allegiance to the flag—all were dwelt upon in that war prayer. Up on the quarter-deck a group of correspondents from the various despatch-boats were disbursing and collecting news—disbursing in the sense that a correspondent is eagerly seized upon for the latest news, in return for which the officers



FIRING AT CAVALRY ON SHORE NEAR CABANAS JUST AT SUNSET.

chickens around the mother hen. The scene was one of unusual interest. The church flag waved above the American flag from the yard-arm of the flag-ship, indicating that services were being held. This flag is the only one which in our navy is ever hoisted above the American ensign. The surface of the sea, quivering in tropical sunlight, was dotted with little boats on their way to and from the flag-ship. Correspondents and artists from the various despatch-boats must go aboard for a chat, and take some photographs; the commander of a torpedo- or gun-boat must communicate with the admiral; some officers on ships that did not have a chaplain wished to attend services. As I went aboard, the torpedo-boat *Cushing* had just glided alongside. A sack of mail was thrown to her, and she slipped away as quickly and gracefully as she had come.

There are enough features connected with divine service on a man-o'-war, especially in war time, to make the ceremony unusually interesting. Chaplain Royce, garbed in Episcopalian robes, stood near a little pulpit, around which was draped the American flag. He proceeded to preach the doctrine of

generally give a column of information to be telegraphed home that night.

Much has been said of the despatch-boat as a nuisance to the fleet. All over the country the newspapers printed a joke purporting to be a conversation between Admiral Sampson and one of his staff, which was in substance as follows: "Admiral Sampson gave orders for the flag-ship to move northward, and received information that it was impossible, as there were three despatch-boats tied to the anchor-chains. He gave orders to go south, with the result that several others were reported fastened to the rudder- and propeller-blades. To east and west they were as hopelessly penned in also."

I got the impression that the despatch-boat was the navy's source of luxury. Alongside the *New York* I saw the *Sommers N. Smith* lowering bags of potatoes, sacks of provisions, boxes of vegetables, bread, etc., into the *New York's* small boat for the ward-room mess. These supplies had been brought from Key West by request. When the material was brought aboard, a chicken with its legs tied together bore an envelop addressed to Gunner Morgan. This was a little remem-

brance in exchange for some excellent photographs taken by that officer.

Each ship that we boarded had a number of errands for us to do in Key West, so we never returned empty-handed. One officer would say: "Won't you bring my linen from Key West? See, my white ducks look like coal-sieves." Another wished us to inquire for an express package; still another had a craving for some delicacy that the ship could not supply. The caterer of the officers' mess—one chosen by ballot semi-monthly from among their number—would very frequently accept an offer from the despatch-boats to purchase and transport fresh provisions. The sailors also had wants to be filled, such as cigarettes and reading-matter. On the whole, the despatch-boats have proved themselves to be very useful additions to the blockading fleet. There is hardly a despatch-boat that has not towed at least one prize to Key West. When I left the ship that day, my pockets were bulging with letters and packages to mail; and even when descending the Jacob's-ladder, another letter was passed to me from a gun-sponson by one of the sailors stationed there.

I remember an early-morning scene on the flag-ship. The sun had not yet risen. Bare-footed and bareheaded, with trousers turned up to their knees, a dozen jackies were washing down the decks. Some poured buckets of water upon the flooring; others polished and scraped with stiff-bristle scrubbing-brushes having long handles. Side by side they advanced until the whole deck had been systematically covered and cleaned of its powder-stains from the firing of the day before. Near the turret, under one of the guns, was a splintered track of loosened boards, plainly indicating the effect of the fearful concussion. A stanchion was missing from its place where it had been folded over the side of the ship, blown off as though it were a straw, leaving only bent rivets to mark the place where it had been. Below, in the gun- and berth-decks, all were busy. Gun-crews were caring for their guns, polishing the already shining enamel, inspecting the sights and mechanism, extracting and replacing the shells. Marines and jackies were caring for their rifles, cutlasses, and other implements used in defense, and hammocks were being folded and carried to

their places. The wash-room was full of men stripped to the waist, bending over their wash-basins in characteristic sailor and soldier fashion. The boatswain's whistle rang shrill in the distance, accompanied by the sound of his voice giving orders which to a landsman closely resembled the calling of vegetables by a street vender.

The ship was now thoroughly awake. At eight o'clock the bugle sounded loud and clear. Then came a pause, ever so slight; then the first grand notes of the "Star-Spangled Banner" burst forth, flooding the ship, the air, and the sea itself with patriotic melody as the Stars and Stripes were unfurled. The sailors, following the example of their officers, removed their caps. This ceremony is called "at colors."

Coffee, or early breakfast, followed. In the officers' messes Japanese boys serve coffee, eggs, and marmalade. In the fore-castle the sailors sit in long rows, eating and talking. On the blockade Jackie does a great deal of the latter. Every bit of news, every possible incident, and every theory regarding the length of the war is discussed. It is good for Jackie to talk. Talk is the smoke of patriotic fire. Jackie is intensely patriotic—one could not be otherwise on board a man-of-war where such wholesome respect is paid to the flag. Officers and sailors never step upon the deck without saluting the colors.



PATO, A JAPANESE VALET.

During the morning the bugle sounds again. This time the whole ship's company is summoned to quarters. Upon each deck, forward and aft, every man reports to his division—each division in charge of a senior officer, and sections of divisions in charge of junior officers. Upon the starboard quarter-deck the executive officer stands in military dignity, awaiting the report from each division. The roll is called in sections all over the ship; if any one is missing in a section, it is reported to the officer in charge of the division. He, in return, reports to the executive officer. Thus the executive receives within the space of five minutes an exact report of the condition of the whole ship's company. The chaplain, paymaster, ship's carpenter, chief engineer, surgeon, captain of marines, and line officers file up before him, salute, and report. The executive officer then reports to the captain.

During quarters the various exercises



SUNDAY ON THE BLOCKADE.

and emergency drills are gone through with, including sword practice, bayonet drill, physical exercises for straightening the figure and expanding the chest, boarding drill, fire drill, collision drill, and many others. A huge mat, weighing perhaps five hundred pounds, is brought up on deck, heaved over the side, and held there within sixty seconds after the order is given. Should a Spanish ship ram one of ours, this mat would be thrown over the aperture made in the side, and held there by the pressure of the

thing was up. With my glasses I could discern a faint white speck low down on the horizon. We sped along at a race-horse pace. Upon the bridge the admiral and the captain stood watching intently. In fifteen minutes we made out a Spanish schooner, hull down. In twenty minutes we also made out a black speck about five miles north of the schooner. It soon became evident that this black speck was a torpedo-boat, and that the prize would be hers, not ours; and such proved to be the case, for a puff of



THE RUN AROUND: AN EXERCISE AT QUARTERS.

water. Again, lines of hose are run out and connected, a wheel is turned, and a strong stream of water floods the deck immediately. In a very few seconds twenty streams of water can be directed upon any part of the ship.

Suddenly the band plays a lively march, and the order for the run around is given. Jackie likes this. It is his exercise. It is to him what wheeling is to a landsman. It is his opportunity of moving a little faster than usual. In double-quick time each section runs in an ellipse for five minutes, the line of sailors being usually barefooted at this time of the day. They dodge in and out of the sunlight and shadow, laughing and showing their gaiety of feeling.

A little later, while watching the blacksmith at work with his little portable furnace on the forward deck, I became aware that the *New York* was moving in a rather lively fashion. It soon became evident that some-

smoke shot out from her bow gun. The plucky Spaniard apparently paid no attention to this, still continuing to speed inshore. Our gunners became anxious as the distance between the Spaniard and the shore decreased. The guns forward were loaded and trained directly upon her. We were about five miles away, and the torpedo-boat only half that distance. Very soon, however, after a close shot from the torpedo-boat, the Spaniard hove to and dropped her sails. In a short time the crew of this prize were brought aboard the *New York*. Each man looked as though he expected instant torture. Imagine their surprise when they were not even put in irons! In fact, nobody seemed to pay any attention to them for a long time. I do not know what became of them, for after snapping a lot of photographs forward, I returned, and they had disappeared.

Of an afternoon an air of laziness pervades the ship. A group of marines and sailors gather at the bow, watching a school of porpoises racing with the ship; some play checkers or cards; one or two sew upon little portable machines; the ship's cobbler and the blacksmith work in the shadow of the turret; several examine maps of Cuba; but the majority do nothing. After all, there

is not much to do, except to keep out of the sun.

Again we are aboard the despatch-boat for a run to Key West and thence to Tampa. It is too monotonous on the blockade. It is too tiresome parading east and west of Havana for forty miles, day after day, until each tree becomes as familiar as a building on one's street at home.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER.

WITH IMAGINARY DESIGNS BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES.

THE Bartholdi statue of "Liberty," the "Bavaria" at Munich, and the "Germania" opposite Bingen on the Rhine, are the modern echoes of the famous Colossus which Chares set by the harbor of ancient Rhodes. The "Liberty" exceeds it in height (one hundred and fifty feet) by half; but still, if the Colossus were among us to-day, it would doubtless be treated in the guide-books with eminent respect. Like the Liberty, it stood by the harbor of a great emporium where the ships of all nations came and went. In the form of a patron deity, it represented the genius of a state, and in its dimensions it spoke for a national taste which, as the Laokoön group and the Farnese Bull, both Rhodian compositions, seem to betray, worshiped much at the shrine of the god of bigness.

The Rhodians were first and foremost a commercial people. When, in the year 408 B. C., the new city of Rhodes was founded by coöperation of the three ancient cities of the island of Rhodes, Kamiros, Ialysos, and Lindos, it sprang at once into importance as a metropolis of the world's trade. Located at the northernmost tip of the island, at the point nearest the mainland, it formed, with its excellent harbor, the natural half-way place for vessels that plied between the Ægean and the coasts of Syria, Phœnicia, or Egypt. The Peloponnesian war at the end of the fifth century had put a check upon the development of Athens as a commercial power, and the disturbances on the Asiatic mainland which came with Alexander's conquests and the quarrels between

his successors gave at the end of the fourth and the beginning of the third century a peculiar advantage to the island city. The fifteen miles of waterway which separated the island from the mainland afforded Rhodes an isolation similar to that which the English Channel has given to England, and the distresses of others became her opportunity.

Her international policy was that of a peace power. It was the conquests of commerce, and not of arms, that she sought. Open ports and free trade were all she demanded, and one of the few wars in which she ever engaged was against her old ally Byzantium, to keep the navigation of the Bosphorus free. Her ships policed the sea against the pirates, and Rhodian seamanship inspired the proverb: "Ten Rhodians mean ten ships." As a nation of peace she was the friend of all peoples; and when the earthquake of 227 B. C. spread destruction in her city, states and cities all through the little Mediterranean world hastened, in the young impulse of a dawning international humanity, to send contributions for her relief. With peace and commerce came wealth, and with the settled life of abundance came art, refinement, and intellectual culture. In Roman times Rhodes was esteemed the fairest city of the world. It was the Paris of the traveler and the Heidelberg of the student. Tiberius made it for years his home; Brutus and Cassius, Cæsar and Cicero, studied at its university. The first Greek grammar, the one which became the prototype of all Greek grammars down through Lascaris and Melancthon to the present day,—and of all Latin grammars, too,—was written at Rhodes. Not least, however, among the evidences of its refinement



THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES.

were the unwritten rule of its theater not to applaud till the end of the play, and the established repute of its cuisine. Plutarch voiced the wonderment of the old-fashioned continental Greek when he said of the Rhodians: "Verily, they build as for eternity, and eat as though they were to die to-morrow."

When, at the beginning of the third century B. C., Chares began his twelve years' task of constructing the Colossus, Rhodes was an upstart city barely a hundred years old; but it was just the sort of city to venture on such an innovation. Still, there was the example of Athens, which had made the Athena Promachos—to be sure, not half the height—out of the spoils of Marathon; and now that Demetrios Poliorketes had been forced to raise the siege of Rhodes, the three hundred talents of proceeds from the siege-engines he had left behind might well be devoted to raising a colossal Helios as monument to the great salvation. One hundred and five feet it towered up from its lofty pedestal beside the harbor,—and not astride the entrance, as medieval imagination made it,—until its *hybris* met its *nemesis*, and fifty-six years after its erection the great earthquake of 227 laid it low. Where it fell Pliny saw it still lying nearly three centuries later. "And even as it lies there prostrate," he reports, "it stirs to wonder. Few men can clasp its thumb with their arms; the fingers alone are greater than most statues; vast caverns yawn in its shattered limbs; within one sees great blocks of stone by whose weight the builder established it." There it lay, a plain prose wonder, till, in the seventh century A. D., the Saracens sold it to a Jew of Syrian Edessa, dealer in old junk, and it vanished from historic sight loaded on the backs of many camels. Then through the furnace flames it rose again to its new life in the imaginings of men, and bestrode the harbor where it stands to-day, and perhaps will ever stand.

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHEBUS.

EPHEBUS lay at a favored spot. Where the Cayster flows into the Ægean, building with its alluvium the rich plain, the Asios Leimon, or "marsh-field," whence Asia has its name, it stood midway in the arc of coast that spans the Gulf of Scala Nuova, and faces the isle of Samos. Here clustered by a shore of fifty miles in length no less than twelve prosperous cities, among them Teos, Lebedus, and Colophon, and hard by were also Smyrna,

Clazomenæ, Chios, Erythræ, and Miletus, all independent centers for the vigorous Ionian culture life which on the soil of Oriental plenty first realized the power of Hellenic sense in the world of beauty. Hence came the verse of Homer and Anacreon; here was the home of the elegy; here men first learned that they might write as well as talk in prose.

Ephesus itself had its roots in a far older world than that of the Greeks who swarmed upon its shores. The natural outlet for Lydia and Phrygia to the sea, it had been a mart for Carian and Phenician traders centuries before the restless Greeks had come to trouble the Ægean; and so in early times it came to be what in a wider sense Alexandria was in later—the meeting-place of races and cultures, the fullest illustration and completest type of the mission of Ionia in first blending Occident and Orient.

Nothing is more characteristic of Ephesus in this regard than the cult of its famous Artemis Diana. Long before there were any Greeks the cult was there, the worship of Nature as the nourishing mother of plants, animals, and men. The Oriental character of the cult, which later Greek influence never availed to change, is betrayed in the form of the idol which—preserved, as the story goes, through seven rebuildings of the temple—survived to Roman times as one of the most revered objects known to the ancient world. Its form is known to us by its common use on coins, as well as by numerous copies. Characteristic of the figure is the mass of hanging breasts significant of bounteous nourishment. The lower part of the body is surrounded by reliefs of the heads of animals, of bees, and of butterflies; on both arms rest lions. A disk behind the head is covered with representations of winged bulls. On the neck-cloth are the signs of the zodiac. There is a necklace of acorns. The arms are extended as if in kindly welcome. A mass of eunuchs called the Megabyzoi served as priests, and the swarm of priestesses who from earliest times surrounded the goddess, celebrated her feast in orgiastic rites, and defended her sanctuary from intrusion, forms one of the sources of the Amazon legends. The temple, located a mile or more outside the city, formed, with its horde of priests and attendants, a state by itself, independent of the city.

The first Greek settlers found in this cult analogy to their own Artemis, and hence the Greek name was given to it, just as in later times the Romans thought they saw their



THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHEBUS.

own Diana in the Greek Artemis. This process is characteristic of the way the civilizations of the peoples blended on the shores of the Mediterranean.

In the seventh century B. C. was built the first great Ephesian temple. Chersiphron of Crete was architect. It was far the greatest and noblest house any Western deity had yet been given. All the world knew of it, and wondered; and the order of its architecture, though it may have had its origin in Attica, was always identified with this, its grandest example, and was called Ionic. Copies of temple and idol in reduced dimensions were built in various parts of Asiatic and European Greece.

In the year 356 B. C., one Herostratus, who had failed to make himself famous in any other way, set fire to the temple to immortalize his name, and succeeded in both matters. The very night in which the glory of Asia went up in flames, Alexander was born in Pella; so, at least, the omen-mongers said. By help of contributions from many cities, the building of a new temple was immediately begun on plans devised by Deinocrates;

and this, the grandest temple structure the Greek world ever reared, was the one which figured in the canon of the Wonders of the World. Four times the size of the Parthenon, and ampler than either Milan Cathedral or St. Paul's in London, lifted upon its foundation of ten steps, girt with its double colonnade of Ionic columns sixty feet in height, resplendent in sculpture and color, no wonder it held the admiration of the world, no wonder that sightseers bought the silver models of Demetrius, and that men cried, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" All the more wonder that the words of the tent-maker of Tarsus found hearing, or the sale of souvenirs was checked; but Paul's words and John's church lasted better than model or shrine. In 262 A. D. the Goths destroyed the temple. In the thirteenth century the Turks used its stones to build the Mosque Selim, under whose ruins, after long searching, English excavators found, in 1871, all that was left of the old Wonder, twenty feet beneath the sod. So much more enduring is the word of spirit than-temples built of stone!

THREE WOMEN IN WAR TIME.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

I.

ONE said, with a smile on her proud young lips:
 "I have brothers three; they are far on the sea,
 For they serve on the decks of the fighting ships!
 Is it strange that the war comes home to me?"

II.

"And I, had I father, brothers, or friend,
 I would give them all at my country's call!
 My sorrow is, I have none to send,
 And my share in the glorious war is small!"

III.

But the third arose with face aglow:
 "Mine are a hundred thousand strong,—
 Wherever my countryman meets the foe,—
 And my heart's in the war the whole day long!"

ALONE IN PORTO RICO.

A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S ADVENTURE.

BY EDWIN EMERSON, JR.



BEFORE we went to war with Spain I did not know where Porto Rico was. I had a vague idea that it was a Spanish harbor somewhere; for from my school-boy days I remembered certain postage-stamps bearing the youthful profile of King Alfonso of Spain, with the words "Puerto Rico" on top.

Shortly after the *Maine* was blown up I was told off to go to the front as a war correspondent. The worst of it was, there was no front. My instructions were delivered in this wise: "Here is a camera, and a pass to Washington. It is good for the Congressional Limited. Find out from somebody who knows where you can see the first fight, and get some army and navy credentials in Washington, if you have time. If not, we will apply for them. Then get down there as fast as you can, and let us know where to find you. Here are orders for passes over those lines that give us 'ads,' and a draft on the house. If you run out of money, draw on us for more."

After this unusually long speech, the senior partner of our concern unbent enough to shake hands with me, and the younger took me out to a farewell dinner.

In Washington, I stated my case to Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt, and asked him what he would do in my place.

"If I were you," he said briefly, "I should go down to Key West and join the fleet. If you can get on board one of the press despatch-boats there, it would be a good move, for I'd rather not put you on any of our vessels. I should n't wonder if the first fight would be off Porto Rico. Good luck to you, wherever you go."

The next train to Florida was due to leave Washington within one hour, and I caught it in the nick of time. On the boat from Tampa to Key West, I was told that the despatch-boat *Buccaneer* was to be sent to Porto Rico.

Arriving in Key West, I learned that the yacht had sailed away that morning to get a "beat" on the whereabouts of the Spanish Cape Verde fleet. Rather than

spend a dreary fortnight in a hotel, I took a flying trip over to Cuba, and got there just in time to see the last American refugees following Consul-General Lee out of the country.

When I returned war had been declared. The fleet was preparing to move. I managed to find a berth on another despatch-boat, and so steamed out with the first blockading squadron that invested Cuban waters.

After the more or less desultory bombardments of Matanzas, Cardenas, and Port Cabañas, we returned to Key West, with its harbor full of captured prize vessels. Going in, we noticed that several of our war-ships were taking on extra supplies of coal, so we hastened to do likewise. Before our bunkers were half filled, the coaling cruisers got under way, and joined the deep-draft battle-ships anchored near Sand Key, some six miles out in the strait.

We followed in haste. As we drew out, a strange-looking craft came into the harbor. It proved to be the *Buccaneer*, her former war-paint ill disguised under a transparent coat of white lead, and with the British flag flying at her stern.

Of course it was too late to swap ships in the stream, the more so since she had come back for repairs from the effects of a heavy gale without having reached Porto Rico. Most of her American crew had deserted when she hoisted the British ensign in Jamaica.

We joined the squadron at nightfall, just in time to see the colored lights from the flag-ship's foretop flashing the admiral's orders to the expectant fleet. Every ship had her anchor under foot and was getting up steam. From a score of funnels black smoke drifted thickly landward.

At midnight, at last, the fleet got under way. We all thought we were going to Havana to knock down the old Morro and smash the town. With that comforting belief, I went to sleep on the after-deck, and did not wake up until the sun shone in my face. We were off Havana, with its

yellow houses sparkling in the sunlight, and near enough for us to see the red and orange of the Spanish flags fluttering over the Morro.

We waited for the bombardment, but it never came.

After a day of idle expectation, one of the monitors that had been left in Key West joined the squadron at nightfall, and then the whole fleet steamed eastward. The next morning we passed Cardenas. It was some time before we began to speculate where we were going. To us it was a very serious thing, because we were running out of coal. There was some doubt whether we had enough to get back. Every now and then the fleet would stop, and exchange a prodigious number of signals, but none of us knew why. Once we ran up to the flag-ship, and asked them where the fleet was bound to. No answer was given. We asked where we might coal. To this the answer was: "Use international code!" This was just what we had been doing. Our captain became frantic, and, rigging up the same signal-flags, he repeated both questions. In answer, the flag-ship ran up the signal, "We understand you." We waited for more, but nothing came. We repeated our questions all over again, but got no further response. After this unsatisfactory interview with the admiral, our commodore, as we called him, called a council of war. He said he felt sure now that the fleet was going to Porto Rico.

"Bully!" said I.

"Bully nothing," said he. "We have n't got enough coal to take us to Porto Rico; and if we keep up with the fleet for one night more, we sha'n't have enough to take us home."

I asked what he was going to do about it.

He wanted our consent to turn the boat back. I said that I wanted to go to Porto Rico, and he should never turn back with my consent. With that I scowled at our artist to make him back me up; but he said nothing, nor did any of the others.

Said the commodore: "I am afraid you will have to get out and walk."

A little later our second officer told me that there was always coal at Cape Haytien; and finally I prevailed on our commodore to follow the fleet for one more night.

We had fallen back to the tail end of the fleet, but one battle-ship was still behind us, towing a lagging monitor. A blast from her whistle brought our captain running up on the bridge. She hoisted some pennants, and our second officer read from the signal-book: "Come within hail."

We came alongside. The megaphone roared: "Are you going to stop at any eastern port?"

"Yes, sir; at Cape Haytien, for coal," bellowed our commodore.

"Will you let us put a man on board your boat? He is an officer of the United States army."

"Yes, sir."

"Here 's your chance," said the commodore to me; and then he roared back: "Will you take one of our men in exchange?"

After some hesitation, the megaphone reported that it was against the admiral's orders, so we yielded. The gig brought us a trim young man in a bicycle-suit with riding-gaiters, and carrying a dress-suit case. He introduced himself, giving his rank and branch of service. We soon learned that he had misunderstood our destination, and expected to be landed at Cape Maisi, in eastern Cuba.

It was a steep proposition. I urged that we try and land him somewhere on the coast. Our captain said he would n't dare to undertake it without a pilot, and it would mean losing the fleet. Willy-nilly, our military friend had to come with us to Cape Haytien, in the hope of getting a boat to Cuba. There he found out that no boats were to be had, so we carried him off with us, having first taken on coal at the rate of twenty-five dollars per ton. Then we rejoined the fleet, and followed it on to Porto Rico.

After the bombardment of San Juan on May 12, all the despatch-boats raced to St. Thomas, the nearest cable-station. We were all nonplussed at the unexpected bombardment, nor could any one tell what damage had been done by the three hours' cannonading. At all events, the Spanish batteries had not been silenced, for they kept on firing their futile shots until our fleet had retired beyond all range. At St. Thomas we learned that Cervera's fleet had been reported off Martinique and Curaçao, and having heard of the bombardment, had gone on to Cuba by the southern passage. The other despatch-boats went back at once to the fleet, with the *Montgomery* and *Minneapolis*, which had raced into port for despatches. News reached us that they were returning to Santiago; but we, alas! were left high and dry, with disabled boilers.

The highest and driest of the lot was our military emissary to General Gomez, who had moved into lodgings, perforce, high up the hill in the clean little Danish town Charlotte Amalie. I joined him presently, having become an outcast from the boat on account

of an animated discussion with our commodore, which ended with my walking overboard, only to be rescued by a dinky bumboat-woman.

There we were stuck for ten dreary days, though it was really a very pretty and hospitable place. I think it was when our first weekly bill was presented that we decided that something would have to be done.

"We are eating our heads off," said I.

"And I am eating my heart out," said he.

"Well, seeing we can't get to Cuba, and you can't reach Gomez in time to be of any use, why don't we go to Porto Rico?" I proposed. "It is nearer, and there is just as much to be got there as in Cuba, for you as well as for me."

"Just the thing!" said he.

That night we lay awake till early morning, discussing how to get around the cable company, so that we might send despatches from Porto Rico and through St. Thomas; for it was rumored that one of the men in the local office was in the employ of the Spanish consul.

Tossings, groans, and other indications of displeasure from the next room finally put a stop to our talk, which had been carried on from one bed to the other. I remembered that one of the guests at the house was down with intermittent fever, so we quit.

At breakfast I heard that our invalid neighbor was the local superintendent of the cable company. This upset our plans. We gave up all idea of using the cable, and decided to get out at once, before the patient could recover sufficiently to put the Spanish consul on our track.

Late that night I rowed my companion to a coal-steamer in the harbor clearing for Ponce, Porto Rico, and saw him installed as pantry-man, under an English passport. The *Ardanrose* weighed anchor almost immediately afterward.

Next morning I sailed out in a fishing-sloop bound for Santa Cruz, forty miles away. At Fredericksted, on the western end of that island, I took passage on a Danish schooner for Porto Rico. My identity as a pseudo-German correspondent had been fully established, and I had taken the extra precaution to submit my papers to the Spanish consul in St. Thomas before leaving port.

The second day brought us into the harbor of San Juan, sailing slowly past a string of white buoys marking newly laid mines. The pilot pointed out a little white tent under a grove of palm-trees inland, where

soldiers were stationed to touch off the explosives stored in the hold of a ship that had been sunk across the channel immediately after the bombardment of the city by our fleet. At the wharf I was met by the custom-house officials, who turned me over to a military officer. I explained my calling as a German war correspondent, and asked to see the German consul; but he took me before the military governor, Captain-General Macías. This officer received me very courteously, but asked why I came in so small a boat. I answered that I had tried to secure passage on the *Ardanrose*, the only vessel clearing from St. Thomas for Porto Rico, but that the Spanish consul had warned the captain of the vessel against receiving passengers.

"Ah, yes," said the captain-general; "it is just as well that you did not come on that vessel, for Señor Vazquez has informed us that an enemy of Spain may be hidden in her hold. If he dares to come to Ponce, we shall know how to receive him, and he will learn how Spain deals with her enemies."

After this comforting conversation, he expressed his satisfaction at the presence of an impartial foreign correspondent, who might correct the unscrupulous falsehoods that had been published in the American and English newspapers. With this plain hint, he sent me to his colleague, Don Ramón Ortega, and to the civil governor, who in turn had my papers countersigned at the German consulate of San Juan. I was allowed to engage a room at the Hotel Inglaterra, a curious building projecting its corner into the sharp angle of two streets, like the bow of a ship. In its roof was a large, gaping hole, made by one of our shells. I was a guest here for two days, roaming through the city at will, and visiting such sights as the Casa Blanca, on the high bluff overlooking the fortifications, and other places which I thought might prove of interest to my erstwhile traveling companion and roommate.

It did not take me long to discover that the effects of the American bombardment on the fortifications, as well as in the city, were more wide-spread than I had anticipated. In the outer breastworks, facing the sea, each of the older forts and towers had suffered severely, while some of the batteries lying under their shadow were all but dismantled.

The havoc wrought in the city was plain to all. More than a score of houses had gaping holes and clefts in their walls. The

fragments of one shell alone, aimed at the Spanish standard floating above the roof of the *intendencia*, after snapping the flagstaff in twain, shattered the roof of the building, went through the so-called throne-room, struck two officers and some soldiers who were chatting on its marble steps, and finally disfigured the front and rear walls of several adjoining buildings, injuring and wounding two other persons.

Within the harbor, where the visiting foreign men-of-war rode at anchor, believing themselves to be beyond the range of our guns, many shots likewise took effect. Had the Spanish fleet been hiding inside, as it was later at Santiago de Cuba, it would have been driven to seek the open sea. Even the neutral ships found themselves in uncomfortable quarters. One stray shot went clean through the forward smoke-stack of the French corvette *L'Amiral Rigault de Genouilly*. Another tore into the rigging of the British merchant vessel *Aldborough*, splintering one of her topmasts, while several shells exploded on the harbor-front, in the immediate vicinity of the powder-magazine of the Spanish navy-yard, causing the colored stevedores and wharfmen on the water-front to scatter in all directions. One old man was blown to pieces.

In the city itself everything was topsy-turvy for many days following the bombardment. The well-to-do people and most of the women fled into the hills, and the larger stores and shops stood empty and open, with none to buy and none to do the selling. The price of provisions rose to the famine point, and in the country the people were said to be starving.

All available carriages, carts, and wagons, as well as horses, donkeys, and even bicycles, had been seized upon to carry the fleeing citizens into the hills; and the little railroad running to Rio Pedres and Congreso was taxed to its utmost to carry the turbulent crowds of passengers fighting for admittance. The nearest places, it was reported, became so overcrowded with refugees that there were not enough roofs to cover their heads, though the authorities threw open the government buildings, churches, schools, and local playhouses. Municipal food supplies were exhausted.

Those that remained behind were panic-stricken. Every time a large vessel was sighted from the tottering top of the Morro, the cry arose, "*Los Americanos*," and then would come another wild rush for the railroad-station, fugitives from all directions

scampering down the steep streets and alleys of the city. At night the uneasy rest of the San Juanese was broken by the cry of "*El jumby*," the slang word for ghost, which had come to be applied to our swift auxiliary cruisers flashing their search-lights through the darkness like bolts of silent lightning.

To make matters worse, the authorities openly betrayed their weakness by shoring up the crumbling walls of the well-nigh shattered fortresses, and by offering to release and arm the convicts in the city prison, while apparently harmless men were arrested from day to day, to be cast into the empty prisons as political suspects.

On the day I landed I witnessed the arrest of a poor Crucian dorky, John Farrill by name, whose sole crime was that he was seen gaping up at the ruins of a large three-story house on Fortaleza street, that had been struck by two American shells during the bombardment.

Suddenly there was a cry of "*Un espia*," and a disorderly mob of colored wharfmen laid hold upon him and the colored woman who stood by him. A few *voluntarios* ran up with bare machetes, and dragged the scared couple off to the nearest guard-house, where they were placed under a military escort and marched to prison.

What their fate was I never learned, for when I had gathered as much information as was possible, I took formal leave of the Spanish officials in San Juan, and set out on my prearranged trip across the island. At the little station of the narrow-gage railroad that runs westward along the coast to Dorado and Arecibo, I bought a through ticket. From the windows I saw the deep blue of the bays running in from the sea on one side, and on the other inland lakes circled by tropical foliage, distant palms, and pineapple plantations. While speeding along I pondered seriously on the unguarded words of the Spanish captain-general concerning the fate awaiting a certain person at Ponce. I concluded that no possible purpose could be served by going there alone. If I did so, indeed, suspicion might be still further excited, involving another as well as myself. At the first stop, Cataño, I got off, and was left behind by the train, as if by accident. The station-master was very sympathetic, and told me that my ticket would be good on the next train, which would be due after a few hours or so, should it happen to be on time. I shrugged my shoulders, and wandered off with what show

of aimlessness I could command, to take a look at the village, with its outskirts of palm-thatched huts, and cocoanut-trees waving over patches of rustling sugar-cane. I found a cheap horse, with a still cheaper saddle thrown into the bargain. Thus mounted, I ambled off over an old country road leading to the town of Bayamón, in the interior of the island.

A cool sea-breeze blew from the coast, and stirred up the fragrance of the tropical foliage covering the hills on either side of the road. Bright humming-birds darted about, and from the woods came the incessant cooing of the mountain dove, the *paloma*, relieved occasionally by the song of warbling vireos. My heart sang with them as I rode, and I felt altogether too well to worry about the fate hanging over my friend at Ponce, nor did I bother to think of my own uncertain destiny. All around me hirtella-bushes were flowering crimson, and the stately sabino-tree, with its immense white flowers and silvery leaves, perfumed the soft air. It seemed to me as if I had found the loveliest spot on earth. Thus I passed through Bayamón, along the highway to Guaynabo, over a superb military road to Aguas Buenas, a cross-road town fitly named after the excellent quality of its water. There I rested all night at the village inn, on a straw pallet that seemed soft after my saddle. Early in the morning I rubbed down my horse, swallowed some vile coffee, and was off again, after a refreshing stirrup-cup of *agua buena*.

My plans had become unsettled when I was driven to give up all hope of meeting the other man in Ponce. I fell back upon the alternate venture of striking straight across the island to the nearest southern seaport, making what observations I could along the road. The obvious thing was to follow the military highway to Caguas and thence to Cayey. It was a mercy I did so, for my pony went lame after we had covered but a few miles of the road, and I was glad to dismount at the city gate of Caguas to deliver my papers over to the white-clad sentinel, who stopped me with a perfunctory, "*Quien vive!*"

The little soldier was considerate enough to let me take my horse to the nearest blacksmith's shop before escorting me to the Ayuntamiento, and thus I had an opportunity to see something of the town. At the intendencia I was ushered into the presence of the alcalde, and once more explained my presence in the country as a German newspaper correspondent. Then I learned that

my papers were all wrong, not having been countersigned by every alcalde in every village and town along the line from San Juan to Caguas.

The fellow was so obstinate that no argument would move him. So I was marched into the guard-house, whence I sent a message to a friend at the German consulate in San Juan, who had agreed to forward such messages to St. Thomas by way of Santa Cruz. I had plenty of time to reflect, and I presently came to the conclusion that the shortest cut to liberty was the best. If I let things take their course, awaiting consular intercession, the chances were that I should languish in jail for weeks or months, with a possible prospect of having the incidental object of my mission become known, after all. That would mean short shrift. As I reflected on the more or less spurious character of my credentials, and on the danger of making bad matters worse for my friend, who by this time must have effected his landing on the other side of the island, my determination to take things into my own hands became fixed.

For several hours, now, I had been left to my own devices, and it was nearly noon. I recalled the generous permission of the Spanish alcalde that I might buy my own meals, and accordingly I summoned the sentinel who had been placed at the door of the guard-house. He proved to be the same man that took me in charge at the city gate, so we smiled at each other like old friends. I pointed to my stomach, and said plaintively: "*Tengo hambre. Quiero almorzar;*" for breakfast was the only proper term to apply to the meal I wanted.

"How I can serve you, señor?" inquired the little soldier, encouragingly; and I replied, mustering all my Spanish of the market-place:

"*Pan, mantequilla, carne, leche, café, huevos, y una botella de vino.*"

This bill of fare seemed to appal him, and he informed me in voluble Castilian that bread cost fifty centavos a pound, that butter was not to be had for love or money, that wine would be cheaper than milk, and that meat of any kind would be very, very dear. It was all on account of those accursed Americans.

"Get what you can," I said hungrily; and drawing forth all my slender stock of Spanish money, I gave him a couple of Porto Rican dollars, newly minted. He disappeared with alacrity, locking the door behind him. Then I waited for my breakfast, pulling im-

patiently on the cold brier pipe that I had kept as a last souvenir of my friend in Ponce.

At last my guard returned with a darky who bore a platter of food. With a lordly gesture, I waived the question of change. The little soldier's eyes glistened greedily, and I fancy mine did likewise as I fell to. While I ate I thought deeply, and when I arose the proper Spanish phrases came readily to my tongue.

"You, too, must be hungry, *mi amigo*," I said; "and it is not right that a soldier of Spain should starve while his German friend eats. When do you breakfast?"

"I have had my morning coffee, señor," he answered; but I interrupted him, saying: "That is not enough. You are losing your meals and your siesta here on my account, and it is but right that you should be served as well as your prisoner. Here is a small coin," I continued. A minute afterward I heard him turn the corner, whistling. I mounted the guard-house bench, and peered out at him through a small window-grating admitting air and light to my cell. He looked up at me, grinning as he passed; then he went on his way.

In his absence I managed to escape. There was no other sentinel. I walked out into the street, and found it deserted, for it was the time of the midday siesta. A brass sign representing the shaving-plate of a barber and surgeon caught my eye, and I recalled my beard, and the prominence given to it in my passport, where it figured as *barba rubia*.

Now or never was the time to rid myself of this ruby article which had called forth so much contempt from my shipmates. I entered the shop, and aroused the barber from his siesta in the back room. Without a word I pointed to my ragged chin, and settled down in his primitive chair. Ten minutes later I was beardless. I sauntered forth into the street, and, turning a corner, recognized the blacksmith's shop where I had left my horse. In the yard stood several ponies, including my own; but of the smith or his apprentices nothing was to be seen. From some children tumbling about on a heap of straw I learned that all the men were asleep. I examined my horse, and found it still unshod, and as lame as ever. Another horse, cream-colored and of prepossessing appearance, stood beside it. Three of his feet were newly shod, and he looked fit and strong. I looked around for my saddle, but could not see it anywhere. A bridle hung within convenient reach. Without further

ado, I slipped it over the halter on the cream-colored pony's head, and vaulted upon his glossy back.

As I rode out into the sunlit street, I wondered what I had better do with myself. I knew it would not do to go to Ponce, nor to go out by the way I came, for there was that city gate. I did not want to ride westward, for among my papers confiscated by the alcalde was a letter of introduction to a certain Señor Heidegger, a German planter on the west coast. So I looked up at the sun to make sure of the direction, and then rode due east, on a horse-trail which took me over a shallow river, where I watered my horse as a precaution. There I met a *jibaro*, as the native white men of Porto Rico are called. I asked him where the road led to, and he said to San Lorenzo. I told him that was the very place I wanted to go to. In reply to inevitable inquiries of the *campesino*, I told him that I came from San Juan, where I had recently landed, hoping to get a place with a wealthy German planter at the eastern end of the island, and I mentioned the name of a man of whom I had heard several times. My *jibaro* told me that I could not find a better master. So we parted, he on to Caguas, and I to strike off that road as fast as the nature of the country would allow.

By nightfall, after I had ridden up and down some of the most unprepossessing hills, and had got tangled in no end of chapparal, cactus, and other thorny undergrowth, which changed a new pongee coat I had bought in San Juan into an old rag, I found myself on a high range of sierra. From a *jibaro* negress I learned that I was half-way between the towns of Quemados and Jaguas, and that I would find a better trail for my horse below. So I rode down a lovely green valley, where plantations of coffee and tobacco lay side by side. As it grew darker, bats flew all about me, and I heard the evening cries of birds which sounded like our whippoorwills and mocking-birds. At last I struck the trail that the woman had mentioned. I rode on a little way, and took the horse into a clearing, where there was a spring well hidden from view, and there I hobbled his fore feet to the halter-rope, flung myself on the ground, and went fast asleep. The last thing I heard was the beautiful song of the solitaire singing in a copse above me.

I was awakened early the next morning by the screeching of green parrots, quarreling with other birds in the top of a cocoanut-palm. I was drenched with dew, but forgot all as I thought of my horse. To my great

relief, I found him standing behind a bit of oleander-bush red with flowers, crunching the juicy stalk of a prickly-pear. I watched him with interest as he took the stalk and with his teeth ripped off the skin with all its thorns. He whinnied as if we were old friends. After bridling and watering him, I found the trail, and rode off southward. On the way I ate everything I could find, from green cherries and guava plums to juicy mangos, which stained the front of my coat, and bell-apples, the meat of which suggested mildew. There were also custard-apples, a large green fruit not unlike cream-puffs inside. The most astonishing and the best of all was a fruit called *pulmo*—in our language, sour-sap. It is about as large as a quart bowl, and so nourishing and full that a single fruit was enough for a good meal, although that did not deter my horse from eating four. Later I found that they are also relished by dogs. Of springs and streams there were so many that I had no fear of dying of thirst. If water was not handy, I could always climb a cocoanut-tree, and throw down the green nuts, which were filled with an abundance of watery milk, more than I could drink at one time. Other nuts there were in plenty; but many were more curious than edible, even to my willing appetite. One had a delicious odor. I tasted a little, and thought it ideal for flavoring candy. But soon it dissolved in my mouth in a fine dust, absorbing all the moisture, so that I had to blow it out like flour. Nothing ever made me so thirsty in my life, and even after rinsing out my mouth I felt for a long time as if I were chewing punk or cotton. The fruit of the tamarind only added to my torments by setting all my teeth on edge. When we reached the next spring, I fell off my horse for fear he would get all the water. Only after I had satisfied my thirst would I let him drink.

About that time I met a hunter, with whom I trudged along for some distance. He too was a *jíbaro*, or Porto Riqueño freedman, and turned out to be a most entertaining fellow. He knew the Spanish name of every shrub and tree along the wayside, and told me just what fruits and nuts were good to eat, and which were poisonous. At times, when his lean dogs would stir up a bird from the underbrush, he talked of birds and insects. Thus I learned that the large green parakeets that flitted through the purple foliage and orange-colored blossoms of the Ortegán trees were a peculiar native breed, highly prized by bird-fanciers; while the beautiful wild

peacock, whose harsh cry of "peon, peon" reached us from the thick purple growths of coccolaha-trees flowering all over the sierra, was nothing but the tame peacock gone wild. The curious lump in the beak of the honey-creepers that infested the pineapple and sugar plantations, he explained, was formed by the waxy pollen of the cocoanut blossoms into which this greedy bird is wont to thrust its fuzzy-feathered head.

At other times he would point out to me the tracks of deer, or of the wild mountain goat. I told him of certain curious small beasts I had caught a glimpse of while riding across country over the hills near Caguas, and learned that they must have been the *aguti* and the armadillo, both of them indigenous to Porto Rico. Of snakes there were none, but no end of lizards, sunning themselves on the long stretches of crumbling plantation walls, or darting in and out among the loose rocks of the hillside. For a change of subject, I asked my guide whether he had any children.

"Yes, señor; eighteen."

"What? All living?"

"Yes. There were twenty-two, but now there are but eighteen. I buried one last week."

"Are they all the children of one wife?" I asked rather curiously.

"Oh, no. Three wives. One is dead, but the other two are still living with me."

After a pause I inquired:

"And do they live in peace?"

"Yes, señor. They love each other very much, and live like sisters when I go hunting or fishing."

This casual glimpse into the patriarchal life of the West Indies interested me so much that I was almost tempted to accept my *jíbaro's* invitation to enjoy the hospitality of his house; but his palm-thatched hut lay too near the garrisoned town of Patillo.

Still, the inborn courtesy of the man would not allow me to part from his threshold without eating some of the corn-bread baked by one of his wives, and without a farewell drink of *aguardiente*, flavored with aniseed, called *ojén*. For a parting gift he gave me one of the delicious cigars made of the furry tobacco-leaf that is grown in the famous plantations about Cayey.

Avoiding the towns, I rode over a high hill trail, from which I had my first good view of the sea and of the mountain El Yunque, the anvil-shaped peak of which towered up far behind the range of the sierras. Below me I could see a tempting

road winding in and out of the rich plantations of rice and sugar running down to the coast.

Though my companion had told me the name of the nearest towns and villages, I had no definite idea where I was, and where it might be safe to strike down to the sea.

Presently my horse sniffed water, and not long afterward I heard the welcome sound of a river rushing through woods near by. A turn of the trail brought me to a magnificent waterfall tumbling down from a cleft in the ragged rocks.

A small boy, his white skin gleaming in the sun, was leading a dripping pony from the purling pool below the waterfall. I rode my lathering horse into the churning water, and slipped off to take a swim myself. Then I joined the boy, dressing on the river-bank. When I asked him how far it was to the town of Arroyo, he laughed wonderingly, and said that Arroyo lay far behind me.

"Where do you wish to go?" he asked, in turn.

"To Mauñabo," I ventured at random.

"Oh, Mauñabo!" he exclaimed. "That is where we live."

This alarmed me, and in my bones I felt that my yarn about looking for a place on the German señor's plantation would never go down with that boy. I murmured something about looking for a German friend living on a plantation near Mauñabo.

"What is his name?" asked the boy.

I answered evasively that he lived near the plantation of another German señor. With misgivings I uttered the name mentioned to me by the German consul in St. Thomas.

"My papa," said the boy, with pride.

I wished I were out of it, but grasped at the first straw, when he continued: "Do you wish to see him?"

"No, not now—not until I have done some other business down there;" and with that I waved my hand vaguely toward the east.

As the son of a German father, it occurred to me that the boy might speak German.

"Und sprichst du auch Deutsch?" I asked.

He responded promptly with a few German sentences tinged with a curious Creole accent. At all events, it was better than my Spanish, and helped to place me at a slight advantage in my further talk with him.

Once more he offered to lead the way to his father; but I evaded him again, and presently got him to talking about coins and postage-stamps.

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A Haytien silver coin I had saved from our brief stay in the Black Republic proved highly acceptable to the boy.

Then I told him that I had lost my only map of Porto Rico, and that I would gladly offer some rare old stamps for a new one.

He said eagerly that he had a good map of his own, drawn as a school exercise; but the large size he mentioned appalled me, so I offered him a triple-bladed pocket-knife on top of the other bribe, if he would undertake to draw me a little map no larger than my hand.

He jumped at this offer, and so we made off until we came within a few miles of the town. There I halted, on the pretext that I was ashamed of my travel-stained and tattered clothes, but promised to wait for his return.

He galloped off, and I waited in the underbrush, with my heart in my mouth. When he did not return within an hour, I began to fear the issue, and changing over to the other side of the country road, sought a good hiding-place for myself and my horse, from which I had a full view of the road for some distance ahead.

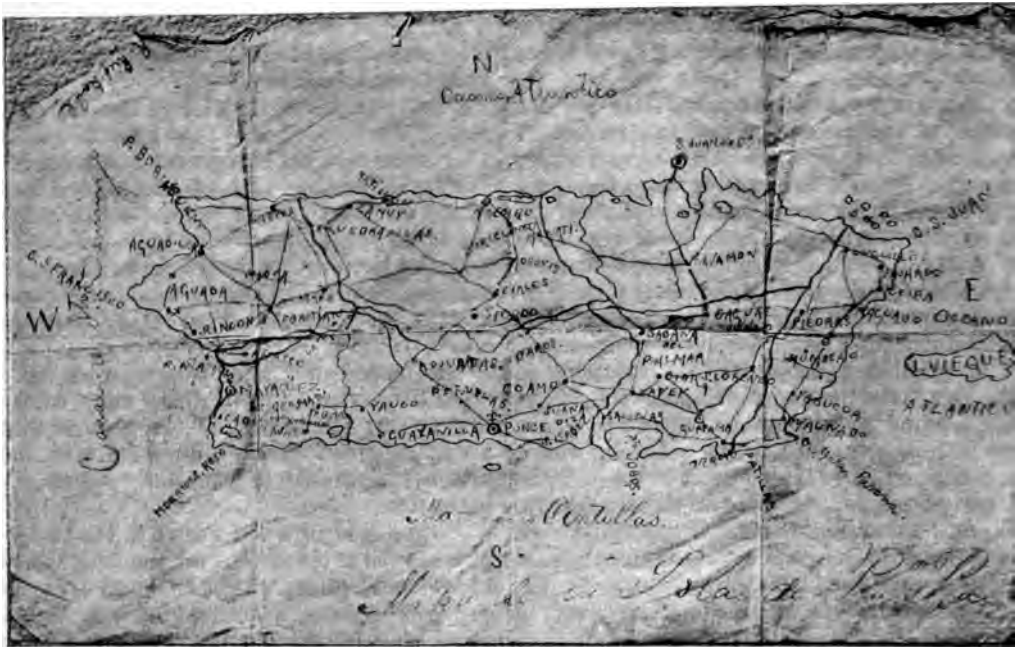
At length he came, mounted on another horse, several sizes too large for him. When I had made sure that he was quite alone, I hailed him from the underbrush, and came out into the open. He showed me the diminutive map he had made, and I was delighted to find it carefully drawn and apparently correct. He had even put in the boundaries of each province in red ink, and had marked all churches and monasteries with crosses. On the other hand, he had omitted to indicate the roads, and I had to get him to draw them with a pencil from guess-work.

Despite its small size, it was certainly a highly serviceable map, and I was glad enough to give my only knife in exchange for it, and to promise no end of postage-stamps for the future, when my ship should come in.

The boy then volunteered the information that the German overseer I was looking for might be found at the end of the next cross-road, only a few miles from where we were.

Without further reflection, I determined to pin my hopes to this man, and so parted from my little rescuer at the cross-roads.

An hour's ride brought me to the plantation, where I found my man superintending the work of some twenty jíbaro men. When I accosted him in German, his honest face lighted up in a manner that encouraged me; and, risking all, I told him that I was in



MAP OF PORTO RICO FURNISHED TO THE WRITER BY THE BOY.

some trouble on account of the war, and must needs throw myself upon his mercy.

"Come home with me, and be my guest," said he, and with that he led the way to the white hacienda on the hill.

Once there, I told him that I was a German correspondent who had got into disfavor with the Spanish authorities. He seemed to understand, and assured me that I was among friends.

At supper my host talked freely about the war. The people in the country, he said, looked forward to the coming occupation of the island by the Americans as a blessing. To the well-to-do planters and exporters the annexation of Porto Rico to the United States would mean new prosperity. Already most of their trade was with America. Throughout the West Indies, in fact, as well as in most other parts of the New World, he thought, a feeling had grown up that America should be for the Americans.

When I asked him whether the Porto Riqueños would put up any fight, he said earnestly: "The Spanish soldiers and the *guardia civil* will fight well. San Juan will resist to the last. You know the San Juanese think that their city is impregnable. Our black *jibaros* and campesinos will hang back, ready to go over to the conquerors, whoever they may be. Most of the planters here in the east will welcome the Americans as deliverers, and will further all the plans of our

revolutionary junta, provided their estate may be protected from the ravages of irresponsible marauders calling themselves *insurrectos*. Better anything, even war, than the twofold system of blackmail under which we are now suffering. We scarcely know which is worse—our war taxes to Spain, or the incessant *subsídios* for the Revolutionary Committee, that are extorted from us by threats of arson and negro uprisings."

"Where do the insurgents keep themselves?" I asked.

"Anywhere," he answered lightly. "To-morrow I shall introduce you to some of them."

If I had not been so tired and sleepy, I should have taken fire at this suggestion. As it was, I was willing to agree to anything most of all to my host's invitation to go to bed. Bed, in this case, meant a comfortable hammock; and *buenas noches* had scarcely been exchanged before I kicked off my heavy leather leggings and tumbled in, glad to be rid of all worry about my horse.

Late next morning we rode out to meet the *insurrectos*. They were waiting for us not half a mile from the house. From their marked deference to my friend the overseer I judged that they were recruited from the farm-hands on the plantation. They were mounted on well-fed, sturdy-looking ponies, but their arms and equipment were of the simplest. All carried machetes, or pruning

knives, somewhat larger than those used in Cuba, and two or three had old-fashioned fowling-pieces slung across their saddles. In all I counted seven men.

"If you wish to go with these men," said my host, "they will see that no harm comes to you. They will treat you as their friend and guest so long as you may wish to stay with them, and they stand ready to escort you to their chief, Don Pepito, or to any other place of safety. Personally I should, of course, prefer to have you remain under my roof as my guest."

Of course that was out of the question, though I could not but appreciate the tact and delicacy with which he had got both himself and me out of a highly dangerous situation. All I could do was to thank him warmly for what he had done, and especially for his generous loan of a fresh horse and saddle in exchange for my foundling pony, now awaiting a convenient return to his proper owner in Caguas.

"*Auf wiedersehen!*" he shouted, as our cavalcade swung around the next bend in the road; and I repeated unthinkingly, "*Auf wiedersehen!*"

They gave me the choice between a machete and a musket, and I foolishly chose the gun. It was a muzzle-loader, and proved a dead weight in my hands. After a while I asked where we were going to fetch up. Our leader told me that he hoped to surprise a mounted patrol of the guardia civil, so that I might see how Don Pepito's insurrectos could fight. I thanked him for his courtesy, but begged him not to trouble himself on my account. The ancient firearm in my hands took on a new interest. I wished it were a modern magazine-gun, and looked at the fowling-pieces of my comrades with envy. I found myself wondering how many men constituted a Spanish patrol, and whether they were really such poor shots as the American comic papers had made us believe. An odd flash of memory recalled to me the names of two brothers from Porto Rico whom I had met when we were students at Harvard, and I remembered vaguely that somebody had told me that they were serving as loyal officers in the guardia civil.

Suddenly our advance-guard stopped and pointed down the road. We lined up, and saw, some distance down the hill, two white-clad horsemen walking their horses leisurely toward a town.

Before I had time to make up my mind whether they were soldiers, the men about me clapped spurs to their horses, and charged

wildly down the road, yelling like madmen. My horse followed of his own accord, and I found myself taking an unsteady aim at two retreating figures clattering on ahead of us through a cloud of dust. At last, when my chance had come, as I thought, I pulled the trigger; but it did not budge. When I had got my aim once more, I tried again. This time the gun missed fire. Of the several shots of my friends, none, evidently, could have had any effect, for the two frightened soldiers were clearly getting away from us. The next turn of the road brought us in sight of the city. The fleeing guardsmen were still gaining.

Our leader swore some blasphemous oaths involving all the saints of the Spanish calendar, and reined up his horse. We did likewise. "What would you have?" he exclaimed apologetically.

"Take me to the coast, and put me on some boat that will take me away from Porto Rico," said I; "for I have not come to fight. It shall be made known to the world that you are as brave as your brothers in Cuba."

"When shall you return with the American army, and where shall we expect you?" he insisted; but I warded him off with a promise that all these matters would be communicated to Don Pepito in due time.

"Your wishes are commands," said *el capitán*, as he led the way off the highroad to the coast. A few hours afterward I was taken aboard a Spanish sugar-schooner, and installed in her ill-smelling cabin as a supercargo. The Spanish captain, who, curiously enough, bore the same name as his boat, did not like it a bit; yet he took the passage-money I offered him in advance, but refused absolutely to take his load of tobacco and molasses into St. Thomas. He was afraid, he said, that a Yankee cruiser coaling there might capture him. In particular he expressed apprehension of "*el crucero Americano con tres chimeneas*," meaning the *Yale*.

At last we compromised on the neighboring island of Santa Cruz, not quite eight miles away; but even there, he said, he could land me only in some open roadstead, and after dark. Otherwise the Danish authorities would make trouble for both of us. In fact, it was only his friendship for Don Pepito, he assured me, that prevailed upon him to take so unsatisfactory a passenger.

As soon as we got under way I went fast asleep. I was awakened by some commotion on the deck, and came up feeling very seasick. When I had gathered enough

strength to drag myself forward, I saw that a rather curious-looking craft was bearing down upon us. She looked like one of our torpedo-boats, and my heart leaped within me as I thought of meeting some of my friends of the torpedo flotilla.

The captain came forward with blanched face. "Un torpedero Americano," he wailed despairingly; and then he dropped on his knees and called loudly upon San Sebastian to help us. As if in answer to his prayer, the report of a blank cannon-shot came booming over the water. We hove to with all the alacrity of a racing-yacht. As we swung around I got a good view of the other vessel, and realized of a sudden that no American torpedo boat ever looked like that. For one thing, she was too big, and stood too high. If not American, there was but one alternative. All doubt was ended when she came alongside and hailed us in Spanish. Our captain was on his feet in an instant. I wished I had never left home. Somebody suggested that I go below and hide among the molasses barrels. The mere thought gave me deadly nausea. Still, something had to be done, for they were lowering a boat. I looked at the captain, and he looked at me with murder in his eye. Without another word, I went up the nearest shroud, and began to fuss with a rope dangling from the masthead. As I hung with my arms over

the gaff, looking down upon the tossing deck of the torpedo-destroyer, our masts swayed to and fro so crazily that I had a sickly sensation, and feared I might drop from my perch plump down upon the ugly-looking machinery of the Spanish *torpedero*.

In the meanwhile, an officer had boarded us, and was chatting with our captain at the stern. It seemed as if he would never go. If our captain should betray me, and order me down, I reflected, I could at least kick off my shoes, and so get rid of certain incriminating evidences against me. To expedite matters, I pulled off my shoes, and stuck them both into a fold of the bunched foretopsail. When I looked down again, our captain was escorting the Spanish naval officer to the gangway. A minute later the little boat pushed off, and I could hear the measured plash of her oars, and the sharp commands of the officer when he reached his ship. As she swung around and headed back to Porto Rico, I caught a glimpse of the name on her stern. It was *El Terror*.

I slid down the shroud, more dead than alive, and helped the captain put our helm hard aport until our bowsprit pointed once more for Santa Cruz. Behind us, when I looked back a last time, the *Terror* had vanished, and the dim coast-line of Porto Rico was sinking out of sight in the darkness.

PREMONITIONS.

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

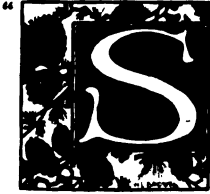
THERE'S a shadow on the grass
That was never there before;
And the ripples, as they pass,
Whisper of an unseen oar;
And the song we knew by rote
Seems to falter in the throat;
And a footfall, scarcely noted, lingers near the open door.

Omens that were once but jest
Now are messengers of fate;
And the blessing held the best
Cometh not or comes too late.
Yet, whatever life may lack,
Not a blown leaf beckons back.
"Forward!" is the summons— "forward! where the new horizons wait."

HIS VERSION OF IT.

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

Author of "The Honorable Peter Sterling," "The True George Washington," etc.



HE'S a darling!" ejaculated the bay mare, between munches of the big red apple.

"That 's just what she is!" responded the off carriage horse; and then, as part of his apple

fell to the floor, he added fretfully: "I do wish, Lassie, that you girls would n't talk to a fellow when he 's doing something! I 've lost half my apple!"

Old Reveille, with the prudence of twenty-eight years of experience, carefully deposited the unmasticated fraction of his apple beside an uneaten one in his manger before remarking reflectively: "She 's lovely, but she 's not the beauty her mother was at the same age."

"Fie!" exclaimed one of the cobs; "how can you be so ungallant, when she always gives you an extra apple or piece of sugar?"

"I call it shameful unfairness," growled the nigh horse of the pair. "She does n't keep you up till two or three in the morning at balls and cotillions. She does n't so much as ride you in the park, as she does Lassie or Bubbles. Why, when you have n't done a step of work in six years, and spend your summers out in the pasture and your winters in a box-stall eating your head off, should you get double portion?"

"Yes," whinnied Bubbles, plaintively; "and, what 's more, she always kisses you."

Reveille, who had finished his first apple, looked up with a lofty smile of superiority. Then he slowly winked his off eye, remarked, "Naturally, you don't understand it," and fell to lipping his second apple caressingly, previous to the decisive crunch. "See if that does n't drive the women wild," he cogitated, with a grin.

"Now is n't that just like a man!" ejaculated Lassie. "As if it was n't enough to get more than his share, but he must go and have a secret along with it."

"Huh!" grunted the polo pony, who was, of necessity, the brains-carrier of the stable; "if it 's family property, it can't be much of a secret; for I never heard of anything known to six humans that did n't at once become

town property. And they must know it, for, from the Major to the Minor, they discriminate in favor of Reveille in a manner most reprehensible." The polo pony was famous for the choiceness of his language and the neatness of his wit; but he was slightly vain, as was shown by his adding: "Pretty good, that, eh? Major—that 's the man we take out riding or driving. Minor—that 's the three-year-old. Do you catch it?"

"Do they all know your secret, Reveille?" asked Lassie, ingratiatingly.

"They think they do," replied the veteran. "They don't, though," he added; and then, heaving a sigh, he continued: "but the roan filly did, and Mr. Lewis's big gray, and dear old Sagitta—that was the Russian wolfhound, who died before any of you youngsters joined our set."

"Then I fail to perceive," remarked the polo pony, "why they should treat you differently, if they are ignorant of the circumstances to which you refer."

"My dear colt," responded Reveille, "when you are grown to horsehood you will learn that we are all governed by our imaginations, and not by our knowledge. Why do you shy at a scrap of white paper? Superficially because you are nearly related to an ass, actually because your fancy makes it into a white elephant."

"And how about your putting your head and tail up, and careering all over the home lot, last summer, just because our Major fired his revolver at a hawk? Were you an ass, too?" saucily questioned one of the cobs.

"Probably," assented the oldster, genially; "for that very incident proves my point. What that shot reminded me of was the last time I heard my Major fire his revolver. I saw a long, gentle slope, up which two brigades of 'secesh' were charging to a railroad embankment protected by a battery of twelve-pounders firing six rounds of case-shot to the minute. And I was right among the guns again, seeing and hearing it all; and my Major—only he was a captain then—was saying as coolly and quietly as he orders the carriage now: 'Steady, men, steady! There 's a hundred yards yet, and

they can't stand it to the finish. Double charge with canister! Three more rounds will settle them.' Which was just what it did. We horses, with the aid of the men and guns, held the Weldon railroad, and Lee and his mules stopped holding Richmond."

"Does n't he tell a story beautifully?" remarked Bubbles, in a distinctly audible aside to Lassie.

"I've never known a better raconteur," answered Lassie, in a stage whisper of equal volume.

"Lay you a peck of oats to a quart that the girls get that secret out of him," whispered the Major's saddle-horse, who, as a Kentuckian of racing stock, had sporting and race-track proclivities.

"Not with me!" said the second cob. "Besides, no gentleman ever bets on a certainty. Gaze at the self-satisfied look on the old fool's face. Lord! how a pretty face and figure, combined with flattery, can come it round the old ones!"

There was no doubt about it. Reveille was smirking, though trying not to desperately; and to aid his attempt, he went on with a pretense of unconscious musing, as if he were still in the past: "Yes; we are ruled by our imaginations, and because of that, though I have reached that honorable but usually neglected period in life which retires an officer and a horse from active service, I get a box-stall and extra rations and perquisites."

"How rarely is the story-telling faculty united with the philosophical mind!" soliloquized Bubbles to the rafters.

"And how rarely," rejoined Lassie, "are those two qualities combined with a finished, yet graphic, style!"

"I would tell you that story," said the old war-horse, "but it is n't one to be repeated. Every horse who is n't a cow—to make an Irish bull, which, by the by, is a very donkeyish form of joke—has done certain things that he has keenly regretted, even though he believes that he acted for the good—just as brave soldiers will act as spies, as honorable lawyers will defend a scoundrel, and as good women will give 'at homes.'"

"What a decadence there has been in true wit!" remarked Lassie, apropos of nothing. "It is such a pleasure to be put next a horse at dinner whose idea of humor was formed before youthful pertness was allowed to masquerade as wit."

"It is a mortification to me to this day," went on Reveille, "even though the outcome has justified me. You know what our equine

code of honor is—how we won't lie or trick or steal or kill, as the humans do. Well, for nearly two months I was as false and tricky as a man."

"I don't believe it," asserted Bubbles.

"The truly great always depreciate themselves," remarked one of the mares.

"No, ladies; I speak the truth," reiterated the warrior. "Even now the memory mortifies me."

"It would ease your conscience, I am sure," suggested Bubbles, "to confess the wrong, if wrong there was. A highly sensitive and chivalric nature so often takes a morbidly extreme view of what is at most but a peccadillo."

"This, alas! was no peccadillo," sighed Reveille, "as you will acknowledge after hearing it."

"I may be a colt, but I'm not a dolt," sneered the polo pony to himself. "As if we were n't all aware that the garrulous old fool has been itching to tell his anecdote for the last ten minutes."

"My one consolation," continued Reveille, "is that the roan filly was—"

"I thought that one of the sex of Adam would work it off on a woman before he got through," interjected the cob.

"*Toujours cherchez la femme!*" laughed the polo pony, delighted to air his French.

"All I meant to suggest, ladies and gentlemen," affirmed Reveille, reflectively, "is that a woman is an excuse for anything. If this world is a fine world, it is because she uses her power more often for good than for bad."

"Those who always praise woman know her but little; those who always blame her know her not at all," quoted the worldly-wise Kentuckian.

Reveille swallowed the last fragment of his second apple, cleared his throat, and began: "It was after Five Forks, where my Captain got a major's oak-leaf added to his shoulder-straps, and a Minié ball in his arm, that the thing began. When he came out of the hospital—long before he should have, for the bone had been shattered, and took its own time to knit—we hung round Washington, swearing at our bad luck, my Major suffering worse than a docked horse in fly-time from the little splinters of bone that kept working out, and I eating my head off in—"

"History does repeat itself," murmured the envious carriage-horse.

"Well, one day, after nearly three months of idleness, when I was about dead with ennui, I permitted the orderly to saddle me,

and after a little discussion with him as to my preferences, I let him take me round to Scott Square. There for the first time I met the roan filly and the big gray. She was a dear!" he added, with a sigh, and paused a moment.

"Ah, don't stop there!" cried one of the ladies.

"Get a gait on you," exhorted the cob.

Reveille sighed again softly, shook his head, and then came back to the present.

"May you never lack for oats and grass," said I, greeting them in my most affable style.

"May you die in clover," responded the gray, nodding politely.

"May you have all the sugar you desire," added the filly, sweetly, and greeting me with a graceful toss of the head. That told me that a woman belonged to her, for men never give sugar. Sometimes, on a forced march, my Major used to divide his ration of hard-tack with me; but I never tasted sugar until—well, we must n't get ahead too fast."

"No danger, while he is doing the lipping," grumbled the disagreeable cob.

"I see by your saddle that you are in the service," remarked the big gray. "I am not so fortunate. Between ourselves, I think the fellow I let ride me would do anything sooner—though, now it's all over, he says that had he returned from Europe in time he should have gone into the army."

"I shook my head dejectedly. 'I'm very much distressed,' I told them. 'My Major is not able to ride, and won't be for a long time, and so I'm horribly afraid I've been sold. I really would n't have believed it of him!'"

"What things man is capable of doing!" sighed the filly, with tears of sympathy in her eyes.

"Cheer up, comrade," cried the gray. "Even if you are sold, you might be worse off. You are still a saddle-horse, and as Miss Gaiety and I both have good stables, you probably will have the same luck, since you are in our set. The fellow I carry spurred my predecessor, when he was tired, at an impossible jump in Leicestershire, and because he fell short and hurt his fore legs the brute ordered him sold, and he was put to dragging a huckster's cart, besides being half starved. You're not as bad as that yet."

"Just then three people came out of the house before which we were standing, and I can't tell you how my heart jumped with joy, and how my ears went forward, when I saw that one of them was my Major. For the instant I was so happy that I felt like kicking

up; but the next moment I was ready to die with mortification at remembering how I had cheapened him to strangers. Think of my saying such things to them of the best man that ever lived!

"That's my Major," I told them, arching my neck and flicking my tail with pride. "His battery held the Weldon railroad without any infantry supports." (You see, girls, having just cheapened him, I had to give him the credit of it, though really we horses—but there, I won't go into that now.) "Perfect devil at fighting," I added, "and the kindest human in the world."

"The roan filly, being a woman, answered: 'He looks both'; but the gray, being something more stupid, remarked: 'Then what made you think he had sold you?'"

"Dear Mr. Solitaire," cried the mare, "you must know that we all say things in society, not because we think them, but to make conversation. I knew Mr.—thank you; Mr. Reveille—was joking the moment he spoke." I tell you, gentlemen, women can do the thing up brown when they try.

"What do you think of my Felicia?" asked Miss Gaiety.

"I had been so taken up with my dear that I had n't so much as looked at hers. But oh, fellows, she was a beauty! Filly built, right through—just made to be shown off by a habit; hair as smooth as a mare's coat, and as long and thick as an undocked tail; eyes—oh, well, halter it! there is no use trying to describe her eyes, or her nose, or her mouth, or her smile. She was just the dearest, loveliest darling that I ever did see!"

"Mr. Lewis was putting her up, while my poor dear stood watching, with a look in his face I had never seen. Now, when there was anything to be done, my Major was always the man who did it, and it puzzled me why he had let Mr. Lewis get the better of him. The next instant I saw that his right arm was still in a sling, and that his sword-sash was used to tie it to his body. Then I knew why he had an up-and-down line in his forehead, and why he bit his mustache."

"Can I give you any help, Major Moran?" asked Mr. Lewis, when he had mounted Miss Fairley.

"Thanks, no," answered my pal, rather curtly, I thought; and putting his left hand on me, into the saddle he vaulted. But he was foolish to do it, as he said, 'Ouch!' below his breath; and he must have turned pale, for Miss Fairley cried out, 'Mr. Lewis, quick! He's going to faint!'"

"Nothing of the kind," denied my backer,

giving a good imitation laugh, even while his hand gripped my neck and I felt him swerve in the saddle. 'Miss Fairley, I will not let even you keep me an interesting invalid. If there was any fighting left, I should long since have been ordered to the front by the surgeons; but now they wink their eyes at shirking.'

"I told you you ought not to go, and now I'm sure of it," urged Miss Fairley. 'You'll never be able to control such a superb and spirited horse with only your left arm.'

"Bet that's a subsequent piece of embroidery," whispered the polo pony to his nearest neighbor.

"Now, I have to confess that I had come out of the stable feeling full of the Old Nick, and I had n't by any means worked it off on the orderly, though I acknowledge I had given him a dance. But the way I put my tail and ears and head down was a circumstance, I tell you.

"There's not the slightest cause for alarm,' my confrère answered her. 'The old scamp has an inclination to lose his head in battle, but he's steady enough as a roadster.'

"I really wish, though, that you would n't insist on coming,' persisted Miss Fairley, anxiously. 'You know—'

"Of course, Miss Fairley,' interrupted my Major, with a nasty little laugh, 'if you prefer to have your ride a solitude *à deux*, and I am in—'

"Shall we start?" interrupted Miss Fairley, her cheeks very red, and her eyes blazing. She did n't wait for an answer, but touched up the filly into a trot, and for the first mile or two not a word would she say to my colleague; and even when he finally got her to answer him, she showed that she was n't going to forget that speech.

"Well, what began like this went from bad to worse. He was n't even aware that he had been shockingly rude, and never so much as apologized for his speech. When Miss Fairley did n't ask him to ride with them the next day, he ordered me saddled up, and joined them on the road; and this he did again and again, though she was dreadfully cool to him. My dear did n't seem able to behave. He could n't be himself. He was rude to Mr. Lewis, sulky to Miss Fairley, and kept a dreadful rein on me. That week was the only time in my life that he rode me steadily on the curb. My grief! how my jaw did ache!"

"I wish it would now," interrupted the cob, sulkily. Let it be said right here that the members of the genus *Equus* are re-

markably sweet-natured, but this particular one was developing a splint, and naturally was cross.

"Now, the roan filly always blamed my Major for making such a mess of the whole thing; but even though I recognized how foolishly he behaved, I saw there were reasons enough to excuse him. In the first place, he enlisted when he was only nineteen, and having served straight through, he had had almost no experience of women. Then for six months he had been suffering terribly with his arm, with the result that what was left of his nerves were all on edge. He began to ride before he should have, and I suppose, though I did my best to be easy, that every moment in the saddle must have caused him intense pain. Finally, he had entered himself for the running only after Mr. Lewis had got past the first mile-post and had secured the inside track. I really think, if ever a man was justified in being anxious and peevish, my chum was.

"At the end of the week Miss Gaiety bade me good-by. 'I heard Mr. Fairley say that we could now go back to Yantic; that's where we live, you know,' she told me. 'It's been a long job getting our claim for uniforms and blankets allowed, but the controller signed a warrant yesterday. I'm really sorry that we are to be separated. If your associate had behaved decently, we might have kept together.'

"Yes," announced the big gray; 'the bully who rides me and I have been asked to visit them next week. I suppose they'll settle it then.'

"But the officer and horse who commanded the battery which held the Weldon railroad were n't going to be beaten as easily as that, you may be sure! When I took my rider back to the stable that afternoon, I heard him say to the orderly: 'Jackson, I'm going north next week, and shall want Reveille to start before me. I'm in too much pain to give you your orders now, but come round tomorrow morning and get your instructions.'

"Yantic was nothing but a little village clustered round a great woolen-mill, without any stable or hotel to live in, so we had to put up at Norwich, a place seven miles away; and it was a case of put up, I tell you, in both food and attendance! For a decently brought up horse to come down to a hotel livery-stable is a trial I never want to go through again.

"You girls would have laughed to see the roan filly's face the first time we met on the road.

"'Horse alive!' she cried, without so much as a greeting, 'you don't mean to say you have hopes? Why, Mr. Solitaire and that horrid Mr. Lewis arrive to-day, and the thing's probably as good as settled.'"

"'My Major is very resolute,' said I.

"'So is a mule,' snapped Miss Gaiety, 'but we don't think the more of him for that.'"

"He, he, he!" laughed the polo pony; "that was one on you."

"It was," acknowledged Reveille; "and I regret to say it made me lose my temper to such an extent that I retorted, 'I can't say much for the taste of *your* woman!'"

"'No,' assented the filly; 'if what you and Mr. Solitaire say is true, she's taking the worse of the two. But then, a human can't help it. If you covered a horse all over with clothes, do you think any one would know much about him? And then, two thirds of what men do or say is said or done only to fool a woman. How can a girl help making mistakes, when she's got nothing to go by but talk? Why, look at it. Your Major seems surly most of the time, won't talk half of it, and when he does, says the things he should n't; while Mr. Lewis is always affable, talks well, and pays indirect compliments better than any man I ever met.'"

"'If she could only be told!' I groaned.

"'She would be, if I could talk,' sighed the mare. 'I'd let her know how he treats his horses!'"

"'Miss Gaiety,' I ejaculated, 'I've got an idea.'"

"'What?' she demanded.

"'Wait a bit till I've had time to think it out,' I said. 'Gettysburg was n't fought in five minutes.'"

"'Gettysburg was a big thing,' she answered.

"'So's my idea,' I told her.

"In the meantime my Major was explaining to Miss Fairley that the government had sent him to New London to inspect the ordnance at Forts Trumbull and Griswold, and that he found it pleasanter to stay in Norwich, and run down by train to New London for his work. That's the way humans lie when it does n't deceive any one and it is n't expected that it will. Of course Miss Fairley knew what brought him north; and why he preferred Norwich to New London! One thing he did do, though, which was pretty good. He apologized to her for having said what he did that first day, told her that his wound had been troubling him so that at times he scarcely knew what he was saying, and declared he'd been sorry

ever since. He was humble! The Eleventh Battery of Light Artillery would never have known him.'

"'There,' sniffed Miss Gaiety; 'if the idiot had only talked like that ten days ago, he might have done something. Oh, you men, you men!'"

"At least he got one favor; for when he asked leave, at parting, to be her companion the next day in a ride, she told him he might join her and Mr. Lewis, if he wished. But the permission was n't given with the best of grace, and she did n't ask him to lunch before the start.

"I thought out my idea, and the next day I had it in shape to tell. My Major took me to the Fairleys' a little early, and so went in, leaving me alone. In a minute, however, a groom brought the filly and the gray round to the door, and with them came Sagitta, the Russian wolf-hound, whom, it seems, Mr. Lewis had brought from Europe, and had just presented to Miss Fairley.

"After the barest greetings, I unfolded my scheme. 'I don't know,' I said, 'what Mr. Sagitta thinks, but we three are a unit in agreeing that Mr. Lewis is a brute.'"

"'I bow-wow to that,' assented the dog. 'He kicked me twice, coming up yesterday, because I was afraid to go up the steps of the baggage-car.'"

"'Now it looks as if he were going to win Miss Fairley,' I continued. 'As Miss Gaiety says she's a dear, I think we ought to prevent it.'"

"'Very pretty,' says the gray, 'but how is the cat to be belled?'"

"'We are to tell her he's cruel.'"

"'She won't understand us, if we tell her till doomsday. These humans are so stupid!' growled Sagitta.

"'That's where my idea comes in,' I said—a little airily, I fear. 'We can't, of course, tell it to her in words, but we can act it.'"

"'Eh?' exclaimed the filly, with a sudden look of intelligence.

"'Not possible,' snorted the big gray.

"'I see,' cried the mare, her woman's wits grasping the whole thing in a flash, and in her delight she kicked up her hind legs in the most graceful manner.

"'Heyday!' exclaimed the gray, using our favorite expletive.

"It did n't take me long to explain to him and Sagitta, and they entered into the scheme eagerly. We were so hot to begin on it that we pawed the road all into holes in our impatience.

"'Presently out came the three, and then

the fun began. Mr. Lewis stepped forward to mount Felicia, and at once Miss Gaiety backed away, snorting. Then the groom left us, and tried to hold her; but not a bit of it: every time Mr. Lewis tried to approach she'd get wild.

Finally my Major joined in by walking over to help, and the mare at once put her head round and rubbed it against him, and stood as quiet as a mouse. So he says: 'I've only my left arm, Miss Fairley, but I think we can manage it'; and the next minute she was in the saddle.

"Lewis was pretty angry-looking as he went toward his own horse; and when he, too, began to back and snort and shiver, he did n't look any better, you may be sure of that. You ought to have seen it! The brute caught him by the bridle, and then the gray kept backing away or dodging from him. Out on the lawn they went, cutting it up badly, then into Miss Fairley's pet bed of roses, then smashing into the shrubberies. I never saw better acting. Any one would have sworn the horse was half dead with fright.

"It did n't take very much of this to make Lewis lose all self-control.

"'You cursed mule!' he raved, his face white with passion; 'if I had a decent whip, I'd cut the heart out of you!' And suiting the action to the thought, he struck the horse between the eyes with his crop a succession of violent blows, until, in his fury, he broke the stick. Then he clenched his fist and struck Solitaire on the nose, and would have done so a second time if Miss Fairley had n't spoken.

"'Stop!' she called hotly, and Lewis dropped his fist like a flash. Felicia was breathing very fast, and her cheeks were white, while her hands trembled almost as much as Solitaire had. Her face had a queer look on it as she continued: 'I—excuse me, Mr. Lewis, but I could n't bear to see you strike him. He—I don't think he—something has frightened him. Please give him just a moment.' Then she turned to my dear, saying, 'Perhaps you can calm him, Major Moran.'

"I should think he could! Talk of lambs! Well, that was Solitaire when my Major went up to him. He let himself be led out of the flower-bed back to the road as quiet as a kitten. The moment Lewis tried to come near him, however, back away he would, even from my *fidus Achates*. The groom tried to help; but it takes more than three humans to control a horse who does n't want to be controlled.

"After repeated attempts they became sick of trying; and then Mr. Lewis suggested, with a laugh that did n't sound nice: 'Well, Major, we must n't cheat Miss Fairley of her afternoon; and since you seem able to manage my beast, perhaps you'll ride him, and let me take yours.'

"Usually I should have been very much pained at my comrade nodding his head, but this time it was exactly what I wanted. Whoop! Ride me! Neigh, neigh! If you ever saw a horse in an ague of a blue funk, I was that horse. Lewis tried; but, do his best, I would n't let him back me. When my Major interfered, I sidled up to my dear just as if I could n't keep away from him; but when he attempted to hold me for Lewis to mount, I went round in a circle, always keeping him between me and the brute. It was oats to me, you'd better believe, to see the puzzled, worried look on Miss Fairley's face as she watched the whole thing.

"Well, they discussed what they called 'the mystery,' and finally agreed that they could n't ride that afternoon, so we horses were sent down to the stable, and the three went back to the veranda. Sagitta told me afterward what happened.

"'Come here, pup,' calls Lewis to him, the moment they were seated.

"Sagitta backed away two steps, bristling up, and growling a bit.

"'Come here, you brute!' ordered Lewis hotly, and rising.

"Sagitta crouched a little, drew his lips away from his fangs, and pitched his growl 'way down in his throat.

"'Look out! That dog means mischief,' cried my Major.

"'Are the animals possessed?' roared Lewis, his voice as angry as Sagitta's snarl, yet stepping backward, for it looked as if the dog were about to spring.

"But my Major did n't retreat—not he! He got between the wolf-hound and Miss Fairley. 'Down, sir!' he ordered sharply; and Sagitta dropped his lips and his bristles, and came right up to him, wagging his tail, and trying to lick his hand.

"'Is n't it extraordinary?' cried Miss Fairley, with a crease in her forehead. 'Here, Sagitta!'

"'Miss Fairley, be careful!' pleaded my Major; but there was n't the slightest necessity. Sagitta was by her side like a flash, and was telling her how he loved her, in every way that dog could. And there he stayed till Lewis came forward, when he backed away again, snarling.

"Now, in all their Washington intercourse my Major had been the surly one; but in the interval he had evidently had time to realize his mistake, and to see that he must correct it. Anyway, that afternoon he was just as pleasant and jolly as he knew how to be. But Mr. Lewis! Well, I acknowledge he'd had enough to make any man mad, and that was what he was. Cross, sulky, blurting out disagreeable things in a disagreeable voice, with a disagreeable face: he did just make an exhibition of himself, so Sagitta said.

"After as long a stay as was proper, my Major told them he must go, and I was brought round. Miss Fairley came to the stoop with him, and did n't I prick up my ears when I heard her say:

"Since you were defrauded of your ride to-day, Major Moran, perhaps you will lunch here to-morrow, and afterward we will see if we can't be more successful?"

"The next day our work was done a little differently. When we were brought round to the door, there was Mr. Lewis with a pair of cruelly big roweled spurs on his boots, a brutal Mexican quirt in his hand, and a look on his face to match the two. Of course the gray gave him a lot of trouble in mounting, but we had already planned out a different policy; and so, after enough snorting and trembling to make Felicia look thoughtful, he finally was allowed to get on Mr. Solitaire's back. Much good it did him! The filly and I paired off just as if we were having a honeymoon of our own; but, do his best, Mr. Lewis could not keep the gray abreast of us. Twenty feet in front, or thirty feet behind, that was where he was during the whole ride, and Lewis fought one long battle trying to make it otherwise. He had had the reins buckled to the farthest hole of the curb, so it must have been pretty bad for the gray, but there was no flinching about him.

"Every now and then I could hear the blows of the quirt behind me; and when, occasionally, the gray passed us, I could see his sides gored and bleeding where they had been torn by the spurs, and bloody foam was all round his jaw and flecked his chest and flanks. But he knew what he wanted to do, and he did it without any heed of his own suffering. There was joy when the filly told us that every time the swish of the quirt was heard she could feel her rider shiver a little; and Felicia must have been distressed at the look of the horse, for she cut the ride short by suggesting a return home.

"Sagitta informed us afterward that if Mr. Lewis had been bad the day before, he was the devil that afternoon on the veranda, and Miss Fairley treated him like one. What is more, she vetoed a ride for the next day by saying that she thought it was getting too cold to make it pleasant. When we had ridden away, Sagitta later told me, she excused herself to Mr. Lewis, and going to the dining-room, got some sugar, with which she went to the stable and fed Solitaire, patting him, and telling the groom to put something on the spur-gashes.

"We horses did n't hear anything more for three days, at the end of which time my pal and I rode over one morning, and reminded Miss Fairley that she had promised to show us where we should find some blue gentians; and though it was the coldest day of the autumn, Miss Fairley did n't object, but ordered Miss Gaiety saddled, and away we went.

"We really had a very good time getting those gentians! Nothing was ever done with the flowers, however, owing to circumstances which constitute the most painful part of my confession. For a horse, I had been pretty tricky already, but that was nothing to the fraud I tried to perpetrate that morning. After our riders had mounted for the return to Yantic, I suggested to Miss Gaiety what I thought would be a winning card for my Major, which was neither more nor less than that she should run away, and let my Major save Miss Fairley. The roan came right into the scheme, and we arranged just how it was to be managed. She was to bolt, and I was to catch her; but since my Major had only his left arm, as soon as she felt his hand on the rein she was to quiet down; and I have no doubt but it would have been a preëminently successful coup if it had been played to the finish.

"What actually happened was that the mare bolted at a rabbit which very kindly came across the road, and away she went like a flash. I did n't even wait for orders, but sprang after her at a pace that would have settled it before many minutes. Just as I had got my gait, however, my poor dear gave a groan, reeled in his saddle, and before I could check myself he pitched from my back to the ground. I could not stop my momentum under thirty feet, but I was back at his side in a moment, sniffing at him, and turning him over with my nose, for his wounded arm was twisted under him, and his face was as white as paper. That was the worst moment of my life, for I thought

I'd killed him. I put my head up in the air, and did n't I whinny and neigh!

"The filly, finding that something wrong had happened, concluded to postpone the runaway, and came back to where I was standing. Miss Fairley was off her like a flash, and kneeling beside my treasure, tried to do what she could for him, though that really was n't anything. Just then, by good luck, along came a farmer in an ox-cart. They got my poor dear lifted into it, and a pretty gloomy procession took up its walk for Yantic.

"When we arrived at the Fairleys' house, there was a to-do, as you may imagine. He was carried up-stairs, while I went for the doctor, taking a groom with me, because humans are so stupid that they understand only each other. I taught that groom a thing or two about what a horse can do in the way of speed that I don't believe he has ever forgotten."

"Did you do better than 1:58?" inquired the Kentuckian; but Reveille paid no heed to the question.

"After that sprint I had about the dullest month of my life, standing doing nothing in the Fairleys' stable, while nearly dying of anxiety and regret. The only thing of the slightest interest in all that time occurred the day after our attempted runaway, when Mr. Lewis came down to the stable, and gave orders about having the big gray sent after him. He was n't a bit in a sweet temper—that much I could see; and though I overheard one of the grooms say that he was to come back later, after the nurse and doctors were out of the house, the big gray thought otherwise, and predicted that we should never see each other again. Our parting was quite touching, and put tears in the filly's eyes.

"‘Friends,’ said Solitaire, ‘I don't think he will ever forgive me, and I suppose I am in for a lot of brutality from him; but I am not sorry. If you ever give me another thought, please say to yourself: “He did his best to save a woman from a cruel master.”’

"Nothing much happened in the weeks my Major was housed, with the exception of one development that had for me an extremely informing and delightful quality. One day, about a month after our fiasco, Felicia came down to the stable, and without so much as a look or a word for Miss Gaiety, came straight into my stall, patted my neck, kissed me on the nose, and offered me what I thought were some little white stones. I *had never* tasted sugar before, and nothing

but her repeated tempting and urging persuaded me to keep them in my mouth long enough to get the taste on my tongue. (I have to confess that since then I have developed a strong liking for all forms of sweetmeats.) What is more, she came down every day after that, and sometimes twice a day, to pat and feed me. There was no doubt about it, that for some reason she had become very fond of me.

"It is awfully hard in this world to know what will turn out the best thing. As a matter of fact, the tumble off my back was about the luckiest accident that ever befell my Major; for it broke open the old wound, and as the local doctors did not have six hundred other injured men under them, they could give it proper attention, which the hospital surgeons had never been able to do. One of them extracted all the pieces of bone, set the arm, and then put it in a plaster jacket, which ought to have healed it in good shape very quickly. But for some reason it did n't. In fact, I became very much alarmed over the length of my Major's convalescence, till one day I overheard one of the grooms say:

"‘Lor! He won't get well no too fast, with Miss Felicia to fluff his pillers, an' run his erran's, an' play to him, an' read aloud to him; an' him got nothin' to do but just lay back easy an' look at her.’

"Then I realized that it would be some time before he would be well enough to go back to his ordnance inspecting.

"Finally, one afternoon, the filly and I were saddled and brought round to the front door, and there were Miss Fairley and my Major, both looking as well and happy as their best friend would want to see them. It was a nice day, and away we went over the New England hills.

"There was n't much surliness or coolness on that ride, and what they did n't talk about is hardly worth mentioning. After they had talked a blue streak for about three hours, however, there came quite a pause, and there was a silence until suddenly my Major burst out, more as if the sentence were shot from a gun than as if he were speaking it:

"‘Oh, Felicia, if you could only—’

"Now, that seemed to me too indefinite a wish to answer easily, and apparently Miss Fairley thought the same, for another silence ensued that was embarrassing even to me. So far as I could make out, my Major could not speak, and Miss Fairley would not. I was as anxious as he was to know what she would say, and in my suspense I suddenly

conceived an idea that was little short of inspiration, though I say it who ought not. I asked the roan filly:

"Is your Felicia resting her weight on the side toward my Major, or on the side away from him?"

"She has a very bad seat in her saddle," the roan filly told me; "and she is resting all her weight on the side next you."

"Then," I suggested to the mare, "I think they will like it if we snuggle."

"Well, just for this once I will," replied the filly."

Reveille turned in his stall, and walking over to the manger, picked up a munch of hay. But the action was greeted by an outburst from the ladies.

"Oh, you are not going to stop there, dear Mr. Reveille!" they chorused.

The horse shook his head.

"No gentleman," he asserted, "who overheard what followed would ever tell of it; and a horse has an even higher standard of honor."

"Ah, darling Mr. Reveille," pleaded the ladies, "just a little more!"

"I hate to seem churlish," responded the horse, "and so I will add one little incident that is too good not to be repeated. When we got back to the house that afternoon, shamefully late for dinner, my Major lifted Miss Fairley off Miss Gaiety in a way that suggested that she might be very breakable,

and after something I don't choose to tell you about, he said:

"I wonder if we shall ever have another such ride!"

"I don't believe it, Stanley," whispered my Felicia, very softly. "You know, even the horses seemed to understand!"

Just as Reveille finished thus, a human voice was heard saying:

"You will have the veterinary to see the cob at once, and let me know if it is a case needing more than blistering."

Then came a second and very treble voice. "Papa," it begged, "will oo lif me up on ol' Weveille's back?" And the next moment a child of three was sitting astride the old warrior and clinging to his mane.

"Well, you old scoundrel," said the human, "do you know you are getting outrageously fat?"

"Weveille is n't not any scoundwel," denied the child, earnestly. "Mama says Weveille is a' ol' darlin'."

"Your mama, fortunately for Reveille and me, always had a soft spot for idiots," said the man, stroking the horse's nose. "But I will say this for the old fellow: if most folly resulted as well as his, there would be a big premium on fools."

Reveille winked his off eye at the other steeds.

"Are n't these humans comical?" he laughed.

THE VAGABOND.

BY THEODORE ROBERTS.

I WAS made to live and fight,
Love, and wander free—
Tracking all the beacon-fires
And banners on the sea.
Yet, for all my wilding heart,
Lalage might hold
All my journeys in the bounds
Of her braids of gold.

I was made to swagger it,
Rapier at side;
I was made to flout and sing,
Dig a spur and ride.
Yet, for all my bully heart,
Lalage might take
All my valor in her hands
And hold it, for love's sake.

I, who never bended knee,
Fain would kneel to Lalage!



COLE'S OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.

JOHN HOPPNER (1758–1810).

BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE.

WHEN the prophet has gone hence, there lack not those who catch up his staff and mantle, and essay prophecy after his manner, if not in his name. The leader is not without his followers. And in English art it is no matter for surprise that after Reynolds had broken the ground, the Hoppners, the Beecheys, and the Northcotes should follow in the furrow. Sir Joshua had shown them how to paint the portrait in the elevated style, and the example was not bestowed in vain. They gathered up his pose and attitude, his arrangement of drapery, furniture, and landscape, his color, tone, and texture. In equipment they were well enough supplied, and they painted portraits that might pass current with the mob as Sir Joshua's very own, so like were they in superficial appearance; and yet there was something wanting. A manner or a method is easily caught, but an individuality and a spirit do not lend themselves so readily to imitation. The vital quality of a work of art is not to be reproduced by rule.

John Hoppner was one of the most considerable of Sir Joshua's followers. Not only in art, but in personality, social qualities, and worldly wisdom, he was not unlike his master. He was born under the shadow of the court, lived under the wing of the Royal Academy, and during his life he never got very far from either. A Londoner knowing the life of the town, a bright talker, and a clever painter of handsome women and distinguished men, he was always a popular success without being an artistic sensation. His birth was favorable to his social recognition; for his mother was one of the German ladies in waiting at the court of George III, and the king was his earliest patron. As a

boy he was a chorister in the Chapel Royal; and when he wished to become a painter, the king gave him a pension and sent him to the Royal Academy to study. This was in 1775. Three years later he took a silver medal for drawing, and in 1782 the Academy's highest award—a gold medal—for a historical painting representing "King Lear." At this time he was living at the house of Mrs. Patience Wright, the American who gained celebrity for her portraits modeled in wax. It was here that he met many people of the town,—Garrick, Foote, West, and others,—and it was here that he met and married Mrs. Wright's daughter. In 1784 he went to live at 18 Charles street, St. James's Square; and there, close to Carlton House, he remained until his death, January 23, 1810.

Hoppner made progress from the start. He was devoted in his admiration for Reynolds, but this did not help him any at the court. The king had never liked Sir Joshua, and soon turned a deaf ear to his apt pupil. However, the Prince of Wales, who was at that time declared to have "taste," helped Hoppner out by making him portrait-painter to the famous throng that circled about Carlton House. He was elected an A. R. A. in 1792, and an R. A. in 1795, so the prestige of the Academy was also with him. At this time Reynolds was dead, Romney was failing, Lawrence was as yet little more than a boy wonder, so that for a short time Hoppner had matters quite his own way. But Lawrence was coming up fast in the race for popular favor. The king had made him court painter over Hoppner's head, and the old struggle between Reynolds and Romney was to repeat itself in the rivalry of these

younger men. Politics, too, had something to do with it. It was Whig against Tory, the prince's faction against the king's. But Lawrence was the younger and the stronger painter, and Hoppner at last cried out: "The ladies of Lawrence show a gaudy dissoluteness of taste, and sometimes trespass on moral as well as professional chastity." It was a cry of weakness, and provoked only a town laugh. The idea that the staid old dowagers of the court should look gaudy and dissolute, while the rapid members of the Carlton House circle simpered through blushes, was a little too ridiculous. It is said that Hoppner's remark had the effect of driving half the beauties of the prince's set into Lawrence's studio. Lawrence himself made no reply. There was little bitterness on his part. When Hoppner was dying he went to visit him, but the kindness was misinterpreted. Lawrence really admired Hoppner very much, and in 1810 he wrote to a friend: "You will be sorry to hear it; my most powerful competitor—he whom only to my friends I have acknowledged as my rival—is, I fear, sinking to the grave; I mean, of course, Hoppner. . . . You will believe that I sincerely feel the loss of a brother artist from whose works I have often gained instruction, and who has gone on by my side in the race these eighteen years."

The rivalry between the men was, of course, not one of principle. It was merely a struggle as to which should paint the greater number of the nobility. It was Hoppner's best boast that he was painter extraordinary to "people of quality." He did not disdain the painting of the other and the lower half of society, but he preferred the grand lady in white, with marvelous hat or wig, seated in romantic landscape, or the young lord in Brummel cravat, Petersham trousers, and blazing waistcoat. During his life he sent no less than one hundred and sixty-six pictures to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, and most of these were princes and princesses, lords and ladies, bishops, generals, politicians. In 1803 Wilkin engraved a select number of his portraits of women, and they were published under the fetching title of "A Select Series of Ten Portraits of Ladies of Rank and Fashion." It is a little remarkable how preternaturally noble these ladies look. In that respect they might all be descendants of one royal strain, rather than different people of doubtful breeding. But Hoppner had a receipt for aristocratic looks. It was "a vulgar error to make things look too like

themselves"; and one of his admirers summed him up by saying that he had "the power of improving what was placed before him without annihilating resemblance." Yes; Sir Peter Lely had the same power in the same land, with the same kind of sitters; but plain people spoke of it as the power of flattery. Hoppner was given to it. He could iron out wrinkles, shape noses, and mold faces to please fashion; and the more he improved upon nature, the more fashion liked it. It is true, in one sense, that he did not annihilate "resemblance," for all his ladies of rank and fashion look somewhat alike. The eyes are exaggerated in size; the noses seem done from one model; the cheeks are all heavy in the angle of the jaw. There is a Hoppner ideal about them. Again, there is a resemblance running through his portraits of women in the sentiment displayed. They are all victims of the same romance, and seem to be affected in the same melancholy way. One misses the sharp snap of individual character in the sitter. This is equally true of his children, but not always of his men. He has been credited with painting women successfully, and practically failing with the other sex. But one may be pardoned for registering a dissenting opinion just here. He thought that women loved the gentle lie, and approved of flattery; therefore he flattered: but men required something of truthful character rather than sweetness; therefore he painted character. The portrait of Pitt is an example. How very positive it is in the strong jaw and chin, the deep-set eyes and prominent eyebrows, the altogether powerful head! Here Hoppner told the truth in the frankest manner possible to him. He was not smoothing a fashionable brow, but emphasizing a thoughtful one; he was not modeling a Hoppner nose and jaw, but painting the individual features of Pitt. Given the strong face, and Hoppner could paint it in a strong manner.

And this, too, despite inaccuracies of drawing. He never knew—the Royal Academy could not teach him—how to draw accurately; but he had the school knack of modeling in paint and producing a surface appearance that was perhaps the more lifelike for being somewhat irregular. Accuracy does not necessarily mean vitality. A rambling drawing of a cottage may give the picturesque bulk and look, where a ruled architectural drawing would give only a lifeless cardboard skeleton. Hoppner set hats and eyes askew, lost at times the position of the nose as related to the mouth, and was

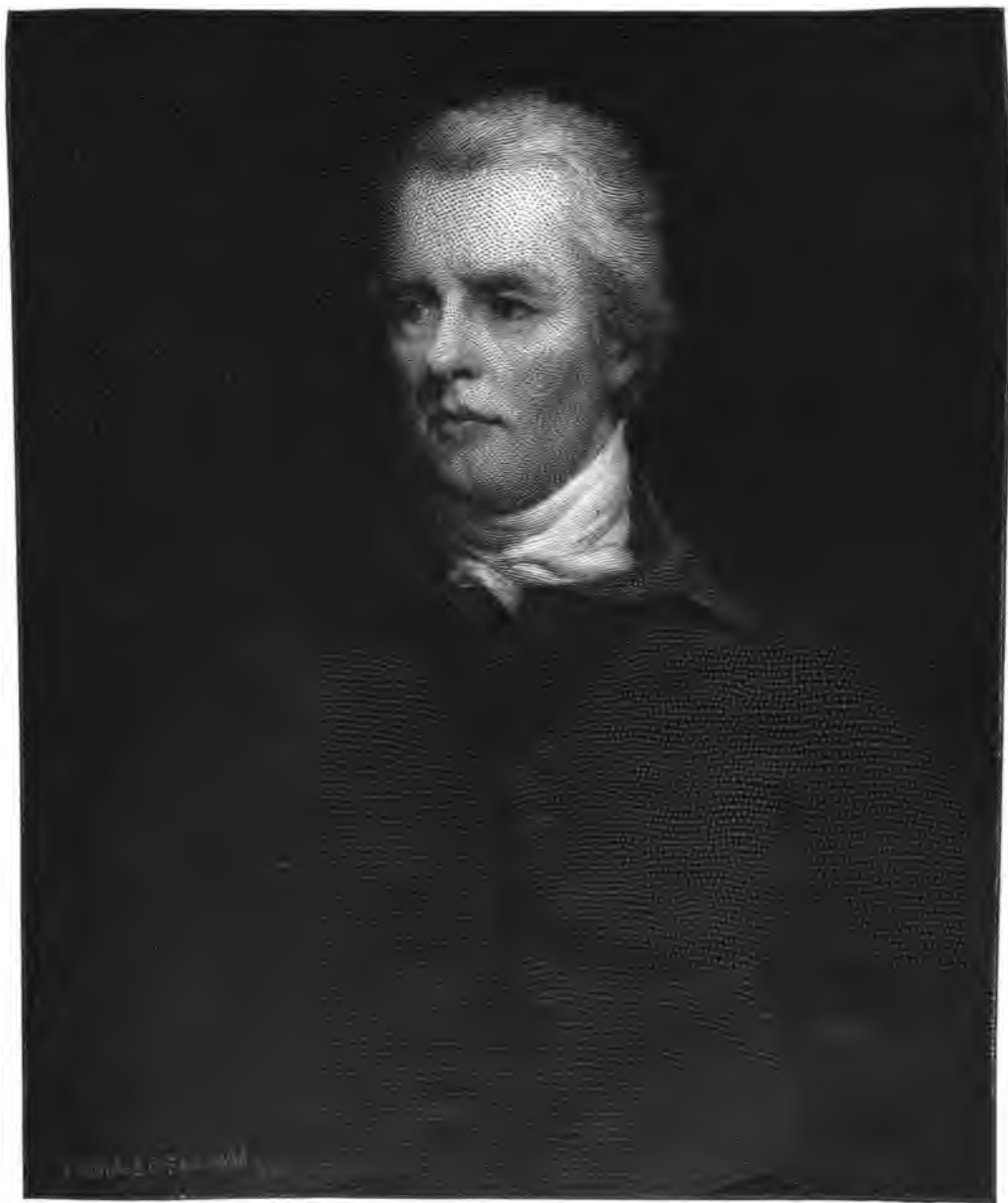
never fortunate in modeling a jaw or a neck; but in spite of these laxities, he usually made something lifelike, interesting, picturesque—something that, without a suggestion of caricature, was more natural than nature itself. And that was what he was seeking. All these English painters were more concerned with the spirit of their work than its form. Life—the sense of being in the presence of something that once lived and moved—is omnipresent. How much-academic portrait-painting in the present day gives one the impression of the subject having been painted after death from a photograph! It is accurate enough, but how icily regular, how splendidly null! Hoppner's portraits show that he was not able to draw with classic precision; but perhaps his ignorance of line was his artistic salvation, for it led him to substitute the color patch, and to gain in natural effect what he lost in linear truth.

In his figure-pieces—for, of course, being only a portrait-painter, he had to attempt the historical composition—he was even less accurate than in portraits. His sleeping nymphs are swathed in graceful swirls and flows of drapery, but they have dislocated arms and legs, or they are elongated for effects of grace. His "Jupiter and Io" is decidedly heavy; his "Pisanio and Imogen" shows necks, shoulders, and arms sadly out of drawing; his "Cupid and Psyche" gives poor Psyche not foreshortened, but telescoped. And yet, in spite of these sins, Hoppner did convey a sense of animation. His rambling, loose line seemed to lend to action. The picture of "Mdlle. Hillsberg as a Dancing-Girl" in an Oriental interior is a good instance of it. It is one of the most ambitious of his subject pictures, and is uncertain in its drawing and painting; yet what a feeling of dash and movement forward there is about the figure!

Hoppner's handling doubtless added to the spirit of his work. It was facile in such features as drapery, hair, foliage; and usually ran on, recording slips and errors just as happily as truths. He never possessed sufficient elementary knowledge for facile brushwork, but that did not discourage him. He dashed at things, and tried to hide deficien-

cies by glibness. Nor had he a deep sense of color, but he dashed at that just as boldly. It was usually thinner and frailer than that of Reynolds,—something too much of high soprano, with insufficient body in the orchestral accompaniment,—but it was not badly arranged, nor was it wholly lacking in charm. To-day his color often appears marred from the use of pigments that have faded and varnishes that have yellowed the whites. Sir Joshua's faults as well as his virtues were appropriated by his followers.

Before he was twenty-four years of age Hoppner was looked upon as a possible success as a landscapist; but after he became established in court circles he did little more than paint fashion's face. His figures, his landscapes, his rustic pieces (for he followed Gainsborough in that subject), are of small consequence. Nor was he a success in the historical composition. There was really no public demand for it. Opie complained that "so habituated are the people of this country to the sight of portraiture only that they can scarcely as yet consider painting in any other light." The painters never got beyond the single figure. When they attempted the historical, it was little more than a modified portrait group, and not very good at that. Hoppner lives to-day by his portraits. The best of these are still in the private houses of England. There is a notable gathering of them in the state apartments of St. James's Palace. But, unfortunately, the pictures in the public galleries of England do the painter scant justice. It is true he was a follower of Sir Joshua, but not exactly the "bold plagiarist" he has been called. He had a spirit and a view of his own; and those who think they know the man and his work occasionally stumble upon examples of him, in the English country houses, so astonishing in their individuality and force that they call for a revision of judgment. He is not to be judged wholly by his sentimental "ladies of rank and fashion,"—portraits which he doubtless painted to keep the wolf from the door,—but by his "Pitt," his "Canning," and his children's portraits. These certainly entitle him to be named one of the best of those who came after Gainsborough and Sir Joshua.



FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING, IN POSSESSION OF LORD ROSEBURY.

RIGHT HONORABLE WILLIAM PITT. PAINTED BY JOHN HOPPNER.

(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

VILLAGE OF MALAY PIRATES NEAR THE SPANISH TOWN OF SULU.

THE MALAY PIRATES OF THE PHILIPPINES.

WITH OBSERVATIONS FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.¹

BY PROF. DEAN C. WORCESTER, UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

NEAR many of the more important Philippine villages the traveler finds old stone towers, which show evident signs of neglect. The heavy rains have washed the mortar from the chinks between their stones, and occasional earthquakes have widened the crevices

thus formed; but the injuries go unrepaired, if not unnoted. Twenty-five years ago this would not have happened, for the village watch-tower was then a most important institution. Day and night, during the time when the southwest monsoon was blowing, it furnished a vantage-point for vigilant sentries, who turned their keen eyes seaward and watched for the approach of a fleet of the dreaded *Moros*, or Malay pirates of the southern Philippines. They seldom watched a season through in vain.

The *Moros* entered the Philippines from Borneo at about the time of the Spanish discovery. They first settled in Sulu and Basilan, but rapidly spread over the numerous small islands of the Sulu and Tawi Tawi archipelagoes, and eventually occupied the whole of the great island of Mindanao to the east, and Balabac and the southern third of Palawan to the west. Before their conquest of Palawan was completed they had their first serious collision with Spanish troops, and have not since been able to extend their territory; but what they had taken they have continued to hold.

Hostilities between *Moros* and Spaniards were precipitated by an unprovoked attack by the latter upon one of the Moro chiefs of north Mindanao. The attacking force was



DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF.

OLD WATCH-TOWER BUILT FOR DEFENSE AGAINST THE MOROS. SIQUIJOR.

¹ With two exceptions, the pictures which accompany this article are from unpublished photographs made by Professor Worcester and his companion Dr. Bourns.

almost annihilated, and the fanatical passions of the Moros were aroused. They forthwith began to organize forays against the Spanish and native towns of the central and northern islands, and from the outset met with great success. Their piratical expeditions soon became annual events. With each recurring southeast monsoon hordes of

affairs continued. Emboldened by continued success, the Moros no longer confined their attention to the defenseless natives. Spanish planters and government officials were killed or held for ransom. But the delight of the grim Moslem warriors was to make prisoners of the Spanish priests and friars, toward whom they displayed the bitterest hatred.



TWO MORO CHIEFS. MINDANAO.

them manned their war praus and sailed north, where they harried the coasts until the change of monsoons warned them to return home.

Thousands of captives were taken. Men were compelled to harvest their own crops for the benefit of their captors, and were then butchered in cold blood, while women and children were carried away, the former to enrich the seraglios of Moro chiefs, the latter to be brought up as slaves.

For two and a half centuries this state of

Islands which had once been prosperous were almost depopulated. Even foreign sailing-vessels were attacked and captured.

The Spaniards did not tamely submit to this state of affairs. Expedition after expedition was organized. Millions of dollars and thousands of lives were wasted. Temporary successes were gained, but they resulted in no permanent advantage. On several occasions landings were made on Sulu itself, forts built, and garrisons established, only

to be driven from the island or massacred to a man.

The steel weapons of the Moros were of the best, and for years they were really better armed than the Spaniards; but with the improvement in firearms the Spaniards gained an advantage in which the Moros did

As opportunity offered, the gunboats shelled the Moro villages, which were built over the sea and so could be easily reached. Sulu, which had always been the seat of government and the residence of the reigning sultans, was destroyed in 1876, and a Spanish military post established where it



DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

MORO CHILDREN, IN THEIR BEST CLOTHES.

not share. Such cannon and rifles as they possessed were antiquated, and they had difficulty in getting ammunition; but it was not until the day of rapid-fire guns and light-draft steam-gunboats that they were finally confined to the southern waters of the archipelago.

An efficient patrol of gunboats was established, and the Moro praus were forbidden to put to sea without first obtaining a written permit from the nearest Spanish governor. They were also ordered to fly the Spanish flag. When a prau was encountered that did not show the flag, or was not provided with a *pasaporte*, it was rammed and cut in two, or sunk by the fire of machine-guns. No quarter was given.

had been. At first the Moros had a disagreeable habit of dropping in from time to time and wiping out the garrison. It was constantly reinforced or renewed, however, so that from 1876 to the present day the Spanish occupation at this point has been almost continuous.

Other points in Mindanao, Basilan, Tawi Tawi, and Balabac were taken and fortified by the Spanish. Many of the Moro coast villages on these islands were burned, and the inhabitants driven inland; and there finally arose a sort of armed truce, which was not infrequently broken by both of the parties to it.

This was the condition of affairs at the time of my two visits to the Philippines, in

company with Dr. Bourns. Our study of the birds and mammals of the larger islands necessarily took us into the Moro country. We began our work in Mindanao with some uneasiness, but found, to our surprise, that blue eyes and light hair were a passport to the favor of our piratical acquaintances. Their hatred of the Spanish was fanatical, but they were very kindly disposed toward *ingleses* (Englishmen). They took us for ingleses, and we made no effort to undeceive them.

In Basilan we got on less well, but had no serious trouble. In Sulu it was another matter. When we first touched at this island in 1887, heavy fighting was going on between the Spanish garrison and the Moros, and it would have been madness to attempt to reach the forest. When we returned in September, 1891, it was not without misgivings. Our Moro acquaintances in Mindanao and Basilan had passed their hands significantly across their throats when we men-

tioned our intention of visiting Sulu. Not only were the inhabitants of Sulu "the Moros of the Moros," and bitterly hostile toward all outsiders, but additional danger for us arose from the fact that one of our party had shot and killed an insane Moro in Mindanao. The man was running amuck, killing women and children, and there was no other way to stop him; but his brothers had not taken kindly to his death, and one of them lived in Sulu, so that we had a blood feud on our hands.

General Juan Arolas was the governor of the island at the time. Arolas, who is at present the military governor of Havana, is a man with a history. He has always been an outspoken republican, ready to fight for his convictions. In the days of republican success in Spain he is said to have cast the throne out of a window by way of showing his respect for royalty. After the fall of the Spanish republic he continued to display what was considered to be unseemly activ-



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

VIEWS IN SULU.

1. Post-house in which we were obliged to live while in Sulu. Monument on spot where first successful attempt to land was made by the Spanish; 2. Post-office and part of one of the main streets, Sulu; 3. Palace of the sultan set up by the Spaniards, Sulu; 4. A quiet corner within the walls, Sulu.



DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

MOROS CAPTURED WHILE ACTIVELY ENGAGED IN PIRACY, AND COMPELLED TO WORK ON THE STREETS.

ity; and there is little doubt that when he was "honored" with an appointment as governor of Sulu, it was with the intention of exiling him to a place from which he would be unlikely to return. The town was very unhealthy, the defenses were inadequate, and the garrison was in constant danger of annihilation.

Arolas was a man of many resources and of tremendous energy. His wretched town was peopled by native troops, Chinese traders, and deported convicts; but in spite of the unfavorable conditions which confronted him, he at once set himself to improving things. He made prisoners of the Moros, and compelled them to work in strengthening his defenses until these had been made impregnable. He improved the sanitation of the town, changing it from a perfect pest-hole to an unusually healthy place. He constructed water-works, built a splendid marketplace, and established a free-school system and a thoroughly equipped hospital. His town became the wonder of the Philippines.

Meanwhile he was making soldiers out of his slovenly native troops. After putting his town in a satisfactory condition and teaching his soldiers how to shoot, he sent to Manila for authority to attack the Moro stronghold at Maibun. It is said that his

request was three times refused, and he was warned that his two regiments would be wiped out if he made the attempt.

One evening he summoned the captain of a gunboat which was lying in the harbor, and ordered him to take up position before Maibun and open fire at daybreak on the following morning. The officer refused to start. Arolas is reported to have given him his choice between obeying the order (which, by the way, he had no authority to give) and facing a firing squad in the plaza. The officer decided to go to Maibun, and a strong guard was placed on his vessel to see that he did not reconsider his determination.

At eleven o'clock that night Arolas placed himself at the head of his two regiments, had ammunition passed, and gave the order to march. The men had no idea where they were going, but before daylight found themselves hidden in the rear of Maibun. Meanwhile the gunboat had arrived, and the Moros were busy training their rude artillery on her. Promptly at dawn she opened fire, and as the Moros replied for the first time, Arolas and his men swarmed over the rear stockade. The Moros were taken completely by surprise, and although they fought desperately, suffered a crushing defeat. The sultan contrived to escape, but many of the important

chiefs were killed or captured, their heavy guns were taken, and their fortifications destroyed. Arolas followed up his advantage, and attack succeeded until the fanatical Moslems were cowed as they had never been cowed before.

An armed truce followed, and continued in force at the time of our visit. Arolas had several times escaped unscathed from deadly peril, and the Moros believed that he had a charmed life. They called him "papa"; and when "papa" gave orders, they were treated with considerable respect. He was strictly just, but absolutely merciless. Every threat that he made was carried out to the letter. For once the Moros had met their master, and they knew it.

This was the condition of affairs when we reached Sulu on the morning of a glorious September day in 1891. We called immediately to pay our respects to the governor. We had heard much of his unconventionality, and were not surprised to find him in his office in his pajamas. He greeted us cordially, and took occasion to express his admiration for our country as the type of what a republic should be. We asked him whether he would allow us to hunt outside the town, and received his permission to do so. He said

that he could not guarantee our safety, but thought that if we followed his directions we should come through all right. The directions were simplicity itself: "If you meet armed Moros outside the town, order them to lay down their arms and retire; if they do not obey instantly, shoot them."

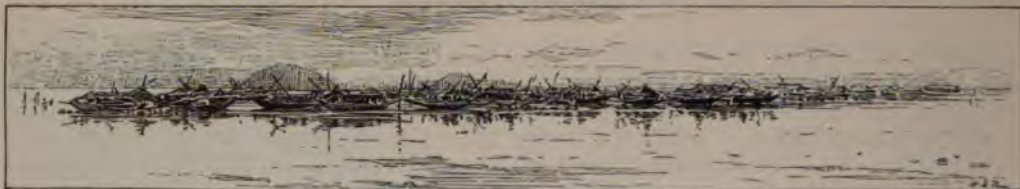
Arolas then did us a great favor. He summoned a renegade Moro, one Toolawee, who served as guide and scout for his own expeditions, repeated in his presence the instructions he had just given us, and ordered him to take enough of his own people to put up a good fight, and accompany us each day.

Our future guide was a character. A Moro by birth and bringing up, he had thrown in his lot with the Spaniards. As a slight safeguard against possible backsliding, he was allowed a fine house within the walls, where he kept several wives and some forty slaves. Arolas reasoned that rather than lose so extensive an establishment, he would behave himself. Later we had reason for believing that the precaution was a wise one.

So our life among the Sulu pirates began. Each morning we went our way; each night we sought the protection of the Spanish town. We saw the *Joloanos*, as the Sulu Moros call themselves, at home, at their



INTERIOR OF MORO HOUSE, AND WEDDING GUESTS. ONE OF THE WOMEN HAS HER FACE ORNAMENTED WITH RICE PASTE. (FLASHLIGHT PICTURE.)



DRAWN BY H. O. NICHOLS.

FLEET OF MORO HOUSE-BOATS, SULU.

great markets, manning their boats, fighting with one another, and burying their dead. We took snap shots at them with our camera, and they took snap shots at us, showing the very bad taste to use rifles.

Photography, by the way, is attended with many uncertainties in Sulu. The Moros are Mohammedans, and are unduly influenced by the remarks in the Koran on the subject of making pictures of living things. Furthermore, many of them believe that if they are photographed they are sure to die within a year. Most of our photographs were stolen, with the help of a rapid shutter. Some of our best pictures were obtained at a wedding-feast to which we were invited. We smuggled in our dismounted camera, and, under pretext of contributing our share to the entertainment by making artificial lightning, touched off magnesium powders and made exposures.

The houses of the Moros are by preference built on piles over the sea. Some quiet cove is selected for the site of a village, so that heavy waves may not injure the houses.

Rude bridges afford communication with the shore, and the praus are tied at the doors, so that their owners can board them and be off at a moment's notice.

The men are of medium height, and their physical development is often superb. They dress in pantaloons, waistcoat, jacket, sash, and turban. Their garments are gaudily colored, and are frequently showily embroidered or otherwise ornamented. Their pantaloons are skin-tight below the knee, and very loose above, unless they are out looking for trouble. In the latter case they wear very loose black pantaloons. The rank of a Moro is indicated by the way he ties his turban.

All males above sixteen years of age go armed. The Moros make their own steel weapons, which are often beautifully finished, and are always admirably adapted to the purposes for which they are intended. The weapon most trusted in close combat is the *barong*. It is made somewhat on the plan of a butcher's cleaver, with thick back and thin razor edge, and is capable of inflicting



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

MORO GIRL DANCING AT A WEDDING. TOM-TOMS AND SKIN DRUMS. (FLASHLIGHT PICTURE.)

frightful injuries. To lop off a head, arm, or leg with a barong is mere child's play. The strong and skilful Moro prides himself on his ability to halve an opponent with this weapon, if he can catch him fairly across the small of the back. The straight *kris* is a narrow-bladed double-edged sword, used for cutting and thrusting. The serpent kris, with its wavy double-edged blade, is used for thrusting only, and inflicts a horrible wound. The *campilan* is a heavy two-handed sword, with

to work, and his wants are supplied by his wives and slaves. He endeavors to terrify an opponent by making hideous faces at him, uses his shield very skilfully, and keeps his legs in constant motion so that they may not be disabled by a blow below the shield. In battle he is absolutely fearless. He is inhumanly cruel, and will cut down a slave merely to try the edge of a new barong. The price which he sets on human life may be judged from the fact that soldiers who deserted



DRAWN BY G. VARIAN.

METHOD OF USING STRAIGHT KRISSES AND SHIELDS.

a blade wide at the tip and steadily narrowing toward the hilt. It is used for cutting only, and is tremendously effective. Under all circumstances a Moro carries barong, kris, or campilan thrust into his sash. If he expects serious trouble, he has, in addition, a shield of light wood, and a lance with a broad, keen head. The Moro's conveniences for working steel are of the simplest, but the blades of his weapons are highly finished and beautifully tempered. He sometimes works silver in with the steel, or even inlays with gold. The hilts of his side-arms are of hard polished wood or ivory, and are often beautifully carved. We were surprised to find some chiefs provided with shirts of excellent chain mail, made by their own armorers.

The Sulu Moro is a warrior. He disdains

from Sulu were always brought back by the Moros, if they failed to take gun and cartridge-box with them, in order that their captors might receive the standing reward of four dollars for returning deserters. If soldiers deserted *with* their arms they were invariably killed for their weapons and ammunition. Comparatively few of the Moros have firearms, and those who possess them are usually bad marksmen.

The women are inordinately fond of bright colors, scarlet and green being their favorites. Their garments are a skin-tight waist, which shows every line of the bust and arms; a baggy, divided skirt; and a *jabul*, made by sewing the two ends of a long piece of cloth together. The *jabul* is draped about the body in various ways to



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

SULTAN HARUN'S MOSQUE.

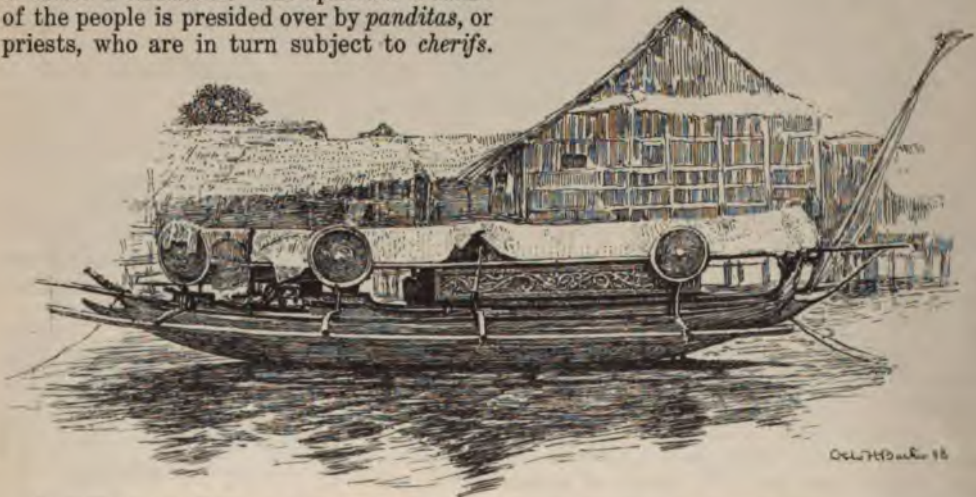
suit the occasion, and may be thrown over the head as a protection from the sun. Moro children possess clothes like those of their elders, but up to the age of puberty they seldom make much use of them. Most of their time is spent in the water, and they swim and dive like ducks.

The men are very skilful boatmen and sailors. Their praus are small, frail-looking affairs, and their largest sailing-vessels are of not more than six or seven tons burden, yet they sometimes journey as far as Singapore. Diving for pearls is one form of labor in which Moros deign to indulge. Their performances are almost incredible. They can remain under water from two to three minutes. All pearls above a certain size go by right to the Sultan of Sulu, who is the ruler of all the Philippine Moros, although there are two subordinate sultans in Mindanao.

Under the Sulu sultan are a regent, who acts in his place, should he be absent, a minister of war, and a minister of justice, as well as numerous *datos*, or chiefs. Each village is under a mandarin. The spiritual welfare of the people is presided over by *panditas*, or priests, who are in turn subject to *cherifs*.

The latter dignitaries have authority in temporal as well as spiritual affairs. The Mohammedanism of the Moros is of a rather washed-out description. Their mosques are built of bamboo and palm-leaves, and are far from imposing. Their language is said to be based on Sanskrit roots, and is written with Arabic characters.

At the time of our arrival in Sulu things were in a rather disturbed condition. It had been decreed that the sultan should hold office under the "protection" of Spain, and the rightful ruler had been ordered to Manila in order that he might be duly invested with authority. Taking warning from the fate of a predecessor, who had visited Manila and been made a prisoner there, he had declined to go. The Spaniards had then selected a prominent chief, and had "appointed" him sultan, under the imposing title, "His Excellency Paduca Majasari Maulana Amiril Mauinin Sultan Muhamad Harun Narrasid." Sultan Harun had not proved an unqualified success. He was backed by Spanish bayonets, but his following among the Moros was very small, while the rightful sultan was supported by some ten thousand fighting men. Harun lived in a "palace," which incidentally served the purpose of a fort. He was in constant fear of assassination. Within five hundred yards of his palace was a settlement of hostiles, who showed a strong tendency to utilize him as a target for rifle practice whenever an opportunity presented itself. Although the prominent chiefs admitted the authority of Arolas, and stood in dread of the terrible vengeance which he dealt out to evil-doers, they could not always control



DRAWN BY OTTO H. BACHER.

STATE BOAT OF SULTAN HARUN. SHIELDS OF HIS MEN AT THE SIDES.

their fanatical followers, who took occasional pot-shots at the sentries about the town, stole cattle, and made themselves generally disagreeable.

Finally there was a rumor that a band of *juramentados* were about to attack the place. Now, a *juramentado* is a most unpleasant man to encounter. The Moros believe that one who kills a Christian thereby increases his chance of a good time in the world to come. The more Christians he has killed, the brighter his prospect for the future; and if one is fortunate enough to be himself killed while killing Christians, he is at once transported to the seventh heaven. From time to time one of them wearies of this life, and being desirous of taking the shortest and surest road to glory, he bathes in a sacred spring, shaves off his eyebrows, dresses in white, and presents himself before a pandita to take a solemn oath (*juramentar*)

that he will die killing the enemies of the faithful. Hiding a kris or barong about his person, or in something that he carries, he seeks the nearest Christian town, and, if he can gain admission, snatches his weapon from its concealment, and runs amuck, slaying every living being in his path until he is finally despatched himself. So long as the breath of life remains in him he fights on. I have been repeatedly informed by eye-witnesses that a *juramentado*, upon being bayoneted, will often seize the barrel of a rifle and push the bayonet farther into himself, in order to bring the soldier at the other end of the piece within striking distance, and cut him down. The number of lives taken by



DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

SULTAN HARUN, WHO MAINTAINED HIS POSITION BY THE AID OF SPANISH BAYONETS, DRESSED IN EUROPEAN COSTUME IN HONOR OF GENERAL AROLAS. HE KILLED THE SUCCESSOR OF AROLAS WITH HIS OWN HAND.

one of these mad fanatics is sometimes almost incredible. He is eventually killed himself, and his relatives have a celebration when the news of his death reaches them. They always insist that just as night is coming on they see him riding by on a white horse, bound for the abode of the blessed.

The Jesuit priest of Sulu begged us not to hunt in the forest, and some of the Spanish officers made unpleasant insinuations as to our probable fate; but the spirit of Arolas and of our daredevil guide was infectious, and we went about our business as if the Moros did not exist. We did not lack for reminders that we were watched. Every shot that we fired in the forest was a signal for

cries from the front, sides, and rear, showing that hostile men were on every side of us; yet, watch as best we could, we never once caught sight of them. At such times Toolawee was well worth seeing. As he stalked at the head of our little company, with his barong loosened in its sheath, and his short rifle at full cock, his flashing eyes searching the cover to right and left for an ambush, he was the warrior personified. I must confess, however, that the dignity of his expression was somewhat marred by the fact that he carried his mouth crammed full of cartridges.

Toolawee was considered a good Moro, and we were therefore interested in certain incidents which gave us an insight into his real character. After satisfying himself by observation that we could use our rifles with some effect, he made us a rather startling business proposition in the following words: "You gentlemen shoot quite well with the rifle." "Yes; we have had some experience." "You desire to get samples of the clothing and arms of my countrymen for your collection?" "Yes." "Papa [General Arolas] told you, if you met armed Moros outside the town, to order them to lay down their arms and retire?" "Yes." "Papa does not understand my people as I do. They are all bad. When we meet them, do not ask them to lay down their arms, for they will come back again, and get them, and probably attack us. Just shoot as many of them as possible. You can then take their arms and clothing, and I will cut off their heads, shave their eyebrows, show them to papa, and claim a reward for killing juramentados." He never really forgave us for refusing to enter into partnership with him on this very liberal basis.

Just before our final departure from Sulu, Toolawee presented himself, and said: "Señor, I want to buy your rifle." "But, Toolawee, you do damage enough with the one you have; why do you want mine?" "My rifle is good enough to kill people with, but I want yours for another purpose." Pressed for an explanation, he confided to me that he had heard that "papa" was going back to Spain, and after the governor left he should be *afuera, i. e.,* offshore, waiting for victims. He explained that he never fired at the people in a canoe, but shot holes in the canoe itself, so that it became water-logged. The bamboo outriggers which are attached to all Philippine boats would serve to prevent it from actually foundering, while the occupants, being up to their chins in water, were easily *despatched* with the barong, thus economiz-

ing ammunition; and he added: "My rifle makes but a small hole in one side of a canoe, señor, while yours would make a much larger hole, and the ball would go clear through." Toolawee was nothing if not practical! He was a good Moro, as Moros go.

We found the forest of Sulu composed almost entirely of trees which produced edible fruits. In the old days, when slaves were numerous, the virgin forest was cleared from the island, and fruit-trees planted in its place, making a veritable garden. I have never seen tropical fruits in such variety and perfection anywhere else.

Various incidents served to enliven our stay. We were in constant fear of being ambushed, and it proved that our fears were well grounded. After going out along a certain path for several weeks, we one day, by the merest chance, took another route. A squad of soldiers, while hunting for some stolen buffaloes, chanced to pass along the path which we usually followed, and fell into an ambush skilfully laid in high grass, which had undoubtedly been intended for us. As nearly as we could ascertain, the result was a Spanish victory of the usual sort.

A few days later my companion fell ill, and I was heading for the forest alone, except for my escort, when a Moro dodged out of the grass, and fired on me at a range of less than forty yards. How he contrived to miss me I could never see, unless he shut his eyes. The big round ball from his antiquated musket struck in the sand just under the heel of the boy who carried my bird-basket. Even as I dropped my shot-gun, and snatched my rifle from my gun-bearer, I had to laugh at the effect of the shot. I am positive that the jump that boy made broke the record. It seemed to me that his legs began to work before his feet touched the earth. He uttered no sound, and he looked neither to the right hand nor the left. The picture which he presented as he sped down the path with his shirt floating out behind him is indelibly impressed on my memory. He ran clear out of sight without once looking back, and we did not see him again until evening, when he reappeared, put in his resignation, and left our service.

At the time of our visit the *mayor de plaza* of Sulu was a Captain Aguado, a very good fellow. Like Arolas, he was an exiled republican. His countenance was of a melancholy cast, but he dearly loved a joke. When he dropped in on us, one day, and suggested that we all go over and pay a visit to the sultan, we suspected that he was trying for

a bit of a laugh at our expense, for the sultan's neighbors did not always treat his callers with due respect. We promptly accepted Aguado's invitation, and, rather to our own amazement, soon found ourselves headed for Harun's palace, without escort. We arrived without misadventure, but were compelled

and had refused to see any one on the plea of illness. Aguado gave the assemblage a little vigorous advice, which seemed to put them in a better humor; and as Harun wanted to see him, we soon found ourselves in the presence of his Excellency. We exchanged a few compliments with him, and



DRAWN BY C. M. HELVEA.

THE OLD SULTANA, WIFE OF THE FORMER SULTAN, AND MOTHER OF THE RIGHTFUL SULTAN, LEAVING THE HOUSE OF AROLAS WITH HER BODY-GUARD. THE MAN AT THE RIGHT IS IN FIGHTING DRESS.

to hand over our rifles to the guard at the door before they would admit us. When we reached the audience-room, I, for one, was sorry that we had come. We found ourselves in the midst of a crowd of datos, panditas, and their followers. Every man of them was armed to the teeth, and the looks they cast at us were anything but reassuring. There were friends and enemies of Harun in the room, and trouble was brewing. Harun himself was shut into his sleeping apartments,

took our departure, glad enough to get away with whole skins.

Harun seemed a physical and mental wreck. There was nothing to show that within that shrunken frame the indomitable Moro spirit and the unquenchable hatred of the Spaniard were still alive, yet subsequent events proved this to be the case. Shortly after we left the Philippines, Arolas returned to Spain. His successor was idiot enough to imagine that he could collect taxes from the

Moros, and published a decree ordering the men to come to town on a certain day, and pay *tributo*. Harun called the people of Sulu together, and simply laid the case before them. They, of course, decided not to pay.

On the day appointed, Harun presented himself at the town, with a large following of armed men at his heels. The governor

in a subterranean passage leading from under one of the forts. The town was razed.

This would never have happened in Arolas's day. He is the only man who ever cowed the Sulu pirates, and it would be well for us if he were keeping them in order at the present juncture. I have seen him take raw levies of native troops and make *soldiers* of them in six



THE RIGHTFUL SULTAN OF SULU, WITH SOME OF HIS FOLLOWERS. ONE OF THEM IS CLAD IN CHAIN MAIL.

hesitated to admit so many Moros, but they assured him they had come to pay their taxes, and he finally let them in, after drawing up his troops in honor of the event, and placing himself at their head. The man must have taken leave of his senses, for it is said that the rifles of his troops were not loaded, nor were their bayonets fixed. Harun came forward, presented the governor with a bag of pearls as a mark of affectionate regard, and then, suddenly drawing a barong, split his skull to the teeth. The Moros fell upon the surprised soldiers like wolves upon sheep, and won a complete victory. Only two or three men escaped, and they owed their lives to the fact that they were not with the troops, and were able to hide until nightfall

weeks. When the true history of the war with Spain is written, I venture to prophesy that the present military governor of Havana will prove to be the man who conceived and carried out the improvements in the defenses of that city. If any living Spaniard can put discipline and fight into the Havana volunteers, Arolas is that man.

Should a land attack on Havana prove necessary, it is safe to say that our troops will find a hard proposition in the forces led by the man who took Maibun; and if, by any chance, the Philippines should become part of the territory of the United States, we cannot do better, in dealing with the Malay pirates of the southern islands, than to carry out the policy which General Arolas initiated.

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE AND HIS BOOK ON AMERICA.—SIXTY YEARS AFTER.

BY DANIEL C. GILMAN,
President of Johns Hopkins University.

THE recent publication, in French and English, of the "Reminiscences of Alexis de Tocqueville" has brought his name afresh before the public; but the readers who turned to this volume looking for light upon the author's visit to the United States, or for a key to the preparation which he made for his famous study of American politics, were certainly disappointed. The "Souvenirs" relate exclusively to that brief period when this eminent writer held the portfolio of foreign affairs, just before the Second Republic went over into the Second Empire. The earlier, the American, chapter of his life can be read only in letters and notes from his own pen and from that of his friend De Beaumont. Such data are fragmentary, for the family have not consented to their complete publication; yet there is much that is accessible in French which has not been given to the English reader. Of such information this article will be made up. For the entire life of Tocqueville there is no better manual than the recent memoir by Eugène d'Eichthal (Paris, 1897), which was published after this paper was prepared. The original memoir by Beaumont and the conversations of Nassau W. Senior will never be superseded.

Americans of the present day are deriving instruction from a survey of the institutions of the United States by a foreign observer, clear-sighted, well trained in history and politics, fair-minded and painstaking. By repeated visits, wide travels, much study, many interviews, James Bryce has acquired an acquaintance with this country which is a marvel of accuracy, not so much in the little things which vary in different districts and at short intervals (although of these he is a good observer), as in those national characteristics, manners, usages, and customs, too deeply rooted to be easily changed, too widely distributed to be regarded as sectional or local.

Sixty years before Mr. Bryce, another European observer, equally sagacious and discerning, more strongly interested in the philosophy of politics, made his study of

Democracy in America; and for two generations this treatise of Tocqueville has held its own as a discriminating criticism of republican institutions. During this long period it has been frequently quoted in Europe and the United States by the highest political authorities; it has been read as a text-book in schools and universities; and it is quite sure to be found on the book-shelves of editors, lawyers, and statesmen. Though it contains no sailing directions, it has been a sort of chart by which the pilot of the ship of state might be informed of rocks and shoals, lighthouses and harbors of refuge. It remains the best philosophical discussion of Democracy, illustrated by the experience of the United States up to the time when it was written, which can be found in any language.

Let us see what can be discovered respecting Tocqueville's journey, prolific in reflections and suggestions which sometimes took the form of encouragement, and sometimes that of warning. Let us look also at the antecedents of the traveler—antecedents which insured not only his distinction, but also his acceptance in every circle where he moved.

One May day in 1831, two young Frenchmen of the old noblesse, who had been tossing about the south shore of Long Island for several days in the packet-boat *Havre*, were landed in Newport. Thence they were carried by the Providence steamboat to New York, where they found lodgings in a boarding-house on Broadway. The Astor House had not yet been opened. The strangers were not much pleased with the looks of the city. One of them writes that there is "no dome, nor bell tower, nor large building. The houses are of bricks and are quite monotonous, no cornices, nor balustrades, nor *porte-cochères*. The streets are unpaved; but there *are* sidewalks." Then the language was a great plague to them. "We thought we knew English in Paris," says the same correspondent, "as boys think they know everything when they leave college; but we have quickly discovered our error. Nobody here speaks French, so we are forced to use English. It is a pity to hear us, but we make



Alexis de Tocqueville

ourselves understood, and we understand everything." They found the usages of society rather queer. People breakfasted together at eight o'clock, dined at three, and at seven drank tea, with which they ate a little *jambon*. Afterward they took supper, and sometimes they had luncheon. Ladies came to the breakfast-table dressed for the day. It was proper to make a social call as early as nine o'clock in the morning.

These visitors were Alexis de Tocqueville and Gustave de Beaumont, young men of talent and education, and of agreeable manners. They bore a commission from the French government to study the prison systems of the United States, and this announcement was duly made in the news-

papers. Everybody was ready to receive and help them. Every door was thrown open. The mayor and aldermen—some five-and-twenty in number—took them ceremoniously to visit the prisons and charitable institutions of the city, after which there was a dinner which the travelers called "immense." Sometimes they laughed, they say, *dans la barbe*, to think what insignificant men they were at home and what great men they were abroad; but they carried themselves with dignity and courtesy, and established good relations with the best citizens. After a few days they visited Sing Sing, in order to become acquainted with the penitentiary, and afterward Auburn, Wethersfield, and Philadelphia, where there were noteworthy

prisons. In due time their report upon this subject was made up and printed and given to the world. It attracted attention in France, and was translated into English by Dr. Francis Lieber, and into German by Dr. Julius of Hamburg. Nevertheless, this work sinks into temporary and subordinate importance when compared with that other memoir which was the fruit of this journey. "You may think," writes Alexis to his father, "that the penitentiary system is the only thing which occupies us. Not at all. There are a thousand things. We have really had but one idea—to understand the country where we are traveling. Knowing what we wish to ask, the slightest interviews are instructive, and we can truly say that there is no one of any rank who cannot teach us something." In the course of the first month, continues Tocqueville, "I am at present full of two ideas: first, that this people is one of the happiest in the world; second, that its immense prosperity is due not so much to peculiar virtues or to its form of government, as to the peculiar conditions in which it is placed." "They have here the most colorless enjoyment that can be imagined,"¹ is one of his phrases, quoted by Longfellow, long afterward, with apparent amusement. The letters of Tocqueville are appreciative, philosophical, critical, not by any means rose-colored.

After having a very good time in the social circles of New York and its neighborhood for a period of five or six weeks, the two friends went to the west by the way of Albany and the Mohawk valley. Utica, Syracuse, Auburn, and Canandaigua were the principal places that they visited before arriving at Buffalo. They made a detour to Seneca Lake, in order to verify a romantic story in respect to an exiled Frenchman. From Buffalo they were carried by steamer to Detroit. An excursion into the wilderness—"the desert," as they called it—beyond Detroit and Pontiac, gave the travelers a glimpse of the frontier—the settlements of the pioneers and the wigwams of the Indians. Then they made a tour of the lakes by steamboat, going as far as Green Bay, and returning to Detroit and Buffalo. Of course they visited Niagara Falls. The survivals of French institutions were examined in Montreal and Quebec. Then the young Frenchmen went to Boston by way of Lake Champlain and Albany. The Boston and Worcester Railroad was not

finished until 1835. Hartford, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore successively welcomed the travelers. After crossing the Alleghanies, at the beginning of a severe winter, they proceeded by way of Wheeling to Cincinnati. The river was full of ice. The steamer came into great perils. A landing was made at Westport, Kentucky; and the travelers, finding no equipage, walked to Louisville, whence they took stage for Nashville. They had a miserable time in going hence to Memphis, Tocqueville being taken seriously ill at Sandy Bridge. He recovered in a few days sufficiently to continue his journey; but in later life it was suspected that the disease which finally took him off began at this period its insidious approaches. It took a week to go from Memphis to New Orleans by steamboat. After a few days in Louisiana, the young men returned to the Atlantic seaboard by way of Montgomery, Norfolk, and Washington.

Tocqueville's journey to the southern parts of the country was full of hardships, ice in the Ohio River leading to shipwreck, exposures as he crossed the State of Tennessee inducing fever, food that he did not like,—*toujours du maïs et du cochon* (corn and bacon),—beds that were hard, severe changes in climate; all these are specified, yet in despite of discomforts he grew strong on the journey. For five or six years, he says, he had not been so well as during this route of hardships. The great thing, he adds jocosely, is not to think—to be like an oyster. Seriously, in another letter, he makes it clear that this period of enforced lonesomeness, from New Orleans to Norfolk, was a period of intellectual repose, such as many a traveler requires to digest and arrange his previous observations. Thus Stanley paused at Cairo, in the spring of 1890, to prepare his book before returning to the distractions of England. "During the last six weeks," Tocqueville writes to his father from Washington, January 24, 1832, "when my body has been more weary and my mind more tranquil than it has been for a long while, I have carefully considered what I could write on America. It would be absolutely impracticable for one who has passed but a year in this great country to draw a complete picture of the Union. Besides, such a work would be as wearisome as it would be informative. On the other hand, it is possible, by selecting the material, to present those subjects which are more or less closely related to the social and political condition

¹ "On jouit ici du plus pâle bonheur qu'on puisse imaginer."—*Corr. Inédite*, p. 70.

of France. Such a work might have, at the same time, permanent and immediate interest. There is the scheme. *Voilà le cadre!* But have I the time and the talent for its execution? That is the question. One other consideration is always before me. I shall write nothing, or I shall write what I think; and all that is true it is not well to tell."

This is clearly the quickening moment in his projected memoir. He is to select from his observations those which may be of use in France, and to present these selections in a form which will be readable and permanent.

Washington was a favorable place for the verification of his facts and the clarification of his ideas. Congress was in session, and many prominent men were at the capital. He tells us that it was no longer necessary to ask ideas on subjects with which he was unacquainted; but it was most serviceable to go over, in conversation with men from every part of the country, that which he had lately learned. Doubtful points were thus settled. It was a sort of cross-questioning—"very serviceable," says Tocqueville. "We are constantly treated," he adds, "with great respect. Yesterday the French minister presented us to the President, General Jackson, whom we called 'Mr.' quite at our ease. He extended his hand as to equals. He does exactly so to everybody." Jefferson was dead, or we may be sure that the two philosophers would have put their heads together. Monroe was in his last days when Tocqueville arrived in New York. Madison lived till 1836, and one cannot help wondering whether the traveler had the opportunity of consulting this great exponent of the Constitution. Webster, Calhoun, and Clay were in their vigor, but their names do not appear in the printed notes and letters. An acquaintance with John Quincy Adams—the only President who has entered Congress after leaving the chief magistrate's chair—had been already formed in Boston at the dinner-table of Mr. Edward Everett, and was doubtless renewed at the national capital.

Among the men whom Tocqueville met on his long journey, these are to be noted: Dr. William Ellery Channing, the great preacher, Jared Sparks, the historian, and Francis C. Gray, of Boston; in New York, Albert Gallatin and Nathanael Prime, a prominent banker. Nicholas Biddle and J. R. Poinsett were consulted in Philadelphia. In Baltimore, he speaks of John H. B. Latrobe, Dr. Richard Steuart, and Charles Carroll, last survivor of the signers of the Dec-

laration of Independence, then more than ninety years old. In New Orleans, he mentions M. Mazureau, a lawyer, and M. Guillemin, the French consul, who supplemented the information that he had received in Philadelphia from Mr. James Brown, a Louisiana planter, who had been minister to France for some years prior to 1829. Judge Henry Johnson and the great Edward Livingston are also mentioned.

But it is probable, if not certain, that he was most indebted to John C. Spencer, a publicist of New York, whom he visited at his home in Canandaigua. This gentleman had been prominent in State politics, as he was afterward in national. The first American edition of the "Democracy" was edited by Spencer. Next to him, and possibly in advance of him, should be named Jared Sparks of Cambridge, from whom voluminous and suggestive information was derived in respect to New England townships.

Most of these personalities are derived from Tocqueville's letters, printed by his widow; but they are rigidly excluded from "Democracy in America." The remarkable reserve of the author is obvious to every reader. John Stuart Mill dwells upon the abstraction of the treatise as one of its best characteristics; and Bryce gives this peculiarity as one of the reasons which led him, writing on the American Commonwealth, to fill his volumes with examples and illustrations rather than philosophy. Tocqueville shows the qualities of a scientific reasoner. As the naturalist who has collected many flowers or birds or insects classifies and generalizes his knowledge, so the political philosopher notices many social phenomena, and then seeks their lessons; but he does not take the trouble, or does not think it desirable, to indicate the concrete illustrations on which his conclusions have been based.

The preparation of their report on prisons engaged the attention of the travelers as soon as they had returned to Paris. It was an important document because it made known in Europe the essential modifications of prison discipline which had been introduced in America; but to inquire into its distinctive merits would involve discussions not pertinent to this paper. As soon as the prisons were off his mind, Tocqueville began his principal task. An American gentleman, now a resident of Washington, General Francis J. Lippitt, who rendered some important services to Tocqueville in the preparation of his book, remembers distinctly the appearance of the author and his methods

of work. In reply to the inquiries of a friend, he has written out his reminiscences. It should be premised that Mr. Lippitt was a good French scholar, and that he had been an attaché of the American Legation in Paris before he made the acquaintance of Tocqueville. This is his letter, which is given in its entirety because it is such an interesting link between the present renown of the author and the beginning of his fame:

TIVERTON, R. I., July 24, 1897.

I now comply with your request for particulars relating to the assistance I had the honor to render to M. de Tocqueville prior to the publication of his work on "Democracy in America."

I can tell you very little about M. de Tocqueville himself; our intercourse being confined to our joint labors—if I may call them so—in his study. I shall first state certain particulars which are not wholly *mal-à-propos*. (1) My knowledge of French began in my early childhood; and when I first met M. de Tocqueville I spoke it fluently, and wrote it with tolerable correctness. (2) In my senior year in college, we had Rawle on the Constitution, for six months. (3) Before the arrival of Mr. Livingston, our new minister, with his secretaries and attachés, I had been attaché for several months to our Legation in Paris.

Some time in 1834 I was called on by a stranger who informed me that he was desirous to have the assistance of an American gentleman of "education," and that I had been recommended to him by the American Legation. I accepted at once the terms he offered me, and I was to commence at once in his study at his father's hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain. His physique was not at all striking. He was slightly built, and his height did not exceed five feet six inches. His age was apparently somewhere between twenty-five and thirty. There was certainly nothing about the contour of his head or the expression of his face that indicated him to be a man of more than ordinary intelligence. His manner was quiet and dignified, but somewhat cold. I afterwards learned that he had lately returned from the United States, whither he had been sent by the French Government in conjunction with Gustave de Beaumont, on a mission to examine and report on our penitentiary systems; and that he was a son of the Comte de Tocqueville, of the old noblesse. My connection with him lasted some three or four months. His treatment of me was always very kind and appreciative. My daily attendance in his study was from 9 A. M. to about 5 P. M.

A few words will describe the nature of my duties. Many shelves in his study were filled with books and pamphlets he had brought with him from America. What he desired of me was to write out summary statements of our political organizations, both State and Federal; and those books were chiefly statutes of the different States and of the United States.

The statutes of some of the new western States were still unbound. And when even these were

wanting there were newspaper slips containing sheriffs' and other official notices, so that the materials furnished me were amply sufficient to enable me to write out for him all the particulars he desired. He usually came in about 3 P. M. to read over the *mémoire* I had been preparing for him, and to get my oral explanation on certain points that interested him. Our interviews throughout were simply of questions on his part and answers on mine. You will easily believe that his questions indicated a most penetrating intellect.

He was the most reticent man I ever met. Only twice, so far as I can remember, did he ever volunteer a remark: once when he corrected a certain idiomatic blunder in my *mémoire*, and clearly explained the rule to me; and at another time, when we had been talking about town meetings, he exclaimed with a kindling eye (usually quite expressionless), "*Mais, c'est la commune!*"

I think it was then that I received the impression that he deemed such meetings to have been the root of our Anglo-Saxon liberties and capacity for self-government. But it is possible that this impression did not come to me until after reading his book. From the *ensemble* of our conversations I certainly did carry away with me an impression that his political views and sympathies were not favorable to democracy. I knew nothing of his intention to write a book until after my return to America in 1835, when "*La Démocratie aux États-Unis*" had already appeared. I lost no time in obtaining a copy of it; and on reading it I realized that its author was the great political philosopher of the century. Whether or not he was acquainted with our language I am unable to say. I never heard him speak except in French. I never had occasion to receive a letter from him, and have nothing of his handwriting but an unimportant note or two now on storage in Washington, which I will send you on my return there in October, unless it should be then too late.

I have never before written out any of these particulars; and there are very few persons aware of the fact that I once assisted M. de Tocqueville in preparing materials for his celebrated work.

Sincerely yours, FRANCIS J. LIPPITT.

Beneath the influences to which reference has been made, potent as they were,—the early environment of a cultivated family, the paternal counsels of his dear abbé, the style of Pascal and the philosophy of Montesquieu,—Tocqueville himself is always to be discerned. Neither heredity nor education can explain the appearance of such a man. He cannot be accounted for. "Born so" is all that can be said. Without unusual training, without the advantages of university education, without the preparation which a great library might afford, without the stimulus of poverty, the spur of ambition, or the obligations of office, and even without instructions as to the methods of inquiry

which he should initiate and follow, Tocqueville, at an age when most young men are about to begin, under the protection of their seniors, a professional life, conceived and matured by himself a plan for studying upon a vast area, in a foreign land the language of which was unfamiliar to him, the processes and results of democratic government, that he might bring home to his native land the lessons of political prosperity. The success which attended this youthful endeavor, the instantaneous renown which came to the author, the permanent appreciation bestowed upon his memoir, are the proofs that he was a man of rare gifts, whose qualities were peculiarly adapted to the tasks that his sagacity projected.

After Tocqueville's death, Lacordaire delivered a eulogy which contains this remarkable passage:

Such was the legacy of M. de Tocqueville ["*La Révolution et l'ancien Régime*"], the supreme expression of his thought. After that he did nought but die. Too serious a workman not to be consumed in the light of which he had been the organ, he advanced, step by step, without being aware, toward a death which was to be the third recompense of his life. Glory had been the first; he had found the second in a domestic happiness of twenty-five years; his premature death was to bring him the last, and put the seal of God's justice upon him. He had always been as sincere with God as with man. A just sense, an understanding, first, by rectitude and then by reflection and experience, had revealed to him without difficulty a God, active, living, personal, who regulated all things: and from this height, so simple yet so sublime, he had descended without effort to the God who breathes in the Gospel and through love has become the Savior of the world. But his faith was rather of the head than of the heart. He saw the truth of Christianity, he served it without shame, he recognized its efficacy even for the temporal safety of man; but he had not reached the point where religion leaves us nothing which is not formed and kindled by it. It was death which gave to him the gift of love. He received God as an old friend who came to visit him, and was touched by his presence even to the shedding of tears; free at last from this world, he forgot that which he had been, his name, his services, his regrets, his desires; and even before he had bid us farewell, there remained no longer in that soul aught save those virtues he had acquired in this world while passing through it.

John Stuart Mill, the peer of Tocqueville in political acumen, was among the first of those who perceived the significance of the "Democracy in America." His well-known criticism, which appeared in 1840, is full of praise. "He has applied to the greatest

question in the art and science of government those principles and methods to which mankind are indebted for all the advances made by modern times in the other branches of the study of nature." Mill does not confine himself to an indication of Tocqueville's views. He looks upon the condition and institutions of England with a search-light placed in his hand by the French inventor. One of his most noteworthy remarks is this: "The passion for equality, of which M. de Tocqueville speaks almost as if it were the great moral lever of modern times, is hardly known in this country even by name. On the contrary, all ranks seem to have a passion for inequality." But Mill's essay, as a whole, is an independent study of Democracy as developed in the United States. One error into which Tocqueville falls more than once consists in attributing to Democracy certain moral and social influences, which are shown by Mill to be in full operation in aristocratic England. "The defects which Tocqueville points out in the American, and which we see in the modern English mind, are the ordinary ones of a commercial class." It is needless to enlarge upon Mill's essay further than to say that it is not less valuable and suggestive now than when it was written. It should be read by every student of Tocqueville.

Sir Henry Sumner Maine attributes to Tocqueville's work the wide-spread view that Democracy is irresistible. He would by no means accept as correct the favorable impressions received by the French authority from his transatlantic studies. Whatever its advantages, "of all the forms of government, Democracy is by far the most difficult."

There are two recent works with which "Democracy in America" may be compared, and by which its conclusions may often be tested. One of these has already been mentioned—the "*American Commonwealth*," by James Bryce; the other is an elaborate discussion, "*Democracy and Liberty*," by the historian Lecky. Bryce gathers facts, arranges them under appropriate heads, takes care to verify, by repeated visits to this country, and by searching interviews with its public men, the impressions derived in the most diverse societies of the country. Lecky's purpose is different. His scope is wider. He deals with the progress of civilization. While he studies society in every clime, Great Britain and her dependencies are constantly in his mind, and America affords him innumerable illustrations of the conditions favorable and unfavorable to

human progress. He relies quite naturally upon Bryce much more than upon Tocqueville.

Bryce distinctly indicates the difference between his own undertaking and that of his French predecessor. "I have striven," he says, "to avoid the temptations of the didactic method, and to present simply the facts of the case, arranging and connecting them as best I can, but letting them speak for themselves, rather than pressing upon the reader my own conclusions."

The perusal of the "Democracy in America" should not be undertaken in these days without an abiding recognition of the changes that have occurred in the United States since the book was written—a period, it will be remembered, of more than sixty-five years. Some of the most noteworthy changes will therefore be brought to mind.

The vast territory beyond the Mississippi is no longer an unknown wilderness, but is covered by organized States and Territories. Alaska has been purchased. The inhabitants of the country have increased from thirteen millions in 1830 to nearly sixty-three millions in 1890. More than one fourth of the people now live in cities. The center of population has moved westward on the line of the thirty-ninth parallel, like a star, till it approaches the meridian of Indianapolis. Ohio takes rank with Virginia as the mother of Presidents—Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Harrison, McKinley, being Ohioans, as Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Tyler, were Virginians. The Atlantic is much nearer to the Pacific than it was to the Mississippi sixty-five years ago; continental railroads were not then thought of. Great cities have arisen, with their numberless intricacies of administration and government.

The problems arising from diversity of race have wholly changed. The Indians have dwindled till they scarcely number a quarter of a million, and slavery has gone. As to the red men, the question is now one of education and civilization. As to the blacks, the question is their adaptation to the political freedom conferred upon them. Large numbers of Jews have taken up their residence here—not a few of them involuntary exiles. The number of undesirable immigrants has increased to such an extent that restrictions have been thought necessary, especially upon the incoming of the Chinese and of European paupers. Relations with oriental Asia have become most important. The Hawaiian Islands have been annexed as an outpost in the Pacific. We are at war with Spain, and the

country rings with discussions as to our permanent occupancy of the Spanish possessions in the West Indies and the Philippines.

It is easy to imagine the eagerness with which Tocqueville, if he could revisit this country, would turn to these race questions. For example, in two recent magazines he might find a negro and an Indian considering the future of their races.¹ The Indian is the last chief of the Pottowatomie Pokagon band, whose father, in 1833, about the time of Tocqueville's visit, conveyed Chicago, embracing the Fair grounds and surrounding country, to the United States, for about three cents per acre. As to the future of the red man, he says, it seems almost certain that in time he will lose identity by amalgamation with the dominant race. Here is this quaint forecast of Simon Pokagon:

I do not wish it to be understood that I advocate or desire the amalgamation of our people with the white race. But I speak of it as an event that is almost certain; and we had much better rock with the boat that oars us on than fight against the inevitable. I am frequently asked: "Pokagon, do you believe that the white man and the red man were originally of one blood?" My reply has been: "I do not know; but from the present outlook, they surely will be."

The index-finger of the past and present is pointing to the future, showing most conclusively that by the middle of the next century all Indian reservations and tribal relations will have passed away. Then our people will begin to scatter; and the result will be a general mixing up of the races. Through intermarriage the blood of our people, like the waters that flow into the great ocean, will be forever lost in the dominant race; and generations yet unborn will read in history of the red men of the forest, and inquire, "Where are they?" In other words, extinction is the doom of the Indian race—extinction by amalgamation.

The outlook of the negro is very different. Dr. W. E. B. Dubois, a graduate of Harvard University, and a very good writer, has simultaneously published an article on the strivings of his race. "How does it feel to be a problem?" is the supposed inquiry which he proceeds to answer. His outlook is just the reverse of Pokagon's:

The negro [he says] does not wish to bleach his negro blood in a flood of white Americanism; for he believes, foolishly, perhaps, but fervently, that negro blood has yet a message for the world. The freedman has not yet found in freedom his promised land. The shadow of a deep disappointment rests upon him. The suffrage was not a

¹ In "The Atlantic Monthly" and "The Forum" for August, 1897, respectively.

panacea, nor was book-learning. There is a sickening despair among the best of the Afro-Americans which would discourage any nation save that black host to whom discouragement is an unwritten word. But now the dawn of hope appears—the ideal of fostering the traits and talents of the negro, so that two world-races, the white and the black, may give each to each those characteristics which both so sadly lack.

Next to the changes in the question of races, it is important to notice that the equality in material possessions which prevailed sixty years ago has disappeared on the one hand in immense fortunes; on the other extreme, in the slums. Gigantic corporations influence and often control legislation in Congress and in the legislatures of the States. "Trusts" are among the latest developments of financial power.

The rise of universities, scientific schools, public libraries, and museums of natural science and the fine arts, is one of the most hopeful characteristics of the period under review.

Its worst development is that of political machinery—the evolution of bosses who control by the most subtle agencies the political action of the people.

Intelligent philanthropy, careful inquiry into the conditions of the unfortunate, deficient, and vicious, has been supplemented by generous contributions for their improvement or reformation, by private individuals as well as by States and cities, and in these reformatory movements women have borne the noblest part.

It is now time to turn from the origin and reception of the "Democracy in America" to a consideration of its contents, most of which will be found to have permanent value; a part, only temporary significance. The reader must again be reminded that the first volume appeared several years earlier than the second. Each of these divisions has a distinct purpose, which will be apparent as this analysis proceeds.

The first sentence of Tocqueville's introduction gives the key-note to the volume. That note is Equality. Nothing in the United States struck the author more forcibly than "the general equality of condition among the people." He perceived that "this equality of condition is the fundamental fact from which all others seem to be derived, and the central point at which all his observations constantly terminated." He then turned to Europe and "observed that equality of condition, though it has not *there* reached the extreme limit which it

seems to have attained in the United States, is constantly approaching it; and that the democracy which governs the American communities appears to be rapidly rising into power in Europe." He regarded the gradual development of the principle of Equality as "a providential fact," universal, durable, and elusive of human interference. All events and all men contribute to its progress. It appeared to him that sooner or later the French would arrive, like the Americans, at an almost complete equality of condition, though their form of government might remain different. He confessed that in America he saw more than America. He sought there the image of Democracy itself, with its inclinations, its character, its prejudices, and its passions, in order to learn what the French have to fear or to hope from its progress.

In view of these utterances, and of many more of like tenor, it is fair to say that Tocqueville's book is a study of Political Equality, based upon phenomena visible in the United States after half a century of constitutional government. It is philosophy, not descriptions nor statistics, which gives permanence to the treatise, and makes it attractive to each succeeding generation.

In consequence of the circumstances in which American society was organized, and especially because of the fundamental changes introduced in the laws of inheritance, there is "a greater equality in point of fortune and intellect; or, in other words, men are more equal in their strength than in any other country of the world, or in any age of which history has preserved the remembrance." This is our traveler's opinion.

The doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, which lies at the basis of American politics, in Tocqueville's opinion, came out of the townships, especially of New England, and took possession of the state. The value of local self-government or of provincial institutions was, therefore, distinctly brought out by the writer. It was not the administrative but the political effects of this decentralization that he most admired. By constant participation in the duties of the citizen, Americans became aware of their rights and their responsibilities. Although they may be slow in their acceptance of improvements, and may often make great blunders, yet in his opinion they are firm in opposing every approach toward monarchical or despotic authority, and fully appreciate the value of decentralized administration.

It is here important for us to remember

that since Tocqueville's time, throughout the vast territory of the United States, more and more responsibility has been thrown upon the Federal government. The war intensified this tendency. For the protection of the country from internal or external enemies, and also for the promotion of inter-commerce between the States, it has been discovered that the national authority must be invoked. This reliance, however, is controlled and regulated by the deep-seated consciousness of the people that the rights of the separate States are not to be superseded by the acts of the central government, and that the rights of towns, counties, and districts are to be protected against the arbitrary interference of legislatures. The tendency to yield to the State the control of many departments of city government is also apparent. It proceeds simultaneously with the union of large cities with their vicinities into great and greater municipalities. It is associated with the difficulties involved in providing for the complex requirements of modern cities, which call for the experience and judgment of trained experts, rather than the common sense of elected officers, chosen without experience from the ranks of the people.

After a study of the Federal constitution, and especially of the judiciary, Tocqueville proceeded to inquire how true might be the assertion that the people govern in the United States. This introduces the subject of parties and their two chief weapons—newspapers and public associations. Even then the number of periodical publications in this country was "incredibly large," and the influence of the press "immense." The American freedom of association also attracted his attention; and he spoke of this freedom as a protection against every form of tyranny.

Perhaps the most interesting chapters of Tocqueville's first volume are those in which he discusses universal suffrage and the election laws. Here, as elsewhere, his opinions are well balanced. To his surprise, he found in the United States much talent among the citizens, but little in the government. He wrote of the statesmen of 1831-32 as men in recent years have talked of their chosen representatives. Asserting that the race of American statesmen had evidently dwindled most remarkably in the course of the fifty years previous to 1830, Tocqueville argued that universal suffrage is by no means a guaranty of the wisdom of the popular choice—a question that nobody discusses in

1898. He found the Senate far superior to the House, and attributed its superiority to the fact that the Senate is elected by elected people, the House by the people directly. The absence of official costumes and badges attracted his attention; and the absence of unpaid offices he regarded as one of the most prominent signs of the absolute dominion which democracy exercises. The substitution of paid for unpaid functionaries was, in his opinion, "sufficient to constitute a real revolution." Nevertheless, he thinks that a democratic state tends to be parsimonious toward its principal agents. In America, he says, the secondary officers are much better paid and the higher functionaries much worse than elsewhere. On the whole, he concluded that the democratic government of the Americans "is not a cheap government." If this was so sixty years ago, we may well inquire, What is it now?

Then comes a judicial consideration, extending over thirty pages, of the limitations and advantages of a democracy. He cannot foretell what degree of effort a democratic government might make in an international crisis. He doubts its power of sustained effort. He does not foresee the marvelous determination which was to be put forth, a generation later, for the preservation of the Union, the stores of wealth, the precious lives, the years of anxiety which would be consecrated on the altar of patriotism. He does not suspect the strength of the tie which binds the United States together, nor foresee the sacrifices which would be made when the national existence was threatened with disruption. Nor has he the least prevision of the strength with which all parts of the country would unite in the face of a foreign foe.

In trivial things, he says, a democracy finds it difficult to conquer the passions and desires of the moment. For example, fraudulent bankruptcies, lynch law, and unrestrained drunkenness are cited; but the defects inherent in democratic institutions are most apparent in the conduct of foreign affairs. Foreign politics require the perfect use of almost all those qualities in which a democracy is deficient.

On the whole, the defects and weaknesses of democratic government are obvious; its advantages require long observation. A majority of the citizens may be subject to error, but they cannot have an interest opposed to their own welfare. Bad laws may be passed, but they are not in the interest of classes. Bad officers may be chosen, but

their interests are identified with those of a majority of their fellow-citizens. "The general and constant influence of the government is beneficial, although the individuals who conduct it are frequently unskilful, and sometimes contemptible."

The enthusiasm of Americans for their country strikes Tocqueville as remarkable. How happens it, he asks, that immigrants, arrived but yesterday, take such an interest in its politics? And he replies, "Because every one in his sphere takes an active part in the government of society." This patriotism is often irritating and embarrassing. The words with which Tocqueville expounds the respect for rights which is shown by Americans, and the affection they entertain for law, are chosen with sagacity. The political activity of Americans is even more remarkable than their liberty and equality.

Probably the portion of Tocqueville's work which is most frequently read is that section of one hundred pages which constitutes the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters. Here he introduces that significant phrase, "the tyranny of the majority," which has so often been employed in political discussions. The excessive liberty which reigns in the United States does not alarm the observer so much as the inadequate securities against tyranny.

What sort of tyranny does our author apprehend? He first mentions the arbitrary authority of public officers who dare do things at which even a European, accustomed to arbitrary power, is astonished. Then he complains that there is so little independence of mind and real freedom of discussion. "Freedom of opinion does not exist in America" is one of his dicta. He attributes to the ever-increasing despotism of the majority the small number of distinguished men in political life. "It seems at first sight as if all the minds of the Americans were formed upon one model, so accurately do they follow the same route." "I know of no country in which there is so little independence of mind and real freedom of discussion as in America."

In the perusal of such passages as these, it must be remembered that at the period of Tocqueville's visit this country was in a state of political quiet. The great antislavery contest had not begun. If Tocqueville's visit had been twenty or thirty years later, he would not have lamented "the absence of manly candor and masculine independence." Nor would he think so now. But he might apprehend in these days, as he did in those, that

the day may come when the omnipotence of the majority may urge the minority to desperation, and oblige them to have recourse to physical force. The writings of Madison and Jefferson, the latter "the most powerful advocate democracy has ever had," supported his apprehensions.

Nevertheless, he indicates important counterpoises. One of these is our decentralization. The governments of towns, counties, and States are "concealed breakwaters" which check or part the tide of popular determinations. The profession of the law is another security against the excesses of democracy. Without an "admixture of lawyer-like sobriety with the democratic principle," he questions whether democratic institutions could long be maintained. Trial by jury contributes, as he believes, to the practical intelligence and good sense of the Americans. "The jury, which is the most energetic means of making the people rule, is also the most efficacious means of teaching it to rule well."

The author next discusses three causes which tend to maintain the democratic republic in the United States, the first of which is the peculiar situation of the country, remote from powerful neighbors and without a metropolis, and with an empty country to be brought under political control. Historical antecedents are still potent. He fully appreciates the English origin of the early settlers, who bequeathed to their descendants the customs, manners, and opinions most essential to the success of a republic. "Methinks I see the destiny of America embodied in the first Puritan who landed on these shores, just as the whole human race was represented by the first man." The second cause which contributes to the stability of the American republic is found in the laws, especially in the federal form of government, the township institutions, and the constitution of the judicial power. Upon a third cause the author dwells longest. For this he uses the word *mœurs*, equivalent to "manners," although both in French and in English it is necessary to expound the significance of the term. By *mœurs*, or manners, the author means "the various notions and opinions current among men," or, as he says elsewhere, "the moral and intellectual characteristics of men in society." Among these religion must be seriously discussed: for although it takes no direct part in the government, it must be regarded as the first of political institutions; it marches hand in hand with freedom. In

America the clergy but rarely occupy any political station. In his opinion, Catholics as well as Protestants rejoice in the separation of church and state. Education is likewise potent because of its universality. Moreover, in the Eastern States at least, democracy has penetrated into customs, opinions, and forms of social intercourse. On the whole, he concludes that in regulating and directing American society physical circumstances are less efficient than the laws, and the laws much less efficient than the "manners" and customs of the people,—religion, education, and a democratic instinct.

The remainder of this part of the "Democracy" is devoted to a study of the Indian and negro races, and to the probability that the Union will be preserved. All this part of the work has now little more than historical interest; for, as every one knows, the Indians are nearly gone, slavery is quite gone, and the possible dissolution of the Union has been settled by the arbitrament of war. The doctrine of nullification is almost forgotten. The government of the United States has entered upon new problems unforeseen by Tocqueville. It has anxieties and alarms not thought of sixty years ago. It has dangers, tendencies, difficulties that call for wisdom, patience, education, patriotism. But, in spite of them all, it appears as certain at the end of the nineteenth century as it did fifty years after the Constitution was adopted, that the time will come, as Tocqueville remarked at the conclusion of his first volume,

... when one hundred and fifty millions of men will be living in North America, equal in condition, all belonging to one family, owing their origin to the same cause, and preserving the same civilization, the same language, the same religion, the same habits, the same manners, and imbued with the same opinions, propagated under the same forms. The rest is uncertain; but this is certain, and it is a fact new to the world—a fact which the imagination strives in vain to grasp.

The key-note to the second part of the "Democracy in America" is given in the author's advertisement. Many feelings and opinions which were unknown in aristocratic societies of the Old World have been created in the New. To a considerable extent these are due to "the principle of Equality." He proceeds to discuss the influence of this principle upon intellectual life, feelings, "manners," and the development of political society.

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To many readers this part of the treatise is the most interesting and suggestive, possibly because of the quality which Mr. Bryce has termed "edificatory." The author continually appears as one who would like to influence the healthy development of democratic government. He is not merely a pathologist pointing out the nature of political diseases: he is a physician whose diagnosis suggests treatment. In the opinion of Tocqueville, the Americans have but little interest in political philosophy. They have more receptivity for general ideas than the English, but they have less than the French. In the maintenance of their religion the Americans care comparatively little for forms. This is as true of the Roman Catholics as of all other Christians. The clergy keep aloof from political entanglements. Roman Catholicism on the one hand and Pantheism on the other make advances.

The next theme that is discussed may bring a smile to the face of the Americans of to-day. "The example of the Americans does not prove that a democratic people can have no aptitude and no taste for science, literature, or art." Yet "it is to practical rather than to theoretical science that the Americans naturally turn." In the arts they seek not so much for the highest excellence as for wide acceptability. "They raise some insignificant monuments and others that are very grand." Properly speaking, says Tocqueville, the United States "have at present no literature." "The only authors whom I acknowledge as American are journalists." He urges all who aspire to literary excellence in democratic nations "to refresh themselves frequently at the springs of ancient literature." He believes that the English language has been modified by the Americans, and that they have yielded to the democratic tendency to make use of abstract words. He adduces his own use of the word Equality as an illustration. A writer of the age of Louis XIV would never have thought of using the word Equality without applying it to some particular thing. Tocqueville even ventures to speculate upon the themes that democratic poets will select. Legends and traditions, supernatural beings, and personifications—all these will fail him, "but man remains, and the poet needs no more." Inflation is the snare to which poets and orators are alike exposed. The tendency of the drama is not elevating. Even historical writings will be modified by democratic environment.

When the author proceeds to a study of the influence of democracy on the feelings of Americans, he affirms that the first and

most intense passion which is produced by equality of conditions is the love of that equality. Individualism often appears on an exaggerated scale, but its evils are opposed by free institutions which tend to secure the attention of rich and poor alike to public affairs. Associations of every kind are formed. "Wherever at the head of some new undertaking you see the government in France, or a man of rank in England, in the United States you will be sure to find an association." Newspapers are the natural outgrowth of associations, and the power of the press must increase as the social conditions of men become more equal. America is the "one country on the face of the earth where the citizens enjoy unlimited freedom of association for political purposes." The principle of interest, rightly understood, is applied to the restraint of individualism and also to the promotion of religion. Several chapters are devoted to the love of enjoyment. The traveler is apparently surprised by what seems most natural, the wide-spread desire for physical comfort, which often (as it appears to him) amounts to a passion. Although the desire of acquiring the good things of this world is the prevailing passion of the Americans, now and then there are outbursts of fanaticism. The Americans are serious and sad even in their pleasures. There are few idle men. Religion exercises a dominant force. Almost all Americans follow industrial callings, and they carry their businesslike qualities even into agriculture. From the building up of manufactures, there is danger that an aristocracy may be established. "If ever a permanent inequality of conditions and aristocracy again penetrate into the world, this is the gate by which they will enter."

The third book of the second part is devoted to the "manners properly so called" of the Americans. It is almost impossible to give a summary of this part of the work, because it is so full of special observations upon minor points, such as the easy intercourse of Americans with one another, their sensitiveness to criticism, and their national vanity, the relations of masters and servants, rents, wages, and education. The aspect of society he finds at once excited and monotonous. The author discovers an innumerable multitude who seek to emerge from their original condition, but hardly any appear to entertain hopes of great magnitude or to pursue very lofty aims. This surprises him. From these remarks upon American habits, Tocqueville passes on to the consideration of revolutions

and wars. In this section he appears to be governed by the lessons of philosophy and the experience of history rather than by his scrutiny of American affairs. France, not America, is before his eyes.

The same remark applies to book fourth, which is a summary of the author's political philosophy, derived from observation, reflection, comparison, and from the teachings of other ages. The one general idea underlying this section is this: that whereas in the ages of aristocracy there were private persons of great power and a social authority of great weakness, unity and uniformity nowhere to be met with, now in modern society individuality is disappearing. "The government has become almost omnipotent, and private persons are falling more and more into the lowest stages of weakness and dependence." He wishes that the legislators of the day "would try a little more to make great men," and that they would never forget "that a nation cannot long remain strong when every man belonging to it is individually weak, and that no form or combination of social polity can make an energetic people out of a community of pusillanimous and enfeebled citizens." The closing words of the "Democracy in America" are in a minor key. The sight of such universal uniformity as he foresees "saddens and chills" the prophetic observer. He is full of "apprehensions and hopes." He perceives mighty dangers in democracy, but he believes that they may be avoided or alleviated, if the nations but will it. "They cannot prevent the conditions of men from becoming equal; but it depends upon themselves whether the principle of equality is to lead them to servitude or freedom; to knowledge or barbarism; to prosperity or wretchedness."

After thus reviewing the memoir of Tocqueville, the writer is led to these conclusions:

The present condition of democracy in America, when compared with that of sixty years ago, is encouraging. The battle is still waging, and there is a good deal of confusing noise and smoke. Yet all the main positions of democracy have been held. There is no tendency to abandon the fundamental principles of republican government. The voice of the people is still the law of the land. Equality before the law and equality of political rights are firmly established. Slavery has gone. No entangling alliances have been made with foreign powers. Popular education is universal. Religious freedom is secure. Therefore, in the face of certain

discouraging events, in the face of bad municipal administration and of erroneous views respecting national finance, and in spite of a superficial readiness to be offensive and threatening to other nations, the memory of battles fought and won gives strength to every patriot. Nobody is really despondent; not many think they are discouraged. Everybody knows that human nature is receptive of instruction, and that

it takes a great deal longer to educate seventy millions of people than it does to educate the few who are at leisure for study and reflection. Already we rest secure in freedom from caste and class, in the diffusion of knowledge, in the wide-spread enjoyment of physical comfort, and in abiding respect for law and order. On foundations like these the future development of democracy in this country most certainly depends.

SPAIN AND HER AMERICAN COLONIES.

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THE year 1763 was one of mighty import to the North American continent. The treaty of Paris sealed what the gallantry of Wolfe had won, and at last the English-American colonies were free from the cloud of Indian incursion stirred up by France, which for so long had checked their growth. The continent, north and south, was now mainly shared by two countries instead of three—Great Britain and Spain. But how different the origin, how different the development, of their colonies had been!—those of Spain founded upon the romantic exploits of the Conquistadores, those of Britain seeking, in a simpler and humbler way, a new home, new industries, wider liberties. In one the priest followed the warrior, converted and enslaved the natives who escaped the sword, and put the infant settlements under the bondage of ecclesiasticism. In the other also there was sometimes ecclesiasticism, but it tried to grasp the consciences of the emigrants, not the bodies of the natives. There was monkery as against Puritanism; the thirst for gold as against the desire for civil and religious liberty; native labor under the foreign taskmaster as against English husbandmen painfully conquering a nigardly soil.

The Devon fishermen on the Newfoundland Banks were enriching and upbuilding an empire more surely than the Spanish adventurers with their slave-gangs, their mines of gold, and the kingdoms at their feet.

But while it yet lasted, what picture can compare with the Spanish conquest of a new

world in the restless sixteenth century? Valiant soldier, cruel inquisitor, helpless chief, and suffering native, in history as in romance, pass in ceaseless stream before our eyes, and now we see the end of it all. Even while we are watching, the last of Spain's mighty conquests are wrenched from her by a people undreamed of when she won them. A brilliant picture; a striking contrast. Is there meaning in it? Is it the result of great causes which we can trace, and in doing so say, That way lies disaster?

The colony which had sprung from this sixteenth-century seed was an ideal monopoly. It was administered, built up, defended, for the sake of the mother country. No foreign ships could trade with it, no foreign houses establish themselves in it. Manufacturing was discouraged, sometimes forbidden, as well as the purchase of supplies from or the sale of staples to a foreign market. This protected market for home manufactures, this exclusive trade, was the return which the mother country got for the protection and aid which she afforded. This was the "colonial system," an outgrowth of the mercantile system. It completely dominated both politics and commerce until the close of the last century. The "open door" is a modern idea; and it is not every nation, even now, that hangs the latch-string out. Besides its commercial value, the colonial system was advocated as building up a marine which, like a reservoir, could be drawn upon for ships and for seamen in naval war. This exclusiveness was a weakness as well as a

strength. For the stronger navy could cut its enemy off from communicating with her colonies. And if, to maintain intercourse, neutral ships were licensed to engage in the trade, the belligerent seized them too, as taking on a hostile character.

This theory of colonial monopoly was common to all states. It reflected the economic ideas of the time. And it certainly was better than the ancient plan of squeezing tribute in cash from a nation's dependencies.

There was another characteristic of the last-century colonies—their administration by viceroys or governors-general or deputy governors, sent out for the purpose, very often with neither knowledge nor capacity nor will to serve the interests of the colony. This official was not in fact sent to serve them, but rather to hamper them. For if they grew, it must be at the mother country's expense. This diversity instead of unity of interests meant friction and discontent.

Thus the evils of monopoly and of administration went hand in hand. We are sufficiently familiar with them in our own colonial history. But we may not realize that in Spain's possessions they were far greater. "No European nation carried its colonial monopoly so far as Spain, or enforced it with so much rigour," writes Lewis, in his "Essay on the Government of Dependencies." Her colonies were not permitted to trade with one another. At times their cultivation of staple products like the vine and the olive was forbidden, because the mother also grew them, and wanted the colonial market. The Council of the Indies, after 1542, was the highest judicial authority in colonial affairs. Its powers related to finance, police, church, the army, and trade as well. Under this council were the viceroys, keeping up great state, once very powerful, but with dwindling prerogatives as time went on. The *audiencias* were a court of second instance. In but few instances had a viceroy been colonial-born. The child born of pure Spanish stock, but in the colony, was not eligible to office, nor socially the equal of the Spanish-born. The colonies had not been founded upon agriculture, but upon mining. Moreover, the climate made field work hardly practicable for the whites, so that there was no such class as the early stock which cleared the land and tilled the soil in the English colonies north of the Potomac. Instead there was a great preponderance of natives, with a considerable mixed race and African importations. This complicated the questions of local self-government, and made the men of European

blood to claim it relatively few. The church held an excessive share of the soil, and exerted a baleful influence upon the colony life. The growing decadence of Spain was reflected in her colonies, although in the last quarter of the last century they were freed from some of their restrictions and saw better times. On the whole, however, the drawbacks of climate, misgovernment, clericalism, and class feeling, added to a radically false system, produced a result far less hopeful than that worked out in the northern colonies of Dutch and English blood.

We come now to the present century.

The lesson of the American Revolution, though not wasted upon the British government, was not thoroughly learned for more than fifty years. It required an insurrectionary movement in Canada, in 1837, to bring the British people to its senses. The movement was abortive, but its investigation led to reforms which have altered the whole scheme of English colonial government. Little is left to be desired now, because the colonies can have what they want.

The great self-governing colonies of the Empire, like Canada and New Zealand, subject to a rarely exercised veto power in the hands of the crown, make their own laws, lay their own duties and taxes, decide upon their own policy, under party government. The mother country stands ready to defend them—sacrifices herself for their interests. They, rather than she, benefit by the connection. And the smaller crown colonies scattered over the face of the waters, though in closer dependence in the matters of legislation and of duties, find that their interests are the ones to be considered and preferred. Both classes of colonies may trade with all the world. And the results have been, in the main, prosperity, contentment, loyalty, and readiness for a closer tie to England, if the destinies of the Empire demand. English colonial greatness is really a product of this century. It is based upon a reformed colonial administration, and freedom of commerce and of government. It was part of the Reform movement.

Contrast with this development that of the colonies of Spain. The colonial system gradually passed away, but its spirit remains. A discriminating duty in favor of the home product, as in the case of flour in Cuba, compels purchase in the dearer, not the natural, market. An arbitrary governor, with his swarm of Spanish officials, emphasizes the absence of the privilege of self-government. To be a native of the soil is a mark of in-

feriority. Corrupt office-holders, it is said, misuse the resources of the place. Religious houses, as in the Philippines, like locusts, eat up the land. Thus it is to-day. Thus it was in the early years of the century, when Napoleon's attack, invited by Spain's weakness, gave the Central and South American colonies their opportunity.

It was not the revolt of a united people, urged on by a sense of oppression, and resolved at all hazards to be free, which the decade 1810-20 witnessed. It was rather the working out of European hostilities, of political intrigues, of personal ambitions, of the revolutionary and liberalized spirit of the time, in a scattering volley of insurrections, illumined here and there by patriotism and self-sacrifice, and all eventually gravitating to the republican form.

In this movement the Colombian states occupy the first place, because of their closer connection with the Antilles and with Europe, and their greater commercial importance.

Venezuela, in 1810, renounced the Spanish authority, elected a junta, and entered into relations with other juntas which in 1811 published a declaration of independence. Twelve years of struggle were needed to make this declaration good. Four times the control of the provinces changed hands, and the figure of Bolivar appears as liberator and dictator, as patriotic soldier and tyrannical statesman.

Buenos Ayres, at the other extreme of progress, was twice occupied by English forces, 1806-07, but they were too few to hold what they had won. Nor did the agents of France fare better. After the abdication of their legitimate king, the colonists lost no time in asserting their independence, little resistance being offered. This was in 1810. Their excess of energy led them in arms into Peru and Uruguay, while their privateers carried their flag into the waters of the Pacific.

In the cellar of a stately house in New Haven, built by one of these privateersmen, there is a tablet let into the wall, and thus inscribed:

To the owner of this house ——— a native citizen of Huntingdon this State and at present Consul General of the United Provinces of South America of which Buenos-Ayres is the capital where he resided for many years and assisted in establishing its Independence, greeting. I have caused this beautiful building to be erected for your use as well as mine, and have taken much pains to accommodate you for which you will never pay; and being no relative of mine, I demand

that you assemble your friends together on every 25th day of May in honor of the Independence of South America it being on that day in the year 1810 that the inhabitants of Buenos Ayres established a free Government. New Haven 1820.

But the scattered and half-civilized plainsmen were but ill prepared for an independent political life, and their future hardly answered the expectations of the altruistic privateersman. Shrinking from the anarchy which confronted them, in 1814 they hawked their sovereignty about, to find that neither England nor any other European state, even Spain itself, would accept it. In 1816 a constitution after the United States pattern was adopted. It lasted four years only, then gave way to twenty years of civil war, despotism, and chaos, with the sinister figure of Rosas the dictator at the end of the period.

Chile had thrown off the yoke of Spanish authority in 1810, under the pretext of fidelity to its dethroned king. It could not, however, maintain its independent existence alone; and in 1814 Spain regained control, to lose it, three years later, at the hands of San Martin of the Argentine. Its climate and soil, the character of its people, its wealth and success in war, have raised Chile in our day to the first place among the South American republics.

Peru was the last stronghold of Spain on the American continent. The struggle for independence came late, and was won in 1832 only through the aid of Chile and Colombia. Bolivar was dictator until 1825, and the next year the republic of Bolivia was carved out of its northern provinces.

Mexico, between independence and the republican goal, tried a monarchical experiment. After ten years of incoherent internal warfare between royalists and revolutionaries, Iturbide set up an independent constitutional monarchy in 1821, which was recognized by the Spanish viceroy, but not by Spain itself. He could not maintain himself, resigned in 1823, returned to Mexico for another venture in 1824, and was shot. In 1824 a federal republic was set up, under a republican constitution.

And, lastly, the several intendancies which made up the captain-generalcy of Guatemala — that is, Central America — declared themselves independent. Neglected by Spain, after Mexico on the north and New Granada on the south had become free, they followed their neighbors' example. They met with no resistance. For once independence was won without the shedding of blood.

These are the bald facts of the loss of her

principal colonies by Spain. The reasons for her weak resistance are found in her domestic troubles, arising from the French intervention. The disaffection of the colonies and their grievances seem to have been recognized; and, to assure their fidelity, the junta constituted them an integral part of the nation, with representation in the Cortes, nine delegates from America and one from the Philippines, about a fifth of the whole body.

This was a gleam of better government in the midst of the darkness. But the colonies were not satisfied. Revolution was in the air, their legitimate king dethroned, the abuses of administration fresh in mind, and they saw so much more within their grasp. Moreover, this betterment was soon lost to them. For in 1814, after Ferdinand's restoration, that despotic and contemptible intriguer abolished the Cortes, reestablished the Inquisition, and overthrew the liberal constitution of 1812. The revolutionary movement, eight years later, forced the king to restore this constitution; but he was enabled to set up despotic government again by the intervention of France, carrying out the mandate of the Congress of Verona. The success of this step emboldened the Holy Alliance to undertake an extension of its system to this continent, to restore its revolted colonies to Spain. Canning's protest took the form of recognition of the independence of these colonies, which the United States had done the year before, while President Monroe warned the members of the Alliance that if they sought to extend their practice of intervention in favor of absolutism to this hemisphere, they would have this country to deal with. The mere threat was enough.

In this even balance between the forces of liberalism and of despotism in Spain the unlikelihood of colonial reform is evident. The beginnings of constitutional liberty under the regency were crushed out at the Restoration, and the king had the mass of his people to back him. When the government grew intolerable again, and the enlightened element revolted, the outside forces of absolutism combined against it. The colonies would have suffered the same fate but for the counter-influence of the English-speaking peoples. Napoleon's attack upon Spain gave her colonies their opportunity, but their independence dates from the later period of reaction—an independence for which, indeed, they were but scantily equipped by previous training in local self-government.

It was not oppression alone that drove these colonies to revolt from their king. It was not his abdication alone which released them. An opportunity which they had not made, a government which they could not endure, commercial and social inequalities, the impossibility of reform, the more liberal spirit abroad in the civilized world—all these combined to push them over the brink of revolution. But their eventual success was not gained unaided.

It has already been said that England learned the lesson of the American Revolution, while Spain has never heeded it nor the loss of her own colonies. Yet it really was not until fifty years ago that their methods sharply diverged. As early as 1778 Spain had begun to open her dependencies to foreign trade, and early in this century they were allowed to trade with one another. So, likewise, although great changes had been earlier made in the English colonies, the spirit of monopoly and of a restrictive policy was in force until about 1815. So far as relates to the evils of the colonial system, then, the two were not very unlike. But into the field of administrative reform and the grant of autonomous powers to her colonies, Spain never has entered. The abuses of the early part of the century characterize also its later years. Discrimination against the native-born, even of the purest Spanish stock; officials who regard the colony as a mine to be worked, not a trust to be administered; forced dependence upon the mother country for manufactures, even for produce, so far as duties can effect it; self-government stifled; representation in the Cortes denied or a nullity; a civil service unprogressive, ignorant, sometimes corrupt—compare these handicaps with the growth, the prosperity, the independence, above all, the decent and orderly administration, of the colonies of England. One of the wonderful things in this half-century is that army of British youth, with but little special training or genius, or even, perhaps, conscious sympathy for the work, learning to administer the great and growing Indian and colonial empire honestly and wisely and well, with courage and judgment equal to emergencies, animated by an every-day working sense of duty and honor, but not very often making any fuss or phrases about it. It is not that Spanish colonial government is worse than formerly, which is costing it now so dear, but that it is no better, while the world's standard has advanced and condemns it. Never yet has Spain looked at her colonies with

their own welfare uppermost in her mind. She has never outgrown the old mistaken theories. Her fault is medievalism, alias ignorance.

It is not a cause for wonder, therefore, quite apart from special sources of discontent, that Cuba, which, by position is thrown into contact with progressive peoples, should chafe at her leading-strings. Without reference to the corruption and cruelty, arrogance, injustice, and repression which are alleged against the mother country, without rhetoric and without animosity, we may fairly say that Spain is losing Cuba, perhaps all her colonies, simply because she has not conformed to the standard of the time in the matter of colonial government. If England had not altered her own methods, her colonies would long since have abandoned her as opportunity offered. The wonder really is that Spain has held hers so long; for Cuba, at least, owing to its exceptional fertility and posi-

tion, has relatively outstripped its declining mother.

There remains the moral of the story.

If we are not mistaken as to the fundamental causes of Spain's colonial weakness, other colonial powers must take warning also, and the United States in particular, if it yields to the temptations, or, as many say, assumes the divinely ordered responsibilities, of the situation. For its protective system is a derivative of the mercantile system, as the colonial system was. If it becomes a colonial power, but attempts by heavy duties to limit the foreign trade of its colonies, if it administers those colonies through officials of the spoils type, if it fails to enlarge the local liberties and privileges of its dependencies up to the limit of their receptive powers,—if, in short, it holds colonies for its own aggrandizement instead of their well-being,—it will be but repeating the blunders of Spain, and the end will be disaster.

ORCHARDS BY THE SEA.

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

ALONG the northern coast they stand,
These groups of rugged apple-trees,
Grim outposts of the fruitful land,
Defying winds and seas.

The waves that beat the rocks below
For long have shaken branch and root,
Yet the gnarled boughs again will show
Their meager yield of fruit.

And inland apples, softly kissed
On quiet boughs by dew and rain,
Unflavored by the salt-sea mist,
Untaught by the sea's pain,

But tamely live, and never share
Those secrets of the elder seas
Once held inviolate by the fair
Fruits of Hesperides.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

MRS. JOHN TRAVIS (ELIZABETH BOND).

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

CONSPICUOUS among the belles at the romantic André's famous *Mischianza*, noted alike for their beauty and their wit, were Williamina and Rebecca Bond, daughters of Dr. Phineas Bond, one of the most prominent of colonial physicians, and his wife, Williamina Moore, granddaughter of David, fourth Earl of Wemyss. The elder of the two daughters, Williamina, became the wife of General John Cadwalader, and was the mother of Frances Cadwalader, Lady Erskine, whose portrait by Stuart was given in *THE CENTURY* for April, 1898. Their youngest sister, Elizabeth, who was a child of seven when the fête was held in Philadelphia, at the old Wharton House, that is so brilliantly pictured in "*Hugh Wynne*," married, on attaining her majority, John Travis, an Englishman, who settled in the United States after the Revolutionary War; and their daughter Ann became the second wife of David Montague, Lord Erskine, four months after the demise of her cousin Frances, who was his first wife; and Ann Bond Travis was the third woman of Philadelphia birth elevated to the peerage by the family of Erskine, the great Lord Chancellor having also married a Quaker city belle.

That Mrs. Travis kept up the well-earned reputation of her family for "personal charms and charms of person" is clearly depicted by Stuart's brush; and a comparison of this picture, in the beautiful engraving by Mr. Wolf, with the other portraits that have been given in this series, will do much to give an understanding of Stuart's power in fixing upon the canvas the individuality and typical character of his sitters, and also to show how delicate could be his usually robust hand. Mrs. Travis died October 10, 1814, in her forty-fourth year, and her portrait has descended to her granddaughter, Mrs. Ann Bond Shober of Philadelphia, who, but for coiffure and costume, might be mistaken for the subject of the painting. Stuart also painted a fine portrait of Mr. Travis.

Stuart returned to America from Scotland at a period of intense excitement.

The Boston Port Bill had just been received, assuring what the Stamp Act had initiated, and the Tories and the patriots were being marshaled according to their particular bias. It was no time for the peaceful arts; it was a time for action and for town meetings. Before the echoes of Lexington and Concord had died away, "Gilbert Stewart the snuff-grinder" hied himself away to Nova Scotia, leaving his wife and family behind. At this epoch Gilbert Stuart, the future painter, was in his twentieth year, and apparently had inherited from his father sentiments of loyalty to the crown, so that instead of going forth to battle for his native land, as many no older than he did, he embarked, the day before the action at Bunker Hill, for England, with the ostensible object of seeking the Mecca of all of our early artists, the studio of Benjamin West.

Once in London, Stuart's object to seek instruction in painting from West seems to have weakened, and he remained in the great metropolis fully two years before he knocked at the Newman-street door of the kindly Pennsylvanian. These months were occupied chiefly with a sister art in which Stuart was most proficient. He loved music more than he loved painting, a taste that never forsook him. He played upon several instruments, but his favorites were the organ and the flute; indeed, the story has come down that his last night in Newport, before sailing, was spent playing the flute under a lady's window.

This knowledge of music stood Stuart in good stead when an unknown youth in an unknown land. A few days after his arrival in London, hungry and penniless, he passed an open door of a church, through which came to his ear the strains of a feebly played organ. He ventured in, and found the vestry sitting in judgment upon several applicants for the position of organist. Receiving permission to enter the competition, he was selected for the position, at a salary of thirty pounds, after having satisfied the officials of his character by reference to Mr. William Grant, whose whole-length portrait he afterward painted.



ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

OWNED BY MRS. ANN BOND SHOBER.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. JOHN TRAVIS (ELIZABETH BOND).

HIS WORD OF HONOR.

BY BLISS PERRY.

WITH PICTURES BY MALCOLM FRASER.

I.

SHE came running down-stairs into the big, dimly lighted drawing-room, his card still in her hand.

"It is *Dr. Colburn*, I see," she exclaimed delightedly. "Let me congratulate you. Really, is n't it impressive!" She swept downward and backward in mock ceremony, with eyes fixed demurely upon the gleaming card which announced to the world that Samuel W. Colburn had been made an M. D.

"Thank you, Miss Warburton," said the young fellow, laughing. "It is the first time I have used one of them. You don't mind my experimenting upon you? I thought I detected Robert smiling a little when he took it up-stairs."

"Robert smiling? You alarm me, Dr. Colburn. No; we won't sit down here, after all. Come into my room, it's so very much cooler."

Miss Warburton led the way across the hall and into a tiny reception-room opening at the farther end upon a stone balcony, between whose carved balusters glistened the electric-lighted foliage of the park. The June night was oppressively hot, but a breath of sea-breeze found its way in from the balcony, and made the candles in the silver sconces throw momentary shadows upon the pale-damask walls. Colburn glanced around the room, and then at his hostess, with a delicious sense of intimacy. Often as he had called in the last six months, she had never received him here before, and he felt that it marked a new stage in their acquaintance. He settled himself as comfortably as he dared in his fragile chair, while she nestled among the sofa-pillows.

"Well," she said, in the spirit of scientific inquiry that befitted the daughter of a great surgeon, "please tell me exactly how you feel. It must be very interesting."

"You mean, how I feel to be graduated, and all that sort of thing?" he replied radiantly. "It's extremely pleasant."

"Don't be commonplace. How does it

really seem to win the hospital appointment and the first Harsen prize? Won't you analyze your sensations for me?"

"The prize?" he exclaimed. "I did not know I had won it; that is—your father hinted something of the sort, but—"

"Nonsense," said Dr. Warburton's daughter. "Papa told me all about it this morning. And I knew you would take it, anyway. To have given it to that horrid Chilian would have been for us to violate every tradition of the P. and S."

Colburn smiled at her identification of herself with the institution which had just honored him.

"I certainly have no fault to find with the decision; and the hospital appointment brings me back to New York again for a while, for one thing."

She was watching him keenly. "Of course you must stay in New York," she said rather rapidly. "Where else would you be satisfied? But you ought to take a thorough rest now, after the grind."

"It has been a grind," he admitted, shaking his square shoulders as if to throw off the memory of the load he had been carrying; "and the Chilian had the advantage of me in that he did n't go out at all. I was a little handicapped."

"Thank you," she said ironically. "Is that the extent of your gratitude to our dancing-class? And you are really sorry you have been asked to usher so often this season? And you actually repent of the dinners, now they have been eaten? That's just what I asked you in the first place. I want an analysis of your impressions, now that everything is over, and all the prizes are yours, and you need never be brilliant any more unless you please." She spoke in a low, almost quizzical tone, but her dark eyes were alert and her inquisitive, mobile face had a certain intentness as she spoke.

"Brilliant any more? That's very good of you. I may take my ease, may I? It will be such a new sensation, after the intellectual strain of a social season plus grinding for

a competitive examination! But seriously, Miss Warburton, there were a dozen in the class more clever than I. My only luck was in the constitution I brought down from Vermont. I can get home at two, work till five, sleep till nine, hear lectures and work

have seen to it that you were not asked out so much, if I had known."

Miss Warburton's assumption of responsibility for him was subtly flattering.

"Yes," he said, in a sort of confidence he had never shown her; "Kennedy and I came



"'REALLY, IS N'T IT IMPRESSIVE!'"

till eight, and keep it up as long as I like. Most men are used up by it."

"All men are used up by it," said Dr. Warburton's daughter, dogmatically; "some sooner than others, that is all. Do you know, I never imagined until lately that you and your friend in the law-school—Mr. Kennedy, is it?—were really working. I should

down here from Dartmouth three years ago, and neither of us knew anybody. People have been very kind. And then, I think we have enjoyed it all the more because it was so new to us. You don't get tired of dinners in two years. I say two, because the first winter we went out very little."

"And the last year," she murmured, as if

buried in abstract computation, "you have ushered at how many weddings?"

"Eleven; and I have been best man three times."

"And you have beaten the Chilian," she added, "and passed the best examination of any P. and S. man for six years. You have an admirable constitution, Dr. Colburn!"

But she was wondering not so much at the young fellow's freshness of color and clearness of eye as at his unsophistication of attitude, his inability to be bored. Her own zest for dinners had disappeared long before her second season was over. Miss Warburton was an eager girl, passionately fond of her dolls while they lasted, though endowed with fingers pitifully sensitive to the feel of the sawdust underneath the silk. The two excitements that had never yet failed her were dancing and driving. Mr. Colburn had been the most tireless dancer in her set the past winter, and it was he whom she happened to take up in her cart, that windy day in May, not five minutes before the mare ran with her; and he had kept on chatting as coolly as ever until she got the brute in hand again, and had been delicate enough not to offer—manlike—to take the reins himself.

She admitted to herself now, as she sat scrutinizing his face and catechizing him upon his New York experience, that she liked him. He was coming back to the city. Her father prophesied for Colburn a brilliant career. Obviously, she could in the future see more of him, if she chose; she could see as much of him as she liked. And beyond that? One's thoughts may go far on a June night when one is but two-and-twenty, and stretches out motherless hands imperiously toward a world that must, if the books say true, hold somewhere in reserve a boundless store of happiness.

"When do you go?" she asked abruptly.

"To-morrow. Indeed, I came to say goodbye. I suppose you will be out of town until October?"

"Very probably. You know, this is papa's summer to go abroad. Auntie and I are getting up a coaching-party for the last two weeks of June. You should see the new leaders papa has bought for me, by the way! Then, I imagine, we shall stay at Litchfield until September, and perhaps drive again after that—to the mountains, very likely. And you?"

"I? Oh, I shall be at home for three weeks, and then come back on the 1st of *July for the hospital work.*"

"You told me once where you lived; it 's in southern Vermont, is n't it?"

He bowed. "At North Enderby. It is on the map, and that 's about all."

"Why, wait!" she cried. "Is n't it somewhere near Wilmington?"

"Between Wilmington and Brattleboro."

"Of course! We are going to cross from Wilmington to Brattleboro on our trip north, week after next. Let me show you."

She darted across the room to a tiny escritoire, and returned with an old dance-card and pencil.

"Here is Litchfield," she said, sitting down cozily beside Dr. Colburn; "we start, of course, from there. The first day we go to Lenox,"—she made another dot on the back of the card,— "and the second to Williamstown; then to Bennington, and the fourth day to Wilmington"; she drew a line at right angles to the other; "and I want to cross to Brattleboro and go up the river. We drove to Manchester and Burlington last year. And I forgot to say—at Lenox"—the dainty pencil went down to the second dot—"we are going to pick up the Tarraways and Charlie McDuffer; and there will be my small brother, of course; but that leaves still one seat vacant." The pencil moved up across the card, and made a swift interrogation-point between Wilmington and Brattleboro. "Will you not join us? We do really need another man."

Colburn shifted rather uneasily in his slender chair.

"It would give me immense pleasure," he said; "but—"

"But you don't want to," she flashed back.

"On the contrary, I want to very much. I am simply questioning whether I ought. You know I have but three weeks at home anyway, and mother—"

"As you like," decided Miss Warburton, a trifle petulantly. "But you might give us a couple of days. And then, Auntie would be so relieved," she added gaily, "to have a surgeon in the party. You know, I am going to be the whip myself, and she always thinks I am so reckless. Come, just two days?"

"You will confine your recklessness to those two days?"

She glanced up at him. It was impossible to detect from his manner whether he wished any meaning to be attached to his words.

"I never make promises," she said. Her eyes fell, and the pencil began to trace aimless lines upon the card.

Colburn was trying to think fast. There

was just one reason for his hesitancy to accept her invitation for those two days. He was not sure—not quite sure—that it was an adequate reason, but it happened to be one that he could not comfortably explain to Miss Warburton herself. The blue pencil still wandered aimlessly over the map, but he thought it moved a trifle more impatiently. There was a footstep in the hall, and Robert drew aside the portière. He carried a box of familiar size and shape, and a note elaborately

those lovely roses! And Mr. McDuffer," she added, rather wickedly, "did n't have to be asked twice."

"Nor I either," replied Dr. Colburn, who cherished a cordial hatred for the innocent McDuffer. "I will join you whenever you say."

"Really?" she cried. "How delightful!" She glanced at him with a low, rapid laugh as the conviction flashed upon her that men were easily enough managed, after all.



"PIROUETTED WITH HIM DOWN THE ROOM."

sealed. Miss Warburton opened the roses first, and passed them to Colburn, and then she glanced at the note.

"Tell Mr. McDuffer's man that there is no answer needed, Robert"; and Robert, picking up the tissue-paper from the floor, withdrew as automatically as he had entered. The ceremony had taken but a moment, but during the interval Dr. Colburn had made and formulated his decision. Yet it was Miss Warburton who spoke first.

"Charlie McDuffer is off for Lenox. Did I tell you we were going to pick him up there? He asks if he may n't bring his French horn. It's the dear boy's one accomplishment; of course he may. Are n't

"Thank you. When shall it be?" He had left that uncomfortable scruple far behind him now, and spoke as eagerly as she.

"Remember," he continued, "for two days you may be as reckless as you please; it shall be two wheels over the edge all the time, if you say so, provided your aunt and Charlie McDuffer do not scream! Shall I bring splints and plasters for the inevitable emergency?" But it was the edge of something other than a Vermont road over which those two days would find them swaying together, and she felt the undertone of meaning in his words as well as he. It thrilled her deliciously, but she dared not betray herself.

"Let me see," she said slowly, putting

McDuffer's roses to her face again; "we reach Wilmington the evening of the 18th. Will you join us then, or on the 19th at Brattleboro, or at some point between? Is North Enderby on the county road?"

He shook his head. Colburn had never spoken to her about his family, but she knew he was poor, and she had a sort of instinct that he might not care to have the fashionable tally-ho pull up before his front door.

And she was right, though not—to do him justice—for the reason she supposed.

"North Enderby is a mile or two out of your way," he said easily, "and the hill is a hard one. Suppose you let me meet you at the Four Corners. Where is the card, once more?"

She nodded as he drew a line to mark the intersection of the county road by the hill road to Enderby.

"Very well; we will take you up, then, at ten o'clock on the morning of the 19th. It will be ever so much nicer than meeting us in a country hotel, and you can send your things ahead to Brattleboro, you know."

"Of course," he said, amused at her practised forethought for details; "and how much grace will you allow me, or shall I allow you, at the Four Corners? Must it be ten o'clock to the minute?"

"To the very minute! Just as I pull up at the Four Corners, out you must spring from the roadside, like a highwayman—no; that is n't very nice; like Orson the wood-knight. Who was he? I am sure I can't remember. But keeping tryst, you know! Won't the rest open their eyes when I summon you to the box! I won't tell any one except Auntie—she will send you the invitation, of course—that you are coming. Wait! wait! Here's something better yet!" She sprang to her feet, and began to laugh. "Let's arrange a regular opera entrance! At the exact minute I'll get Charlie McDuffer to play something on his French horn. You hear the echoes, and in you come! Tableau!"

Colburn was laughing, too. "Superb!" he cried, though even in that flattering moment it struck him that the stage arrangement was a trifle unfair to McDuffer.

"But what shall he play? What can he play? He knows three tunes," she said demurely: "'Elizabeth's Prayer' in 'Tannhäuser,' 'Suwanee River,' and 'See! the Conquering Hero Comes.' You may have your choice."

"Then I choose the last," said Colburn. *He was beginning to lose his head a little,*

too. "But I don't know the tune when I hear it. Play it to me!"

"Of course you do, you nonsensical boy!" she exclaimed, as she caught at the tips of Colburn's fingers, and pirouetted with him down the room and across the hall to the piano, where she crashed out the opening bars of the tune, and made him whistle them after her till she pronounced him perfect. Then she whirled around on the piano-stool, and looked steadily at him an instant.

"Have n't we been fearfully silly?" she demanded, the key of her voice changing suddenly.

He shook his head, smiling, but he saw that it was time to go.

She stood by him in the hall as he drew on his light overcoat. He always had looked handsome in evening dress, and his French beard became him.

"Good-by, then," he said, putting out his hand, "until ten o'clock on the 19th. Is n't it ridiculous!"

"Good-by," she answered, taking his hand with a sort of timidity he had never observed in her. "You must not fail me, now that I have tired myself out playing the tune for you. I may count upon you 'certain sure,' as the children say?"

"Honor bright," he answered, and the heavy door closed noiselessly behind him.

Dr. Colburn stood a moment, looking out over the park. Then he shrugged his shoulders with a kind of boyish petulance, and, folding his gloved hands behind his back in a manner that was not boyish at all, walked slowly down the brownstone steps. A certain scruple, forgotten during the last half-hour, had silently reasserted itself. He was thinking of a thoroughly nice girl named Juletta Perkins, his next-door neighbor at North Enderby, to whom he had been engaged to be married ever since the winter vacation of his junior year.

II.

At half-past five o'clock on the afternoon of the 18th, Dr. Colburn flung out his arms in a spasmodic effort to keep his balance, and then the rotten hemlock bark gave way altogether, and he sat down with painful swiftness astride of a big log that spanned the turbulent waters of Poorhouse Brook. For an instant he gripped the log hard with his thighs, and glanced nervously at the rocks a dozen feet below him. He was safe enough, however; and as soon as his pulse began to slacken its pace he settled his straw hat straight again, threw one leg over the log,



"FOR MONTHS THE GIRL HAD DREAMED."

and mechanically hitched up his summer trousers a trifle at the knees. Then he looked around him in a jaded, dazed fashion, and uttered an exclamation of mingled satisfaction and disgust. For the first time in several hours he recognized his bearings. On the right, beyond the tangle of dead blackberry-bushes through which he had just torn his way, was Big Swamp, where he had been wandering in most idiotic circles since three o'clock. To be sure, the old path had been quite obliterated by second-growth spruces and swamp alders since he had last tried this short cut from Enderby across Big Swamp, and the black thunder-clouds had spread so rapidly across the sky after he had started that it had been quite impossible to get the points of compass; but making all allowances for himself, the fact remained that he had lost his way, like the merest school-boy, within six miles of home. It was all plain enough now. On his left, arching queerly above the fern-covered hillocks of a clearing, were the tops of the old charcoal-kilns, disused for many a year, and a half-mile from the charcoal-kilns was the Hollow. Thence the Pond road led straight to his friend Kennedy's house, where he had meant to pass the night. An hour's sharp walking would bring him there, and not too late for supper. The clouds grew steadily more threatening. Nevertheless, Dr. Colburn swung his feet irresolutely over Poorhouse Brook, and began discontentedly to pick the blackberry thorns out of his coat sleeves. His accidentally selected seat was not ex-

actly to his liking, but he was too weary to change it, and there was, at least, a sort of consonance between the uncomfortable-ness of his body and a certain conscious discomfort of his mind.

He felt a little like a defaulter. He had quietly sent his bag to Brattleboro that morning, and had told his mother that he was going to spend the night with Walter Kennedy, and the next two days with some friends from New York; that was all. The widow Colburn received the announcement with imperfectly concealed disappointment. Her boy's vacation with her was so short, at best! But she would no more have questioned the rightness of Samuel's decisions than she would the justice of "the moral law"—an institution to which the natives of North Enderby made somewhat frequent reference. Nor would Juletta. For months the girl had dreamed of her lover's homecoming, and it had taken all her fortitude to rejoice unselfishly at the hospital appointment which would separate Colburn from her so soon. Since the previous summer she had seen him but once, namely, during the memorable three days she had spent in New York as a delegate to the Christian Endeavor convention. There was so much in the city that she wanted to see, and there were so many details she wanted to talk over with her fiancé, whose letters had grown shorter in the last year; but still she felt that her duty as a delegate was clear. One evening only did they have together; and when Juletta read her report to the North En-

derby Endeavorers, she colored as she summarized—alas! from the secular press—the speeches at the omitted session, and dreaded lest some one should suspect that she had passed that Thursday evening in the darkened back parlor of a boarding-house, all alone with Sam. They had been so happy that night!—happier, Juletta reflected with a vague wonderment, than they were now that he had come home. The ten days just passed had not brought them nearer together. Yet they had been engaged five years, and Juletta had never dreamed of caring for any one else, nor had it entered her gentle, unsuspecting soul that Colburn ever found more than a passing relaxation from his studies in those social events of which he sometimes wrote her so gaily. Of course, she meditated, other girls could not help admiring Sam, he was so handsome, so good-natured, and such a fine scholar; but Heaven had given her his heart. She accepted the favor with a tranquil thankfulness, never ceasing, indeed, to be conscious of her undeserts, but never for a moment imagining that his love had not come to her, as hers to him, for better and for worse, and forever and a day. And being also, like most idealists, of a practical turn of mind, her table-linen had been ready since the last November, and she had bought her other things in May.

It was precisely Dr. Colburn's sense of this steadfast fidelity of Juletta which made those ten days so uncomfortable for him. If he had said frankly, "I am thinking of going on the 19th to spend two days in the coaching-party of one of the most attractive girls in New York; she has asked me because she likes me better than the gilded youth who is seriously making love to her; I am fond of her—indeed, just how fond we are of each other I suppose neither of us knows," Juletta would have answered placidly: "You must go by all means, Sam. You have been working hard, and the outing will do you good. I am sure I do not want you to neglect your best friends just because you and I are engaged to be married. A young doctor ought to make just as many friends as he can. And you must remember to tell me exactly how Miss Warburton has trimmed her summer hat."

It was impossible ever to be angry with Juletta, but Dr. Colburn made amends for this gap in his experience by being angry at himself. He was distinctly aware that he had put himself in a false position. He had given his word of honor to Elinor Warburton; but could he honorably keep it? He

knew very well what those two days in her company would imply: it would be a definite entering of the lists against McDuffer; and his instinct told him that the prize might be his, if he chose. Yet there was Juletta; and throughout their long engagement he had, in the face of manifold distractions, been faithful, even in thought, to his boyish promise of five years before. It was now for the first time, when he confessed to a certain lack of piquancy in Juletta's society compared with the anticipated excitement of a seat upon Miss Warburton's tally-ho, that he wondered whether his engagement had not been a mistake. Certainly he had erred in never mentioning the engagement to Miss Warburton. He had debated the advisability of asking her to call upon Juletta at the time of the convention, but on the whole had decided not to. It might have been a little awkward for all parties, and he was quite sure that Juletta and Miss Warburton would not understand each other altogether; and besides, Juletta was such a conscientious delegate that he was not likely to see very much of her himself. And so he had allowed matters to go along until now. It had been the simpler way, apparently, and Colburn always hated complications. But he found himself at present perplexed by the most intricate and inexorable of complications. To have two strings upon your bow may show excellent foresight for an emergency; but, after all, you must shoot with one string at a time, and the other one is then sadly in the way. This good-natured young doctor had been fingering a new string,—adjusting it hesitatingly, as it were, and by no means desiring to slip the faithful old one,—and lo! circumstance had caught him in the act, and cried sternly, "Shoot, and at once!"

Half a dozen times, that afternoon, as he paused for breath in the blind tangle of Big Swamp, he resolved, if he ever got out again, to go straight back to Juletta, and tell her everything. He thought he could tell her in such a way that even her unsuspecting vision would discern how near their happiness had come to being shattered, and she would know that he had need of her forgiveness. And he would let Charlie McDuffer play "See! the Conquering Hero Comes" to the empty winds that blew across the Four Corners. Miss Warburton would be bitterly angry at the failure of her improvised drama; she would be angrier still when she learned—as she was bound to some time—of the reason for his staying away; and then the whole affair would be ended.

And a half-dozen other times he shook his head doggedly, and resolved to push through, as he had intended, to Walter Kennedy's, and lay the troublesome question before the judicial mind of his friend. But he was dogged because he knew perfectly well what advice Kennedy would give him. That newly fledged member of the New York bar would decide cheerfully: "Sam, if you promised, honor bright, to meet a certain pretty girl at a certain place, on a certain hour, you're a lucky fellow, that's all. Gather your roses while you may. Keep your word, and follow your star. I only wish it were I."

To be sure, Kennedy had always considered his chum's engagement to Miss Juletta Perkins of North Enderby—fresh-colored blonde and good-hearted girl as she undoubtedly was—to be something of a social mistake.

As Dr. Colburn picked the last blackberry thorn out of his coat sleeve he was aware that the moment had come for him to follow one of those two alternating resolutions. It was ridiculous to sit there, swinging his feet over Poorhouse Brook, not knowing what he wanted. A drop of rain struck the back of his hand, and that decided him. He glanced toward the Hollow and the Pond road with a sudden relief. It was absurd that it had taken him so long to settle the question. The Kennedys would have finished supper, very likely, before he could reach there; but that would make no difference. He and Walter would have a fine old-time talk, that

night, about getting on in the world, and in the morning Walter could drive him close to the Four Corners. The morning! How fresh everything would be after the rain! How merrily Miss Warburton would send her new leaders along over the hard, clean-washed road! And the Tarraway girl would be poking sly fun at McDuffer; and Elinor's aunt would be in mortal terror of the ever-possible

overturn; and he himself, seated by her side upon the box, erect and buoyant in the sunny morning wind—ah, there was a whip that would be sending him along, too, faster than ever her leaders traveled—swift—swift—and with the bit in his teeth!



"WITH EYES FIXED NARROWLY UPON THE WATER."

III.

DR. COLBURN spread his hands upon the slippery wood, and, throwing his whole weight upon his palms, began to hitch his way cautiously to the farther end of the log. When two thirds of the way over he halted in utter astonishment. From the point he had reached, the bed of the

brook was visible for fifty yards below him. Perhaps half that distance away, crouching ankle-deep in the gray water, was a human figure; and as it straightened itself stealthily the startled young fellow perceived it was the figure of a woman. He sat motionless, perched upon his log, staring. Straight up-stream toward him crept the figure, now balancing itself upon the stones, already treacherous with midsummer slime, now brushing lightly against the willow tips that

overhung the stream, but ever with eyes fixed narrowly upon the water. Outside of Bedlam, was ever creature more curiously garbed? Up to the knees came a pair of jaunty riding-boots. Descending barely to the boot-tops were limp skirts, with torn fringes of lace, and here and there a tinsel spangle. Folded across the bust, and confined by a canvas belt, was a flowing purple tunic, whose tattered ends were caught up again under the belt, out of the reach of the water. Where the folds crossed each other on the bosom there was a glimpse of metal corselet scales, and where the bare arms rounded into a pair of perfect shoulders there were absurd epaulets of brass. To crown all, set recklessly upon a mass of glistening black hair was a man's broken-vizored cap.

She was within forty feet of him before he got it through his head what she was doing. The wretched alder pole she was carrying was no staff, but a fishing-rod; and all of a sudden she knelt behind a big rock mid-stream, and, peering cautiously over it, let the angleworm bait—weighted with a rusty nail—dangle an instant hesitatingly, and then sink deep among the stones. Another instant, and she stood erect, grabbing unerringly at a quarter-pound trout as it swung struggling past her. And still Colburn sat, wide-eyed, watching the precision with which she pulled to the front her basket,—it was an old coffee-pot fastened to her belt,—and slipped the cover down upon the fish before the latter had time to be ashamed at the unscientific manner of his capture.

The strangely accoutred fisherman tried the weight of the coffee-pot once or twice, then shifted it back upon her hip as if not yet quite satisfied. But the raindrops came *faster now, and glancing skyward, she caught*

sight of the hemlock log and the pendent legs of Dr. Samuel Colburn. She gave a little scream, and one hand went up to the corselet scales with an instinctive gesture that seemed to Colburn reassuringly feminine.

He lifted his hat with habitual deference. "Good afternoon, madam," he remarked. "You seem to be very successful." Samuel Colburn's polished address to all sorts and conditions of people had always given him a reputation in North Enderby.

"How d'ye do," she answered. Then she pulled the ends of the purple tunic free from her belt, and let them fall over the spangled skirt. He took her for a gypsy now, and eyed her freely.

"Who are you?" she demanded curtly.

"My name is Colburn—Dr. Samuel Colburn," he added, with a smile. He still liked to roll his tongue over the title, now some three weeks old.

"No!" she cried, her whole countenance changing, as she strode nearer him through the rain-dotted water. "Say, you ain't a doctor; what are you givin' me?" There was indeed little that was professional in the doctor's aspect.

"I could have no object in deceiving you, madam," was the injured reply, and Colburn turned up his coat collar against the rain with the air of a man who closes the discussion. It convinced her.

"Well, if you are a doctor," she demanded, "come off that log. I want to have you go with me. It ain't any time to stand foolin' here."

The language struck him as too idiomatic for a gypsy queen's. Who was she? Impatiently she splashed through the brook and came out upon the bank at his end of the log.

"Come on!" she repeated; and, with as much alacrity as the situation would allow, Colburn hitched along the log and scrambled



"'I USED TO RIDE AND DO ONE TRAPEZE ACT.'"

down beside her. She was perhaps twenty-three. He looked her over once more, from the red water-soaked toes of her worn riding-boots up to the broken-visor cap, upon which was stamped in gilt letters: "Elephant Man No. 7." A light broke in upon him, and, in spite of his professional dignity and his invariable courtesy to womankind, he ejaculated, "I swear!"

"Don't," she said succinctly. "It ain't right. But you may if you want to, though; I'm a married woman. Just take this fishing-pole, will you, and come along. Look out for that hook; it's the only one I've got. We're goin' to get soaked if we stay here."

Pushing well behind her back, the coffee-pot, in which the latest-captured trout still flapped a resonant protest, and gathering up her frayed tunic as decorously as she might, she strode off Diana-like through the patches of wet fern, Colburn following wonderingly in her train.

IV.

Two or three minutes of sharpwalking brought them to the deserted charcoal-kilns. The domes of rough brickwork loomed huge against the rapidly blackening sky, and made the clearing seem even lonelier. As they reached the low archway, long since doorless, that gave entrance to the second kiln, Colburn's guide turned suddenly.

"I did n't introduce myself," she said, with absolute simplicity. "I forgot to as soon as I found out you were a doctor. I am Mrs. Jake Hunter. Come in."

He leaned the fishing-pole against the outer wall of the kiln, and ducked under the doorway after her. The dusky dome, twenty feet in diameter, had once had an opening at the top; but this had been covered with strips of hemlock bark, so that the only light came from the low doorway. Opposite the entrance was a rusty cooking-stove, propped on the bricks that had been knocked out of the wall to make a passage for its pipe. On either side were huge piles of new hay, and

beyond one of them, and completing the furniture of the interior, were two inverted flour-barrels and a dry-goods box. Mrs. Jake Hunter walked swiftly to the larger of the hay-piles, and bent over it. Colburn followed.

"I've come back, Jake," she said cheerily; "and what do you think? I've brought the doctor!"

An inarticulate moan was the only answer. The woman bent lower, and pressed her hand to a white, drawn face. Colburn bent over too, and distinguished in the failing light a

man's form, stretching to an extraordinary length along the hay. Rough bandages were wrapped around the right arm and shoulder.

"Jake, Jake!" called the woman's clear voice again. "Brace up, Jakey. The doctor's come—do you hear?—the doctor!"

Slowly the eyes opened, and the muscles around the mouth, set in the stupor of long pain, relaxed a little. It was a loose-hung, lantern-jawed face, mild-eyed and patient.

The man murmured something, and put out his left hand amicably. Colburn took it; it was feverish.

"Don't you understand, Jake? This is a doctor to see you," said the woman, more anxiously than before.

This time Mr. Jake Hunter spoke.

"Glad to see you, Doc," he said huskily. "Say, Doc, have you any tobacco?"

Mrs. Hunter broke into a ripple of laughter, and Colburn, immensely relieved, felt in his pockets for a cigar.

"Don't light it yet," whispered the sick man; "that's all right"; and closing his smooth-shaven lips upon it, he shut his eyes dreamily. Colburn watched him, every atom of professional instinct on the alert. Away down in the hay, an unconscionable length from the cigar, there was a movement then another parallel to it; Jake Hunter's feet were rising and falling in rhythmic ecstasy. He had not tasted tobacco for three days.

The young surgeon turned to his hostess. "He seems to have the use of his



"SHE LIGHTED THE CIGAR."

lower extremities," he remarked courteously. "What's the matter with his shoulder? And you will pardon my curiosity if I inquire what under the heavens you and your husband are doing here? You are—ahem!—professional people, are you not?" He phrased it as delicately as he could.

She nodded carelessly. "Every time. Did you ever go to the Consolidated Pan-American Show? That's where we belong, Jake and I. It's the best show on the road. I used to ride and do one trapeze act. Jake's been the Boneless Wonder and the Human Serpent, and once he took tickets for two weeks. Since he got hurt, though, he's had to take a job as elephant man, for he can't do his acts. Don't you suppose you can fix his shoulder, doctor?"

"I can't answer that," said Colburn, discreetly, "until I have made an examination. What is the nature of the trouble, madam?"

"I don't know," she whispered disconsolately, loosening the coffee-pot from her belt, and letting the fish slip out into a tin pan that was on the stove-cover. "It happened six weeks ago last Sunday morning. Jake says that he got it paintin' the zebra. You see, they have to paint up a zebra every Sunday. They take a different mule each week, because the paint strikes in and kills 'em. And that Sunday, Jake says, they got to foolin', and the mule kicked. But I think Jake lies. My belief is, he got into a scrap with the Australian giant. Mike is apt to be ugly Sundays, and to be shootin' off his mouth about me and the Kid; and I think Jake punched him, and the giant tripped up Jake. There ain't a man in the show that could throw Jake in a fair wrestle; but Mike McGowan was always mean."

"It was a sprain, then?" inquired Colburn.

"That's what the doctor that travels with the show called it. He gave Jake some liniment, and said 't would be all right next day. But it was n't. It got worse and worse. He could n't do his contortion act, and by and by he could n't do anything but lead the baby elephant in the grand parade. And here last week, at Brattleboro, they shipped him from the show—and that meant me and the Kid too, until he got well again. When he does we can have our old places, sure; I ain't afraid of that. But just now it's hard lines, ain't it? And all on account of that knock-kneed Australian!"

Colburn opened his eyes a little wider still, and peered around the darkening kiln for some evidence of the existence of a child. *The rain was falling in torrents now, and the*

drops splashed in from the doorway almost to the feet of the Boneless Wonder. Mrs. Hunter poked at the lower door of the stove with the tip of the soaked boot, and her bare arms seemed to be shivering. Suddenly she recalled herself to the present.

"Look here; we can't stand around in this style, can we! You just push that box against the door, will you, doctor? Jake'll get wet. And you can't look at his shoulder till I get my lantern goin', anyhow. I guess I'll touch up this fire and get the fish on, because the Kid is liable to wake up any minute now, and then I'll have to stop to let him have some supper."

The last information was imparted to the doctor with maternal pride. By the time that Colburn had successfully barricaded the doorway against the storm, the equestrienne had lighted the fire, and was rapidly dressing the trout on a barrel-head.

"Do you like your trout dressed?" she inquired affably.

Colburn, warming his wet fingers above the crackling stove, admitted his preference.

"So does Jake. Don't some folks think they're sweeter if you fry 'em with the in'ards? In Michigan my mama used to cook 'em that way; but after we moved to York State she made us girls dress 'em—and catch 'em, too, most generally. My pop was lazy—most too lazy to fish. Say, it's lucky I found that hook an' line, ain't it? Those camping fellows must have left it. Oh, I did n't tell you about those camping fellows; I started to, and forgot it."

A hoarse whisper from the hay-pile interrupted her, and she took the cracked lantern and held it close to her husband's face. Soon she came back with his cigar.

"Jake wants to light up now," she said affectionately. "You don't suppose he'll set fire to that hay, do you?" and, snatching a burning stick from the stove, she lighted the cigar dexterously, and put it into the mouth of her consort. Then she passed swiftly to the smaller pile of hay, and stooped over it a moment with a smile.

"You see," she continued, returning to the stove, and rubbing a slice of pork over the frying-pan before she slid the trout into it, "we started to walk from Brattleboro over to Bennington County, where I've got relations. It went slow, I tell you! Jake's shoulder and arm hurt him so that he had to swear every step of the way; and I carried the Kid, and he's an awful heavy one, for ten weeks! And I guess our clothes kind o' gave us away. Some one stole my dresses



"THAT 'S WHAT THEY WEAR IN TYRE."

the night before we started—all but one and a shawl. And I sold that shawl to a peddler for some liniment for Jake the first day. And the dress was about gone; when I tore it up last night to make a bandage for Jake, there wa'n't much left! Well, these campers struck us, and had a talk with Jake, and told us to come right here. They 'd left some things for another lot of fellows that was coming

next Saturday—the stove and pan and kettle, you see, and some potatoes and pork and coffee. Guess they thought we were pretty bad off. They said they 'd send a selectman here, and a doctor; but he has n't come, and I can't leave Jake and the Kid long enough to go for any one, if I knew the way; and the potatoes are most gone, and it 's lucky I thought of going fishin' this afternoon,

after the Kid got asleep. But we're all right now. I tell you, I'm all-fired glad to see you, doctor."

He bowed in acknowledgment of this compliment to the omnipotence of his profession, though with inward dismay at the responsibility imposed upon him. But the fragrant odor from the frying-pan was a temporary alleviation. Mrs. Hunter was turning the trout with one hand, and thrusting a fork into the pot of boiling potatoes with the other. Her arms were a deep pink now, and the brass epaulets gleamed curiously in the firelight. She detected his gaze.

"Well," she said, with a touch of defiance in her tone, "I ain't dressed exactly as a lady should be, that's a fact. But Jake's shoulder was so cold last night, and I tore the dress up—there! and I put on this. Jake had it in his bundle. But it does look queer, don't it, doctor?"

The doctor admitted that when he first saw it the costume struck him as singular.

"It's what they wear in Tyre, you know," she explained. "I suppose it does look sort of out of place here. You see, I was sick for a while after the Kid came, and I couldn't ride any more, and it made me dizzy just to look at a trapeze. So I wa'n't anything but a maid of Tyre. You've seen the Fall of Tyre? Well, I was the third maid from the end, on the temple side, and I tell you it

seemed slow, after the ring. Nothing to do but to wave these purple skirts, grip your epaulets—so fashion—and yell! Now, doctor, if you'll get two plates from that barrel, we'll begin. I'll save enough for Jake. Here, I'll show you."

She set the two plates on the stove-hearth,

and filled them with trout and potatoes; then she poured some coffee into a tomato-can, and placed it hospitably at his side of the hearth. "You can have the first drink," she said; "there's only one cup,"

Then she dropped upon her side of the stove in a most companionable way, and began to eat ravenously.

Outside, the rain gusts were sweeping fiercely, and echoes of the thunder that was bursting over Big Swamp rumbled in the hollow vault of the coal-kiln. Before long there was a tiny stir and rustle in the pile of hay behind Colburn's back, and the wife of the Boneless Wonder lifted her head to listen. Then she leaped

up with a look that made the young doctor think her, for the moment, radiantly beautiful.

"It's the Kid!" she exclaimed, and in a minute was back again, on her knees before the fire, clucking to the child. It wriggled hungrily, then caught sight of the glowing chink in the stove door, and stared at it with serious black eyes.



"SHE BURIED HER NOSE IN THE PINK FOLDS OF THE BABY'S NECK."

"Ain't he a splendid baby, doctor? You ought to see the fat on his little legs! I want to call him Reginald; but Jake he's stuck on Adoniram, because he had a brother of that name who died of lockjaw. Which do you think sounds best, doctor? Perhaps we'll call him both. Oh, you cunnin' little clown! Does you want your supper?" And she buried her nose in the pink folds of the baby's neck, and lost her breath, and caught

dimpled in a way that reminded him, singularly enough, of Juletta's when she was a girl. Then it nestled closer in his arms, brought its pink fists together under its chin, gave a queer little satisfied shudder, and could keep the grave eyes open but an instant more.

At intervals Colburn overheard the young woman's cheery whisperings to Jake Hunter, between the administered mouthfuls of trout



"'STOP RIDIN'?' NO, SIREE."

it, and spent it again in inarticulate maternal speech; and then she turned her back skillfully on the doctor, and commanded him, over her shoulder, to keep Jake's trout from getting burned.

"I can't 'tend to it just now," she condescended to explain; and Colburn silently obeyed. Ten minutes passed thus.

"Now don't you want to hold him just a minute, doctor, while I give Jake some supper?"

The astonished young graduate of the P. and S. drew a long breath, but crooked his left elbow without a word, and received the burden. Yet no reluctant bachelor had ever a lighter task. The Kid blinked up at him benignantly; and when Colburn ventured to touch its cheeks with his forefinger, they

and potato. The doctor would know right away what was the matter; he was such a splendid doctor, she knew—he held the baby so natural! And Sam Colburn grew more nervous with each instant. It was pitiful to see the trust she had suddenly reposed in him. He hated to disappoint her, but what, after all, was the chance of his being able to do anything? If he had the contortionist on a comfortable bed in the long ward of the hospital, with a history of the case and a full set of surgeon's supplies, and Dr. Warburton to look in twice a day to see that everything was going well, why, that was another matter! But up here in southern Vermont, with a deserted charcoal-kiln for sole refuge against the storm, four miles from a human habitation, and he himself, the champion of

science, absolutely empty-handed for the struggle against pain, was he not well-nigh impotent? Yet he was a born surgeon, like his father before him, and the instant Reginald Adoniram was laid back in the nest of hay, Colburn was at Jake Hunter's side, asking shrewd questions. He learned nothing, except that Mrs. Hunter's suspicions as to the Australian giant had been well founded. Colburn took off his coat, and began to uncover the bandaged shoulder and right arm. The Maid of Tyre, eager-faced, held the battered lantern close. Cowering upon his

His own pulse was bounding; could he possibly be right? His voice shook a little with excitement as he turned to the Maid.

"Hold that right arm out—so; never mind the lantern. Now hold it steady; just brace your foot against mine." Jake groaned again.

"One minute more, my man."

The most delicate hands in the P. and S. were gripping him as in a vise; it pained like fire.

"There!"

There was a snap, a sort of smothered click as from a well-oiled breech-loader, and



"MISS WARBURTON, ONLY THREE MINUTES LATE."

left side, the sick man quivered at each touch as Colburn passed his fingers lightly over the swollen muscles. According to Dr. Warburton, it was the most delicate hand in the P. and S.; and as it moved slowly over the point of the shoulder, Colburn stopped, while a slight exclamation of surprise escaped him. Once more the fingers passed over the point, very, very deliberately, and with a greater pressure. Jake Hunter groaned. Then Colburn put one arm under the Wonder, and pulling him half-way up in bed, caressed the left shoulder-blade in similar fashion, then the right one once more, then the left again.

the Boneless Wonder, profanely ejaculating, was deposited tenderly upon his left side. Colburn's eyes sparkled with triumph. He turned to Mrs. Jake Hunter with an easy smile.

"The case was improperly diagnosed at the outset, madam. There was no strain; it was a simple dislocation of the scapula. He'll get better now."

The look in her face repaid him for everything.

"What did you say Jake had?" she asked in an awe-struck but happy voice.

"Dislocation of the scapula; that is, his

shoulder-blade was out of joint—and no one told him so."

Professional discretion forbade further comment on Dr. Colburn's part; but poor Jake Hunter, feeling no such restriction to expression, gave utterance to a single fluent and heartfelt and unquotable sentence which covered the entire ground. The Maid of Tyre nodded a loyal but somewhat alarmed assent to the malediction, and then watched Colburn with open-eyed admiration as he re-banded the shoulder in the most approved P. and S. style. The process reduced Reginald Adoniram's stock of safety-pins to three; but Colburn himself was tolerably satisfied with the result, considering all the circumstances. As he finished, the Boneless Wonderspoke again:

"Say, Doc, if you'd put that cigar-stub into my mouth, so that I could just feel 't was there, I believe I could go to sleep. I ain't slept for three nights."

He closed his eyes contentedly, and Mrs. Hunter stroked his lank cheek, and piled the hay more warmly above him. Then she took a peep at the Kid, and came back to the stove, where Colburn stood looking at his watch. It was half-past nine. The thunder had rolled to the northward, but the rain still fell heavily.

V.

"WELL?" he said, as much to himself as to her.

She replenished the fire, and dropped into her former posture beside it.

"He'll go to sleep now, sure," she replied softly. "Jake's awful good. He has n't said one cuss-word at me, you know, in all this time. You'd better sit down, doctor; you look real tired. Is there much sickness round here?"

Colburn threw himself down upon the other side of the stove, without noticing her question.

"I declare," she continued, "I never thought till this minute that somebody else might be waitin' for you, somebody as bad off as Jake. I saw you on that log, and said, 'Come along,' without thinkin'. I was just tickled to death. Were you goin' to see a sick man, doctor?"

Colburn shook his head. She seemed relieved.

"Come to think, you did n't seem in much of a hurry, did you? You were sittin' there, bareback fashion, as if you did n't know whether to take another turn around the ring or not." She smiled amiably as she drew this picture. "How far do you live from here, doctor?"

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"About six miles," he replied dryly; "that is, if you take the short cut through the swamp."

"Good gracious! You can't go back to-night in all this rain! You'd better stay right here. I've got wood enough to keep the fire goin', and there is more hay there than the Kid needs. You see, we ain't exactly to home ourselves," she added, as if in apology for any defect in hospitality. "This is only sort o' campin' out."

"What do you expect to do in the mornin'?" he asked abruptly.

"I don't know," the Tyrian Maid answered, with girlish carelessness. "Just now we're livin' one day at a time. Perhaps that select-man'll come. The boys said they'd be sure to send him. I guess we'd be on the town then, would n't we?" She laughed.

"How far is it to the place where your relatives live?" persisted Colburn. "Would they do anything for you?"

"Jake figured out that Huckleville was about fifteen miles from here. Yes; I suppose my cousin's folks there would be awful glad to see us. It ain't as if Jake were goin' to be sick on their hands now, you see. I lived with 'em the year before I was married. Why, I worked one week in the mill where my cousin's the boss spinner—watchin' a big machine that makes seamless undershirts."

"Very good," said Colburn, gravely. "If I can think of some way to get you and your husband over there, how would it do for you to settle down with your own folks, and go into the mill? Have n't you had enough of the show business?"

She shrugged the brass epaulets. "Stop ridin'?" she burst out, "and Jake stop his acts? And neither of us see anythin' or do anythin' any more, but just stand around a room and see a big oily machine chew up rags and spit out undershirts? No, siree!" She stretched out one of the worn riding-boots, and flicked at it with an imaginary whip, muttering gaily a hoarse "Go on!" which, more than anything she had yet said, was suggestive of the sawdust circle.

Colburn looked at her, and laughed. They both were in the twenties, after all, and he liked her for knowing what she liked best.

"But the little fellow?" he ventured. "A show must be a rather inconvenient place to bring up a child in." Sam Colburn did not know why he should be talking in this superior strain to Mrs. Hunter, except that he was conscious of a strong curiosity as to her point of view.

"Oh," she said reproachfully, "he likes it! Of course he's some bother just now; but

just think what a daisy time he 'll have when he 's grown up, playin' with the trick ponies, and ridin' the baby elephant! And Jake an' I are going to teach him some trapeze acts as soon as he 's big enough to sit the bar, and we 'll have the Hunter family in—let 's see; how 's it billed? 'Aërial Evolutions.' That 's it! And it 'll be a real family, too—none of them fakes."

Colburn surrendered. "I wish the Hunter family every prosperity," he said in his most perfect form. "And, if you don't mind, I think I 'll accept your invitation to spend the night. In the morning we 'll see what can be done." She nodded nonchalantly at the last sentence, and then glanced around the coal-kiln. From one hay-pile her husband's heavy breathing gave assurance of the long-hoped-for sleep; in the other Reginald Adoniram, still more silently, was following his father's example.

"Are you a married man, doctor?"

Colburn shook his head. The information evidently perturbed her a little.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I supposed doctors always were. I was goin' to say," she continued hesitatingly, "that, bein' a married man, you would n't be so much put out if the Kid woke up by and by; that 's all."

"Not in the least," was Colburn's assurance. But Mrs. Hunter was conscious of being disappointed in her new acquaintance.

"Ain't you even engaged?" she persisted.

Colburn nodded, looking at the crack in the stove door.

"You are?" was the triumphant response. "I thought you were—married, or engaged, or somethin'. You see, the Kid took to you right away!"

Upon this specimen of feminine logic Colburn made no comment.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Hunter, coaxingly, "would you be mad if I asked you to tell me her first name? I 'm awful fond of names."

"Her name," said Colburn, still without looking up, "is Juletta."

"My!" she exclaimed, "I never heard that one before. She must be real nice."

Again Colburn nodded gravely, with his eyes fixed on the stove. There was one more question which the Tyrian Maid was burning to ask, but she did not dare ask it openly.

"I wonder," she suggested, with a fine indifference, "if you 've been engaged as long as Jake and I were. We were engaged to be married a whole year—a whole year. He was in the show, and I waited for him to come round to York State again. Twelve months is a terrible long time for a woman to wait."

"Is it?" said Colburn, absently.

"I guess you 'd think so!" she cried, "especially as Jake and I only knew each other three days when he had to move on with the show! You see, he was takin' tickets then. I saw him twice Saturday, and Sunday we were introduced; and the circus train had to leave Monday night about an hour after we got engaged. That was at Malone, York State. And I said I 'd wait for Jake till the show came round again." Still the doctor seemed reluctant to exchange confidences, and she went on:

"My folks did n't like it, and sent me over to my cousin's, up here in Huckleville; and they all laughed at my wantin' to marry a circus man. They said 't was just because pop had always raised colts, and I could ride 'em bareback. You see, they did n't know Jake. He was mighty good. He used to write every Sunday. I 've got letters from every State in the United States except fourteen. And next year, sure enough, there was Jake; and I just skipped from Huckleville to Malone, and we got married. But that year was as long as five."

"I would like to ask," said Colburn, raising his eyes suddenly, "what you would have done if he had taken up with somebody else,—married another girl,—after you had waited for him all that time. What would you have done?"

"If he 'd gone back on me, you mean?" she cried. "My! I don't know. But you ain't on to Jake, or you would n't have said that. Jake ain't that kind. Why, Jake 's a Christian! He will swear, you know, 'cause he was raised in North Car'liny, and swore when he was a boy; but that 's all. He could n't go back on a woman! There are such folks, sure enough. I tell you, you don't know how many of 'em there are till you travel awhile with a show. But Jake ain't one of 'em. He ain't mean enough. Why, the man that goes back on a woman is too mean to live!" Her eyes sparkled, and she set her lips scornfully. In her resentment of any imputation against Jake Hunter's honor, she quite forgot her adroit little ruse for finding out the length of the doctor's engagement. A moment later she recalled it; but Colburn had dropped his face to the fire-light again, as if in disinclination to pursue the subject. It was a handsome face, she reflected, but he looked played out. Her woman's kindness then got the better of her flagging curiosity, and she suggested that it might be time for him to go to bed.

She filled up the stove again, made a

shake-down of hay in front of it, bade him good night a trifle shyly, and then he heard her cuddle down by Reginald Adoniram, and draw the thin blanket over the child and herself. Soon the rustling ceased, and there was no sound but the hard breathing of Hunter and the mellow swish of the rain against the huge dome of the coal-kiln.

Silently the young doctor stretched himself out before the stove, his head propped upon one hand, and his eyes still gazing at the chink of flame. The enthusiasm over his professional triumph, which had filled them a half-hour before, had departed and left them rather haggard. It seemed a lifetime since he made those fruitless circles in the swamp, trying all the while to make up his mind. It was like an unreal experience, a sort of dream, out of which he had been suddenly thrust into life itself, into contact with anxiety, joy, pain, humor, devotion. A disabled contortionist, a Tyrian maid, a grave-eyed baby, were sleeping within ten feet of him, hushed by the brooding wings of who knows what beings that wait upon birth and love and sorrow and sleep and death. The man, the woman, and the child were real, and Colburn shut his lips in the resolve that, whatever became of his word of honor, he would not desert them on the morrow. He was back once more in the county where he had been brought up, and they were to him as his own people. The heart of Mrs. Jake Hunter was simple and affectionate, like the hearts that had surrounded him from his cradle. What mattered it that she had been mastered by the rural passion for the show? Was it a worse show than the one he himself, a country boy, had been performing in for the last six months? Usher at eleven weddings, and best man three times! The audience had given him plenty of applause; yes, there was no doubt that he had done his acts cleverly, especially that brilliant feat of riding two horses at once.

Colburn dropped his face upon his arm and groaned. Terribly clear before his vision lay those six delicious months that had closed with his call upon Elinor Warburton. He had been tempted, and had not been strong. The great surgeon, childless except for this girl, and with a practice that would have turned the head of another man, had liked his steady-going, smooth-voiced pupil from Vermont, and had liked to have his daughter like him. Nothing had been said, of course, —it was from her father that the girl inherited her pride,—but Colburn's path had been made easy. And how easily he had

strolled down it, glancing more at the slender, wayward figure beside him, it is true, than at the path itself. It all seemed so pleasurably natural then. Now, lying face downward in the dusky kiln, he saw exactly whither he had been straying at her side, and he recoiled. He had been on the verge of treachery. He belonged in Mrs. Jake Hunter's category of the men that are too mean to live.

Five years Juletta had waited for him—five whole years. Yet the December night when she had definitely promised herself to him was no longer ago than yesterday. They were on their way home from a sleighing-party, the old horse picking his way soberly along the drifted road, the runners creaking in the frosty air, and the glittering snow-fields spreading wide around them in the moonlight. How cold her cheek had been when his touched it, and how she had looked up at him! Was ever such utter trustfulness such absolute rapture, in a girl's face? And through all the months and years that followed, how invariably sweet had been her patient waiting, how proud she was of his student triumphs and social favor, how unstained had been her loyalty!

Colburn pressed his closed eyes upon his arm in a paroxysm of remorse. That was the woman whom for months he had been neglecting, bent upon getting the most pleasure out of his last winter in New York. He had left his own people to do trick-riding in a show. And worse than this he might have done if, on his way to Walter Kennedy's that afternoon, he had not spied the Maid of Tyre! "The man that goes back on a woman?" "The man that goes back on a woman?"

Following the wave of remorse came wave upon wave of passion. If he could only see her at that moment, could touch her fingertips even, could ask her to take him back again! What would she say? Ah, she would say nothing. She would simply look him in the eyes and smile forgiveness; she would bend toward him—the young fellow trembled as he had not since that December night when he had kissed her first.

Hour after hour he lay there, falling at intervals into a troubled sleep. Once he was wakened by a rustling of hay on the other side of the dark kiln, and the insistent fretting of the child, followed by instant stillness, and the low laugh to herself of a woman who was happy. Then all was quiet again, except the raindrops that beat in irregular intervals against the worn brick dome. To

Colburn's overwrought fancy they seemed to be pattering in rhythm five staccato notes: "*The man that goes back—the man that goes back*"—then, gathering impetus, "*the man that goes back on a woman*"—then, pausing ominously, and closing the cadence with full tones that smote upon his brain in persistent iteration, "*is too mean to live.*"

VI.

HE was roused next morning by some one pushing the dry-goods box from the doorway. Sunlight flooded the kiln. Colburn and the Maid sprang to their feet simultaneously, and seeing a pair of wet rubber boots beyond the arch, Colburn stooped and went out. It was Walter Kennedy's father, first selectman of the township, with a stout farm-wagon, and his wife on the back seat.

"The land sakes! You here, Sam? Are they dead?" was her despondent exclamation.

"Not a bit of it," said the graduate of the P. and S. "The case is progressing very well. But we are rather short of breakfast, and I am glad to see you."

"Well, it 's lucky Abel got home last night," ejaculated Mrs. Kennedy, descending ponderously from the wagon. "Those campers sent word only yesterday afternoon that there was a family in awful trouble here, and that they wa'n't really respectable. Who sent for you? Abel, just hitch those horses, and take out that lunch-basket, and we 'll go right in. Dear me!"

"Mrs. Kennedy, my friend Mrs. Hunter," remarked Sam Colburn, with his old fondness for the formalities.

The farmer's wife gave one shocked glance toward Dr. Colburn's friend, and handed her own shawl to the Maid without a word. But her heart opened to Reginald Adoniram, whom she forthwith took to her ample bosom, and proceeded to exhibit to Abel with an air of old proprietorship.

It was nine o'clock before the Hunters and their attendant physician had breakfasted, and the Boneless Wonder's shoulder-blade had been firmly rebandaged. While the women, mutually hostile at heart, united in making Reginald Adoniram's morning toilet, Mr. Kennedy succeeded in making Colburn agree with him that the best thing to be done now was for him, in his capacity of selectman, to take the "circus people" on to Huckleville at once.

"You see," argued the thrifty Vermonter, "*they 'll be a town charge* if they stay here,

and it ain't likely we could collect anything from Huckleville. I guess it can't be more 'n sixteen miles from here, if I take the Ridge road, and then they 'll be with their friends. Wife and I've got lunch enough, and we can go right along over there. I wa'n't expecting to cut any hay to-day, anyway; and"—with a solemn wink at Colburn—"I s'pose I can make my four dollars a day—'self and team,' you know—on town business. I think we'd better get 'em into the wagon, bag and baggage, and start along. Which way was you going?"

"Home," said Colburn, laconically. He penciled a note to the doctor at Huckleville, whom he happened to know, describing the case of Mr. Jacob Hunter. But when it was written, and the Wonder safely deposited upon the hay-covered bottom of the big wagon, with his head, unfortunately, under the front seat, Colburn felt singularly free. The night before, in his resolve not to desert these people, he had vague visions of watching over them in his mother's house, and conducting the "case" to a successful issue, quite oblivious of the word of honor which pledged him to join Miss Warburton's coaching-party. And now the Hunters were taken off his hands, almost without his volition. He stood waiting in a sort of undecided posture, after the others had seated themselves in the wagon. Abel Kennedy gathered up the reins.

"Look here, Sam," he said; "if you are going home, jump in. I 'll take you along a piece, and show you a short cut across to the county road. Had n't you better go up to the house and see Walter, though? He 's all alone."

Colburn shook his head, and climbed up beside the Tyrian Maid. The wagon jolted slowly across the clearing, and then out upon the Pond road. Colburn glanced down at it involuntarily. The traces of last night's rain had already nearly disappeared in the sunshine and the wind, and the horses' feet were musical upon the hard ground. What a wonderful forenoon for driving! Alas for us! the evening and the morning are not always, as in old time, the one day; they may be two very different days, and our moods shift with the revolving hours. What subtle change is it that is accomplished in us between the midnight and the dawn? Colburn's conscience-stricken vigil seemed to have left as its legacy a moral lassitude. Two or three miles passed. He was unfamiliar with this part of the road,—even ignorant of its direction,—but he felt whither the stout

farm-horses were bearing him. Furtively he glanced at his watch. It was five minutes to ten. Just then Abel Kennedy pulled up. It seemed like fate.

"Sam," he said, "do you see that rock just beyond the sumacs? There's a path there that'll take you right down to the Four Corners. It ain't three minutes' walk. You know your road then, don't you?"

Colburn nodded. He climbed over the wheel slowly, without speaking. Then he took off his hat, and bade good-by to Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hunter, and snapped his fingers noisily in the face of the Kid. The Maid's bare arm slipped out of Mrs. Kennedy's shawl as she shook hands with him.

"And, doctor," she reminded him, "you won't forget to send the bill to Jake at Huckleville? If he only had what he's spent for liniment, he could pay it now. And say, doctor," she added timidly, "when you're married, would you mind sending Jake and me cards, care of the Consolidated Pan-American Show? We'd like to see 'em real well."

"Very gladly," said Colburn, forcing a laugh. "Good-by." The wagon rumbled out of sight. With it went something of that curious fatalism that for half an hour had oppressed him. He was on his own feet now, and the roads leading from the Four Corners were open to his choice. He strode through the wet underbrush to the clump of sumacs, and turning the corner of a huge rock, saw beneath him the guide-post and watering-trough that marked the trysting-place. Once more he looked at his watch. It was the exact hour. And down the wind came the sound of wheels, and horses' hoofs striking sharp upon worn seams of granite in the road. Colburn leaned against the rock, breathing hard. But the thought uppermost in his mind at that supreme instant was a most irrelevant one. What would Mrs. Jake Hunter say, when she opened his wedding-cards, if she did not find Juletta's name? She had liked the name. What would she say? He shrank, somehow, at the thought of her verdict upon him. And why, after all, should the name not be Juletta's? He loved the girl; he was never more conscious of loving her than at this crazy moment when he stood here waiting for somebody else—for a woman who had simply fascinated him, but whom he did not love at all. What in the devil's name, then, had brought him here? He felt terribly helpless again, as if everything he cared about were being taken from him while he stood impotently by.

The wheels stopped below him. He peered over the shrubbery, and then, in the sudden reaction, laughed aloud. It was nobody but 'Lige Porter, getting leisurely down from his stage to uncheck his horses at the trough—nothing but the old Brattleboro stage that had passed his mother's doorway and Juletta's every Tuesday and Friday since he was a boy! And nobody there but old 'Lige Porter, who had taken Juletta and himself to Brattleboro to buy Christmas presents for each other the week after they were engaged! In less than half an hour the stage could leave him at Juletta's door. All at once Colburn felt strangely secure and happy. It was like getting home again, after a long, long sojourn at the show.

Thus it was that when, a moment afterward, there rang from far up the Wilmington road the unmistakable hoof-beats of a four-in-hand, and Miss Warburton, only three minutes late, swung her new leaders round the last turn and down the ticklish hill to the Four Corners, it came to pass that Dr. Samuel Colburn leaned back against his rock with folded arms, staring into the woods in the direction of North Enderby. He even heard her low voice as she steadied the excited horses. There was an instant's silence; and then, startlingly clear in the narrow valley, rose the notes of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes!" rendered with painstaking accuracy upon Charlie McDuffer's French horn. But Orson the wood-knight stood motionless. Again young McDuffer played the tune, and again the wind carried the echoes idly down the valley. There was a laugh from the Taraway girl. It was followed by the crack of a whip-lash, the sound of plunging horses and rattling harness, the shrill scraping of a wheel, a confusion of voices, in which Colburn distinguished the raucous tenor of 'Lige, and a frightened scream from Miss Warburton's aunt; then the whip fell angrily again, twice, thrice, and the tally-ho whirled back up the Wilmington road at full gallop.

Dr. Colburn scrambled down the ledge, and was waiting by the roadside as 'Lige came along.

"Hullo, Sam! I heard you was home. Git in."

Colburn climbed on to the front seat.

"Tlk! Gid-ap!" The horses stumbled into their familiar stiff-kneed trot. "Say, did ye see them city folks?"

"I've just come out of the woods," said Colburn.

"Hev, eh? Did n't know but ye might 'a'

seen that team. Remember them little mares that Luke Avery used to drive in Brattleboro last winter? Off mare interfered. Luke never did know anythin' about shoein' a hoss. Remember 'em? I heard Luke say he'd sold the pair for six hundred in New York, but I supposed the critter lied. Well, by Johnny, I was just waterin' back here at the Corners when one of these tally-hos come lickety-split down that hill, with Luke's mares hitched up in front! I tell ye, they look pretty! Tails clipped, ye' know, and silver harness. Should n't 'a' known 'em if I had n't been lookin' at the hind legs of that off mare. She's shod this time by some one that understands the job, but she ain't quite right yet. Tlk! Gid-ap, Bill! . . .

"Did n't see 'em, eh? Wish ye hed. There wa'n't nobody but a girl on the box. Pretty slick driver she was, all the same! Wore a pair of them 'ere ga'n'tlets. Darned if I know now, though, what she was after. She pulled up right there by the trough, and one of them dudes—ye call 'em in the city, don't ye?—played somethin' on a bugle. The girl kind o' looked all round, and then she says, 'Play it again,' and the feller played it. Then there was a girl with a red parasol leaned forward and said somethin', and it must 'a' made this girl who was drivin' pretty mad—madder 'n blazes! She just gathered up them lines, and h'isted Luke's mares right across the road,—it's pretty narrer there, ye know,—and I see she was tryin' to turn round. I started to back off from the

trough, to give her a little more room to cramp, ye see, when that dude with the bugle hollers to me, 'Get out o' the way, can't ye?' and it kind o' riled me, and I says, 'I 'm carryin' the United States mail, by gosh! Git out o' the way yerself!' And an old lady on top she hollered, and the nigh leader got her leg over the traces, and a feller with a fancy suit jumped down from behind somewhere, lookin' scared. But the girl she just laughed. She was mad, though, clear through. Wal, the feller got the trace fixed in no time; and the girl says, 'No; I tell ye, I 'm goin' back'; and then the dude crawled over on to the box, and she leaned down and cut them horses like all possessed, and I 'm darned if she did n't make the turn as neat as y' ever see, and run the critters right back up the hill, Wilmington way, where they come from! Queer, wa'n't it? I must remember to tell Luke about them mares. Tlk! Gid-ap, Bill! Gid-ap!"

As the stage rattled into North Enderby, Juletta stood in the shadow of the big apple-tree at the end of the garden, placidly retwining her sweet-pea tendrils that had been loosened by the storm. Colburn vaulted the fence and came toward her. She gave a cry of pleasure; but when his arms were around her, she looked up into his face with a sort of rapturous fear. She had forgotten that a man's arms were so strong. Their lips met, and she trembled a little. He had never kissed her in that way before. But her eyes closed slowly, and she put up her lips again.

LIFE AND SOCIETY IN OLD CUBA.

FIRST PAPER.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF JONATHAN S. JENKINS, AN AMERICAN PAINTER OF MINIATURES, WRITTEN IN 1859.¹

THE VOYAGE TO HAVANA, AND FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

I LEFT New Orleans for Havana on the brig *Laura*, Captain Delgado, on the first day of December [1835]. We had twelve passengers, all of an agreeable and companionable spirit, which is never more important than on a sea-voyage in a sailing-vessel over a tropical sea, as an antidote to its many discomforts.

¹ Mr. Jenkins was United States Consul in the Navigator's (now Samoan) Islands in 1856. These extracts have been selected and edited by his great-nephew, Joseph Cooper Boyd, Esq., of Baltimore.

Our captain was a Spaniard, with much of the *dolce far niente* in his composition. His object seemed rather to make us happy by courteous manners and good dinners than to accomplish a quick passage. I had this in mind when I selected a Spanish rather than an American vessel, as speed was not so much an object with me as comfort. The American captains are more thorough seamen, and possess much more energy and skill than the Spanish; just as our people in every occupation live more in the future, while the Europeans live in the present and appropriate more of its enjoyments.

The good *Laura* jogged on at a safe pace over the quiet waters of the Gulf for several days, and no unusual incident disturbed our serenity until, one night, we were all aroused by an unusual stir on the deck, broken at intervals by the drawling song of the mate crying the depth at every cast of the line. We were on soundings; it was found that the vessel had made too much easting, and was likely to ground on the Tortugas. For a time we were in great danger of being lost, but fortunately discovered our peril soon enough to avoid a wreck, and it served as an excitement to break the monotony of the passage.

There was now every evidence that we had passed into the tropics and would soon reach our destination. At night the vast sea seemed at intervals to hold its breath, and a marked hush ensued, broken only by the ripple at the bow now and then, or the puffing of the sails. The clear firmament seemed deeper and darker, and the stars, though brighter and apparently larger, looked as if they were set farther back. During the day the air was soft and tinted with purple and gold, almost opaline, and fell upon the sea in a gauzy haze along the horizon. I felt as I had never done before. All effort, physical or mental, was disagreeable, and I was alike charmed into repose and resigned to enjoyment.

At length, on the seventeenth day of December, the *Laura* passed the grim castles at the entrance into the harbor of Havana, and a scene of enchantment and novelty spread itself around us. The shores of my own country, the land of modern progress, were but a few leagues distant, while here I was suddenly back into the midst of the middle ages.

If nothing else brought palpably to your senses the fact that you had left "the land of the free" behind, the passport system of all monarchical countries would be of itself sufficient. As is usual, I had procured one of these indispensable permits from the Spanish consul at New Orleans; but I now found that I had to get another permission from the office of the captain-general. A friend of mine living in Havana obtained the additional license for me, and after the usual delay at the custom-house, I was permitted to go my way. Everything was strange. The streets were not wider than lanes or alleys, and on each side were somber stone walls, pierced here and there with apertures showing the thickness of the walls and the gloomy interior; these were windows, but without Venetian shutters or

glazed sash, and in their stead grinning bars, so I shuddered to think I was surrounded by prisons. In some of the houses a grilled balcony projected beyond the window-opening, so as to look down upon and along the narrow street in both directions. In some of these a half-dressed girl could be seen standing talking with the dashing beaux on the street, while the long-bodied volante, looking like a huge insect, would pass quickly, under the guidance of a gaudily dressed *calesero*. These singular vehicles are a necessity because of the narrow streets. The dress of the whites was of thin linen, white and cool-looking, with a broad straw hat. The negro laborers were as near nude as decency would permit, and the negro children under ten years of age were entirely so.

Being a painter of miniatures, my great desire was to master the language quickly, and to extend the circle of my acquaintance as widely as possible.

I established myself at the house of Mr. Fin, a fancy-glass blower, whose exhibitions were largely attended by the best classes of society in Havana; and in this way I became known to hundreds of people in a short time, and had the opportunity of hearing the most correct Spanish spoken.

I found the Spanish gentlemen gallant and courteous to a fault; but it was almost too elaborate and formal to seem sincere, and thus lost the impressive grace of genuine politeness. The ladies were very graceful, having that confidence and elegance of movement which habitual dancing seems to confer upon the body; but their mental training did not correspond. Their frank manners are very winning to a stranger, and an American soon feels as if he had known them for years. But the style of both sexes, however, seems to the observer like the exhibition of a brilliant formula to which they had been trained from childhood until it became almost natural. Americans are too stiff in the joints and puritanical in their modes to pretend to an imitation.

At this time I moved through such a round of agreeable society that my life seemed like a dream. It becoming known that I was an artist, many applications were made to me by persons of the most distinguished families to give lessons in fancy painting, and thus a new and lucrative field of exertion at once opened before me.

I now employed an interpreter. This is a regular calling in Havana, and is generally filled by intelligent youths, either white or mulatto. My interpreter was a native white

youth only ten years of age, but exceedingly well informed and intelligent for one so young.

I arranged my plans so as to give lessons in fancy painting, and began business. The rates of tuition were five dollars an hour, at which seemingly extravagant price my time was constantly occupied. There were other teachers of this feminine accomplishment in the city giving lessons at less charge, but my popularity among the ruling families gave me the preference. I cannot account for this otherwise than by thinking their good favor was due to the influence of my guitar.

A NOBLEWOMAN OF CUBA.

AMONG my first pupils was the Marchioness of Arcos, the representative of one of the most ancient noble families in Cuba, and the mother of the present (1859) marquis of that name.

This estimable and venerable lady was regarded as one of the best persons in the community. Distinguished alike by her social elegance and her private virtues, she possessed a corresponding influence in the community, and might be called the leader of society at that time. She was about fifty years of age, and so well preserved as to look much younger. The maiden name of the Marchioness of Arcos was Penalver. At twenty years of age she was left a rich widow, with two children, a son and daughter. The latter ripened into that rich beauty of womanhood so like the luscious tropical fruits of her native land.

Her brother, the Count of Penalver, owned the Bishop's Garden, one of the most beautiful resorts near the city. This was once the residence of the Bishop España, upon the adornment of which he expended large sums of money. It is about three miles distant from Havana, and is situated in a lovely valley; the grounds are extensive, and are shaded by mangos, alligator-pear, breadfruit, and the stately royal palm. Under these the charmed wanderer is startled here and there in the turns of the walks by marble statuary. A stream of clear water is led in a serpentine course through this fairy place, to the edge of which broad marble steps reach down, where the water-lily holds up its white flower almost to the hand. Rare tropical birds gleam through the trees, and a spirit of peace seems to rest upon its sylvan quiet. It is said to have cost many hundreds of thousands of dollars.

One day, on a visit to the house of the

Marchioness of Arcos, I was asked to give some music, and she expressed a desire that I should hear her grandchildren sing; and upon my expressing a similar wish, a day was appointed on which I should meet them there.

The day arrived. The boys were brought into the room by their father, and the Marchioness introduced him as her brother, the Count of Penalver. The boys sang very sweetly. Upon their leaving the house, I asked her how it was that her grandchildren called her brother "papa," when he must be their great-uncle. "Oh," said she, "he is their papa, for he married my daughter." To accomplish this union the Count was forced to obtain a dispensation from the Pope.

The Marchioness was a good linguist, speaking French and Italian in addition to her own language; but having had German teachers, she had a foreign accent. She did not attempt to speak English, though she had taken lessons for several years, and understood the structure of the language. An incident fortunate to both of us occurred. My interpreter, William, being sick, I went alone to her residence. She met me at the door of her cabinet, and inquired, as well as she was able, for the interpreter. I made her understand that he was sick, but that I thought that, as she knew a little English and I a little Spanish, we could dispense with William until he recovered. She thus, from necessity, made the effort to speak English, and was so successful that we continued to instruct each other. This noblewoman was anxious to excel her countrywomen in the acquisition of knowledge, and, possessing fine taste, made rapid progress, and gave me a high opinion of her cultivated mind.

On one occasion I expressed surprise that at her time of life she should attempt to acquire a foreign language. She replied: "If by studying the English language for three years I could acquire a sufficient degree of proficiency to enable me to translate one English book into the Spanish, I should be compensated." I begged to know the name of that book. She replied: "'Paradise Lost.'" No circumstance could more emphatically show her enthusiasm and true appreciation of the beautiful and good than this aspiration.

Through the friendship of this lady I obtained as pupils the daughters of the Count of Philameno and of other families of the nobility, to such an extent that all my hours were occupied, with profit to myself and, I

have reason to believe, with benefit to my pupils. Being thus intimately connected with the young people, I was invited to many entertainments given by the noble families, and was always received as a distinguished visitor. The Spanish people hold the art of painting in the highest esteem, and rank its votaries with princes, as the ancient Greeks did with the gods. At these festal reunions the good Marchioness of Arcos conversed with me in English, much of which I was unable to comprehend, but always made answer, though it might be at random, so that the company present thought she displayed immense talent, and expressed their gratification in frequent commendations. It is worthy of mention that this lady did not use tobacco in any way, which was a distinction when all smoked, the most beautiful and high-born as well as the fishwoman in the market.

When an acquaintance visits a private residence, cigars are handed round on a silver salver; if the visitor be an intimate friend, one of the young girls of the family, called a "doncella," lights a cigar and giving it a few draws to get well lighted, gracefully presents it to him. If the guitar is brought in, as usually occurs (for there is one in every house), and the visitor plays, his cigar is kept lighted by the doncella, and at each pause in the music she politely hands it to the guest. This may occur several times in an evening, and this friendly ceremony is pleasant enough when the cigar comes from the pouting lips of a rich Spanish beauty just ripening into womanhood, but in any case it must be thankfully accepted.

ATTACKED BY YELLOW FEVER.

I FOUND it convenient to change my quarters, and hired furnished rooms from Miss Mary Lyons, who kept a boarding-house. This move was not made too soon, as the yellow fever broke out soon after, and it was of the utmost importance to an unaccustomed stranger to prepare for it. This terrible and annual scourge of all tropical countries generally makes its appearance about the 10th of May, and soon after becomes epidemic.

The most prudent plan if you be a stranger is to make provision for the attack while you are well, by having the nurse spoken to, even the doctor engaged to come at the first summons, and then have your room in order, with every necessary article at hand. When at last the "yellow Jack" fastens on you, as

the Creoles say, "Give your soul to God, your body to the doctor, and keep your mind quiet and entirely resigned." My turn was late in coming, as I kept well until the 6th of August, attending constantly to my business, and hoping from my delicate health, being a dyspeptic, that I might escape entirely. I fatigued myself greatly sitting up with the sick, nine cases having occurred in the house up to this time. On the evening of that day, being with a pleasant company at the house, I sat up until eleven o'clock. When I retired, a very uncomfortable sensation about the head, with some fever, was manifest. Miss Lyons, from her experienced knowledge of the early symptoms, pronounced it yellow fever. The next morning Dr. Bumstead called on me, and said it was a high stage of yellow fever. He gave me some medicine, and at eight o'clock bled me so profusely that I was faint, which alarmed me exceedingly. Depletion is essential in this disease, as the inflammation of the system can be quickly reduced in no other way.

The Marchioness, missing me from her usual lesson, sent her majordomo, offering to send her own physician, and, if I desired it, her confessor to minister to my spiritual wants. I returned her my thanks for her kind solicitude, but said that my physician was a very good one, and that, so far from needing a father confessor, I hoped soon to resume her lessons. After much suffering from extreme debility for several days, I gradually became convalescent, and was recommended to drink porter, from which I experienced the greatest benefit. It is always to be preferred to quinine, as there are instances of the most deplorable effects from the use of this drug in yellow fever. No greasy food of any kind should be touched by the patient, as it is certain death in this curious disease.

IN AND OUT OF THE CALABOOSE.

AN unexpected adventure happened to me about this time, which resulted in bringing me much business in my art. The inmates of our boarding-house had frequent reunions for music and singing, in which I always took part. To one of these a Captain Granger was brought by some friends. This gentleman was subject to fits of insanity, and they wished to see if music would not affect him beneficially. He was taken to my room, that I might play the guitar for him. While there he threw himself on my bed, and seemed to be asleep. His friends requested that he

should not be disturbed, and after a time bade me good night, and left him there. A short time after their departure, Captain Granger rose up hastily, and rushed into the street. I pursued him; but, it being dark, he avoided my search, and I found myself groping in the street. As it was after eleven o'clock, I was very soon arrested by a night guard, in obedience to a law of Tacon, then captain-general, that any person found in the streets after that hour without a lantern should be fined a "half-ounce" and have his name published. I was therefore uncereemoniously hurried to the guard-house by the rough order, "*Vamos!*" When I reached the station I found quite a number of persons. The commissary of police was sitting at the door, strumming on a guitar. Much curiosity was evinced at my appearance. I knew I must weary out the night, so I concluded to make myself agreeable, and felt satisfied I could make them all my friends if I could only get hold of the guitar. While making these reflections I suppose I looked at the guitar very intently, and so attracted the notice of the commissary, who handed me the instrument with an air of derision, as though he thought I could do nothing with it. I took it carelessly, ran my fingers smoothly over the strings, and finding them out of tune, set them to accord, swept them rapidly by way of a prelude, and then began to play. The look of the commissary changed, and his men drew near. The guitar was a good one, and it was perfectly responsive to my hand. The guard were delighted, and grew loud in their encomiums, shouting, "*Bravo! Bravissimo!*" and patting me on the shoulder as their admiration increased. They sent for a lieutenant who spoke English, who asked where I had learned to play so well, and seemed surprised when I replied, "In the United States." He said that he had spent several years at St. Mary's College, near Baltimore, but had never heard an American play so skilfully. They all seemed to be my friends, and wished to know the cause of my arrest. When I had explained it, the commissary offered me the use of his bed until the morning, as he should not want it; or, if I chose, I could return to my own house. The hour was late, and the bed a superb one and very inviting; but I decided to return to my own room, and to prevent my rearrest one of the guard attended me to my lodgings. Before I left, they wished to know if my calling were to teach music, when I told *them that it was not, but that I was a minia-*

ture-painter. This greatly excited their curiosity, which caused them to call on me the next day.

This adventure was noised about through the whole police force of the city, and my studio was visited constantly by them to see specimens of my art, and I was employed by many of their number, so that in the end my arrest brought me a great deal of business. I was never afterward disturbed by them, having, as it were by tacit consent, a free passport.

A BENEVOLENT TYRANT.

PRIOR to the administration of General Tacon in Cuba [who assumed office as Captain-General in 1834], particularly during the rule of Vivas, society had become so disorganized that neither life, property, nor social rights could be said to have any protection. Truly "might was right," and this was the only law. The robber, the pirate, and the assassin were recognized institutions, and none dare oppose them. To right such disjointed times required unflinching courage, stern justice, and a rule approaching oppression. All these virtues were found in General Tacon, as the sequel will show.

The city of Havana was divided into police districts called *barrios*, over each of which a commissary of police had authority, arranging and directing the force under him. The country was divided into sections called *partidos*, over each of which presided an officer called a captain of partido. These officers knew their duty so well that every abuse could be ferreted out and the offender brought to punishment. To aid them in this service, every person, before he could pass from one of these divisions to another, was obliged to get a passport, and this must be countersigned by the captain of every partido passed through, thus enabling them to trace any one through the whole island. These officers were made personally responsible to the captain-general for every depredation committed in their jurisdiction. To illustrate this, I will give an instance which occurred within my knowledge in Havana.

A young Englishman, clerk in one of the large commission-houses, lost his watch. He advertised, giving a minute description of it, the number, maker's name, etc., and offered a reward for its recovery. General Tacon saw this, and sent for the young man. On his appearance before him, he said: "I see by the papers that you have lost a watch. I like the way you care for your property; it is an evidence of a business man. You shall

have it again; call here for it to-morrow at ten o'clock." The commissary of that barrio was sent for and informed that the article must be forthcoming by ten o'clock the next morning, at the risk of his office. The watch was brought to General Tacon before the appointed time.

Every person coming into the city from the country or a neighboring town is required to inform the commissary of the barrio in which the hotel at which he stops is situated that he is there, under a penalty of half an ounce. After the hour of eleven at night every one is required to be within doors, and these regulations are not relaxed, except during the carnival or other holiday. The gates of the city are also closed at that hour, except when operatic or dramatic performances are being exhibited at the Tacon Theater, which is located outside the walls on the Paseo. An amusing incident occurred in connection with this regulation. An American sea-captain, a powerful and resolute man, was shut out one night. He came to the gate at the head of the Calle Obispo, and offered the guard the eighth of a doubloon to let him pass. They could not resist the bribe, and Captain Petersen was allowed to enter. But a second guard applied to him for more money, which he properly refused, and the soldier, having arms in his hand, made an attack upon him. Captain Petersen seized the musket, and wrenched it from his hands, seeing which, a file of his comrades came to his assistance, but Petersen defended himself with the musket so successfully that he whipped them off, breaking the stock of the gun to pieces, and leaving only the barrel in his grasp. Sixty guards from the *cuartel* then pursued him, when, thinking discretion the better part of valor, he gave himself up, and was instantly taken before General Tacon. The captain-general admired his heroism, and surveying his manly person from head to foot for a few moments, said: "Captain Petersen, a man capable of defeating a file of her Majesty's soldiers single-handed deserves great credit for his bravery, but is dangerous to society. You must return aboard your vessel every evening by six o'clock, and be careful not to let the sun set on you in this city." He obeyed this order punctually while his vessel lay in the harbor, and regarded it as a sort of compliment to his importance and a recognition of his manly character.

To give the matter more significance, a *bando*, a kind of Spanish edict, was sent out, with a squad of soldiers dressed in full uni-

form and blowing their trumpets at the street corners by way of publication, that any person who should thereafter strike a soldier should suffer death.

The only edict issued by General Tacon which I remember to have been broken with impunity was one forbidding the use of oaths upon the public streets. This regulation was made at the instance of the pious Marchioness of Arcos, and the penalty for its violation was ten days' imprisonment with ball and chain. A certain word of various degrees of bad signification, according to the emphasis with which it is pronounced, was much employed; and the dogs, horses, and cattle in the streets were driven by shouting it at them, when their pace was at once quickened, so well did they know its meaning. The effect of the edict was to banish the word also; and while the law was observed all business movements on the streets were nearly paralyzed, and it was at length found necessary to abandon the prohibition and let them swear as much as they pleased.

New decrees, approved by steady men of all occupations, were issued from time to time as the abuses of society manifested themselves. These salutary changes were very obnoxious to the nobility and the untitled aristocracy. During the administrations of General Tacon's predecessors in office this class of society had used certain influences and agencies to accomplish their purposes, whether they were the acquisition of unlawful gains or the silencing of an enemy, and no previous ruler had been able to control them.

TACON'S CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE OPPRESSED.

ONE of Tacon's first public cares, after his appointment, was to visit the state prisons. He interrogated every prisoner as to the cause of his confinement and the length of time he had been there. He found that some of them had been imprisoned over twenty years, their bodies wasted with wretchedness and their minds crushed by despair. Having no friends to be interested in their fate, they had been forgotten by the world. This was a favorite means with the wealthy to rid themselves of a debtor or a rival.

One of these prisoners stated that he had been majordomo on the estate of the Count of Philameno, who was then auditor of war under Tacon. The count owed him six thousand dollars for services, and to avoid making the payment had him imprisoned in the castle. Tacon was mortified and surprised, and cau-

tioned the man to be sure and tell him the truth, for he was determined to investigate the matter thoroughly. The prisoner insisted that what he said was true. Thereupon Tacon had the Count of Philameno summoned to meet the prisoner before him the next day. As the captain-general had before this refused persistently to receive the visits or the presents of the nobility, the count was flattered by the summons, and came at the time appointed, very much dressed up, as if upon a visit of ceremony. The prisoner was there when he arrived, and he started at meeting his victim face to face. Tacon, with a stern and searching look, asked the count, "Do you know that man?" pointing to the prisoner.

"Yes; I think he was once my major-domo," he replied, with an anxious look.

"You had him imprisoned, did you?" said Tacon, not taking his eyes off him.

"Yes, I did."

"And the cause?" was quickly asked.

"Because he insulted me, and I am a gentleman, and must be protected," replied the count, recovering his courage.

"That is not the true cause. You owed this man six thousand dollars for honest services, and had him imprisoned to avoid payment. This debt must be paid instantly"; and with his pen Tacon calculated the amount of the debt, with compound interest. "This debt must be paid forthwith."

The count, evidently surprised and again fearful, replied:

"Your Excellency, I will return home and settle with him."

"No, sir," firmly responded General Tacon. "Here is a pen. Write to your secretary to bring the money here; this matter must be disposed of before we separate."

The count did as he was ordered, and the secretary brought the money. The major-domo was paid and released, and then the noble was permitted to return home, humbled, but filled with the bitterest enmity to Tacon and his justice. This affair was noised abroad, and created a great sensation among the nobility, who had heretofore enjoyed perfect impunity in their wrongs to the humble classes.

Tacon was warned of the danger he incurred in thus antagonizing them, as they had often procured the removal of his predecessors for this very reason. He then announced that supreme power had been conferred on him as the only condition upon which he would accept the office of captain-general of Cuba, and this announcement

brought astonishment and consternation to the upper classes.

The Count of Philameno was not content to acquiesce in the just sentence of Tacon, but manifested his hatred on different occasions. This caused Tacon to issue an order that "the count must not hereafter pass the threshold of his own house, but must exercise the duties of his office as auditor of war in his residence." This was rigidly enforced, and he remained a close prisoner under this order until his death, about two years later.

Tacon sought in every way to encourage the people to make their wrongs known to him, and to this end he removed all the restraints and ceremonies with which rulers are usually surrounded, and made himself accessible to all. The following will serve as an illustration.

A feeble old man walked from a distance in the country to the city of Havana to prefer a complaint before the captain-general.

He was instantly admitted to the presence of Tacon, and stated that a wealthy neighbor had owed him a debt for a long time, and had refused to pay him, though he was needy, and that his debtor was then in the city; and he prayed that the captain-general would require the payment of the debt. Tacon struck a small bell near him. A guard appeared, and he ordered a man of a given description to be brought to him, saying where he would probably be found. The guard disappeared with business celerity, and in a short time the wondering planter was standing before the searching look of Tacon. He feared to equivocate in his presence, and admitted the claim to be just, and promised to pay it when he returned home, as both himself and the old man lived in the same neighborhood.

"But," said Tacon, "this old man has walked a long way to obtain his rights. He must ride home. I will pay the debt of fifteen hundred dollars, and you can pay me."

The old man went away rejoicing, and the uneasy planter could not have Tacon for his creditor, so he repaid the money before he left the city.

THE CAPTAIN-GENERAL AS A FORTUNE-TELLER.

AN amusing anecdote is related of Tacon and a celebrated fortune-teller of Havana. This seer had great reputation in his mystical art, and immense influence over the minds and purses of all classes; for superstition is a very common infirmity there. This impostor was in the interests

of the slave-dealers and their captains, from whom he received "hard" reasons to turn the influence to their benefit. Sailors were in the habit of consulting him to learn their fortune in going out to Africa on slave expeditions. The seer always foretold great gains and a safe trip. This so encouraged them to engage in this business that the captains of merchantmen found it difficult to obtain seamen, and they complained of the evil to Tacon. The general sent for the fortune-teller, who seemed flattered by the call, thinking his Excellency wished the service of his art. When he appeared, Tacon asked:

"Do you profess to know the future, and foretell its events?"

"Yes, your Excellency"; and he began to shuffle his cards, and put himself in a prophetic attitude, with a serious, profound-looking expression of countenance.

"What do your cards pronounce?" asked Tacon, when he seemed to be ready.

He cut the cards, and began slowly to read: "His Excellency is extremely popular with all classes, and his horoscope reveals a bright future of wealth, power—" here he hesitated a moment.

"Make your story short," impatiently replied Tacon. "I have other matters to attend to."

"That is all the future reveals to-day," answered the diviner.

"Not all, perhaps," said Tacon. "Give me your cards. I am a fortune-teller sometimes myself." (Shuffled the cards and cut them.) "I see that you will be breaking stone in the Morro Castle in less than an hour, and will stay there two years."

Tacon ordered the guard to take him away and deliver him to the *comandante* of the castle, with an order for his imprisonment for two years at hard labor.

A CAMPAIGN AGAINST ASSASSINS.

THERE was another evil of great magnitude with which Tacon was soon obliged to grapple. There was a regular band of professional assassins who were an instrument of terrible force in the hands of the upper and wealthy classes for purposes of revenge and gain. For a doubloon a lover could have his rival put out of the way, an erring woman her paramour, or a debtor his importunate creditor. Tacon was not unprepared for this. He was well informed of their operations, and had a list of many of the assassins. This class of wretches were principally of that

vicious race of half-breeds called "Chinos," one fourth negro and three fourths Spaniard, combining the merciless cruelty of the black race with the revengeful cunning of the Spanish. They loved blood as does a bloodhound, and possessed the untiring pertinacity of the beagle, and for a little money would take the life of the most innocent person.

A young midshipman of the Spanish navy was sitting at home one evening about dusk, conversing with his sister. It being warm, the house was open, and a Chino assassin walked stealthily into the room, and with a blow drove a knife into his breast. He fell, and died in a few moments, so sure had been the stroke with their peculiar weapon, called a *puñal*.

The wretch was arrested and cast into prison for trial; but when called for he was not there, and Tacon sent for the *mayor de plaza* to inquire into the reason for his escape. This officer, mistaking the character of Tacon, and thinking he was like his predecessors, confessed that he had let him go.

"For what reason, and by what authority?" inquired Tacon.

"I am the *mayor de plaza*, and as such have the authority which I have exercised before," replied the officer.

"And I am captain-general of Cuba," promptly responded Tacon. "As you have let him escape, you must take his place, and I will hold you in prison while I am in power."

He ordered his guards to take him away to the Morro Castle, where he remained eighteen months, when, being about to die, his friends were granted the liberty of taking him to his home, where he died. This man had held his office during the rule of Vivas, and had sold liberty to the most desperate pirates, robbers, and assassins, and thus had grown very rich.

These malefactors could commit any crime, and if they had enough money would be set at liberty in a week after their imprisonment, to renew their ravages on the community.

One of the most powerful and prominent nobles on the island at the time of Tacon's arrival was the Marquis of Casacalbo. This gentleman was highly accomplished, possessing all the showy graces of the man of society. He was handsome in person, pleasing in manners, and had held high places in the government of Cuba.

Tacon early sought an interview with him, and frankly informed him that he had learned

that he (the marquis) was the *compadre* of all the assassins in Havana.

"Yes," said he; "it is true, general, that I am; but it is the fault of the king that I am so. When an unfortunate man appeals to me for his life, my heart is too large and generous to refuse him that boon."

"What is past is past," dryly replied Tacon; "for the future look well to yourself."

Rather more than a year after this interview, a file of guards presented themselves at the residence of the Marquis of Casacalbo, which was in the vicinity of the city. The officer ordered him, in the name of his Excellency, to appear at the palace. The Marquis consented, and said he would come after his breakfast.

"No," replied the officer; "you must go now with me. My orders are to bring you, dead or alive, before the captain-general."

He obeyed very reluctantly; and upon his appearance in the audience-chamber, Tacon investigated the charge against him, and said:

"I give you two weeks to settle your affairs; then you must be banished to the island of Porto Rico."

"For how long?" asked the marquis.

"As long as I am governor of Cuba," replied the stern Tacon.

The marquis knew there was no hope of change in the decision, so made his arrangements, and went into exile; but his mortification and distress became so excessive that they brought on an attack of sickness which resulted in his death before Tacon's rule ceased.

This nobleman was not only distinguished for the manners of a high-bred gentleman, but for his amiable traits of character and many generous acts.

Tacon issued a bando exhorting all good citizens to expose hired murderers without fear, as he would take care that they should be put away so that the informers could not be harmed by them; and further, in order more certainly to point who they were or to disarm them, he decreed that no one should carry a knife with a blade of more than two inches in length, except sailors on duty, who should wear their sheath-knives at the side openly.

Another shame to a civilized community which he rooted out was the public exposure of the person in the streets by vulgar people. This indecency had gradually grown into a custom; and as only males, low classes of *females*, *negresses*, and *mulattos* are seen on

the streets in the day, it was regarded with comparative indifference. Tacon set his face against it, and visited upon the offender ten to fourteen days of hard labor breaking stone. The aggregate of work done in this way was immense, and is a measure of the evil and its prompt punishment; for with the stone thus prepared Tacon had the streets of the city macadamized where before a volante would stick in the mud, and extended this sort of paving five miles out into the country along a public drive to Puente Grande. This corps of offenders were called "Tacon's lapidarians," and to be seen among them was the most degrading punishment. In this wise manner he made the evils of society minister to its benefit.

TACON AND THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

EVERY public exhibition in the island, from the opera to the smallest raree-show, is required to give a benefit once a month, and the day is usually Sunday, and the beneficiary the orphan-asylum. The fund thus obtained provides a dowry of five hundred dollars for each of the girls in this benevolent establishment, which is given them on the day of their marriage.

The asylum was a great favorite with Tacon, who would license any proper exhibition if there was a probability of aiding these beneficiaries. One was the "industrious flea" display, the insects being harnessed and drawing a tiny coach. Another case was that of a balloonist who sold tickets to the amount of several thousand dollars. His balloon having failed to rise, in order to appease the popular clamor Tacon seized the money and gave it to the orphan-asylum, and imprisoned the balloonist until the excitement had abated, when he was liberated. A *douceur* of a doubloon a head on a cargo of slaves was once brought by a successful slaving-house to Tacon, who indignantly refused it, but on second thought gave it to the orphan-asylum to increase its charitable fund.

It is a matter of history that nearly all his predecessors, and particularly General O'Donnell since, amassed large fortunes from this source. It was a well-understood bribe to the rulers to cause them to shut their eyes to this violation of the laws.

FRUIT LOST AND PRESERVED.

In the autumn, being in delicate health, I was advised to take a sea-voyage. I char-

tered the deck of the brig *Harriet Brainerd*, which I loaded with an adventure of tropical fruits for Savannah, and expected with a quick passage to "make a good thing of it." Ten days of warm, calm weather delayed the vessel, and this was succeeded by a violent gale of wind and rain, and for several days we were in constant fear of being lost. The bulwarks of the brig being high, the sea filled the decks, and the captain, fearing she would founder, ordered a sluiceway to be cut in them. Through this opening my whole venture of fruit was washed away, oranges, pineapples, lemons, etc., dancing over the waves as far as the eye could see.

Much of this fruit was presented to me by my lady pupils, among them the Marchioness of Arcos, from whose estate much of the best had been carefully gathered. I asked her what I might bring her in return for her kindness, and she replied:

"I would prefer some peaches."

"Some peaches?" I rejoined. "I fear they will not remain sound."

"Oh, yes," said my lady; "I sent some very delicate fruit to the Queen of Spain by coating each piece with wax, and you can do the same for me."

"I will try, my lady. Everything is possible in the service of beauty," was the involuntary reply.

As this process may be of interest, I will explain it. Take a vessel of water warm enough to melt the wax and cause it to float on the surface like a thin pellicle. A peach or other kind of fruit dipped gently into this will be coated over so entirely as to exclude the air, and it cannot decay. In this way I succeeded in taking to the marchioness nearly a bushel of peaches, greatly to her delight. They were divided into small parcels, and distributed among her friends as a great rarity.

These were, it was thought, the first ripe peaches ever sent to Cuba. I have since practised this method of keeping fruits in other countries, particularly in the South Sea Islands, where I spent much time.

BURIAL CUSTOMS.

THE chief cemetery of Havana is the Campo Santo. To obtain the burial of a stranger in this Catholic cemetery, it is necessary to bring a certificate that the deceased person was a Catholic. This a gentleman named Tiernan would generally do for a foreigner, and for an increased gratuity get the priest

to sprinkle the corpse with holy water. This necessary ceremony over, the body was placed in a hired coffin, and borne to the cemetery in a hearse, thence to the grave by six stout negro pall-bearers, who were fantastically dressed in knee-breeches and cocked hat. At the grave some friend slit up every article of grave-clothes with a knife, in the presence of the company, to prevent thieves from disturbing the body to get those articles. The corpse was then taken out of the hired coffin, and placed in the grave, where it was scarcely decomposed before the grave-digger would throw it up to make room for another occupant. All the hearses have odd mottos on their sides. One of these is: "Look for me to-morrow—you will not find me."

COUNTRY LIFE.

I SPENT about three weeks on estates in the neighborhood of Simonal, taking miniatures of the daughters and wives of the planters. I found them extremely kind, and their manners gay and frank. This is very charming to the stranger, and at once puts the most diffident at ease. The first estate I visited was owned by Mr. Chatrang, formerly of Charleston, South Carolina. His wife, being told that I had been a resident of that State, interested herself in my behalf among her friends. She was very accomplished and really talented, and loved the fine arts, painting in oil with great merit. They had a neighbor, named Sarasang, having a son who, like his father, had a great fondness for music, both being good amateurs. Mr. Sarasang was very wealthy, working about four hundred slaves on his estate, where he dispensed an elegant hospitality. The musical habits of father and son were very much to my taste, and here I was quite happy, often joining with my guitar in their home concerts.

In the vicinity was a *parroquia*, or country church, with usually a small congregation, except on some *fiesta*, when all the surrounding population were expected to turn out in holiday dress for merriment. On New Year's eve, one of these grand occasions, I was requested to join the choir, which then consisted of Sarasang, senior, violinist; Baron St. George and Sarasang, junior, flutists; and myself with the *acordeón*. The *voluntario* was performed on a hand-organ, one of which is used to aid the worship in every country church in Cuba. This over, Mr. Sarasang, the choir-leader, asked that I

would play *en solo* the two waltzes I had rendered at his residence. I did so, giving a musical medley of "The Bavarian Broom-Girl," and closing with "Yankee Doodle." This gave great satisfaction, as the airs were new to the Cubans, and they brought agreeable remembrances of home to a number of invalids and their friends who had come over from San Pedro de Hudson, a health resort. After the services were over, I was asked to render again the piece with the beautiful symphony they had so much admired. I then played "Strike the Cymbal," and all the gentlemen accompanied, with great effect.

WILD LANDS AND COFFEE-PLANTING.

MR. GEORGE DE WOLFE, an American, had established a large sugar-estate in this neighborhood; and the history of this settlement gives some information as to how wild lands are taken up in Cuba.

These lands are valued, other things being equal, according to the distance from the *embarcadero*, or river-landing, where the produce of the surrounding estates is shipped to market. The settler seeks the owner of a piece of land he desires. It is then valued by the *caballeria* (thirty-three and one third acres), upon which sum the settler pays six per cent. annually to the owner; and at any time thereafter he has the privilege of purchasing the property in fee upon paying the owner the amount of the original appraisal. This is called "tributing" lands, and most estates are begun in this way. The interest upon the appraised value is not payable during the first three years after the settlement is begun, and these are termed "dead years." The reason is that the coffee-trees do not bear, nor does the cane crop begin to pay, before three years are past; and this time is regarded as preparatory outlay without income, and in a spirit of justice it has become the custom to exempt these years from charge. This is manifestly the most advantageous way to begin a plantation. Beside this, if the planter has a few thousands of dollars, he goes to a slave-dealer, makes a purchase of negroes, paying down one half of the purchase-money in cash, and a credit of three or four years is extended upon the remainder.

These are great advantages in establishing an estate in Cuba; and in this manner Mr. De Wolfe began with small means, and built up a handsome property in a few years.

The first work in settling a coffee-plantation is to clear away the undergrowth.

The coffee-berry, containing two seeds each, is then planted in the shade of the larger trees, as the young coffee-plants are so delicate at first that the unobstructed power of the sun would destroy them.

The second year the coffee-plantation is laid out in rows intersecting each other at right angles, with broad alleys between. As the young coffee-trees grow stronger, the forest-trees are thinned away; and on lands wanting these, mangos, orange, or plantains are planted at intervals along the rows, while mingled with them are pomegranates, Cape jasmine, lemon, and many fragrant flowering shrubs. When all these display their many-colored blossoms, and give forth their spicy odors, the delight and beauty of a *cafetal* are beyond description. The coffee-tree is kept headed in by pruning the extremities of the longer branches, that the fruit may be easily reached in every part of the top. At all seasons the plantations of coffee exhibit every state of fruit development, buds, blossoms, and green and ripe fruits appearing on the trees at the same time. The blossom is snow-white and very fragrant, while the ripe berry is scarlet in color, much like a morello cherry, and when mature enough to pick grows dark like a blackheart. After the berries are gathered they are thinly spread over a *ecadero*. This is a piece of masonry raised a little above the surface of the ground, one side being higher than the other to give a tilted surface so that the rain-water flows off by the lower edge. These are inclined toward the sun so that the freshly gathered berries may dry rapidly, to hasten which the berries are frequently stirred with a wooden rake. The fruit is thus made ready for the mill, which is like our bark-mills, and hulls the berries, taking off the outer skin and freeing the grains of coffee; these are then taken to the picking-tables, where the old men, women, and children separate the various qualities. These pickers acquire great dexterity in discerning at a glance the grades in the heap; and though each grain has to pass through their fingers, and to look at them it seems a very tedious process, yet in a day they will pick over a surprising quantity. If some "cute" Yankee should invent a machine to select the qualities of coffee, the happy idea would make his fortune, and cheapen the price of coffee, as the gin has cheapened cotton and thus put a shirt upon many a naked back. The selected coffee is put in bags and sent to market. In the springtime these *caffetals* are a very paradise of sweets.

(To be continued.)

AN ISLAND OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY GUSTAV KOBBE.

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH JEFFERSON AND CHARLES A. WALKER.



MONOTYPE BY CHARLES A. WALKER.
THE MANSION HOUSE.

IT sometimes happens, in this ever-changing America of ours, that a bit of country, almost as it once was when the old Cabots or Bartholomew Gosnold first found it, still exists, preserved by a succession of single owners from the general forest devastation which has followed more divided proprietorship. Such is the island, hardly a mile's distance from one of the most picturesque parts of the coast of New England, which retains its Indian name, Naushon, said by some to mean "The Isle of the Blest." The native deer are still to be found there, only kept from the rule of the survival of the fittest by a few hunts every autumn. Many noted people have joined in these hunts, which were features

of the autumn on the island even before it became the property of the present owners. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, at one time of his life a frequent visitor to the island, rarely missed one of them. Among his poems in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" may be found several which owe their inspiration to his visits to the island.

Science suspending her Habeas corpuses
While I was shooting or looking at porpoises,

as he himself writes. The same poem includes his famous pun:

And if I sit where the bumpers are bubblin'
While I am looking—each cork seems a Dublin.

Many a hunt dinner was enlivened by a song from this most genial of poets; and when, many years ago, the sterling old "governor" of the island, who had been his first host, died, he penned that noble threnody, "The Last Look," beginning:



PAINTED BY JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

THE EDGE OF THE WOOD.



MONOTYPE BY CHARLES A. WALKER.

HADLEY HARBOR, LOOKING OUT.

Behold—not him we knew!
This was the prison which his soul looked through,
Tender, and brave, and true.

So it is that we owe to this island one of the most beautiful as well as several of the wittiest poems in our language.

The island still boasts most of its natural beauty, and the present proprietor has labored to restore such ravages as man has been guilty of, though fortunately there seems to have been but one gross instance of violence. This was about 1825, when the heirs of Governor Bowdoin owned the island. The heirs were minors, and the wiseacres who administered the estate thought the island might be made to yield an income if its wood were cropped. There being no provision in the will for cutting, they obtained permission from the legislature, which at the same time appointed a militia general to see that the rights of the heirs were guarded. Men were hired, houses built, and fifteen hundred acres of fine old trees felled. As a result the market was overstocked, and at the settlement of the account it was found that through the transaction the estate had incurred an indebtedness of fifteen hundred dollars, and had lost fifteen hundred acres of fine woodland.

The island is one of a considerable group, *all of which retain their Indian names, so far as these are pronounceable by the*

Anglo-Saxon. There are three Indian traditions relating to it, which have been preserved by Wait Winthrop, son of John, who owned it at the beginning of the last century. The first states that the house on the east end of the island was raised, "ye Indians say, before ye English came to America"—in which statement I should say there was more Indian than truth. The second tells how the Indians on the mainland, being at enmity with those on the island, persuaded the "devell" to throw a rattlesnake on to the latter. The snake "increas't much," and a squaw was "bit." The third relates that while the "devell" was building a bridge from the main to one of the smaller islands, a crab caught him by the finger, whereupon he threw the crab toward an island twenty miles distant, where crabs now breed.

This Wait Winthrop had a disposition fit for a recluse life in his island home. When he set out for it, he wrote in his journal: "I am now this present year, 1702, twenty-one years of age, and in all my life hitherto have never found a true friend, one yt I could trust." A Puritan pessimist at one-and-twenty! The old Winthrop deed, a fine specimen of "indenture," hangs in the island mansion. The "consideration" for which the Indians originally parted with the property consisted of a red coat and some beads!

The best method of improving a spot of such natural beauty is to leave it alone; and this the present proprietor does most thoroughly, especially as he finds that experts disagree on artificial means. One of those he consulted was a lumberman who knew something of tree culture; but as soon as he entered the woods the man of business overcame the arboriculturist, and he exclaimed enthusiastically: "Cut them down! Cut them down! They're just a good marketable size!" The other, a noted landscape-gardener, advised that every tree on this five-thousand-acre estate be trimmed—a proceeding which would likely extend through several generations, and then have to begin all over again. Fortunately the owner left nature to herself. So intent is he upon preserving the natural beauty of the island that the roads over it are clearly defined only where this is absolutely necessary. Wherever they leave the woods, and wind in and out among and over the mounds of turf and rock which add so much to the varied attractiveness of the landscape, they are marked only by a few slight streaks of brownish paint upon an occasional rock or stone, hardly noticeable unless one is on the lookout for them.

Among former old residents of the island a story was current that the mansion was haunted. It was only just finished in 1813 by "Governor" B., and furnished from England, when, so the story goes, one day, just before dinner, the governor told the family to wait for him, went up-stairs, and, not returning, was sought, and found dead in his chair. The

wife, startled out of all thought but that of getting away from the island as soon as possible, left things just as they were, and tradition says that the table remained untouched. The house was shuttered closely and left for seven years to the tender mercies of mice and mold. At the end of that time an agent was sent to open the place. But a crop of tales had arisen, and had spread all about the country-side. From the mainland parties came to inspect the haunted house. "The governor had said the family were to await his coming for seven years, and now the time had come"; "lights were seen," "noises heard," etc. The whole paraphernalia of a ghost-story were at the disposal of a yarn-spinner. Mischievous farm-hands who had access to the house hid themselves therein, after tempting two unfortunates to spend the night there, and when those poor fellows were quaking in terror, the hidden friends sounded a gong and sent them flying to the farm, firm believers in the ghost; and so on endlessly.

The nearest approach to the appearance of a veritable ghost was when Mr. Stanton, Lincoln's Secretary of War, visited the island. He occupied the haunted room, but had not heard of the ghost—so he said, or was said to have said. He was awakened by the door slowly opening and some one hobbling about as if bumping the floor with a cane. This continued some time, then ceased suddenly. The room was too dark to see the intruder, nothing further occurred, and the Secretary at last slept.

He said nothing at the time, and so missed



MOODTYPE BY CHARLES A. WALKER.

TARPAULIN COVE.

the explanation, *i. e.*, that the door of the haunted room, from a very ancient latch not catching well, had a trick of opening, and underneath the room visited by the ghost of the governor was one haunted by mosquitos, the human inhabitants whereof were wont to rise and rap the walls with slippers, when the pest became too bad for sleep.

Mr. Stanton may have heard the ghost—we leave it to the reader to decide.

Half-way along the south shore of the island there is a famous cove, with a light-house and keeper's dwelling and a farm-house, and there is another farm-house at the west end. From the eastern end, where the mansion and other residences stand, to the cove is four miles, and from there to the western end three, so that there are great reaches of forest and wild land, where the deer roam at large, between the human habitations. These, therefore, hardly mar the natural aspect of the island, and the solitude—one of its chief charms—is practically unbroken.

Few estates can boast the varied beauty of the island, which unites in a rare degree sea-shore and upland. The waters between the group and the mainland are picturesquely streaked and eddied by the tide rush, here being one of the narrow entrances to the bay. The rocky shore of the main, and the beacon on the promontory, form a fitting background for these restless waters. Between the principal island and its several islets are pretty waterways over which it is delightful to row or paddle, except in certain narrow passages where the tide sometimes makes a veritable sloping plane of water, and you have to pull, paddle, or pole your boat literally up-hill. Coming out from one of these narrow passages between wooded shores, late one afternoon, we saw a low point, with just one fantastic cedar darkly outlined against the sky. It was slack water, perfectly calm, and the air so still that you could hear the faint tinkle of the bell-buoy in the narrows. Just as we emerged from the passage, three blue herons flew low over the water from one of the wooded shores

to the point. If we had been a thousand miles from civilization, the solitude could not have been deeper; and the noiseless flight of the heron gave it an air of mystery. But presto, change! a moment later we were out on the Sound, with its shimmering sails and its smoky steamers, a procession of coasters hardly equaled on any other reach of the Atlantic.



SONOTYPE BY CHARLES A. WALKER.

THE OLD SASSAFRAS TREE, KNOWN AS THE EMERSON TREE.

Once in the woods beyond the clearing on which the mansion stands, it is easy to realize why the island should have been one of William Morris Hunt's favorite haunts, and why Emerson loved to dream within its shadowy retreats.

The woods have distinct characteristics of their own. It must be remembered that here is a forest on the very edge of the ocean, and not composed of stunted pines and cedar, or of scrub-oak, but of trees such as we are accustomed to see inland. This confirms the

statements of our early writers concerning the forests along our coasts. These woods have not been devastated, and still stand in all their beauty, the fallen leaves of each season still further enriching the soil and strengthening the growth of timber. The rest of our coast has not fared so well; and hence, when we are told that the barren swales of sand on which we stand were the home of an ancient forest, we have doubts. But here is living proof of the lofty beauty of our coast before civilization began its attack upon it. Here, too, we are reminded of the Norseman's reputed landfall upon this coast—Vineland. For, besides numerous other grape-vines, the island forest boasts one which, having climbed the trunk of one of the tallest trees of the island, has spread its tendrils from branch to branch of this and neighboring trees, until it actually forms a roof over nearly half an acre of woodland floor. The day I stood beneath it, every leaf was fluttering, so that the glints of sunshine fairly rippled over the deep, soft covering of fallen leaves. The hollow was filled with a woody fragrance. It was a place fit for the elves to dance of a moonlight night. For here, in the "Alhambra," as it is called, with an orchestra of crickets, katydids, and tree-toads, they might hold festival unseen, except perhaps by some astonished deer. Nor would they leave a footprint on the springy mold to betray their trysting-place. It is delightful in this forest, where all the fallen leaves, except those the wind has blown away, have remained, no one can say for how many centuries, to lift this mold by its dry top, and see layer after layer grow richer and moister, until it becomes a deep-brown muck and gives forth the same earthy aroma that rises from a valley after a heavy rain.

Soon after entering these shadowy woods I noticed an effect produced by the nearness of the ocean. We were at the bottom of a hollow, where the trees grew straight and tall; but as I looked about me, following the sides of the hollow up, I observed that the trees immediately about me grew no taller than the top of the hollow. They were tall because their growth started from the very bottom; and by just so much as the other trees were rooted higher along the sides of the hollow, by just so much they were shorter than those rooted in the depths. All growth was checked at the top of the hollow. Not a tree-tuft protruded above it. Those trees which grew near the top, where the wind could dive in upon them, were like the cedars you see in the sand hollows along a beach.

Their branches had been blown on so long from one direction that they all grew to leeward. I climbed up and sat on what I may call the windward rail of this hollow, and could see that the wind, sweeping over it, had checked all growth, leaving an almost level circle of tree-tops. So much sway, at least, his Majesty the Atlantic holds over this forest retreat, through his viceroy the wind.

Not far from here are the large spreading black oak named after General Sherman, and two fine beeches dedicated to General and Mrs. Grant. The Sheridan Path, leading to the oak bearing this soldier's name, might be a mountain trail, yet a few rods in another direction you gain a view of the Sound.

Sheridan took his last ride on the island. When his host had last seen Sheridan he was a light, dashing young officer. Naturally supposing that the hero of the famous ride from Winchester, and one of the greatest of cavalry generals, would prefer the saddle to the cushion, he had had the horses saddled. Sheridan, whose weight had increased considerably, rather demurred at riding, saying he had not been astride a horse for years, but finally mounted. It proved his last mount.

Though Hunt came here for rest, he was irresistibly attracted by the beauty of these woods, and painted several passages in them. Among them is an old tree, a bit of fallen wall, and a glimpse of the open from under the trees. Through the leafy arch to one side you can look out upon a reach of blue water.

Not long after emerging from under this arch, we came to a cleft running down to the shore. It is rough and rocky, with stunted, wind-blown trees, a dun, autumnal coloring giving added significance to the name—the Witches' Glen.

But the most exquisite passage on the island is Cathedral Path. The road here leads through a hollow where beeches spread their Gothic branches from smooth, slender, column-like trunks. Some of the larger trees in the hollow form the nave of the cathedral, the road leading through it like a broad aisle. On the sloping sides are the galleries, a cluster of small trees on the edge standing up as straight and slender as organ-pipes; and there is always music in this sanctuary. A little farther on is the chantry of this forest cathedral—a smaller hollow, with the same effects upon a diminutive scale.

Soon we emerged from the forest upon the low shore at the head of the principal cove. Here are the remains of a small Revolution-



TREES NAMED FOR GENERAL AND MRS. GRANT.

ary water-battery, and a little farther back in the woods is the magazine. A Hessian officer relates in his diary that the British, upon landing on the island, were met by a man and a little girl, the man bearing a flag of truce, the little girl an egg in token of confidence. When the egg was accepted, she held out her right hand with a kiss.

The cove is an important haven for coast-wise shipping. When vessels cannot stem the head wind and tide of the Sound, they put in here. As many as 193 large sail have been counted after a blow; and during one year 12,000 vessels were in the Cove, making it for that year the fifth port of the country. Back of the Cove is a small graveyard, mostly sailors' graves. Some are marked only by oar-spoons stuck in the ground. But this was doubtless the best the former ship-mates of the dead could do for them. It was the first harbor they had made, and they put in only for the hasty burial, thinking it a snugger haven than the bottom of the sea. Occasionally a relative has visited the spot afterward and put up a headstone. One not very large, over the grave of Ithneal Hill, is spoken of in the epitaph as "this small tribute of respect." The epitaph of a Captain

Loring, whose body was brought in here in 1788, reads:

Loring, in all the pride of life,
Hath quit this brittle clay;
And calmly steered his single bark
To yonder world of day.

But the most pathetic grave on the island is in the very heart of the forest. It is a little mound—the last resting-place of a child. A headstone, half rotted away, lies beside it. Only a few letters—not enough to disclose the identity of the dead—can be deciphered. What a strange burial-place, to reach which one must break through thickets and traverse swamps, as if some one, having buried here his last hope, had laid it as far from himself as possible!

Beyond the cove, toward the western end of the island, is the French Watering-Place, another spot with Revolutionary associations. For from this little pond, fended by only a ribbon of sand from the Sound, D'Estaing's fleet obtained water. Not far from the extreme western end is a pretty lake with wooded shores.

The beauty of the island is thus most varied. From its shores you can look out



TREES NAMED FOR PRESIDENT AND MRS. CLEVELAND.

upon a bay on one side and a sound on the other, and then ramble on through forests along paths that seem to lead into the very heart of the mountains. There is smooth, sunny upland, too. Every now and then you have a glimpse of deer bounding through the woods, or standing on some hill-top, silhouetted against the sky, then suddenly vanishing as they take alarm.

The deer are still hunted on the island, and it is to be hoped the hunters have better luck now than in the early days, when, as Holmes puts it:

The second day now blazed away
Each double-barrelled hero;
They made the number up to ten—
If ten be one and zero.

However, bad hunting luck seems to be the lot of poets who visit this island; for one of these, of a later day than Holmes, has celebrated his erring aim in these stanzas:

"THE MAN WHO MISSED THE MARK."

Since first the music of the hound
And the hunter's horn rang clear,
Poets have vied the praise to sound
Of him who killed the deer

My merry song is not the old,
For shooting goes by luck;

My hero is the hunter bold
Who missed the bounding buck.

No pang for him in all the day,
No stain on stone or grass;
He took his "stand," and he had his play:
Heard the calling chorus pass;

Saw the antlered deer go leaping by
With a flight like a winged bliss;
He fired, as he blinked his frightened eye—
He fired, but he fired to miss!

Not death he gave from the barrel bright,
But life in the deep woods dark;
My wreath of laurel is twined to-night
For the man who missed the mark!

Then a merry song—but not the old,
For winning goes by luck;
My hero is the hunter bold
Who never killed a buck!

There is also a memento of Whittier on the island, in these lines of his on a sun dial at the mansion:

With warning hand I mark time's rapid flight,
From life's glad morning to its solemn night.
Yet through the dear God's love I also show
There's light above me, by the shade below.

The gentle spirit breathing through these lines seems to float like a benediction over this fair island.



PAINTED BY JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

ROAD THROUGH THE WITCH'S GLEN.

(BEGUN IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.)

THE ADVENTURES OF FRANÇOIS,

FOUNDLING, THIEF, JUGGLER, AND FENCING-
MASTER DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.,
Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Characteristics," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.



"AT INTERVALS HE WATCHED NO. 33 BIS."

XI. — *Wherein is told how François baits a crab-trap with the Man of the Wart.*

FRANÇOIS had never before so carefully inspected his landlady. She was seated at a table, about to drink a cup of cocoa. The room, the table, the little well-swept hearth,

were all as clean as care and work could keep them. The woman herself was no less neat than her surroundings, yet she seemed one who belonged to the sties of the Cité's lowest life. There was something strangely feline in the combination of animal appearance with the notable cleanliness of her patched

clothes, her person, and her abode. Her back, bent forward from the waist, and rigid, forced her to turn her head up and to one side to attain a view of the face of man. The same need kept her red eyes wide open. The disease which caused this distortion had ceased to be active. It had scarcely affected her general health. Like many of those who have suffered from the more common forms of the disease which makes the hunchback, she possessed amazing strength.

Now, as François stood hesitating, watchful, she sat at table before him, intent on her meal, looking here or there for bread, salt, or sugar, her head swaying from side to side.

"If she were to bite a man, he would be as good as dead," murmured the thief. "What is it she is like? Ah, 't is the vipers in the wood of Fontainebleau. *Bonjour, maman,*" he cried gaily, as he went in.

Taken by a sharp surprise, she gripped at her two sticks on the table, but missed them. They fell clattering, and her shaky hands dropped on her lap. She lacked not courage. As she sat crouched, the bald head, red-eyed and vigilant, was held back to watch this enemy.

Toto ran in, and fawned at her feet.

"Enchanted to see you, *maman.*" By this time she had her wits about her, and, hearing no accusing charges, felt more at ease.

"Come back again, art thou, my fine thief-bird? Did he fly to his nest? Ha! he knows who will take care of him. That *sacré* shoe-maker it was who denounced thee. Didst thou think it was thy little *maman*? Thou didst scold me. But how didst thou get out?"

"Ah, no matter now," said François. "Every one makes mistakes. I have work on hand for thee. If I mistrusted thee, it is not here I should have come. Some time we will have a little *eau-de-vie* and a pipe, *maman*, and I will tell thee all about it. Wouldst thou serve the republic, and be well paid for it? Here, take thy sticks; thou art fit for anything only when thou hast all thy four legs. Listen, now; and, to begin, thou canst read a little—enough to understand this passport, and this order from the Great Committee of Safety?"

She looked eagerly over the papers. "Yes, yes."

"And thou canst read this still better." He let a gold louis drop on the table. She put out a claw, and, failing through tremor to pick it up, drew it to the edge, and for a moment held it under her eyes; then she put

it into her mouth, and, apparently satisfied, chewed on it, moving her lower jaw from side to side.

"A good purse, *maman*. It would be a bold man or a blind would steal thy head for the gold. Heads always lose in our France to-day; thy own is none too sure, *maman.*"

"If thou art thinking to scare Quatre Pattes, it won't do. Ha! it won't pay." She looked as if it would not.

François saw that he had made a misplay. He laughed his best. "*Nom de diable*, thou didst like a joke once. No matter. My time is short. I expect a citizen in a few minutes. Is my old room empty?"

"Yes, and half the rest. I tell thee, *mon fils*, I have missed thee."

"Give me the key, and pen, ink, and paper. These will do. Thy ink is dry. A little water—so. I shall come down in a minute or two, and take the citizen up with me. After that I shall come down alone. The citizen will be locked up."

"Good. Will he be alive? I will have no tricks; they get one into trouble."

"Alive! Yes; he will howl."

"Ah, he will howl. What shall I get?"

"He will pay to get out."

"He will pay—how much?"

"One—two—three hundred francs."

"Pshaw! Paper?"

"No; gold. At four to-morrow—no later, no sooner—at four to-morrow thou wilt let him out; and, mind thee, Dame Quatre Pattes, this is business of the republic. What happens to him after he is let out is of no moment. He may very likely make a fuss; he is bad-tempered. Wilt thou take the risk?"

"I—Quatre Pattes? Three hundred francs!" she exclaimed. "I?"

"If I return not to give further orders before twelve, thou mayst ask the municipals to be here at four. That will save trouble. He will then be in no way to swear thou hast his money. That may be the best plan. I have no mind to get thee into trouble. Now, hold thy tongue; and remember, it will be the little cripple Couthon who will reckon with thee if in this business thou dost fail."

"This is all very well if thou dost not return; but who will pay me if thou art of a mind to come and take him away thyself?"

"T is a sharp old Crab," laughed François. "If I come for him, I promise thee he shall pay thee full rent; and here is his *denier à Dieu, maman.*" He cast another louis in her lap. "If I come not by noon, get all you can, and denounce him as a suspect; but remember—not till four."

"*Queue du diable!*" "T is a fine transaction," cried the Crab, and knocked her sticks together for emphasis. "We will bleed him like a doctor; we will send in the bill under the door; and then—we will have some nice municipals for sextons. Ha! ha! It is well to have the credit on one's little *carte de sûreté*."

François assured her that the plan was good. At this point, however, she became suddenly suspicious. She stood crouching over her sticks, the snake-like head slowly moving from side to side, her eyes searching the thief's smiling face. "Why is the man to be kept? What is it?"

He expected this. "Ask Couthon, the palsied, that, thou imbecile. I will take him elsewhere. There are a dozen houses where they ask no questions. Yes or no?"

"Yes, yes!" Caution was put to sleep by greed; or, more truly, by want, which was nearing its extremity.

He felt secure. "If he should ring before I get down-stairs, let him wait. Now, the ink and key."

"Is he to make his will? Thou wilt not be long?"

"No; I want something that I left."

"Ah! thou didst leave something?"

"Yes, and thou didst not find it, *maman*. Fie, fie, for a clever woman! Well, if thou didst not find it, few could. Wait, now."

He went swiftly up-stairs with Toto, and unlocked the door, leaving the key outside in the lock. He put the writing-materials on a table. In the chimney, just within reach of his farthest touch, he found his pistol. It was not loaded, but he had no powder to re-charge it. He laughed as, putting it behind him in his waist-belt, under his cloak, he descended the stair.

"All is right. *Cordon*, if you please," he cried from the hall. He had not waited outside five minutes when Grégoire appeared, in ordinary dress, without the official feathered hat or the scarf of a functionary. He was now sober enough, but uneasy, and looked about him as if fearing recognition.

"Come," said François. They mounted the ill-smelling stairway to the attic. Neither spoke. Once they were within the room, François said: "Sit down." He took a stool, placing himself between Grégoire and the door. "To business," he said, and slipped out the famous letter from Grégoire to De la Vicomterie. He glanced at it, laughing. "There are three or more heads in this," he said. "Robespierre would pay well for it, or Saint-Just. One might put it up at auction. *There would be high bidding.*"

Grégoire said: "I have paid for it. Give it to me—give it to me!"

"No hurry, commissioner." The thief enjoyed the situation. "Let us talk a little. Let us make things a trifle safer. Have the kindness to write a receipt for one hundred louis d'or accepted by thee as security for the head of one Louis de Ste. Luce, *ci-devant* marquis."

"Not I!" cried Grégoire, starting up.

"Ah, I think thou wilt;" and, with this, François drew his quite harmless pistol, and cocked it.

"Dost thou mean to murder me? Help! help! Murder!"

François seized him by the throat and thrust him down on to the chair.

"The devil! Fat fool! must I really kill thee? Hold thy tongue. Toto," he said, "just look at this gentleman. He is afraid, a coward—he who has killed so many—so many brave men and women, who died and showed no fear. Keep the door, Toto. There, now, citizen; write it, and quick, too, or—"

"But it is my death."

"What do I care? It is certain death unless thou dost keep faith. Once the marquis is free, and I am secure, I will burn it. That is all. Thou art forced to trust me. The situation is simple, and rather different from what it was at nine this morning. Thou art trapped."

It was true, and Grégoire knew it. He drew his chair to the table, and wrote a few lines as the thief dictated. François added a request for a date. "Thou art not clever with a pen," he said; "thy hand shakes."

"I am a lost man!"

"No; by no means. But look out for my marquis. He ought to be very precious to thee, because—because if there should be any accident to him or to me, my friend will promptly place this harmless receipt in the hands of Saint-Just; and then—"

Grégoire sat in a cold sweat, saying at intervals: "I am lost. Let me go."

"Not quite yet. Give me ten louis."

"I—I can't. I left the money at home."

"Thou art lying. I heard it rattle when I shook thee. I might take it all. I am generous, just, like the incorruptible man with the green around his eyes, one Robespierre. Come, now."

Grégoire, reluctant, counted out the gold. "Let me go," he said. There were scarce left in him the dregs of a man. He rose, pale and tottering.

"Not quite yet, my friend. Thou wilt wait here a little while. Then a citizen hag will

come up and let thee out. But be careful; no noise. The gentlemen who inhabit this mansion like not to be disturbed in their devotions. Moreover, they are curious, and generally inquisitive as to purses. Thou hast a few hours for reflection on thy sins. Pray understand that this little paper will be put in the hands of a friend of the marquis; I shall not keep it. The trap will be well set. Am I clear? Oh! here is thy letter to Vi-comterie. I keep my word."

As he spoke he threw the document on the table. Grégoire took no notice. He fell back, limp and cowed. He held on to the seat with both hands to save himself from slipping out of the chair. The sweat ran down his face. When François, calling the poodle, left him alone, he made no motion; he was like a beaten cur.

"Come, Toto," said François, as he locked the door. "That for his wart! It is not as big as it used to be, and it is not in the middle of his nose." He went down to the room of the concierge, and threw the key of his room in her lap.

"He is very quiet, thy patient up-stairs; he hath a chill."

Quatre Pattes, standing by, nodded, and looked up. "Is he alive? No lies, young man."

"Alive? Not quite; only well scared. Imagine thyself one day on the red stair, and the basket all ready, and so neat,—thou art fond of neatness,—all as clean as thy room; and the knife—"

"Shut up that big jaw! I am Quatre Pattes. Dost thou want to frighten me?"

"I? By *St. Fiacre*, no! I only want to let thee understand how the citizen on the fourth floor feels."

"He will bleed the better, my dear." She rattled the sticks, and looked up at François, her head swaying as the head of the cobra sways. She was still in some doubt as to this too ready pupil, whom she had taught so much. "Art thou trying to fool Mother Quatre Pattes?"

"Oh, stuff! Go up and speak to the man. But take care; this is no light matter to put thy claws into. The man will rage; but a day without diet will quiet him a good bit. Then thou canst begin to make thy little commercial arrangement."

"Two hundred—three hundred. No rags, no assignats."

"Might get four hundred, Mother Crabby. There will be two sides to the question."

The old woman laughed a laugh shrill and virulent.

"Two sides? I see—inside and outside. All right."

François stood in the doorway as she spoke.

"By-by, *maman*; and don't frighten him too much. Thy style of beauty is not to the taste of all men. Folks are really afraid of thee, *maman*. Don't make it a part of the bargain that he marry thee."

"Good idea, that! And when shall I see thee?"

"Possibly to-morrow; certainly within a week or so. I may have a few days' work for the committee in Villefranche—dirty country, filthy inns, not like thy room;" and he glanced at it. "I always do like to see how neat it is, and how clean. It would please Sanson. He is so particular. Keeps things clean and ready—always ready."

"T is true," said Quatre Pattes, and clattered away up the hall.

François heard her sticks on the stair, and her shrill laughter. "Thy cheese is poisoned, old rat," he said.

Once secure of the absence of his too observant landlady, François called to Toto and went out of the house. It was now about half-past one. No suspicious persons were visible. He had doubted this Grégoire. He had no mind to leave Paris, but when asking a passport he meant that Grégoire should think he had done so. He moved away, with the dog at his heels, and presently stood awhile in deep thought at the end of the street. Grégoire was safe; he would harm no one for a day, and after that would be the last man in Paris to trouble François. Amar was to be feared, but that was to be left to chance and cautious care. Quatre Pattes? He smiled. "T is as fine as a play, Toto. Here comes the last act. *Can* we go away and not see it?" He looked back. The shoemaker whom the Crab had wished him to denounce, with a view to the eternal settlement of her debts, was standing at his door in the sun, just opposite to No. 33 bis. It was a good little man, lame of a leg, hard-working and timid.

"It is not to be resisted, Toto. Come, my boy." He went back, and pulled the bell at 33 bis. No one answered. He rang three times, and became sure that, as he had anticipated, the Crab had lingered at the door of his room to learn how much of truth there was in his statement.

Thus assured, he looked about him. He saw no one he had need to fear. He crossed the street, and spoke to the cobbler.

"Come into thy shop; I want to speak to thee." When within, he said: "I have been

arrested, and let out—praise be to the saints! I have just now seen the old Crab. She owes thee money?"

"Not much."

"No matter. She has asked me to denounce thee, my poor friend. I came to warn thee."

The cobbler gasped. "*Dieu!* and my little ones! I have done nothing—I assure thee, nothing."

"Nor I, my friend. Now, listen. I am lucky enough to be in a little employment for the Great Committee. I mean to save thee."

"Thanks! Thank thee, citizen."

"Something will happen to-morrow, about four o'clock; and after that no fear of the hag. I must see it; it is my business. Can I stay a day—I mean until then—in the little room here above thy shop?"

"Why not? The children are with my sister. They shall stay till to-morrow night."

He followed the overjoyed cobbler up to the room above his shop, sent him out to buy food and wine, and sat down to await events. The cobbler came back with a supply of diet and the gazettes. François sat behind the slats of the green window-shades, and laughed, or talked to Toto, or read, while at intervals he watched No. 33 bis. He read of how Charleroi had been taken, and of the recovery of Fleurus. It interested him but little.

"They have cut off the head of the devil, and got a new god, my good poodle. *Tenez!* Hold! Attention!" He saw Quatre Pattes clatter out. It was about 4 P. M. She had no market-net. She was decisively bent on some errand, and moved with unusual celerity, her back bent, her head strained upward to get a sufficient horizon.

"It is altogether pleasant, *ami*. She will not wait till twelve to-morrow. She has gone to denounce him. Get up. Here is a nice bite for thee. She is shrewd, our snake. If she plunders M. Grégoire,—and she will, too,—she knows what he will do when he is out. He will denounce her. The play is good, Toto. The money she will have, if we know her. But, *mon ami*, if he makes her believe through the door that he is the great Grégoire of the wart, and she lets him out, and is scared, and asks no pay, Toto, 't is a scotched snake she will be. The Wart will want to be revenged for low diet and loss of the republic's time. *Mordieu!* Toto, let us bet on it."

He read his gazette, and waited. At six *that afternoon* the Crab came home. At nine

François went to bed. Twice he awakened, laughing; he was thinking about Grégoire. The cobbler came in at six with breakfast, and François warned him to be careful.

At ten in the morning Quatre Pattes appeared at her door, and chatted with one or two dames of the fish-market. She rattled her sticks, and talked volubly. She was in the best of humors.

No new thing took place till two o'clock, when two municipal guards paused at her door. She came forth, spoke to them, and went in, leaving the door open. A third joined them. They loitered about. Ten minutes went by. François grew more and more eager as he watched.

"Ho, ho, Toto," he exclaimed, "there was a noise! The fool! she has gone up alone to let him out."

It was true. Grégoire had yielded in all some three hundred francs, and, as ordered, had slipped the money under the door, piece by piece, while Quatre Pattes sat and counted it with eyes of greed. She came down and hid the last of it; now she went up again, rather liking the errand. She was absolutely fearless. She opened the door, and stood aside. "Come out," she said, "little man."

Grégoire was past restraining his rage. "She-devil!" he cried, and struck at her in a fury of passion. He ran past her down the stairs, the terrible woman after him. She was wonderfully quick, but the man's fear was quicker. At the last stairway she found him beyond her reach, and, cursing him in fluent slang of the quarter, she threw one of her sticks at him. It caught him on the back of the neck, and he fell headlong into the hall-way. In an instant he was up and staggering into the street. As he came forth two guards seized him. "In the name of the law!" Quatre Pattes came swiftly after him, screaming out: "Take him! I denounce him! He is an aristocrat!"

What she and François saw was unpleasant for her.

"*Nom de ciel!* 't is the Citizen Grégoire!" cried the third guard.

Grégoire was for an instant speechless and breathless. The guards fell back.

"Arrest me?—me, Grégoire! Have you an order to arrest me?" He was not quite at ease.

"No, no, citizen. It is clearly a mistake. We were to arrest a *ci-devant*."

Quatre Pattes stood up, pallid.

"Take this woman!" cried Grégoire. "I will send an order. The Châtelet, and quick!"

"The little trap did work," cried François,

behind his screen. "How she squeals—like a pig, a pig! She will give up the money. The citizens and she disappear within."

"This woman stole it!" roared the great man, as they came out. "Take her away."

When they came to lay final hands on her, she was like a cat in a corner.

"*Chien de mon âme!*" 't is a fine scrimmage," cried François, "and the street full." The sticks rattled; and when they were torn from her, she used tooth and claw, to the joy of a crowd appreciative of personal prowess. At last she was carried away, screaming, and exhausted as to all but her tongue.

The commissioner with the wart readjusted his garments and his dignity. The crowd cried: "Vive Grégoire!" and the hungry Jacobin went his way, furious, in search of dietetic consolation.

"The show is over, Toto," said François, as he sat down. Presently came the cobbler, curious, and much relieved.

"Ask no questions," said François. "Here is a little money."

"But, citizen, it is a gold louis."

"The show was worth the price of admission. Thou art welcome. Hold thy tongue, if thou art wise. At dusk I shall slip out. Thou art safe. The Crab will denounce no more of her neighbors."

"Two she hath sent to the knife," said the cobbler.

"*Dieu!* how the *tricoteuses* will grin!"

XII.—*Of how François found lodgings where he paid no rent—Of the death of Toto—Of how his master fell among friends—Underground.*

AT dusk François went out, and was soon moving rapidly across Paris. In an hour or less he was in the half-peopled quarter of St. Antoine. Near the barrier he turned aside, and stood considering a little house in what seemed to have been a well-kept garden. On the gate was the large red seal of the republic. It was safe for a night. If he took a lodging, he must show all his papers, and have his name set out, with his business, on the placard which was nailed to the outer door of every house in Paris. His name, as a new lodger, must be reported to the Sectional Committee. He was widely known, and, alas! too peculiar to escape notice long; and, too, he must have time to think. He wandered awhile, ate in a small café, bought wine and bread, at night climbed the garden wall, and without much trouble found his way into the house. It was a sorry sight.

The arrests must have been sudden and pitiless. The kettle stood on the dead embers. The bread, burned black, was in the oven. A half-knit stocking lay on a chair. Up-stairs and down, it was the same. The open drawers showed evidence of search. A dead bird lay starved in a cage. The beds were unmade. The clock had stopped. He found some scant provisions unfit for use. It seemed a gardener's house. The place oppressed him, but it answered his purpose. The dog troubled him. Toto was, like himself, conspicuous, and he felt forced during the daytime to leave him locked up in the house. But Toto was sagacious, and had learned to keep quiet. For several days François lived at daylight in the streets and cafés, returning at night, to get away again before dawn. In the quiet little taverns where he went for food and shelter, he made himself small, and hid in corners; nor, at this time, did he laugh much. He bought the gazettes, and read them with intelligent apprehension of the fact that change was in the air. Robespierre had never had with him a majority of his colleagues, and now he was becoming more and more aware of his insecure hold on the Convention. As long as the ex-nobles or the foes of the republic suffered, it was of little moment to the representatives; but when the craving for blood, not justified by any political reasons, sent too many of their body to the block, the uneasiness of the Terror began to be felt within their own hall. To be timid, cautious, or obscure had once been security. It was so no longer. That terrible master still had his way, and, one by one, the best brains of the opponents of the Jacobins were sent to perish on the scaffold. The Convention began to feel the need for associative self-defense. Revenge, fear, and policy combined to aid the enemies of this extraordinary person. Like Marat, he began to show physically the effects of a life full of alarms; for this monster dreaded darkness, trembled at unusual noises, and remained to the last the most carefully dressed man in Paris. To understand him at all, one must credit him in his early political life with a sincere love of country, and with willingness to sacrifice himself or others. It is impossible to regard him as entirely sound of mind at a later date. He became something monstrous—a mixture of courage, cowardice, blood-madness, self-esteem, and personal vanity. But there were men who loved him to the last.

It was now late in July, the month Thermidor. François began, as usual, to

weary of a life of monotonous carefulness. His supply of money was ample. He was well fed and, so far, safe. He sat night after night in darkness, and thought of the lady of the château. He knew that her father was thus far secure; his name was not in the daily lists of the victims; and these were many, for on the 22d Prairial (June 10) a decree deprived the accused of counsel and of the right to call witnesses. The end was near.

One evening about nine, as he came near to the garden, he saw lights in the house. Toto was found waiting outside the gate. A girl came forth, and soon returned with a net of vegetables.

"*Ciel!* Toto," said François, "the poor things have been released, and thou wert clever to get out. We are glad, thou and I; but they have our house." He had left nothing at this lodging, having nothing to leave. He walked away, puzzled; and, wandering, scarce aware of whither he went, found himself at last in the Rue de Seine. It was getting late, and he began to look about him for a new lodging.

"We must find an empty house, Toto. The seal of this cursed republic is our best chance." He did not need to look far. In the Rue de Seine he came upon a small two-story shop. Beside it was a wide gateway, on which he saw with difficulty, but felt readily, the seal no one dared to violate. He concluded that there must be a deserted house beyond it, in a garden. He passed around by the *quai*, and entered the Rue des Petits Augustins, and stood before the mansion of Ste. Luce. A light was in an upper room. Someone was in charge. Oneither side were railings and a garden. It was now ten o'clock, and no one visible in the long street of old houses, once the homes of the great French nobles. He pushed the poodle between the rails, and readily pulled himself up and dropped at his side. Once within, he moved with care across to the wall behind the mansion, and soon saw that he was not in the garden of the marquis, but in the larger domain of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld Liancourt. His object was to find his way into the house which had an outlet on the Rue de Seine. As he was arranging his clothing to climb a tree near to the wall, he suddenly paused. "Toto," he exclaimed, "we have been robbed,—we—first-class thieves,—and we know not when it was. Ah, it was at that café, as we came out. Well done, too. Not a sou. Weep, Toto; we are broken."

He lost no more time in lamentation, but

climbed the tree, looked over, came down, pulled up the dog, and descended on the farther side of the wall.

He was now in a small garden. Near him, and close to the wall, was a little plant-house. On the farther side of a grassy space stood a hotel of moderate size, with the front court, as he presumed, opening on the Rue de Seine. On each side, as he saw clearly, for the night was bright and the moon rising, there were high flanking walls. After assuring himself that the house was empty, François found a trellis covered with old vines, and, climbing this, entered the hotel by a convenient balcony. He was safe for the night, and at leisure to explore his new dwelling. He feared to strike a light, but he could see dimly that there were pictures, books, china. Evidently this had been the home of people of wealth. As the moon rose higher, he saw still better, and began to realize the fact that here were evidences of a hasty flight. In a room on the second floor was a secretary, and this François proceeded to open.

"Toto," he said, "we are rich again." He found forty louis in a canvas bag which comfortably fitted his side pocket. In the larder he came upon meat, cooked and uncooked, stale bread, and cheese. Once satisfied, he went over the house, and then the garden, taking pains at last to set a ladder against the wall of the Rochefoucauld property.

The glass-house was in disorder, the plants lying about, uncared for. His foot struck an iron ring attached to a trap-door. There were staples for padlocking it, but no padlock. He concluded this to be the opening to a wine-cave or -cellar, and lifted the trap. It was dark below. He ventured down the steps a little way, and then stood still to listen; hearing noises below him, he retreated in haste. He was, as has been said, superstitious.

"That is strange. We will look about when it is day, Toto, not now."

Concluding to sleep out of doors, he accordingly arranged for his comfort by taking a pillow and blankets from the house; for now he had opened a door below, and was in full possession. Suites of apartments which he dared not use for sleep, and a pretty little library, overlooked the small estate of the garden.

No occupied dwelling was in view. Great trees in the grounds of La Rochefoucauld and Ste. Luce partially hid the houses, and, what was of more moment, shut off the sight

of François's refuge. It was, of course, possible that at any time he might be disturbed by the coming of the officers, or, what was to be feared less, that of the owners. But he was not a man to be continually anxious. The outer front door had a bar, and this he dropped into its socket. The side-walls were high. He could hear any one who attempted to enter. His way out at the back was made easy by the ladder he had set in place. At dusk he began to be fully at ease, and after a day or two was hardly less so in the sunlit hours.

On the morning of the third day, much at home, he sat behind the little plant-house, with Toto at his feet, and a book in his hand, for in the library he found several which excited his interest. Now he was deep in a French translation of the travels of Marco Polo. Suddenly he heard a noise of steps. He fell back, caught Toto with a warning grasp on the jaw, and lay still. He was so hidden in the narrow space between the plant-house and the wall of the garden as to be for the time secure. No longer hearing anything alarming, he rose and looked cautiously through the double glass and the sheltering plants which were between himself and the mansion. In a few minutes a tall man came out of the plant-house, went into the dwelling, and by and by returning with blankets and a basket, passed into the plant-house, and was lost to sight. He soon came out again with a lad, and after several such journeys to the main house, whence each time he fetched something, they reëntered the plant-house, and came forth no more.

This incident greatly amazed the thief. "Toto," he said, "there must be a trap below! 'T is a lower cellar it leads to, and there are people beneath. *Hélas*, Toto! No sooner are we gentlemen with an estate than, presto! a change, and it is get up and go. It were better we took to the woods and saw far countries, like this M. Polo." Toto regarded his master with attentive eyes, the long black tail wagging. He seemed to comprehend François's difficulties, or at least to feel some vague desire to help and comfort.

"Yes, yes; it is time we settled down, *mon ami*. Behold, we get a little money and wherewithal to live; we hurt no one; we cultivate our minds with travel; we start fresh, and are honest, having enough,—which is a good foundation for honesty,—and then—*eh bien!* my friend; let us laugh"; and he lay on his back, and tumbled the dog about.

He was in the garden near to the dwell-

ing, a day later, when he heard noises as of steps in the La Rochefoucauld grounds. He climbed the ladder, and, without showing himself, listened. There were voices, and now and then he caught a phrase. These were municipal guards. He beckoned to Toto, and, crossing the garden, entered the house, meaning to watch his new neighbors from a window.

He went up-stairs to the third story under the roof. As he moved toward a window he heard a sound below. He ran down the stair, and stood on the lower landing-place, facing the front door. "We are gone, Toto!" For once he was at a loss, and stood still.

There were voices outside. Some one had unlocked the door, but the bar held it fast. After a minute or two they seemed to have given up the idea of entering. He waited a few minutes, and began to descend the stairs. Then he heard quick footfalls in the room to left on the level of the landing above him. Some one must have entered by a window on the second floor. He turned, perplexed, instinctively drew his useless pistol, and began to go faster. Suddenly the steps above him quickened.

A man on the staircase landing behind him cried: "Halloo! Surrender, in the name of the republic!" François jumped, taking the stairs below him in one leap, but, tripping over Toto, fell headlong in the hall. The dogsprang after him, and alighted on his back. A pistol-shot rang out. The dog fell dead with a ball in his brain. François was on his feet. He cast a glance at the faithful friend of many a day. His own long, strange face became like that of a madman. He dashed up the stair, a second ball missing him narrowly. Through the smoke he bounded on his enemy. He caught the man by the right arm, wrested the pistol from him, and, scarce feeling a blow from the fellow's left hand, struck him full in the face with the butt of the pistol. The blood flew, and the man staggered, screaming. A second blow and a third fell. Twisting his victim around, François hurled him down the stair.

"Beast!" he cried; and, leaping over him, stooped a moment, kissed the quivering little body of his friend, and, with tears streaming from his eyes, stood still. Loud cries from beyond the wall of the garden recalled his energies. The noise at the door was heard again. He ran out and across into the plant-house, pulled up the trap, and, descending, closed it. Then he stood puzzled. It was dark; he could see nothing. He fell on his

knees, and began hastily to grope about until he felt an iron ring attached to the trap-door of what he presumed to be the entrance to a yet lower cellar.

"It is this or death," he muttered under his breath, and stood reflecting, having heard no sounds approaching overhead. Thinking it better to see and be seen by those below, he struck his flint on the steel, and, with the aid of a morsel of paper and his kindling breath, soon had a light. Then he saw near by a lantern with a candle within it. He lighted it, and held it in one hand. This done, he knelt again, and with a quick movement set open the trap-doorway. What he saw was a man and the muzzle of a pistol. The man cried out: "If you move, you are dead!"

"I am not a municipal, monsieur. I am only a thief. Let me come down, for God's sake! I am flying from those rascals who are in the house."

"I have half a mind to blow your brains out."

"*Ciel!* I hope you will not have a whole mind. It would only call those scoundrels. I stole a little from the house—I return it"; and he dropped the bag of louis. It fell on the head of a small boy below, unseen in the gloom. He howled lustily.

"*Diantre!* keep quiet!" cried the man.

"Oh, let him come down, duke; he is welcome." It was the voice of a woman out of the deep darkness. Tender and clear it was.

"Be quick, then, rascal! Down with you."

The thief waited for no second invitation. The duke descended; François's long legs came after. He paused to arrange some loose staves, that, in falling, they might conceal the trap. Then he blew out the candle, and was in total darkness, but where or with whom he knew not.

"Have a care how you move," said the voice of the woman. "We are in great peril. Come down quietly."

"May all the saints bless you!" said François, and sat down on the lower step. For a while all was still.

XIII.—*Of much travel in the Catacombs of Paris, and of how the cats helped François to save a lady, a duke, and three children.*

"It was dark indeed; I had never imagined such darkness," says François in his memoirs. He adds that he has heard the story of this wonderful escape from the catacombs told over and over by M. des Iles. He does not consider that it did him (François), the prin-

cipal person, sufficient justice. He had also heard the old Duke Philippe relate the matter, and it was incredible how crooked he got it. But then, Duke Philippe was a man who had no sense of humor. As to his dear Mme. des Iles, when she did tell this story, the baby was the chief hero. Duke Henri,—that is, the present man,—although only a lad when these events took place, remembered them well.

"When he was seventeen," says François, "we used to fence together. I have often heard him relate to the other young fellows how we made our escape; but Duke Henri has too much imagination, and that, you see, makes a man inaccurate. I knew two very accomplished thieves who were inaccurate. I am not. Duke Henri's tale got stronger, like wine, as time went on. The rats grew to be of the size of cats; three of them pulled the baby out of madame's lap. And as to the people we killed, it would have satisfied M. Dumas, who is the greatest and most correct of such as write history."

The present author grieves that he has not the narration of this famous escape at the hands of Mme. des Iles and the two dukes, father and son. Those who have found leisure to read "A Little More Burgundy" have heard Des Iles's narrative as M. des Iles related it. Those who have not read that rendering may incline to hear François's own statement of what happened after he thus found himself in darkness with people he had never seen. I have followed his memoir pretty closely. It tells of some things of which the other people concerned did not know. Evidently he considered it a less tragic affair than did they. It has been needful to condense François's account, and to do this especially where he speaks of his own intermediate adventures, which were singular enough.

When, as I have said, François, obeying Duke Philippe, put out his lantern, he sat still awhile, and said nothing. Like the rest, he was fearful lest the officers he had disturbed so rudely should make a too effective search. Their inspection of the upper cellar would be perilous enough. The anxious people beneath held their breath when a man overhead stumbled across the staves the thief had set to fall on the trap-door. After a while all noises faded away, and in the evening the Duke proposed to reconnoiter once more; but when he tried to lift the trap, it was found impossible to do so. The municipals, in their examination, must have rolled a full barrel of wine upon the door.

This discovery was, or seemed, an overwhelming calamity.

François during the day came to understand that here in the darkness were Duke Philippe de St. Maur, his son Henri, a lad, another rather older boy, Des Iles, Mme. des Iles, and the baby, who made himself terribly well known by occasional protests in the tongue of babyhood. As the thief became accustomed to the gloom and the company, his usual cheeriness returned; and when they could not open the trap he began to propose all manner of schemes. He would bore a hole and let out the wine, and so lighten the barrel. He would shoot a ball through the trap and the barrel, and thus let out the weight of wine. The duke, who never lost respect for his own dignity, was disgusted, and would listen to none of his counsels.

Toward bed-time the baby began to wail dismally; the boys sobbed; and Mme. des Iles cried out to them that they should be ashamed to complain, and then, by way of comment, herself burst into tears; while the duke stumbled about, and swore under his breath. This was all very astonishing to François, who had seen little of any world but his own, and to whom calamity served only as a hint to consider some way to escape its effects. He remained silent for a while, after the duke had let him plainly understand that he was a fool, and had better hold his tongue. This lasted for a half-hour, during which he sat still, thinking with full eyes of his dead dog. By degrees the children grew quiet, and the baby, having exhausted his vocabulary and himself, fell asleep. Then the duke said irritably:

"Why the deuce don't you do something, Master Thief? If you can get into places where you do not belong, why cannot you get out of this abominable box?"

François laughed. "Get out I would, and gladly; but how? We might wait, monsieur, till they drink up the wine, or until it dries up, or—" But here the boys laughed, and even the duke forgot himself, and said François was a merry fellow. Indeed, he was of use to them all; for, soon becoming at ease, he regaled the boys with his adventures; but how many he invented I do not know. Some were queer, and some silly; but all tales are good in the dark, for then, what can one do but attend?

After a while, all being still, François lighted his lantern, on which Duke Philippe said: "Put out that light; we have too few candles as it is; and keep quiet. You are

prowling about like a cat on the tiles, and twice you have stumbled over my legs."

"But I have twice said I was sorry," said François, getting tired of this duke with an uncertain temper, who repeated: "Put out that light, and sit down."

Then madame spoke: "He may have a reason to want to see and to move about."

"T is so," said François. "If I walk, my wits walk; if I sit, they go to sleep; and as to cats, madame, I am a street cat"; and, thinking of Suzanne, he laughed.

"Ah, confound your laughing!" The duke felt that to laugh at a joke he did not share was, to say the least, disrespectful. "What is there to laugh at?"

François, who had been moving as he spoke, was suddenly elated. He said it was Suzanne he was thinking of; and when madame would know if she were his wife, the duke was silent out of lack of interest for low company, and François began to tell about the elders and the Hebrew maid, and of the Amalekites who lived on the next roof. The boys were charmed, and madame said, "Fie! fie!" but it served to amuse. An hour later he began to move about restlessly, and at last cried out, from the far end of the cellar:

"This way, monsieur; what is this? A candle—and quick!" When they all came to see, he rolled aside an empty cask, and showed a heavy planking. He seized the decayed timbers and tore them away, so that as they fell a black gap was to be seen. The air blew in, cool and damp.

"*Mon Dieu!* 't is the catacombs. My husband's grandfather cut off this end for a wine-cave. It is strange I should have quite forgotten it."

"But what then?" said the duke. "It is only a grave you have opened. You might as well have kept quiet."

The thief's feelings were hurt; he began to care less and less for this useless nobleman.

Madame said thoughtfully: "It may be a way out. If it come to the worst, we can but try it."

"Madame is right; and, as to keeping quiet, I never could. Sleeping cats catch no rats." He believed in his luck. "We shall get out," he said with cool assurance. "I always do. I have been in many scrapes. I got out of the Madelonnettes, and I was once near to decorating a rope."

"A rope!" exclaimed madame.

"Yes. *Parbleu!* I wear my cravat loose ever since. I like to have full swing, but

not in that way." He was gay and talkative. The boys liked it; but not so the duke, who said:

"Well, what next?"

"We must explore. I will enter and see a little."

"But," said the woman, "you will get lost; and then, what to do?" She had come to trust the thief. He saw this, and liked it. "If we lose you, what shall we do?—what *shall* we do?"

The thief turned to her as he stood, lantern in hand. He was grave. "Madame, I am a poor thief of the streets; I have had to live as I could; and since I was a boy I can count the kind words ever said to me by man or woman. I shall not forget."

Madame was moved, and said they were all alike come upon evil days, and that perhaps now he would turn from his wicked ways.

Poor François was not quite clear as to his ways having been wicked.

"Well, if you are going," said the duke, "you had better be about it."

It was then young Des Iles said he must have a string, like people who went into caves, else he might never find his way back. The thief thought it a fine idea; and here was madame's big ball of knitting-wool. With no more delay, he took it, and, leaving an end in Des Iles's hand, boldly walked away into the darkness with his lantern, and was soon lost to view.

When he came back to this anxious company, he had to report such a tangle of passages as caused him to say that to try to escape through these must be a last resort. He thought they might live on the rats if provisions gave out, but they must eat them raw.

"*Hélas!* what a fate!" said madame.

The little Duke Henri spoke eagerly, and said the Chinese ate rats.

"But not raw," cried the young Des Iles, which set them all to laughing. Soon again they were quiet, because talk in the dark does not prosper. A little later madame called softly to the thief to sit by her, and would hear of his life. François related his exploits with pride. She made no comment, but said at last: "Your name, my friend?" And when he replied, "François," she declared that he was no more to be any one's thief, but always François; and this was a hint to the duke, who took it in silence, and was evidently depressed.

After this, madame bade the boys say their prayers; and soon all were asleep, except

François, who sat against a cask, and saw Toto's brown eyes in the darkness.

At last the morrow came. The provisions were shared, and, as usual with François, his spirits rose as he filled his stomach. He held the baby, and was queerly interested in this mystery of unwinking eyes. Might he give it of the bottle? He satisfied the child, who seemed fearless of that long, good-humored face. Might he hold it longer? It would relieve madame. He sang low to it a queer thief-song, and then another none there could understand.

"*Ciel!*" said the duke, who had slept off his splenetic mood; "you have a fine voice."

"Ah, would it were a hymn," said madame, "or a psalm of Clément Marot!"

"I know no hymns," said François, "but only some old choir chants."

Upon this he began to sing, low and sweet, one of the old Latin songs:

Salve, mundi salutare,
Salve, salve, Jesu care!
Cruci tuæ me aptare
Vellem vere, tu scis quare,
Da mihi tui capiam.

The rich voice which in his boyhood days had soared like a lark up among the arches of Notre Dame had come again. He heard himself with wonder and with sad thoughts of the chances his boyish haste had forever lost for him.

"And you a thief!" cried madame. "Where—where did you learn—"

But at this moment noises overhead put an end to all but listening. At last François said: "They move the casks. It were well to take to the caves." And this was hastily agreed to, when, of a sudden, the noises ceased.

François still urged instant flight; but the duke said, "No; we must wait," and gave no reasons. The thief did not agree, but held his tongue, as Madame des Iles said nothing, and, since after all, this was a duke.

An hour later he started up. "By Heaven, they are at the trap!" The duke was no coward. He ran up the steps, pistol in hand, and gave his second weapon to François, who stood below. The trap was cast wide open, and a big municipal was seen stooping over the open space; for beyond him the cellar was well lit up. The duke fired without an instant's indecision.

"By St. Denis! 't is a man, this duke," cried François, as the officer pitched head down into the cave. The thief set a foot on him as he lay, and reached up the second

pistol to the duke, while young Des Iles, too curious for fear, crawled up the broad stone stairs to see. The thief heard a second shot, and followed the lad. There were several candles set on casks, and through the smoke he saw a municipal in a heap at the far end of the upper cellar. He was groaning piteously.

"Load again, monsieur," cried François. "Quick! there may be more." He himself went past the duke, and young Des Iles after him. He turned the officer over.

"He is not dead," he said. "Best to finish him."

But here was madame at his side, saying: "No, no! No more—I will not have it. *Mon Dieu!* it is bad enough. I will have no murder."

"Then let us go back; he is as good as dead."

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" cried the woman; and so in haste the upper trap was closed, and all went again down to the cave.

The officer below was dead, with a ball through his head. Mother and children huddled away in the far corner, scared. The duke said:

"What now must we do?"

"We must go, and at once," said François. "They will soon come back, and then—"

"Yes, yes," cried madame; "you are right. You were right; we should have gone before, and saved all this bloodshed."

The duke made no comment, except to mutter, "I suppose so"; and at once began to assist François's preparations for flight.

And now the thief's readiness and efficiency were shown. He arranged every one's loads, filled baskets, laughed over a shoulder at the boys as he strapped blankets on the duke, and at last loaded himself with all that was left. They took the arms of the dead man, and soon trooped out into the darkness. The duke, who at once went on ahead, carried a lantern.

At the first turn, François called out to wait, and ran back. The duke swore. He was now eager to go on, and declared that the thief would deliver them up, and save his own head. But madame was of other mind, and so they stood expectant. At last came François, laughing.

"Ah, monsieur, this comes of honest company. I forgot the bag of gold. And these—these are priceless. I have the fellow's clothes. When a man does not resist, the temptation is great; neither did he assist."

"Stop that talk, and come on. Are we going to set up a shop for old clothes?"

François fell behind. "The duke would make a poor thief," he said to the boys. Young Henri de St. Maur said: "You are insolent. My father a thief!"

"*Tiens!* There are times when to steal is virtue. *Allons, donc!*" and he strode on, laughing, and telling the boys stories.

There were many little incidents that day, but the worst was at evening, when they found a great cave, lofty and wide, where had been cast, long before, the bones out of the over-filled cemeteries. Here it was that skulls fell from the great heap, and rolled away on every side into the darkness, while the rats ran out in armies. The thief was of all the most alarmed, and stood still, saying paternosters and aves by the dozen. After this they went on aimlessly, now and then hearing overhead the roar and rumble of wagons. Their nights proved to be full of sore trials. The rats assembled, and grew bolder. One bit the baby, who cried until the thief lit a candle and watched while the rest slept, or tried to do so.

The dismalness of these underground labyrinths was such as no man could imagine. One day they walked a half-mile through a wet cave-passage so narrow that two persons could not move abreast. It ended in a blank wall, and they were forced to go back, over shoe-top in water. Or, again, they went up rude stairs, stumbling, but hopeful, only to descend once more into the depths of the earth. Now and then a putrid rain fell on them, and at every turn the rats fled by them, now one and now a scurry of countless troops. Twice a mass of rock fell in some distant passage, and strange echoes reverberated in cavern spaces, so that the boys cried out in terror, and even François shivered at the thought of how they might be buried alive by one of these down-falls. Each sad day of weariness had its incident of terror or disappointment; and still, with lessening hope, they trailed on after the dim light which the duke carried as he led them—none knew whither. Each morning they rose cold, wet, and unrefreshed, ate of their lessening food, and after some little talk as to how this day they should keep turning to left or to right, set out anew, the duke still in advance, with an ever-changing mind as to where they were or what they should do. As day followed day, their halts became more frequent. They lingered where the dripping rain from the sewage of the great city overhead was least; or at times paused suddenly to listen to mysterious sounds, or to let the rats go by them,

splashing in the noisome puddles underfoot. The night was as the day, the day as the night. They had no way to tell the one from the other, except by the duke's watch.

So confusing was this monotonous tramp underground, the days so much alike, that at last these sad people became bewildered as to how long they had wandered. Their food was becoming less and less, and on the evening of the sixth day the duke and François knew that very soon their stock of candles would be exhausted. These had, in fact, been of small use, except to keep the scared children more cheerful when night came on and the rats grew bold.

This evening of the sixth day, and earlier than usual, Mme. des Iles declared of a sudden that she could go no farther, and must rest for the night. The duke had a new plan, and urged her to go on. She cried over the baby on her lap, and made no answer. They sat down to pass another night of discomfort. After a little talk with the boys, François drew apart from the rest, and began to think over the wanderings of the day. Their situation this evening was somewhat better than it had usually been, for they sat in a dry end of one of the many excavations, and did not feel the cold, moist winds which bowled along these stony caves a changeful variety of unwholesome stench. A silent hour went by in utter darkness. At times François rose to drive away adventurous rats. At last he lighted a candle, and set it at the open end of the cul-de-sac. When he saw that the rats would not pass the lantern, he whispered to madame of this, and that he meant to explore a little, and bade her have no fear. The duke had thus far had his own way, and it had not been to François's taste. He took a second lantern, and moved off around a corner, resolute to find a means of escape. The duke ordered him to return and to put out the candle. François made no reply. He counted the turns as he went on, and listened for the noise of vehicles above him.

"A pretty duke, that!" he said. "I would have made as good a one. I like better that devil of a marquis; but *diantre!* neither is much afraid—nor I, for that matter."

Sometimes he turned back, at others went on boldly, noting whence blew any current of warmer air. At last he came upon an enormous excavation. In the middle was a mass of partly tumbled stone, laid in courses. This broken heap was large, and irregularly conical. He moved around it in some wonder, having seen nothing like it in his explorations.

He turned the yellow and feeble lantern-light upon the heap, and at first concluded that the old makers of these quarries had here built for themselves a house, which had fallen to ruin.

But where was he, and what part of Paris was over his head? He remembered at last to have heard that these catacombs were once used as receptacles for the dead, in order to relieve the overpeopled graveyards. Had he been less alarmed, he might have guessed where he was when they came upon the bones. But while the duke had led François had taken less than his usual active notice, and had been content to follow. Here, now, was a new landmark. This before him could be no dwelling of quarriers, but must be a house fallen into the great cave. He had heard of such happenings. To be certain where and on what street so strange a thing had occurred would afford knowledge as to the part of Paris under which he stood. He would ask the duke; he might know. Thus reflecting, he began to walk around the tumbled mass. A vast amount of earth must have come down with it. He pried here and there, and at last found a gap in the ruin, and crawled in between fallen timbers until he could stand up. On one side was a wall and a wide chimney-place, and on the top of this wall the great beams of the ceiling still rested. Their farther ends lay on what seemed the wreck of the opposite wall, thus leaving a triangular space filled in at each side by broken stone. Amid this were the crushed steps of a staircase, quite blocked up. The lantern gave little light. Only close to the fireplace could the tall thief stand erect. He turned his lantern, and cried out:

"Ye saints!" Close beside him were the remains of a high-back chair, and on these, and beside them, portions of the bones of a man. Two great jack-boots lay beside him, gnawed by rats. His skull was broken, and lay where the eager animals had dragged it.

Few could have stood here alone, and not have felt its terror and its mystery. François stood a moment, appalled, and unable to think or to observe. At last he began to study the place with care and increasing interest. A rusty sword, sheathed, was caught in the arm of the ruined chair. Here and there lay bits of gold lace. He picked up the rusted clasp of a purse, gnawed by the rats. Near it lay scattered a number of gold and silver coins, a rosary, and a small ring set with red stones. He put them all in his pocket. There was scarce a remnant of the man's dress.

François looked at the tumbled bones. "*Mon Dieu!*" said he; "am I like that?" and turned to see what else was here. On the lowest stair was a glint of yellow—a cross of gold. "Good luck!" he cried. On the hearth was a copper kettle, green with rust. Soon he began to see better, and at last found a fragment of wood less damp than the rest of the floor and what lay upon it; for a steady, slow, irregular rain fell in drops, with dull patter here and there. He shaved off some splinters of the wood, and, getting at the drier inside, soon, with paper from his pouch, made a fire on the stone pavement. Presently he had a bright little blaze, and in the brilliant glow began to shed his terror. He found other wood, and nourished the flame. But when he saw that the fragments were from the end of a crushed cradle, he ceased to use them; because here were little bones lying scattered, and the man guessed at the extent of the tragedy, and was strangely stirred. He moved to and fro in the tent-like space in awe and wonder, in thought reconstructing the house, and seeming to share in the horror of its story.

Before leaving, he looked again at the overturned chair, the stones lying about it, and the moldering remains of the man. He must have been asleep, and died instantly when the house fell into the great cave. There was no more to be seen. "God rest his soul!" said the thief, and crawled backward out of the tangle of broken beams and stones.

In a few minutes he was again with those he had left, and, saying only, "T is well, madame; we shall get out," fell into a peaceful sleep. The next day every one dragged on wearily, the duke still leading, and François hoping that he would be asked advice. The water rained on them a noisome downfall, the rats came out in hordes; and still François cheered his companions, now carrying the baby, and now encouraging the tired boys.

I have not given in full detail all the miseries of these weary days and sorrowful nights. They have been more fully told elsewhere by one who felt them as more serious than did François, whose narrative I now am following. These unhappy victims of the Terror had been altogether six days in the cave, but François not so long. By this time their spirit was quite broken. The thief alone remained gay, hopeful, and even confident, but saw clearly enough that these people, used to easy lives, could not endure much longer the strain of this unguided

wandering in the dark and somber alleys of this horrible labyrinth of darkness and foul odors. The duke seemed also to be of a like mind, for on the morning of the seventh day he awakened François at six, and, of a sudden grown sadly familiar, whispered low to him:

"Is there any hope? Madame and the boys are failing. Soon we shall have to carry them."

"We shall get out," said François.

"But how? how? Why to-day any more than yesterday? Do you think of any way to help us?"

"If monsieur will permit me to lead—"

"Good! Why did you not say so before?"

François made no direct reply, but asked: "Did ever a house fall into these quarry-caves?"

"A house? Why do you ask? Yes; it was long ago. The house of the lieutenant of the guard it was. I do not recall the date. A house in the Rue des Pêches."

"Will this help to know when it was?" and François showed his coins and told his story.

"Yes, yes; I see. How wonderful! These are of the time of Francis I."

"Rue des Pêches?"

"Yes; it is now the Rue des Bons Secours. It is close to the Asile des Innocents."

"*Dieu!* monsieur, then I know. I think we may get out to-day; but it may be well not yet to tell madame. I think we are still near to the fallen house."

"Then you shall lead," said the duke. "*Tiens!* a queer fellow, this thief," he muttered, and went to waken the sleeping children. No word was said as to the house of the lieutenant of the guard, but François refreshed the tired party by promising a speedy glimpse of day. For, now that the candles were few, they thought more of this than of the perils which the daylight might bring.

The thief led, and all day long they went on and on. Once he was quite dismayed to find that he had lost his way, and once came to the very entrance of the cave he had left the night before. The duke again became querulous and dissatisfied; but François only laughed, and, resolutely concealing his mistake, retraced his steps. It was near to seven o'clock in the evening of July 28 when the thief bade them rest, and he would be back soon. The duke said something cross; but François made no reply, and, turning a corner, lost sight of his party. He took careful note of the turns and windings of this maze, and now and then found him-

self in a blind alley, and was obliged to turn back. At the far end of one of these recesses he saw in the gloom two great, green phosphorescent eyes. Like mighty jewels they were, set in the darkness. They were soon lost to view, and came and went. "They are cats," he murmured; "and what a hunting estate they have! Ye saints! if I had here my poor Toto!" He began to move toward these eyes, which shot back the light his lantern gave. There were three sets of the pale-green jewels, and now their owners were maneuvering to escape. He began to use caressing cat talk, such as had won the heart of Suzanne, and, falling on his knees, crept closer. Then there was a quick rush past him of his feline game; but one cat was indecisive, and he had her by the leg. He paid well for his audacity, but held on, and pretty soon began to exercise the curious control he had over all animals. At last pussy lay still and panting. When the scared animal grew quiet he set her down. For a moment she hesitated, and then began to move away. As he followed she ran. He cast the lantern-light before her, and pursued her with all speed. Once or twice she was nearly lost to view. Then she turned a corner, and another, and of a sudden fled toward a distant archway, through which he saw the light of day. A great rush of warm air went by him. He stood still, murmuring aves. To his surprise, he was near the place where he had left his companions. He stood a moment in deep thought. "We are out at last," he murmured. "But *ciel!* there is much to think about. We may have too much light."

He went back and told of the discovery, but of the cat not a word. The duke said, "I thought we should soon get out; come, let us be off."

Madame said gently: "Let us kneel before we go and thank the good God for this friend he sent us in our trouble." Then they all knelt, and she prayed, speaking her thankfulness to Heaven, with at the end a word as to her husband, and also asking God's mercy for him who had led them forth out of darkness into light. When François heard her, he was disturbed as he had never been in all his days. When a man like François sheds tears, it is a great event in his life. He rose from his knees, and asked the duke and the rest to go with him; and thus it was that in a few minutes they stood fifty feet from an open archway, through which came the level light from the western sky.

The duke was moved at last to say how *clever François* had been; and how had he

managed it? The thief declared it had been easy; but the cat got no credit, and never was praised, then or ever, for her share of their escape. Set in this rocky frame before them was a picture as it were of a disused quarry, and beyond it vineyards, with yet farther a red-tiled housetop. Here it was, as they paused, that madame said solemnly, with tears in her eyes:

"God said, Let there be light: and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good."

After the duke and François had peeped out, and seen no one, the duke began to set forth a variety of schemes as to what they should do. None of these was very wise, and at last madame turned to François. He had disappeared, but presently came again, dressed in the clothes of the dead officer. He wore his sword and pistols, and now, as seen clearly in the light of day, was certainly a queer enough figure. The garments were too short below and too wide above, and over them rose the long face, the broad mouth, and the huge ears. The boys, who looked on their troubles as at an end, set up a shout of laughter.

"The deuce! I shall arrest you, citizens," cried François. "And first, monsieur." He explained that he proposed to tie the duke's hands behind his back, and with, as was usual, one end of the rope in his hand, would conduct the *ci-devant* into Paris by the *Barrière d'Enfer*. The weeping widow would follow, with the two children, to see the last of their poor papa.

The duke was disgusted, but he pretended to be much amused. "Well, it is a pretty piece of comedy," he said, as Madame des Iles insisted.

"*Dame!*" said the thief, "but the tragedy is not far away."

"And what is to come after?" said she. "Had we not better wait till night?"

"No. The guards are doubled at night. It is boldness which will win."

"And what then, François?"

"I must find for you a refuge while I go to see if M. des Iles may not have returned; for, madame, you have assured me that he would be released. Pray God it is so. And what better is there?" The duke was forced to consent.

A rope found in the officer's pocket made part of François's spoil. He tied the duke's hands, and showed him how, at need, a pull would release them. The gold was divided. All else they left. François reported the way clear, and they set out. But the boys gig-

gled so much at the duke and his indignant face that François paused.

"*Dame!*" he cried, "madame must weep." She was already doing that, her mind on the fate of M. des Iles. "If you boys are fools, and laugh, we are lost. Cry, if you can; but, for the love of Heaven, do not look about you, or smile. Take a hand of madame—so. Cry, if ever you mean to get away safe."

The road beyond the quarry was little used, and they went on, the duke furious. When they met any one, François cried: "Get on, aristocrat! Pig of a *ci-devant*, march!"

Duke Philippe muttered: "*Sacré*, thief!" and got a smart jerk of the rope, and more abuse, until the fun of it nearly upset the thief, who could scarce contain himself. At the Barrière d'Enfer were but two guards; nor were there as many people in the streets as usual.

Suddenly François halted at the summons to leave his prisoner with one of the two men, and to enter the little office and exhibit his papers, as was needful.

"*Dame!*" muttered the thief, "one cannot know all things. I forgot about the papers." He showed, however, no indecision. "Guard this wretch, citizen," he said. "Here, take the rope. He is a returned *émigré*." The man took the rope. "I shall not be long." So saying, he went in after the second guard, closing the door behind them. The man sat down at a desk, and opened a blank-book, saying: "The order, citizen."

"I am afraid it is lost," said François, eagerly searching his acquired pockets. "The mischief! What to do?"

"To do? Thou must wait till the lieutenant comes back. He has gone to see the fun."

"Fun! What fun?"

At this moment the man rose hastily. "*Diable!* thou art François! I thought I knew thy voice. There are orders to arrest thee. Citizen Amar desires thy society. Best make no fuss. I arrest thee. I am in luck. It is sure promotion. What trick art thou up to? And those folks outside, who are they?"

"But thou, an old thief, to arrest a comrade! Surely thou wilt not."

"No use. Come! no nonsense."

François put out a pleading hand. "But they will kill me, comrade." He looked all the alarm needed.

"Bah!"

In an instant the strongest grip of the Cité was on the man's throat, and closed as a vise closes. A faint cry escaped as the

man struggled. François threw a leg back of the fellow, and as he fell dropped on his chest. It was brief. The man's heels clattered on the floor; he was still. The thief rose. The man was to appearance dead. He would revive, perhaps. "*Peste!*" cried François, "it is hard to keep one's head."

Seizing a paper from the table, François went out of the door, closing it after him, and coolly caressing a cat on the step. He said to the guard that his comrade would be out by and by, and that it was all right. As he spoke he waved the paper, and, taking the rope, went on, crying, "Get up, *ci-devant!*" As they got farther away he hurried the duke. "Death is behind us. Get on. Faster—faster!" He twisted and turned, and was not at ease until they were deep in the sinuous, box-hidden paths of the Luxembourg.

Very few people were to be seen, and these looked at or after them with curiosity.

"We must be a queer party. Get on, citizen. Thou art lazy. Thou wilt soon have a fine carriage." He was terribly anxious. "*Sacré*, monsieur! For the love of the saints, go on, and quicker!"

"What the deuce is it?" said the duke.

"That beast at the barrier knew me. He was an old thief."

"And what then? Why were we not stopped if he knew you?"

"He does not know me nor anybody now."

"*Foi d'honneur*, but you are a brave fellow!"

"Thanks; but make haste."

At last they were in the long Rue de Varennes, where they saw a great crowd filling the street, and were soon in the midst of a mass of excited people.

François cried out: "Room, citizens, room!"

An old woman shook her fist at him, yelling furiously: "Cursed Jacobin!"

The people were wild; and presently a man hustled the supposed officer. Others cried fiercely: "Hang him!" Another screamed out: "Robespierre is dead!" and the crowd took up the cry. A dozen hands seized on François.

"What the deuce is all this?" he shouted. "Take care, or the law will have you."

"Robespierre is dead! *À la lanterne!*"

Upon this, the duke exclaimed: "Let him go; it is a good fellow, and not an officer"; and then, amid a maddening tumult, succeeded in hastily explaining enough to secure the release of the officer.

"*À bas la guillotine!*" cried François. "Down with the Terror!"

The crowd thickened, and went its way with wild cries. Meanwhile the boy Des Iles was lost, and madame in tears. They went on, asking questions, and hearing of the execution of Robespierre, Couthon, Saint-Just, and the rest. The thief said: "Let us go straight to M. des Iles's house."

At the door madame fell into her husband's arms; and soon after dusk the boy came running back with his father, who had gone out to search for him.

Then all was hastily made clear, and the long story told of Des Iles's release, and how he had found the dog, and in the cave the Jacobins both dead, and of his vain

efforts to discover his own people. They were fed and reclothed; and now, it being ten at night of this 10th Thermidor, François rose. "I must go," he said.

"You? Never!" said madame. "Our house is your home for life. You will wander and sin no more."

On this, François looked about him, from one kind face to another, and sat down, and broke into tears.

"It shall be as madame desires. I am her servant."

AND this is the end of the adventures of François, the thief. Let who will judge him.

THE END.

AMERICA, SPAIN, AND FRANCE.

BY ÉMILE OLLIVIER,

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EW histories are at one and the same time more tragic and more instructive than that of the Spanish people. No rule has been wider and more brilliant. Having prevented Islamism from overflowing Europe, the Spaniards themselves spread through the countries which they had preserved from the Mohammedan invasion. Before long they were everywhere—in Italy and the Low Countries by right of conquest, in Germany through election. The domination of their arms, customs, and literature was widely extended. They were on the point of giving a king to France, and they were represented in the government of Louis XIV. People dressed as they did, thought and felt as they did, and it was quite as much from Spain as from Rome that our great Corneille drew the inspiration of his sublime works. Everything came to their aid. An Italian turned Spaniard discovered a new world for them. The virgin soil received first the print of their feet, and they gave their name to the region. The sun never set on their empire.

There is nothing comparable to this magnificent development of power, unless it be the magnitude and rapidity of the decay which followed. Little by little the Spaniards were everywhere driven out of Europe. They lost Italy, the Empire, the Low Countries. But for all these successive losses and

European checks they found compensation in the New World, with its treasures, its fertile soil, its fruitful rivers, and its two oceans which commanded the commerce of the globe. But here too, though more slowly, a decline set in.

The history of Spanish colonization in America presents three phases. The first is wholly warlike in its nature. We see in it adventurers and conquerors who land on the unexplored shores, seize them, and exterminate the native population. The second phase is sacerdotal. The priest comes along with the captain, to convert, and also to mitigate the cruelties of the soldier. And then,—the third phase,—after the missionaries arrive the court favorites, sent out from the mother-country to enrich themselves, well typified by the Marquis of Branciforte, who sold decorations sometimes at even so high a price as ten thousand dollars, and by Iturrigarai, who trafficked in decrees and offices. The colonies, first tortured and then converted, become prebends for all the dissolute and begging good-for-nothings whom Spain wishes to get rid of.

So it was not long before America began to slip away from Spain, as Europe had done. In 1820 the colonies rebelled, one after the other, and at the end of a heroic struggle repelled the Spanish troops and proclaimed independence. First the United States, and then England, recognized the new nations. The importance of the event was seen by all the clear-sighted

public men of the Old World. Vergennes, the French minister who helped to free North America, said on the proclamation of the independence of the English colonies: "The Spanish colonies will some day become the prey of the Anglo-Saxons; and as sure as they have pushed back the Indians, they will sooner or later drive the Latin peoples from every part of America."

Nobody did more to bring about this result predicted by the minister of Louis XVI than Napoleon, then First Consul, when he ceded Louisiana to the United States. He hesitated a long time before deciding to do so. Two of his ministers were summoned to St. Cloud to a council on the subject. Dérès was strongly opposed to the cession. "If the Isthmus of Panama is cut through some day," he said, "it will occasion an immense revolution in navigation, so that a voyage around the world will be easier than the longest cruise to-day. Louisiana will be on the line of this new route, and its possession will be of inestimable value. Don't give it up." Barbé-Marbois, on the contrary, favored the sale of the fine colony as a war measure. A conflict with England was inevitable, and it was recognized as impossible, with the inferior naval force at the disposal of France, to keep Louisiana from falling into the hands of the English. He considered it wiser, therefore, to avert the disaster and at the same time to procure an important war subsidy.

The First Consul shared the view held by Barbé-Marbois, and remarked: "Perhaps somebody may object, on the ground that in two or three centuries the Americans may become too powerful for Europe to cope with. But my foresight cannot grasp such distant dangers, especially as one may count on future rivalries in the heart of the Union."

The cession was therefore made, and as soon as the papers were signed, the plenipotentiaries arose, shook hands, and Livingston, the American representative, whose face revealed his satisfaction, said: "We have lived a long time, but this is the finest act of our life. To-day the United States enters the first rank among the powers. One day France will find in the New World a natural friend, whose strength will go on increasing from year to year, and who cannot fail to become powerful and respected on all the seas of the globe. It is the United States that will restore the maritime rights of all the nations of the earth, usurped to-day by a single one, the English nation. The

documents which we have just signed can bring tears to no eye, but, on the contrary, must prepare centuries of happiness to innumerable generations of human beings. The Mississippi and the Missouri will see them follow one another and increase in the midst of equality, under just laws, freed from the errors of superstition, the curse of bad government, and thoroughly deserving the attention and cares of Providence."

The emancipation of the Spanish colonies completed the expulsion of European domination from America. The English prime minister, Canning, who sanctioned it, regarding it as an offset to our successful Spanish expedition of 1823, was as contented as Livingston on the day of the signing of the Louisiana treaty. He said proudly: "I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old. *Novus rerum nascitur ordo*—a new century begins." "It is democracy," added Chateaubriand, prophetically, "that rises up before the decrepit monarchies of old Europe." "Henceforth," said Abbé de Pradt, "there can be no mistake; America will no longer suffer Europe to interfere in its affairs. What remains to Europe in that continent is neither important nor secure. Would the Moors have been able to hold a few cantons in Spain as dependencies of African princes? Can the Antilles remain European at the very threshold of America become American again? Havana will be independent; without Mexico, of what use will it be to Spain? Santo Domingo is free; Porto Rico will follow Havana; what do the rest of the Antilles amount to?"

To save what remained to her of her American colonies, to keep Cuba and the Philippines, Spain should have studied the best interests of the inhabitants with redoubled zeal. She should have ruled with a velvet hand, whereas she was harder than ever. More than ever she turned those wonderful lands into battening-fields for her ruined nobles, for her fortune-seeking favorites. It was notorious that they went to Cuba to get rich. Consequently the outcry against Spanish domination has not ceased for an instant since the emancipation of South America. The attentive ear has always heard it more or less distinctly. In 1870, when I was minister, I received a deputation of Cubans, who came to beg me to remedy their ills and to intervene in their behalf. And now, the discontent having reached the highest degree of intensity, Cuba revolts, and calls for help, and the emancipative movement begun in

1820 approaches fruition. What Spain still holds is on the point of being torn from her. All America, with the exception of a few little islands of no consequence, is to belong to the Americans. The republican continent, freed from one end to the other, will become more and more hostile, or at least stand in opposition, to the old continent, where still prevail dynasties and monarchical systems.

Should any complaint be made at the final expulsion of Spain? Should there be an objection to the emancipation of Cuba, and should it be looked upon as a misfortune? Certainly not. We should see in it only the just decree of Heaven.

† The Spanish nation has brilliant qualities. It is chivalrous, intrepid, and never wanting in patience and courage. It is never astonished at its misfortunes, and never doubts its ability to triumph over them. To blustering indolence it joins immeasurable pride and pitiless hardness of heart. Nothing that has existed is comparable to it, and it considers itself superior to everything. Whoever disputes its supremacy is held to merit suppression, and its whole history is but an incessant extermination. It blotted out the Moors and the Indians, and at home, in order to go on exterminating, it became the people of the Inquisition, of the auto-da-fe; it exterminated the heretic as in no other Christian land. In this passion for destroying, striking, ravaging, even the capital of its faith was not respected; so that when the hordes of Charles V fell upon Rome, they committed more spoliations and sacrileges, caused more ruin, than did even the barbarians of the North. Rome still bears the marks of this abominable devastation; for it has not been possible wholly to obliterate the marks of the nails driven in the frescos of Raphael at the Vatican, on which halberds were hung.

Now, proud exterminators cannot be civilizers. They do not assimilate peoples. They only make them suffer, and exploit them till they exasperate them and force them to revolt.

The French, too, after having spread over Europe more widely than the Spanish, were pushed back within their own boundaries. But on retiring they left behind them, like the Nile after an inundation, a fertile deposit. There is not a nation where the French have been which has not preserved to this day some visible trace of their civilization. So true is this that their great man, Napoleon, has remained the great man

of all European peoples, and his memory is still kept green in the most distant villages of the lands where he ruled even for the moment. But when the Spaniards retired from the countries which had come under their dominion, what did they leave? Nothing but a very disagreeable guttural aspiration, such as was introduced, in Italy, into the soft Tuscan dialect. They would like now to exterminate the Cubans, and make them suffer the fate to which they subjected the Moors, the Indians, and the heretics; in this connection it is only necessary to recall the horrible tragedies associated with the name of Weyler.

Is it surprising that the Cubans object to being exterminated; that they struggle and resist; and that, feeling themselves too feeble, they cry out for help? Is it astonishing that the Americans, who hear these despairing calls, who receive those escaped from such carnage, who listen to their groans and supplications—is it astonishing that this people, which is not devoted simply to trade, but which reads its Bible and is religious, should have felt in its heart the deepest indignation, and should have stepped forward to put an end to this scandal to civilization, this veritable outrage on divine law, paraded at its very doors and before its very eyes? How dare anybody pretend that such an act of humanity is a violation of the rules of international honor, of the prescriptions of justice and the exigencies of law!

Such reproaches would be unjustified and iniquitous coming from any quarter; but coming from France they would be absolutely incomprehensible. Is not the whole history of France the apostleship of enfranchisement by word, by counsel, and by dint of arms, for the benefit of oppressed peoples striving to break away from a cruel domination?

From the earliest times, according to the language of an old chronicler, the kings of France considered it "a very royal and magnificent thing to take up arms to avenge a whole people unjustly oppressed, and to deliver it from tyranny." When, by chance, the kings of France showed themselves hostile to this august mission, as, for example, Louis XIV in the deplorable Dutch war, was not the world astonished? "Often in former centuries," says the German historian, Ranke, "conquered and persecuted peoples turned to France for protection. But to whom could they now address themselves, since the powerful protector had herself become an oppressor?"

This deviation was simply an accident.

Louis XVI returned to the true national tradition in sending aid to Washington. Since then this generous French policy has been continued everywhere throughout the world. Was not the French Revolution a general liberator? Did it not declare that each nation has alone the power to give itself laws, the inalienable right to change them, and to govern itself in its own way? Did it not go forth in every direction, destroying feudal and despotic servitude, and did it not promulgate the Rights of Man for the whole race? Elsewhere the governing principle is to do nothing gratis. In France, however, the rule is to do nothing with a selfish motive. What did she gain by freeing Greece, Belgium, Rumania, Italy? and what was the cost to her of her incessant efforts in favor of Poland?

When the South American uprising of 1820 occurred, the French conservatives, partisans of the old European system, gave it the cold shoulder, refused to recognize the new states, and pronounced the movement a violation of law and of the principles of legitimacy. But the liberal portion of the nation passionately approved the movement. Bolivar became a national hero. There were hats à la Bolivar, and his exploits were recounted everywhere. Many even went so far as to say that he surpassed the Washington of the North. At that time it would have been as impossible for a liberal to declare himself against the South Americans in revolt as to condemn the uprising of the Poles against the Russians.

During the present century France has done more than practise a policy of generosity and enfranchisement. She has discovered its judicial formula by enunciating the principle of nationalities. Care was taken to distinguish it from the barbaric theory of the law of races—an idea which, according to the modern French international theory, is an exclusive and retrograde idea, having nothing in common with the large, sacred, civilizing conception of country. A race has limits which cannot be overstepped. Country has none. It can spread and develop without stop. It may embrace the human race, as in the time of the Roman Empire. For centuries races have been welded into countries, and it would be impossible to put an end to the mysterious working from which have sprung the fine results that this fusion has produced, and which are nowhere more striking than in the United States.

It has been the mission of civilization to destroy primitive groups, in order to constitute

by free attraction conventional groups which are much more closely knitted together than those born of chance. There is an ineffable sweetness in the word country, for the very reason that it expresses, not an aggregation brought about by fate, but a free and affectionate creation into which for centuries millions of human beings have put their hearts. The will of the people is, therefore, the dominating, sovereign, unique, absolute principle from which is to be developed in its entirety the modern law of nations, by a series of logical deductions from, as it were, an inexhaustible spring. It is the substitution in international relations of the principle of liberty for geological and historic fatality.

This is the theory which the Americans are putting in practice. They take their inspiration from this tradition, and are making it their own. They too wish to give themselves the royal pleasure of going to arms to avenge a people unjustly treated, and to deliver it from tyranny. They also wish the will of the people to prevail over the right of conquest, over the blind fatalities of race; they wish to aid some of their fellow-beings in creating a country for themselves. Can France blame America for this?

Nobody can doubt that the Americans will ultimately secure material success in this contest. They were taken unprepared; they were not ready for war. The Spaniards are brave, tenacious, and the climate is their auxiliary. It is possible that the struggle will not be ended by a single crushing blow, but may drag on longer than was expected. But there cannot be any question as to the final result. As soon as America throws into the balance the inexhaustible resources of her powerful vitality, she will be irresistible and victorious.

And, more important than the material victory, the moral result of this success, whatever happens, will be favorable to civilization and humanity. Spain once driven out of Cuba, the United States will be content either to leave the Cubans free to establish an independent and autonomous republic, or, for certain reasons, the enfranchised island will be annexed and become a new State in the Federal Union. In either case the Cubans will be gainers. In the first instance, they will be the masters of their own destiny; in the second they will become living free members of a great country devoted to liberty and progress. And, taking everything into consideration, I am not certain whether, in their own interest, the realization of the second hypothesis would not be preferable.

It is a dangerous transition from the obscurity of servitude to the light of liberty. The eyes are dazzled, and one is apt to lose one's way. The example of the other South American republics, which, having thrown off the Spanish yoke, have never ceased to oscillate between dictatorship and anarchy, would seem to indicate that the Cubans might find it to their advantage to accept the protecting tutelage of a people already habituated to the ways of liberty, who would guide them along the path of self-government, still new to them, and save them from more than one hard trial and cruel experience.

Spain herself will profit by her inevitable defeat. At the moment when France lost Canada one of her statesmen said: "If some day France is deprived of her insular possessions, as she has been of her continental colonies, she will be found to go on prospering by means of her own resources, just as well as those states which have kept their colonies. In fact, she may surpass them in happiness and tranquillity." This prediction would unquestionably be true if applied to Spain. Cuba, which cannot be pacified, is like a devouring canker in her side which exhausts her resources and sterilizes her efforts. When she shall have been cured of it, and then falls back on herself, she may succeed, perhaps, in checking that downward tendency which is leading to a most threatening decay.

Since the fall of Napoleon, Spain has become what Poland was—a field of discord and anarchy. She has orators, jurists, poets, writers, but they are all, in greater or less degree, tinctured with anarchism. No one seems to have a firm, sure, and practical idea of government. Some exaggerate liberty to the point of license; others plunge headlong into a dictatorial despotism which ends in oppression. Nowhere is to be found that peaceful working of liberal institutions which renders a people prosperous and powerful. Happily for Spain, she is not surrounded,

as was Poland, by neighbors eager to dismember her. Otherwise, a victim to her continual dissensions, to her incapacity to establish a regular and wisely constituted state, she would long ago have experienced the fate of Poland.

How, then, would it be possible for Spain to govern well her colonies, when she is so manifestly incapable of governing herself? How could she display beyond the seas a wisdom which she has never shown at home? The loss of Cuba may perhaps be to her a salutary warning, a *memento mori*. Grasping at last the fact that within herself lie all the vices that have driven Cuba from her, she may learn to mend her ways, and again become in the concert of Europe a harmonious rather than a discordant note.

Frenchmen hope that such may be the case. They have much to complain of in regard to Spain. They cannot forget that it was through the perfidy of the men who governed her in 1870 that was hatched the abominable plot of the Hohenzollern candidature, which forced France into the field of battle, where she lost for a time her military supremacy. Notwithstanding this poignant recollection, Frenchmen would not hesitate to pronounce in favor of Spain if it were just to do so, for their judgment is not influenced by a grudge or a hate. Their fault, alas! is rather to forget to hate what should be hated.

We do not hesitate, therefore, in the name of justice and right, of humanity and liberty, to range ourselves on the side of America. That certain interested motives and unacknowledged considerations may be mingled with the generous impulses which have prompted her to take sides with Cuba is quite possible; but this impure alloy cannot blind us to the general character of the enterprise. However covetous some of her citizens may be, the United States in this instance is not a freebooter. She is a liberator, and the Eternal will be just in crowning her arms with victory.

PARIS, July, 1898.



THOUGHTS ON AMERICAN IMPERIALISM.

BY THE HON. CARL SCHURZ.



THE settlement of the results of the war with Spain imposes upon the American people the momentous duty of determining whether they will continue the traditional policy under which they have achieved their present prosperity, greatness, and power, or whether they will adopt a new course, the issue of which is, to say the least, highly problematical, and which, if once entered upon, can, according to all human foresight, never be retraced. Under such circumstances they should be specially careful not to permit themselves to be influenced in their decision by high-sounding phrases of indefinite meaning, by vague generalities, or by seductive catchwords appealing to unreasoning pride and reckless ambition. More than ever true patriotism now demands the exercise of the soberest possible discernment.

We are told that as we have grown very rich and very powerful the principles of policy embodied in Washington's Farewell Address have become obsolete; that we have "new responsibilities," "new duties," and a peculiar "mission." When we ask what these new responsibilities and duties require this republic to do, the answer is that it should meddle more than heretofore with the concerns of the outside world for the purpose of "furthering the progress of civilization"; that it must adopt an "imperial policy," and make a beginning by keeping as American possessions the island colonies conquered from Spain. This last proposition has at least the merit of definiteness, and it behooves the American people carefully to examine it in the light of "responsibility," "duty," and "mission."

I am far from denying that this republic, as one of the great powers of the world, has its responsibilities. But what is it responsible for? Is it to be held, or to hold itself, responsible for the correction of all wrongs done by strong nations to weak ones, or by powerful oppressors to helpless populations? Is it, in other words, responsible for the general dispensation of righteousness throughout the world? Neither do I deny that this republic has a "mission"; and I am willing to accept, what we are frequently told, that this mission consists in "further-

ing the progress of civilization." But does this mean that wherever obstacles to the progress of civilization appear, this republic should at once step in to remove those obstacles by means of force, if friendly persuasion do not avail? Every sober-minded person will admit that under so tremendous a task any earthly power, however great, would soon break down. Moreover, those are not wrong who maintain that the nation which would assume the office of a general dispenser of justice and righteousness in the world, according to its own judgment, should be held to prove itself as a model of justice and righteousness in its own home concerns as well as in its dealings with others.

When we are asked whether a nation should, in this respect, do nothing for the outside world because it cannot do all, or because it is not perfect itself, the answer is that to be true to its responsibility and its duty, a nation should conscientiously seek to ascertain for itself how it can make its conduct most useful, morally as well as materially, to its own members as well as generally to mankind, and then devote its energies to the task of reaching the highest possible degree of that usefulness.

The peculiar responsibility resting upon the American people cannot be more strikingly and impressively defined than it was by Abraham Lincoln in his famous Gettysburg speech:

Our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. . . .

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; . . . that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

In other words, it is the first and highest duty of the American people, involving their first and gravest responsibility, so to conduct their foreign as well as their domestic concerns that the problem of democratic government on a large scale be successfully solved in this republic, not only for the benefit of the inhabitants of this country alone, but for the benefit of mankind. ¶

the American people fail in this, they will fail in discharging their gravest responsibility and in fulfilling their highest mission, whatever else they may accomplish.

I do not mean to say that a due regard to that responsibility and fidelity to that mission would preclude any other effort to further the cause of popular government and of civilization outside of our own limits. But it can hardly be questioned that whenever such efforts are made in a manner apt to undermine democratic government at home, such efforts must, as to the true responsibility and mission of the American people, be regarded as dangerous; for they may not only injure the American people themselves, but also weaken the faith of mankind in the worth of democratic institutions, and thus impair their moral influence among men. To be just to their highest responsibility and duty, the American people should therefore avoid as much as possible everything, however splendid it may appear, and however flattering it may be to their ambition, that may be apt to make their democratic government at home less honest, less just, less beneficent, and thereby less respectable and less attractive in the eyes of the world. One of the most prolific agencies of evil in this respect is war, for whatever reason it may be undertaken.

I shall certainly not deny that in the history of the world wars have sometimes done great service to civilization and to human freedom. There have been necessary wars, and there may be more. Our war for the Union may be called one of them. It is hardly denied now, even in the South, that the results of that war have in many respects been of immense benefit to the country. But it will just as little be denied that the Civil War developed a degree of social as well as political demoralization which, if the conflict had gone on much longer, would have made the republic a sink of corruption. It is true that we have since recovered from some of the evil practices bred by the war, and are thus enjoying all its good results without being permanently troubled by all of its bad effects. But while we have to some extent—by no means altogether—recovered during thirty-three years of peace from the mischief done by four years of war, how would it be if, instead of a long period of peace intervening, wars had multiplied during that time, continually withdrawing the attention of the citizens from their home concerns by the exciting reports of campaigns and battles, thus continually para-

lyzing that vigilance which is "the price of liberty," and giving no end of opportunity to the political jobber and the demagogue? In this way wars are far more dangerous to democracies than to monarchies, for the reason that by the agencies of public demoralization democracies are far more mischievously attacked in the vital conditions of their being.

How far such mischief will be wrought by our war with Spain will depend upon its duration, upon the extent to which it withdraws popular attention from our home concerns, and upon its results as to the future policy of the United States. However justifiable and even praiseworthy this war may appear to us, it is useless to deny that the mere fact of the great American republic having gone to war without absolutely evident and generally accepted necessity, has hurt the prestige of democratic government in an important respect. Critical observation of the goings on in the United States and in the French republic has of late years seriously shaken what there was of popular belief that republican government was necessarily the most honest and economical and the wisest imaginable government. But mankind still did believe—especially judging from the fact that the United States, with all their wealth and strength, did not find it necessary to keep up any large armament—that republican government was by its natural tendency a guaranty of peace. That this belief, too, has been, justly or unjustly, shaken by our war with Spain must be considered as a serious hurt to the prestige of republican government generally.

This hurt may be very much aggravated, or it may be greatly lessened, as the American people make this or that use of their victory over Spain. Aside from the question whether the war was necessary even for the avowed purpose of it, the attitude assumed by the United States as to the object to be accomplished by the war was entitled to the respect of mankind. The American people were greatly incensed at the cruel oppression suffered by the Cuban people at the hands of Spain. The Congress of the United States resolved "that the people of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent"; and it directed the government of the republic to make them so, expressly disclaiming any disposition or intention to exercise any control over Cuba, except for the purpose of pacification, and emphatically promising that, such pacification achieved,

such control should be left to the Cuban people themselves. It was to be simply a war of liberation, of humanity, undertaken without any selfish motive. This we solemnly promised. The whole world was so to understand it. If a republican nation can undertake any war without injury to the prestige of democracy as an agency of peace, it is such a war of disinterested benevolence.

But how if this war of humanity and disinterested benevolence be turned into a war of conquest? How if Cuba or any other of the conquered islands be kept by the United States as a permanent possession? What then? And here let me remark that, from the moral point of view, it matters nothing whether the conquest be that of Cuba, or of Porto Rico, or of the Philippines, or of all of them. The resolution adopted by Congress was meant to be understood as heralding this war to the world, distinctly and emphatically, as a war of liberation, and not of conquest. Only Cuba was mentioned in the resolution, because only Cuba could be mentioned. To say that we may, without breaking the pledge involved in our proclamation, take and keep Porto Rico or the Philippines because they were not mentioned by name in the resolution, while it was in the nature of things that they could not be so mentioned—would this not be a mean piece of pettifoggery to cover up a breach of faith? Can a gentleman do such things? Can a gentleman quibble about his moral obligations and his word?

What, then, will follow if the United States commit this breach of faith? What could our answer be if the world should say of the American people that they are wolves in sheep's clothing, rapacious land-grabbers posing as unselfish champions of freedom and humanity, false pretenders who have proved the truth of all that has been said by their detractors as to their hypocrisy and greed, and whose word can never again be trusted? And how will that cause of civilization fare which consists in the credit of democratic institutions, of the government of, by, and for the people, for which the American people are above all things responsible, and the maintenance of which is above all things their duty and mission? Will not those appear right who say that democratic government is not only no guaranty of peace, but that it is capable of the worst kind of war, the war of conquest, and of resorting to that kind of war, too, as a hypocrite and false pretender? Such a loss of character, in itself a most deplorable

moral calamity, would be followed by political consequences of a very serious nature.

It is generally admitted that the Monroe Doctrine will virtually go overboard when this republic becomes actively involved in what may be called Old-World interests. The meaning of the Monroe Doctrine is that no Old-World power shall be permitted to found new settlements on American soil over which it is to exercise control, or to interfere with any American state to the detriment of the independence or sovereignty thereof. It made the smaller American republics in that respect look up to the great and strong republic as their natural friend and protector. How would the turning of this war of liberation and humanity into a war of conquest affect the relations of the United States with their Southern neighbors? It is a significant circumstance that in this war with Spain the sympathies of the other American republics have, to say the least, been doubtful. One might have expected that the memories of their own struggles for independence from Spain would have revived, and that the Spanish-Americans would have been delighted to see the United States achieve for their Cuban brethren what they in times past had at the cost of much blood achieved for themselves. Yet the Southern sister republics not only remained remarkably unemonstrative of such delight, but there has been much to indicate that their sympathies have been rather on the side of Spain. The reason for this may be found partly in race prejudice—the antipathy of the Latin race to the Anglo-Saxon. But there is something more than that.

Various voices have reached us from that part of the world, informing us that many thinking men among the Spanish-Americans see in our war against Spain only the first step in the execution of a vast scheme of conquest embracing first the Spanish West Indies, then all the other adjacent islands that can be got, then Mexico and the other republics down to the inter-oceanic canal that is to be built, and a sufficient stretch of land south of that canal to bring it well within the boundaries of the United States, and then nobody knows what more. This may seem a very foolish apprehension, although the scheme is spoken of by some of the new school of American imperialists as a glorious Anglo-Saxon conception. At any rate, will not the Spanish-Americans, who are gifted with a lively fancy, in case the United States, after this boasted war of lib-

eration and disinterested benevolence, really annex Cuba and Porto Rico, or either of them, be apt to regard that act as a verification of such apprehensions? Will they not with a good show of reason argue that a nation capable of turning a war that was solemnly proclaimed as a war of emancipation and humanity into a land-grabbing operation, will be capable of anything in the line of deceit and rapacity; that its appetite will grow with the eating; that having once embarked in a career of conquest, it will be urged from one such enterprise into another, on the plausible plea that new conquests are necessary to make the old ones secure and profitable; that nobody can tell how far this will go; and that therefore none of the sister republics will be safe from the perfidy and grasping ambition of the United States? Nobody will deny that there is logic in this; and being started on this line of thought, the American sister republics will cast about for means of protection; and if to that end they do not find a league among themselves against the United States practical or sufficient, it will not at all be unnatural for them to look for that protection to some of the Old-World powers.

This is by no means a mere wild conjecture. A little sober reflection will convince every thinking mind that the first step on our part in this new policy of conquest will be very apt to fill the minds of our Southern neighbors with that vague dread of some great danger hanging over them which will turn them into secret or open enemies of the United States, capable of throwing themselves into anybody's arms for protection; and this will not at all be unlikely to encourage, among Old-World powers, schemes of encroachment upon the American continent which, on account of the former relations between the smaller American republics and the United States under the Monroe Doctrine, have so far not ventured forth. This would be to the United States the beginning of incalculable troubles of a new sort. And then these very troubles arising from Southern hostility, combining with the ambitious schemes of Old-World powers, would be used by our imperialists as additional proof of the necessity of further conquests, and of the building up of the grand American empire embracing not only all the conquests made in the Spanish war, but reaching down to the Isthmus of Panama, with the islands within reach, and strong enough to meet all those accumulating difficulties.

To do justice to the subject, we have to face this grand imperial conception in its full development; for when once fairly launched, this is the direction in which we shall drift. Imagine, then, the United States to cover that part of America here described, and, in addition, Hawaii, the Philippines, and perhaps the Carolines and the Ladrões, and what not,—immense territories inhabited by white people of Spanish descent, by Indians, negroes, mixed Spanish and Indians, mixed Spanish and negroes, Hawaiians, Hawaiian mixed blood, Spanish Philipinos, Malays, Tagals, various kinds of savages and half-savages, not to mention the Chinese and Japanese,—at least twenty-five millions in all, and all of them animated with the instincts, impulses, and passions bred by the tropical sun; and all those people to become Americans!

Some of the most prominent imperialists, by the way, have been in a great flurry about a few thousand immigrants from Italy, Russia, and Hungary, because their becoming part of the American people would depress American labor and lower the standards of American citizenship. Now they would take in Spanish-Americans, with all the mixtures of Indian and negro blood, and Malays and other unspeakable Asiatics, by the tens of millions! What will become of American labor and the standards of American citizenship then?

We are vexed by a very troublesome race problem in the United States now. That race problem is still unsolved, and it would be very sanguine to say that there is a satisfactory solution in near prospect. Cool-headed men think that we have enough of that. What will be the consequence if we indefinitely add to it by bringing under this republican government big lots of other incompatible races—races far more intractable, too, than those with which we have so far had to deal?

But more. Owing to the multiplicity of churches, sects, and denominations, and to their being mixed together in every part of the country, and their pretty well balancing one another, there have been so far hardly any very serious difficulties of a religious nature in the United States. But if the imperial policy prevails, and all those countries, with their populations, are annexed, there will be for the first time in the history of the republic large territories inhabited by many millions of people who, with few exceptions, all belong to one church, and who, if they become a political force, may cause

conflicts of influences from which the American people have so far been happily exempt.

I mention these things in order to indicate some of the difficulties we have to meet in considering the question how such countries and populations are to be fitted into our system of government. It is hard to see how the Spanish-American republics which are to be annexed could in the long run be refused admission as States, having, nominally at least, been governing themselves for many years. The Spanish-American islands would soon follow. Ambitious partizans, looking out for party votes in Congress and in the electoral college, would certainly contrive to lug them in. There would then be a large lot of Spanish-Americans in the Senate and in the House and among the presidential electors—more than enough of them to hold, occasionally at least, the balance of power in making laws not only for themselves, but for the whole American people, and in giving the republic its Presidents. There would be “the Spanish-American vote”—being occasionally the decisive vote—to be bargained with. Who will doubt that of all the so-called “foreign votes” this country has ever had, this would be by far the most dangerous? It is useless to hope that this population would gradually assimilate itself to the American people as they now are. It might assimilate itself under the influence of our Northern climate, but not in the tropics. In the tropics the Anglo-Saxon race is in the long run more apt to assimilate itself to the Spanish-American than the Spanish-American to the Anglo-Saxon. This is common experience.

The admission as States of the Philippines, the Carolines, and so on,—that is, the transformation of “the United States of America” into “the United States of America and Asia,”—would, I suppose, appear too monstrous to be seriously thought of even by the wildest imperialist. Those countries, with an aggregate of about ten million inhabitants, would have to be governed as subject provinces, with no expectation of their becoming self-governing States. This means government without the consent of the governed. It means taxation without representation. It means the very things against which the Declaration of Independence remonstrated, and against which the fathers rose in revolution. It means that the American people would carry on over large subject populations a kind of rule against which their own government is

the most solemn protest. It may be said that those countries and populations cannot be governed in any other way; but is not that the most conclusive reason why this republic should not attempt to govern them at all?

Against such an attempt there are other reasons hardly less vital. No candid observer of current events in this republic will deny that the exercise of more or less arbitrary rule over distant countries will be apt to produce most pernicious effects upon our public morals. The farther away those subject countries are from close public observation, the richer and more tempting their natural resources, the more unfit their populations for self-government, and the more pronounced the race antagonisms, the more unrestrained will be the cupidity of the governing race, the less respect will there be for the rights and interests of the subject races, and the more unscrupulous and rapacious the rule over them—and this in spite of laws for their protection which may be fair on their face and well intended in their meaning. There has been much complaint of the influence wielded in our government by rich and powerful corporations such as the Sugar Trust. The more or less arbitrary control exercised by our government over distant countries with great resources will inevitably stimulate the multiplication of speculative enterprises with much money behind them, subjecting the government in all its branches to constant pressure and manipulation which cannot fail to produce a most baneful effect upon our politics. Of such things we have experience enough to warn us.

But the combinations formed for distant adventure will be the most dangerous of all. Never having enough, their greed constantly grasping for more, they will seek to drive this country into new enterprises of conquest. Opportunities will not be lacking when this republic is once in the race for colonial acquisitions in which the European powers are now engaged, and which keeps them incessantly increasing their expensive armaments. And the more such enterprises there are, the greater will be the danger of new wars, with all their demoralizing effects upon our democratic government. It is, therefore, not too much to say—indeed, it is rather stating the fact very mildly—that the governing of distant countries as subject provinces would result in a fearful increase of the elements of profligacy and corruption in our political life.

We are told by imperialists of a very optimistic disposition that the British have carried on a policy of territorial aggrandizement on the grandest scale, but have succeeded in maintaining an honest and decent government; that the very necessity of providing for good methods of governing their distant possessions brought on the reform of their civil service, and that we can do the same. The fact is, however, that under the policy of conquest and territorial aggrandizement the British government did fall into a very grievous state of profligacy and corruption, from which it emerged only after a long period of effort. Whether, or how, our democratic government would emerge from such a state is, to say the least, an open question. In speculating upon what we may be capable of in comparison with other nations, we should never forget that monarchies or aristocracies can do certain things which democracies cannot do as well, and that democracies can do certain things which monarchies or aristocracies cannot do at all. A monarchy or an aristocracy can govern subject populations—it sometimes does it badly, sometimes well—in perfect harmony with its reasons of being, without going beyond the vital conditions of its existence. In doing so it exercises a function suited to its nature. But it cannot institute and maintain among its people complete self-government on the basis of equal rights without breaking itself down. A democracy can maintain complete self-government on the basis of equal rights, for that is its natural function; but it cannot exercise arbitrary rule over subject populations without doing a thing utterly incompatible with the fundamental reason of its own being, without giving up its most vital principle and faith. It will be like a man who has lost the sense of right and wrong. This is in itself utter demoralization, which cannot fail to breed corruption and decay. It never has failed, as history proves. Recovery from this sort of corruption, which in a monarchy or an aristocracy is not easy, is therefore far more difficult in a democracy. Owing to its constitutional peculiarity, a democracy is far less capable of enduring and of overcoming wide-spread and deep-seated corruption than is a monarchy or an aristocracy.

But suppose we are sanguine and call this not a certainty, but only a danger, what reason have the American people for exposing themselves to a danger so awful? We are told that we produce more than this

country can consume, and must have foreign markets in which to sell our surplus products. Well, must we own the countries with which we wish to trade? Is not this a notion ludicrously barbarous? And as to more open markets which we want, will it not, when after this war we make our final peace arrangements, be easy to stipulate for open ports?

It is also pretended that if we liberate the Spanish West Indies and the Philippines from Spanish misrule, we shall be responsible for their future welfare, and shall have to keep them, because we shall not be able to make other satisfactory arrangements for them. This is "pleading the baby act" to justify the keeping of the islands in spite of the most conclusive reasons against keeping them. As soon as this republic shows itself firmly and irrevocably resolved not to keep the islands, the minds of the imperialists will be relieved of their principal difficulty in finding suitable provision for their future. If there is a will, there will be a way. If there is no will, it is not honest to pretend that there is no way.

It remains to survey the alternative possibilities. Here is what the policy of Imperialism puts in prospect: the annexation to the United States of all the territory conquered from Spain—Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and perhaps the Carolines and the Ladrões. This at once. Then the enlargement of the boundaries of the United States so as to embrace the inter-oceanic canal, and hence the annexation of the Spanish-American republics down to the Isthmus, and of as many of the West Indian and Caribbean islands as possible, for the sake of safety. These annexations bring on the problem of determining the status in the republic of large masses of tropical people—perhaps some twenty-five millions of them—who are utterly different from the Americans in origin, language, traditions, habits, ways of thinking and feeling,—in short, in everything that is of importance in human intercourse,—with no hope of essential assimilation, owing to their tropical home. A large number of seats in Congress will be filled with senators and representatives from the Spanish-American countries, who will take part in making laws and in determining the character of the government for all of us. The presidential elections will largely depend upon the Spanish-American vote, which will become a great force in our politics, and not seldom hold the balance of power. The Philippines and other islands,

inhabited by many millions of Asiatics, will have to be governed as subject provinces. Our old democratic principle that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed will have to go overboard. Greedy speculation will inevitably seek to seize upon those new possessions, and as inevitably invade the politics of the whole country with its corrupting influence. That spirit of speculation will strive to push the republic into new adventures, and, the United States being then entangled in the jealousies and quarrels of the Old-World powers, and in the struggles for colonial acquisition, new wars will be threatening. Very large armies and navies will be needed to maintain what has been won by conquest, and to win more. Enormous expenditures will be a matter of course. As has been said of the army-and-navy-ridden countries of Europe, every American worker, when at his toil, will have to carry a soldier or sailor on his back. There will be glorious chances for speculative adventure to accumulate colossal fortunes, huge corruption funds and no end of spoil for the politicians, and grinding taxation for the people who have to pay the bills.

Meanwhile, by turning the war advertised so loudly as a war of liberation and humanity into a war of conquest, a land-grabbing foray, the American democracy will have lost its honor. It will stand before the world as a self-convicted hypocrite. It will have verified all that has been said in this respect by its detractors. Nobody will ever trust its most solemn declarations or promises again. Our American sister republics will, after so glaring a breach of faith, be alarmed for their own safety, feeling themselves threatened by the unscrupulous and grasping ambition of the American people, and become the open or secret enemies of the United States, ready to intrigue against this republic with European powers—a source of more warlike troubles.

And what will become, with all this, of the responsibility of the American people for the maintenance of "the government of the people, by the people, for the people," and of our great mission to further the progress of civilization by enhancing the prestige of democratic institutions? It will be only the old tale of a free people seduced by false ambitions and running headlong after riches and luxuries and military glory, and then down the fatal slope into vice, corruption, decay, and disgrace. The tale will be more ignominious and mournful this time,

because the opportunities had been more magnificent, the fall more rapid, and the failure more shameful and discouraging than ever before in history.

This may seem an exaggerated picture. I admit that it is lurid. But I ask any candid man to examine it, touch by touch, and then to answer the question whether it does not fairly represent the possibilities—nay, the probabilities—which will come forth if the imperialistic program be fully carried out; and also whether that program is not likely to be carried out if the first steps in its realization are taken.

Now contemplate, on the other hand, that which is not merely possible, but certain to follow if the republic remains true to itself, its responsibility, and its mission. The war with Spain is carried to a successful issue. In concluding peace the victorious republic keeps in clear view its solemn declaration and promise that this was to be a war of liberation and humanity, and not of conquest. Firmly discountenancing the thought of annexing any of the conquered countries, it makes the best attainable arrangements to secure the liberated populations in their rights and welfare. It also uses its victory, as much as circumstances may permit, in opening the ports of the countries in question to the commerce of the world. Having conscientiously resisted all temptations of territorial aggrandizement in the hour of triumph, and having proved itself absolutely faithful to its word against the most seductive promptings of ambition, it will enjoy the respect of mankind in a far higher degree than ever before. It will have silenced forever its detractors who accused it of hypocrisy and impure motives. The American sister republics will look up to it with renewed and absolute confidence in the sincerity of its professions, and gladly recognize its primacy in this hemisphere. Having set an unsurpassed example of uprightness and magnanimity in the exercise of great and victorious power, its voice will be listened to in the councils of nations with more than ordinary deference; and although international arrangements are seldom governed by sentimental reasons, a nation so strong and at the same time so just and generous will easily obtain all the accommodations for its commerce it can decently claim. Its counsel will be sought, and the position so gained will enable it to exercise a potent influence for the maintenance of the world's peace. It will have given "the government of the people, by the people,

for the people" the greatest triumph in its history. It will have commended republican government and democratic institutions to the respect and confidence of mankind as they have never been commended before. It will thus have gloriously recognized its responsibility and served its mission as the great republican power of the world. There will be no prouder title than that of being an American—far prouder than the most powerful and costly armaments and the largest conquests can make it.

And now we are told that not this, but the other course is imposed upon this republic by "manifest destiny" and "the decree of Providence, against which it is useless to struggle." The American people may well pause before accepting a counsel which, in seeking to unload upon Providence the responsibility for schemes of reckless ambition involving a palpable breach of faith, falls little short of downright blasphemy.

This is not the first time that such catchwords have resounded in this country. Some of us are old enough to remember the days when "manifest destiny" and "the irresistible decree of Providence" were with simi-

lar assurance invoked in behalf of what was called "extending the area of freedom," which then really meant the acquisition of more territory for the multiplication of slave States. The moral instinct and sound sense of the American people then resisted the seductive cry and silenced it, thus proving that it was neither "destiny" nor "Providence," but only a hollow sound. We may hope that the same moral instinct and sound sense will now resist and silence the same cry, when it means the complete abandonment of the principles laid down by George Washington in his Farewell Address, under the observance of which our country has grown so prosperous and powerful, and the substitution therefor of a policy of conquest and adventure—a policy bound to tarnish our national honor at the first step, to frighten our American neighbors and to make enemies of them, to entangle us unnecessarily in the broils of foreign ambitions, to hazard our peace, to load down our people with incalculable burdens, to demoralize, deprave, and undermine our democratic government, and thus to unfit the great American republic for its true mission in the world.

THE TERRITORY WITH WHICH WE ARE THREATENED.

BY THE HON. WHITE LAW REID.



Men are everywhere asking what should be our course about the territory conquered in this war. Some inquire merely if it is good policy for the United States to abandon its continental limitations, and extend its rule over semi-tropical countries with mixed populations. Others ask if it would not be the wisest policy to give them away after conquering them, or abandon them. They say it would be ruinous to admit them as States to equal rights with ourselves, and contrary to the Constitution to hold them permanently as Territories. It would be bad policy, they argue, to lower the standard of our population by taking in hordes of West Indians and Asiatics; bad policy to run any chance of allowing these people to become some day joint arbiters with ourselves of the national destinies; bad policy to abandon the principles of Washington's Farewell Address, to *which we have adhered for a century*, and

involve ourselves in the Eastern Question, or in the entanglements of European politics.

The men who raise these questions are sincere and patriotic. They are now all loyally supporting the government in the prosecution of the war which some of them were active in bringing on, and others to the last deprecated and resisted. Their doubts and difficulties deserve the fairest consideration, and are of pressing importance.

BUT is there not another question, more important, which first demands consideration? Have we the right to decide whether we shall hold or abandon the conquered territory, solely or even mainly as a matter of national policy? Are we not bound by our own acts and by the responsibility we have voluntarily assumed before Spain, before Europe, and before the civilized world, to consider it first in the light of national duty?

For that consideration it is not needful now to raise the question whether we were

in every particular justifiable for our share in the transactions leading to the war. However men's opinions on that point may differ, the nation is now at war for a good cause, and has in a vigorous prosecution of it the loyal and zealous support of all good citizens.

But under the direct command of Congress, the President intervened, with our army and navy, to put down Spanish rule in Cuba, on the distinct ground that it was a rule too monstrous to be longer endured. Are we not, then, bound in honor and morals to see to it that the government which replaces Spanish rule is better? Are we not morally culpable and disgraced before the civilized world if we leave it as bad, or worse? Can any consideration of mere policy, of our own interests, or our own ease and comfort, free us from that solemn responsibility which we have voluntarily assumed, and for which we have lavishly spilt American and Spanish blood?

Most people now realize from what a mistake Congress was kept by the firm attitude of the President in opposing a recognition of the so-called Cuban Republic of Cubitas. It is now generally understood that virtually there was no Cuban Republic, or any Cuban government save that of wandering bands of guerrilla insurgents, probably less numerous and influential than had been represented. There seems reason to believe that however bad Spanish government may have been, the rule of these people, where they had the power, was as bad; and still greater reason to apprehend that if they had full power, their sense of past wrongs and their unrestrained tropical thirst for vengeance might lead to something worse. Is it for that pitiful result that a civilized and Christian people is giving up its sons and pouring out blood and treasure in Cuba?

In commanding the war, Congress pledged us to continue our action until the pacification of the island should be secured. When that happy time has arrived, if it shall then be found that the Cuban insurgents and their late enemies are able to unite in maintaining a settled and peaceable government in Cuba, distinctly free from the faults which now lead the United States to destroy the old one, we shall have discharged our responsibility, and will be at liberty to end our interference. But if not, the responsibility of the United States continues. It is morally bound to secure to Cuba such a government, even if forced by circumstances to furnish it itself.

At this point, however, we are checked by a reminder of the further action of Congress, "asserting its determination, when the pacification of Cuba has been accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

Now the secondary provisions of any great measure must be construed in the light of its main purpose; and where they conflict, we are led to presume that they would not have been adopted but for ignorance of the actual conditions. Is it not evident that such was the case here? We now know how far Congress was misled as to the organization and power of the alleged Cuban government, the strength of the revolt, and the character of the war the insurgents were waging. We have seen how little dependence could be placed upon the lavish promises of support from great armies of insurgents in the war we have undertaken; and we are beginning to realize the difference between our ideas of a humane and civilized "pacification" and that apparently entertained up to this time by the insurgents. It is certainly true that when the war began neither Congress nor the people of the United States cherished an intention to hold Cuba permanently, or had any further thought than to pacify it and turn it over to its own people. But they must pacify it before they turn it over; and from present indications to do that thoroughly may be the work of years. Even then they are still responsible to the world for the establishment of a better government than the one they destroy. If the last state of that island should be worse than the first, the fault and the crime must be solely that of the United States. We were not actually forced to involve ourselves; we might have passed by on the other side. When, instead, we insisted on interfering, we made ourselves responsible for improving the situation; and, no matter what Congress "disclaimed," or what intention it "asserted," we cannot leave Cuba till that is done without national dishonor and blood-guiltiness.

The situation is curiously like that of England in Egypt. She intervened too, under far less provocation, it must be admitted, and for a cause rather more commercial than humanitarian. But when some thought that her work was ended and that it was time for her to go, Lord Granville, on behalf of Mr. Gladstone's government, addressed the other great European powers in a note which Congress might have studied with profit before framing its resolutions.

"Although for the present," he said, "a British force remains in Egypt for the preservation of public tranquillity, Her Majesty's government are desirous of withdrawing it as soon as the state of the country and the organization of proper means for the maintenance of the Khedive's authority will admit of it. In the meantime the position in which Her Majesty's government are placed towards His Highness imposes upon them the duty of giving advice with the object of securing that the order of things to be established shall be of a satisfactory character and possess the elements of stability and progress." As time went on this declaration did not seem quite explicit enough; and accordingly, just a year later, Lord Granville instructed the present Lord Cromer, then Sir Evelyn Baring, that it should be made clear to the Egyptian ministers and governors of provinces that "the responsibility which for the time rests on England obliges Her Majesty's government to insist on the adoption of the policy which they recommend, and that it will be necessary that those ministers and governors who do not follow this course should cease to hold their offices."

That was in 1884—a year after the defeat of Arabi, and the "pacification." It is now fourteen years later. The English are still there, and the Egyptian ministers and governors now understand quite well that they must cease to hold their offices if they do not adopt the policy recommended by the British diplomatic agent. If it should be found that we cannot with honor and self-respect abandon our self-imposed task of Cuban "pacification" any sooner, the hasty Congressmen, as they read over their own inconsiderate resolutions, can hide their blushes behind a copy of Lord Granville's letter. They may explain, if they like, with the classical excuse of Benedick, "When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married." Or if this seems too frivolous for their serious plight, let them recall the position of Mr. Jefferson, who originally declared that the purchase of foreign territory would make waste paper of the Constitution, and subsequently appealed to Congress for the money to pay for his purchase of Louisiana. When he held such an acquisition unconstitutional, he had not thought he would live to need Louisiana.

As to Cuba, it may be fairly concluded that only these points are actually clear: (1) We had made ourselves in a sense responsible for Spanish rule by our consistent declaration, through three quarters of a

century, that no other European nation should replace her—Daniel Webster, as Secretary of State, even seeking to guard her hold as against Great Britain. (2) We are now at war because we say Spanish rule is intolerable; and we cannot withdraw our hand till it is replaced by a rule for which we are willing to be responsible. (3) We are also pledged to remain till the pacification is complete.

As to the other territories in question, the conditions are different. We are not taking possession of them, as we are of Cuba, with the avowed purpose of giving them a better government. We are conquering them because we are at war with Spain, which has been holding and governing them very much as she has Cuba; and we must strike Spain wherever and as hard as we can. But it must at once be recognized that as to Porto Rico at least, to hold it would be the natural course and what all the world would expect. Both Cuba and Porto Rico, like Hawaii, are within the acknowledged sphere of our influence, and ours must necessarily be the first voice in deciding their destiny. Our national position with regard to them is historic. It has been officially declared and known to every civilized nation for three quarters of a century. To abandon it now, that we may refuse greatness through a sudden craven fear of being great, would be so astonishing a reversal of a policy steadfastly maintained by the whole line of our responsible statesmen since 1823 as to be grotesque.

John Quincy Adams, writing in April of that year, as Secretary of State, to our minister to Spain, pointed out that the dominion of Spain upon the American continents, North and South, was irrevocably gone, but warned him that Cuba and Porto Rico still remained nominally dependent upon her, and that she might attempt to transfer them. That could not be permitted, as they were "natural appendages to the North American continent." Subsequent statements turned more upon what Mr. Adams called "the transcendent importance of Cuba to the United States"; but from that day to this there has not been a line in our State Papers to show that the claim of the United States to control the future of Porto Rico as well as of Cuba was ever waived. As to Cuba, Mr. Adams predicted that within half a century its annexation would be indispensable. "There are laws of political as well as of physical gravitation," he said; and "Cuba, forcibly disjoined from

its own unnatural connection with Spain, and incapable of self-support, can gravitate only towards the North American Union, which, by the same law of nature, cannot cast her off from its bosom." If Cuba is incapable of self-support, and could not therefore be left, in the cheerful language of Congress, to her own people, how much less could little Porto Rico stand alone?

There remains the alternative of giving Porto Rico back to Spain at the end of the war. But if we are warranted now in making war because the horrors of Spanish rule in Cuba were intolerable, how could we justify ourselves in handing back Porto Rico to the same rule, after having once emancipated her from it? The subject need not be pursued. To return Porto Rico to Spain, after she is once in our possession, is as much beyond the power of the President and of Congress as it was to preserve the peace with Spain after the treacherous destruction of the *Maine* in the harbor of Havana. From that moment the American people resolved that the flag under which this last outrage was possible should disappear forever from the Western hemisphere, and they will sanction no peace that permits it to remain.

The question of the Philippines is different and more difficult. They are not within what the diplomatists of the world would recognize as the legitimate sphere of American influence. Our relation to them is purely the accident of recent war. We are not in honor bound to hold them, if we can honorably dispose of them. But we know that their grievances differ only in kind, not in degree, from those of Cuba; and having once freed them from the Spanish yoke, we cannot honorably require them to go back under it again. That would be to put us in an attitude of nauseating national hypocrisy; to give the lie to all our professions of humanity in our interference in Cuba, and to prove that our real motive was conquest. What humanity forbade us to tolerate in the West Indies, it would not justify us in reestablishing in the Philippines.

What, then, can we do with them? Shall we trade them for something nearer home? Doubtless that would be permissible, if we were sure of thus securing them a better government than that of Spain, and if it could be done without precipitating fresh international difficulties. But we cannot give them to our friend and their neighbor Japan without instantly provoking the hostility of Russia, which recently interfered to prevent a far smaller Japanese aggrandizement. We

cannot give them to Russia without a greater injustice to Japan; or to Germany, or to France, or to England without raising far more trouble than we allay. England would like us to keep them; the Continental nations would like that better than any other control excepting Spain's or their own; and the Philippines would prefer it to anything save the absolute independence which they are incapable of maintaining. Having been led into their possession by the course of a war undertaken for the sake of humanity, shall we draw a geographical limit to our humanity, and say we cannot continue to be governed by it in Asiatic waters because it is too much trouble and is too disagreeable—and besides there may be no profit in it!

Both war and diplomacy have many surprises; and it is quite possible that some way out of our embarrassing possession may yet be found. The fact is clear that many of our people do not much want it; but if a way of relinquishing it is proposed, the one thing we are bound to insist on is that it shall be consistent with our attitude in the war, and our honorable obligations to the islands we have conquered and to civilization.

THE chief aversion to the vast accessions of territory with which we are threatened, springs from the fear that ultimately they must be admitted into the Union as States. No public duty is more urgent at this moment than to resist from the very outset the concession of such a possibility. In no circumstances likely to exist within a century should they be admitted as a State of the Union. The loose, disunited, and unrelated federation of independent States to which this would inevitably lead, stretching from the Indian Archipelago to the Caribbean Sea, embracing all climes, all religions, all races,—black, yellow, white, and their mixtures,—all conditions, from pagan ignorance and the verge of cannibalism to the best product of centuries of civilization, education, and self-government, all with equal rights in our Senate and representation according to population in our House, with an equal voice in shaping our national destinies—that would, at least in this stage of the world, be humanitarianism run mad, a degeneration and degradation of the homogeneous continental Republic of our pride too preposterous for the contemplation of serious and intelligent men. Quite as well might Great Britain now invite the swarming millions of India to send rajahs and members

of Parliament, in proportion to population, to swamp the Lords and Commons and rule the English people. If it had been supposed that even Hawaii, with its overwhelming preponderance of Kanakas and Asiatics, would become a State, she could not have been annexed. If the territories we are conquering must become States, we might better renounce them at once and place them under the protectorate of some humane and friendly European power with less nonsense in its blood.

This is not to deny them the freest and most liberal institutions they are capable of sustaining. The people of Sitka and the Aleutian Islands enjoy the blessings of ordered liberty and free institutions, but nobody dreams of admitting them to statehood. New Mexico has belonged to us for half a century, not only without oppression, but with all the local self-government for which she was prepared; yet, though an integral part of our continent, surrounded by States, and with an adequate population, she is still not admitted to statehood. Why should not the people on the island of Porto Rico, or even of Cuba, prosper and be happy for the next century under the rule which their kinsmen of New Mexico have prospered under for the last half-century?

With slight modifications, the territorial form of government which we have tried so successfully from the beginning of the Union is admirably adapted to such communities. It secures local self-government, equality before the law, upright courts, ample power for order and defense, a voice in Congress for the presentation of local wants, and such control by Congress as gives security against the mistakes or excesses of people new to the exercise of these rights.

BUT such a system, we are told, is contrary to our Constitution and to the spirit of our institutions. Why? We have had just that system ever since the Constitution was framed. It is true that a large part of the territory thus governed has now been admitted into the Union in the form of new States. But it is not true that this was recognized at the beginning as a right, or even generally contemplated as a probability; nor is it true that it has been the purpose or expectation of those who annexed foreign territory to the United States, like Louisiana or the Gadsden Purchase, that it would all be carved into States. That feature of the marvelous development of the continent *has come as a surprise* to this generation

and the last, and would have been absolutely incredible to the men of Thomas Jefferson's time. Obviously, then, it could not have been the purpose for which before that date our territorial system was devised. It is not clear that the founders of the government expected even all the territory we then possessed to be made into States. Much of it was supposed to be worthless and uninhabitable. But it is certain that they planned for outside accessions. Even in the Articles of Confederation they provided for the admission of Canada and of British colonies which included Jamaica as well as Nova Scotia. Madison, in referring to this, construes it as meaning that they contemplated only the admission of these colonies as colonies, not the eventual establishment of new States ("Federalist," No. 43). About the same time Hamilton was dwelling on the alarms of those who thought the country already too large, and arguing that great size was a safeguard against ambitious rulers.

Nevertheless, the objectors still argue, the Constitution gives no positive warrant for a permanent territorial policy. But it does! Ordinarily it may be assumed that what the framers of the Constitution immediately proceeded to do under it was intended by them to be warranted by it; and we have seen that they immediately devised and maintained a territorial system for the government of territory which they had no expectation of ever converting into States. The case, however, is even plainer than that. The sole reference in the Constitution to the territories of the United States is in Article IV, Section 3: "The Congress shall have power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States." Jefferson revised his first views far enough to find warrant for acquiring territory; but here is explicit, unmistakable authority conferred for dealing with it, and with other "property," precisely as Congress chooses. The territory was not a present or prospective party in interest in the nation created under this organic act. It was "property," to be disposed of or ruled and regulated as Congress might determine. The inhabitants of the territory were not consulted; there was no provision that they should even be guaranteed a republican form of government like the States; they were secured no right of representation and given no vote. So, too, when it came to acquiring new territory, there was no thought of consulting the inhabitants. Mr. Jefferson

did not ask the citizens of Louisiana to consent to their annexation, nor did Mr. Monroe submit such a question to the Spaniards of Florida, nor Mr. Polk to the Mexicans of California, nor Mr. Pierce to the New Mexicans, nor Mr. Johnson to the Russians and Aleuts of Alaska. The power of the government to deal with territory, foreign or domestic, precisely as it chooses was understood from the beginning to be absolute; and at no stage in our whole history have we hesitated to exercise it. The question of permanently holding the Philippines or any other conquered territory as territory is not, and cannot, be made one of constitutional right; it is one solely of national duty and of national policy.

As a last resort, it is maintained that even if the Constitution does not forbid, the Monroe Doctrine does. But the famous declaration of Mr. Monroe on which reliance is placed does not warrant this conclusion. After holding that "the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power," Mr. Monroe continued: "We should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any part of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere." The context makes it clear that this assurance applies solely to the existing colonies and dependencies they still had in this hemisphere; and that even this was qualified by the previous warning that while we took no part "in the wars of European powers, in matters relating to themselves," we resented injuries and defended our rights. It will thus be seen that Mr. Monroe gave no pledge that we would never interfere with any dependency or colony of European powers anywhere. He simply declared our general policy not to interfere with existing colonies still remaining to them on our coast, so long as they left the countries alone which had already gained their independence, and so long as they did not injure us or invade our rights. And even this statement of the scope of Mr. Monroe's declaration must be construed in the light of the fact that the same administration which promulgated the Monroe Doctrine had already issued from the State Department Mr. Adams's prediction, above referred to, that "the annexation of Cuba will yet be

found indispensable." Perhaps Mr. Monroe's language might have been properly understood as a general assurance that we would not meddle in Europe so long as they gave us no further trouble in America; but certainly it did not also abandon to their exclusive jurisdiction Asia and Africa and the islands of the sea.

THE candid conclusions seem inevitable that, not as a matter of policy, but as a necessity of the position in which we find ourselves and as a matter of national duty, we must hold Cuba, at least for a time and till a permanent government is well established for which we can afford to be responsible; we must hold Porto Rico; and we may have to hold the Philippines. The war is a great sorrow, and to many these results of it will seem still more mournful. They cannot be contemplated with unmixed confidence by any; and to all who think they must be a source of some grave apprehensions. Plainly this unwelcome war is leading us by ways we have not trod to an end we cannot surely forecast. On the other hand, there are some good things coming from it that we can already see. It will make an end forever of Spain in this hemisphere. It will certainly secure to Cuba and Porto Rico better government. It will furnish an enormous outlet for the energy of our citizens, and give another example of the rapid development to which our system leads. It has already brought North and South together as could nothing but a foreign war in which both offered their blood for the cause of their reunited country—a result of incalculable advantage both at home and abroad. It has brought England and the United States together—another result of momentous importance in the progress of civilization and Christianity. Europe will know us better henceforth; even Spain will know us better; and this knowledge should tend powerfully hereafter to keep the peace of the world. The war should abate the swaggering, swashbuckler tendency of many of our public men, since it has shown our incredible unreadiness at the outset for meeting even a third-rate power; and it will secure us henceforth an army and navy less ridiculously inadequate to our exposure. It insures us a mercantile marine. It insures the Nicaragua Canal, a Pacific cable, great development on our Pacific coast, and the mercantile control of the Pacific Ocean. It imposes new and very serious business on our public men, which ought to dignify and elevate the pub-

lic service. Finally, it has shown such splendid courage and skill in the army and navy, such sympathy at home for our men at the front, and such devoted eagerness, especially

among women, to alleviate suffering and humanize the struggle, as to thrill every patriotic heart and make us all prouder than ever of our country and its matchless people.



The Nobler Side of War.

WHEN the convinced lover and advocate of peace finds his heart "burning within him" at the call to battle; when he reads with quickening pulse the record of deeds of martial valor and endurance performed by his countrymen on sea or land, not in distant history, but last evening or this very morning; and when he longs himself to take part in the charge or sea-fight, it is natural that he should search his consciousness for reasons for this seeming inconsistency. Is it the "battle instinct" of his race asserting itself—that instinct which Professor William James says "centuries of peaceful history could not breed out of us"? Is it solely the survival of the "fighting animal" in man that makes a man of peace instinctively prone to war?

It would seem more natural to suppose that the apparently inconsistent passion for war on the part of peace-loving natures—natures surely in which there is left no preponderance of the original savage—is not a mere rudimentary savagery, is not a mere evidence of reversion (though that, doubtless, has a good deal to do with it), but because we think of war, nowadays, not so much as being a means of making others suffer as an occasion of giving ourselves up to suffering. Surely in the war against Spain it was the idea not of inflicting injury upon an enemy so much as the idea of sacrificing one's self for a cause—for the cause of country and humanity—that drew gentle souls into the dangers of war and of tropical pestilence.

In the thick of battle, doubtless, on the part of some there is the old desire to strike for revenge; there is something of pure hatred, and love of violent conflict. But in battle even the hardest hitters doubtless are dominated largely by the determination to crush the enemy in self-defense, knowing that one's own guns, used with accuracy and rapidity, are one's best protection; or there may be aroused the instinct of sport—the devouring wish to "bag the game." Even the fighters who are represented as talking most picturesquely of making the enemy's tongue the court language of the infernal regions—even they will be found at the end to be as courteous and considerate as the types of ancient knighthood.

And in these new days of war the incidents that cut to the quick not only in the consciousness of the great population of non-combatants, but of

the soldiers and sailors themselves, are many of them deeds of thrilling courtesy; the notes that sound deepest of all are the notes of self-sacrificing bravery, and those of human brotherhood. The matchless coolness of Dewey; Bagley's and Bernadou's courage at Cardenas; Winslow's stanchness under hours of fire in the cable-cutting at Cienfuegos; the calculating and superb recklessness of Hobson; the quick and unsparing force of the ships of Sampson and Schley; the impetuous charge of the soldiers at Santiago, and their unflinching demeanor under frightful conditions—these fill the soul with "noble rage." But even events like these do not touch the hearts of the people more profoundly than acts of consideration and humanity such as Admiral Cervera's chivalrous message concerning Hobson; the burial by our own sailors, with all the honors of war, of the brave Spanish sailors who died on our ships; the refusal of Captain Evans to take the proffered sword of the captain of the *Vizcaya*; gallant Wainwright's manly greeting to the chief captive; and, later, Schley's generous words to him, that made the Spanish admiral throw his arms around the neck of the American commodore; the saving of the enemy's surprised and grateful survivors after the destruction of their fleets at Manila and Santiago; and Captain Philip's words, to be remembered as long as noble deeds are told: "Don't cheer, boys; the poor fellows are dying."

After all, does not the popular recognition of the generous acts that accompany the inevitable cruelties of war indicate that mankind is growing more and more sensitive to these cruelties, and determined more and more to find other and less barbarous means of settling international controversies?

A Step Toward Universal Peace.

THE remarkable utterances of M. Ollivier in his article printed in the present number of THE CENTURY, along with similar expressions, public and private, of friendship for America by representative Frenchmen and Frenchwomen, are welcome evidence that our great sister republic is not unmindful of the ties that have long bound together the lovers of free government in the two countries. That the better opinion of France has been grossly misrepresented by the Parisian organs of selfish interests is now well understood;

and generous-minded Americans have at the same time been willing to allow for a natural sympathy on the part of Frenchmen with a neighboring and kindred country suffering the calamities of a losing war.

But the quick understanding and sympathy with the American position on the part of the people of the British Empire is naturally to Americans a matter of paramount importance. Aside from those actions, or refusals to act, of the British government which have, as supposed, made impossible certain possible combinations not in our interest, the spontaneous and widely extended demonstrations of regard for America throughout Great Britain and her sister states have revealed a fellowship which it is not too much to say marks an era in the history of humanity. For these expressions of regard and confidence have not been without the most cordial reciprocation in all parts of America. Seldom in the history of the human mind has so quick a change of sentiment come over large numbers of people; for in some quarters there was much of prejudice to unlearn in little time. It has come now to be thoroughly understood that notwithstanding the fact that American blood is very far from being all British, and although the short story of our own country has been marked by fierce wars with England and by misunderstandings as bitter as any that actual war between the two nations could create,—still, as the Stafford House resolution declared on the 13th of July, the two peoples are not only closely allied by blood, but “inherit the same literature and laws, hold the same principles of self-government, recognize the same ideals of freedom and humanity in the guidance of their national policy, and are drawn together by strong common interests in many parts of the world.”

It is not necessary, and it is far from desirable, that the union should be one leading to aggression against other powers. It must not be an alliance of selfish forces, but of noble and kindred aims. It must not be in the interest of war, but in the interest of international arbitration and of that era of universal peace which is the steadfast hope of good men throughout the earth.

As an evidence of the feeling in Great Britain toward the United States, we print in full the remarkable list of the General Committee of the Anglo-American League, under the auspices of which the recent meeting at Stafford House was held.

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It should be said that in America the responsive note of good will is very seldom marred. If a jarring sound is heard at all, it is soon lost in the general chorus of fraternity. An interesting feature of the expressions of kindly sentiment on the American side is the fact that some of the warmest of these expressions come from American citizens who have in their veins not a single drop of British blood.

Problems.

THE August and September numbers of THE CENTURY contain articles, from various hands, which should be of material use in the solution of the difficult problems with which our people have been suddenly confronted. In the current CENTURY, besides the descriptive and historical papers, two competent publicists, in articles written before the peace overtures in July, address themselves specifically to the immediate questions as to the retention and administration of island territory. The essays by Mr. Schurz and Mr. Reid are interesting both in their variance and in their agreement. It is a matter of importance that two writers, having such different points of view, are one in the conclusion that it would be disastrous to the Republic if rights of statehood should be given to any of the tropical communities now ours, or which the fortunes of war may leave upon our hands.

THE CENTURY readers were promised authoritative descriptions of the "problems" as well as the "places" and "battles" of the Spanish-American war; and certainly the problems are in their character as unusual and as unforeseen as the battles have proved to be, and as strange as some of the places. In the October CENTURY Professor Worcester will write again of the Philippines, from his abundant knowledge throwing additional light upon the extraordinary conditions there existing.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Sea Ballad by a Landsman.

(Written after reading Captain Evans's report of the battle of July 3.)

THE "dash-pot" has a dashing name, though I know not how it dashes;
I seem to see it get in its work between the batteries' flashes;
But on a modern navy-boat there are many things, I ween,
That never once by Nelson or by Farragut were seen.

I know not what a "dash-pot" is, but I know what a dash-pot did:
It did its duty on the day the Dons from the harbor slid.
I know not what a dash-pot is, but "Fighting Bob" he knows,
And he says the dash-pot played the deuce with the fleet of our fleeting foes.

Just like a topgallant sailor-man, Bob praises all his crew,
For every man, without being asked, did what he was asked to do;
And like the gentleman that he is, he does n't forget to name
The parts of his ship that did the work in dealing out death and flame.

'T was officer this, and officer that, that down the deck were prancing;
'T was battery this, and that, and t'other, that sent the balls a-dancing;
But, somehow, nothing has touched me more than his simple words of praise
For the old dash-pot that was given a shot on that day of fighting days.

That good old pot that was cast aside, like an actor who's lost his voice,
When again it was given a chance to play, you can guess how it did rejoice;
How it smelt the smoke of battle afar, how it stifled a sailor's sob;
And now to think it is high on the list of the heroes praised by Bob!

To be praised by Bob, you know, my boys, that is n't a little thing;
For Bob is as knightly a fighting man as ever served land or king;
He fights like the devil when fighting is on; but I think that you 'll agree
He's just as good to the fallen foe as a gentleman ought to be.

And Bob knows well, and he shows that he knows, that a ship is but all its parts;
And he knows, and he shows in his battle-report, that a crew is but all its hearts.
So here 's to Bob and his merry men, high let the song be raised;
And don't forget, when you swing a cheer, the "dash-pot" that he praised.

G.

July 27, 1898.

"Gawd Bless Dem Yankees!"

THERE used to be a dear old black mammy in Louisville who was a lovely picture in her homespun frock and bandana head-dress. She must have been very old; but she did not show her age in the least, probably because she had no idea how old she really was.

She always sang religious music at her work; and one day she stopped her ironing long enough to give me the following delightful reminiscence:

"You wants me to sing dat 'ere song for you, honey? Dat was a powerful song, for sho. Did n't you know it? Dat song was what made freedom break out. It was what brung on de war completely, entirely. People! 'Way back in Faginny, de mosters used to tell de niggers what sung it in de prayers-houses dat dey mus' shet up 'bout lubbin' dem Yankees. He! he! Dey sho did hate 'em dem days.

"I 'members de trouble I seed myself, chile, ober dat very 'spiritual.' It was a movin' song—'fo' Gawd it was!

"When Moss' John was a li'l' baby, ebery night I tell him tales 'bout de screech-owl,—how he come blin',—and 'bout de wolf, and de tar-baby, and all dat; but he would n't neber go to sleep, nohow, till I'd sing him dat song:

"Gawd bless dem Yankees, dey 'll set me free!

"I kin jis see dat chil' now a-layin' on my ol' black arm. I was mighty fat in dem days. We libbed high—em—em! Arter a while Moss' John growed up, and all de time he neber lubbed no song like de ol' one 'bout what I tellin' you. 'Bout dat time we all moved here to Kaintuck, and he married Miss Tilly. Den, ob course, when li'l' Moss' John he come along, I was nachully his mammy. And it was sich a powerful song dat dat li'l' honey lamb done 'herited it right from he daddy. Would you b'leeve it, chil'? He was n't gwine to heah no oder tune but dat same 'Gawd bless dem Yankees, dey 'll set me free!'

"One night li'l' moster was a-settin' up in my lap, a-cuttin' up 'big Ike.' He was about two year ol'. I disremembers 'zactly, but a passel ob li'l'

shoats was borned 'bout de same time in de dark ob de moon, and dey played togedder so cunnin', and he'd be dat jealous and mirate a lot whenever I'd call one ob 'em my li'l' baby. Oh, I forgits 'bout dat song! Well, Miss Tilly she was fixin' to git ready for de punch; for Ginerall J— was gwine to come up from his plantation, and was a-layin' out to drap in. And I was up-stairs, a-rockin' li'l' moster, and singin':



when de do' busted plumb open, and if dar did n't walk in Moss' John, madder dan a hopper-grass. And he come ober to whar us was, and he shuck me by de shoulder, and he say, imperdent-like: 'Mam' Ca'line, don't you nebber sing dat song again! Dat's a debbilish song 'bout lubbin' dem Yankees! I break ebbery bone in yo' ol' black body if you ebber tunes up dat ag'in'!

"I was dat mad! I jis riz up my eyes to de elements, and nearly drap de baby on de flo'; and I say, 'Look a-heah, Moss' John, who dat you been talkin' to, nohow—humph? You keep on yo' side ob de nussey, and I'll keep on mine. I done been in de nussey business long 'fore you born! Done rock you to sleep long 'fo' you born, nohow! If you done gone back on yo' baby song what I brung you up on, I sw'ar I nebber sing it no mo'! But, chil', he didn't trus' me. For soon as dat do' was shet, li'l' moster he riz up and say: 'Mam' Ca'line, don't you mind what pa say. Sing "Yankee," or I'll kick and cry!' So I begun it ag'in—sorter fierce-like dat time:



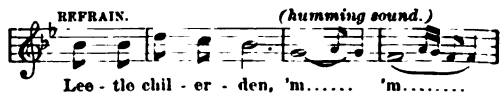
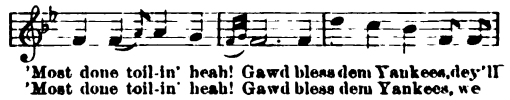
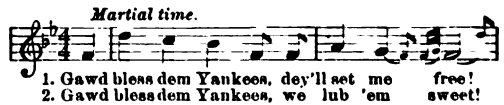
"Li'l' moster was near gone dat time, sho', when de do' busted open ag'in, and in walks de ginerall—big man. He come up to me lickerty-split, and he say: 'Mam' Ca'line, John sont me up to tell you, 'ca'se he ain't a-feelin' well hisse'f, he don't want dat song sung to his boy. He heard you singin' 'bout settin' his niggers free. Talk about settin' his niggers free! Why, 'fo' he'd let dem Yankees

set his niggers free, Mam' Ca'line, he'd set ebbery las' one ob 'em free hisse'f, jis to spite 'em! Dey's a war comin' on, Mam' Ca'line; and don't you nebber sing dat debbilish song ag'in, for it'll free all our niggers.'

"Well, honey, dat's all I know 'bout it. It's jis a millyair song. It's a mighty good marchin' tune. And fust news you know, dey did go to fightin', sho' nough, and dey did sot us free! And dat song done it, ebbery bit! It was de powerfull-est song! Why, I kep' on singing dat 'spiritual' to my li'l' moster ebbery night, hand runnin', cl'ar up to de time when freedom broke out; and dat song was so full ob de power ob de sperit dat it done turned li'l' moster inter a full-blown Yankee! For de las' time I done heah from him, he was up in Massachusetts a-runnin' for gov'ner!"

"GAWD BLESS DEM YANKEES, DEY 'LL SET ME FREE!"

(Words and music originated by Southern slaves when longing for freedom.)



See my mudder, tell her fo' me
'Mos' done toilin' heah!
I's ridin' my hoss in de battle ob de field—
'Mos' done toilin' heah!

I's sometimes up, and I's sometimes down—
'Mos' done toilin' heah!
I's sometimes lebbel to de groun'—
'Mos' done toilin' heah!

I gits ma rations fum on high—
'Mos' done toilin' heah!
Ma rations las' me till I die—
'Mos' done toilin' heah!

Jeannette Robinson Murphy.



The Boastful Butterfly.
(FROM THE ORIENTAL.)

UPON the temple dome
Of Solomon the wise
There paused, returning home,
A pair of butterflies.

He did the quite blasé
(Did it rather badly),
Wherefore,—need I say?—
She adored him madly.

Enthusiasm she
Did not attempt to curb:
“Goodness gracious me!
Is n’t this superb!”

He vouchsafed a smile
To indulge her whimsy,
Surveyed the lofty pile,
And drawled, “Not bad—but flimsy!”

“Appearances, though fine,
Lead to false deduction;
This temple, I opine,
Is shaky in construction.

“Think of it, my dear.
All this glittering show
Would crumble—disappear—
Should I but stamp my toe!

“If I should stamp—like this—”
His wife cried, “Heavens! *don’t!*”
He answered, with a kiss,
“Very well; I won’t.”

Now, every blessed word
Said by these butterflies,
It chanced, was overheard
By Solomon the wise.

He called in angry tone,
And bade a jinn to hie
And summon to his throne
That boastful butterfly.

The butterfly flew down
Upon reluctant wing.
Cried Solomon, with a frown,
“How dared you say this thing?

“How dared you, fly, invent
Such blasphemy as this is?”
“Oh, king, I only meant
To terrify the missis.”

The insect was so scared
The king could scarce restrain
A smile. “Begone! you’re spared;
But don’t do it again!”

So spake King Solomon.
The butterfly flew away.
His wife to meet him ran:
“Oh, dear, what *did* he say?”

The butterfly had here
A chance to shine, and knew it.
Said he: “The king, my dear,
Implored me *not to do it!*”

Oliver Herford.



Hymn.

O Li'l' lamb out in de col',
 De Mastah call you to de fol',
 O li'l' lamb!
 He hyeah you bleatin' on de hill;
 Come hyeah an' keep yo' mou'nin' still,
 O li'l' lamb!

De Mastah sen' de Shepud fo'f;
 He wandah souf, he wandah no'f,
 O li'l' lamb!
 He wandah eas', he wandah wes';
 De win' a-wrenchin' at his breas',
 O li'l' lamb!

Oh, tell de Shepud whaih you hide;
 He want you walkin' by his side,
 O li'l' lamb!
 He know you weak, he know you so';
 But come, don' stay away no mo',
 O li'l' lamb!

An' af'ah while de lamb he hyeah
 De Shepud's voice a-callin' cleah—
 Sweet li'l' lamb!
 He ansawah fom de brambles thick,
 "O Shepud, I 's a-comin' quick"—
 O li'l' lamb!

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Hearts the Same, though Times may Change.

WHEN dryad-haunted groves were gay
 With nymphs' and satyrs' frolic,
 Youth told its love in tuneful lay
 And wooed in style bucolic;
 And Corydon by Phyllis' side
 Strolled slow through leafy ways,
 While young Dan Cupid served as guide
 In those idyllic days.

Now, in this hurried age of ours,
 Untended are the flocks;
 For Corydon leaves sylvan bowers
 To speculate in stocks,
 And, plunging in with "bulls" and "bears"
 In Wall street's rush and jam,
 He deals in margins, sells his shares,
 And proves he is no lamb.

No aimless walks does Phyllis take.
 She marches briskly off,
 With clubs of every size and make,
 To play a game of golf;
 And neatly does she make her "tee,"
 And clear her cry of "Fore!"
 She drives and putts most gracefully,
 And makes a splendid score.

Yet still Romance doth play its part:
 Upon the links to-day
 Young Corydon poured forth his heart,
 Nor did she say him nay;

But quick she dimpled when he sent
 (Such guile have lovers all)
 The caddie, who reluctant went,
 To find a phantom ball.

"A sordid age," the critics say,
 "And sentiment is over."
 Why, Love holds autocratic sway!
 Youth always is a lover.
 And so 't will ever be the same
 Where there is lass and laddie.
 Howe'er the world may change the game,
 Dan Cupid is the caddie.

Beatrice Hanscom.

Love 's in Town.

COLOR in the lilacs,
 And singing in the air;
 Sweet is for the having,
 Plenty and to spare.

Fuzzy are the bushes,
 The fields are all a-smile;
 Phyllis has a feeling
 Life is worth the while;

Dian tests her dimples,
 Griselda fetches sighs;
 Amaryllis loosens
 The lightnings in her eyes;

Roxy knots her ribbons,
 Belinda binds her zone;—
 Pluck your heart up, Colin!
 Philander, hold your own!

Tell it up and down,
 Love 's in town!

John Vance Cheney.

Unappreciated Promptness.

TO AN EDITOR.

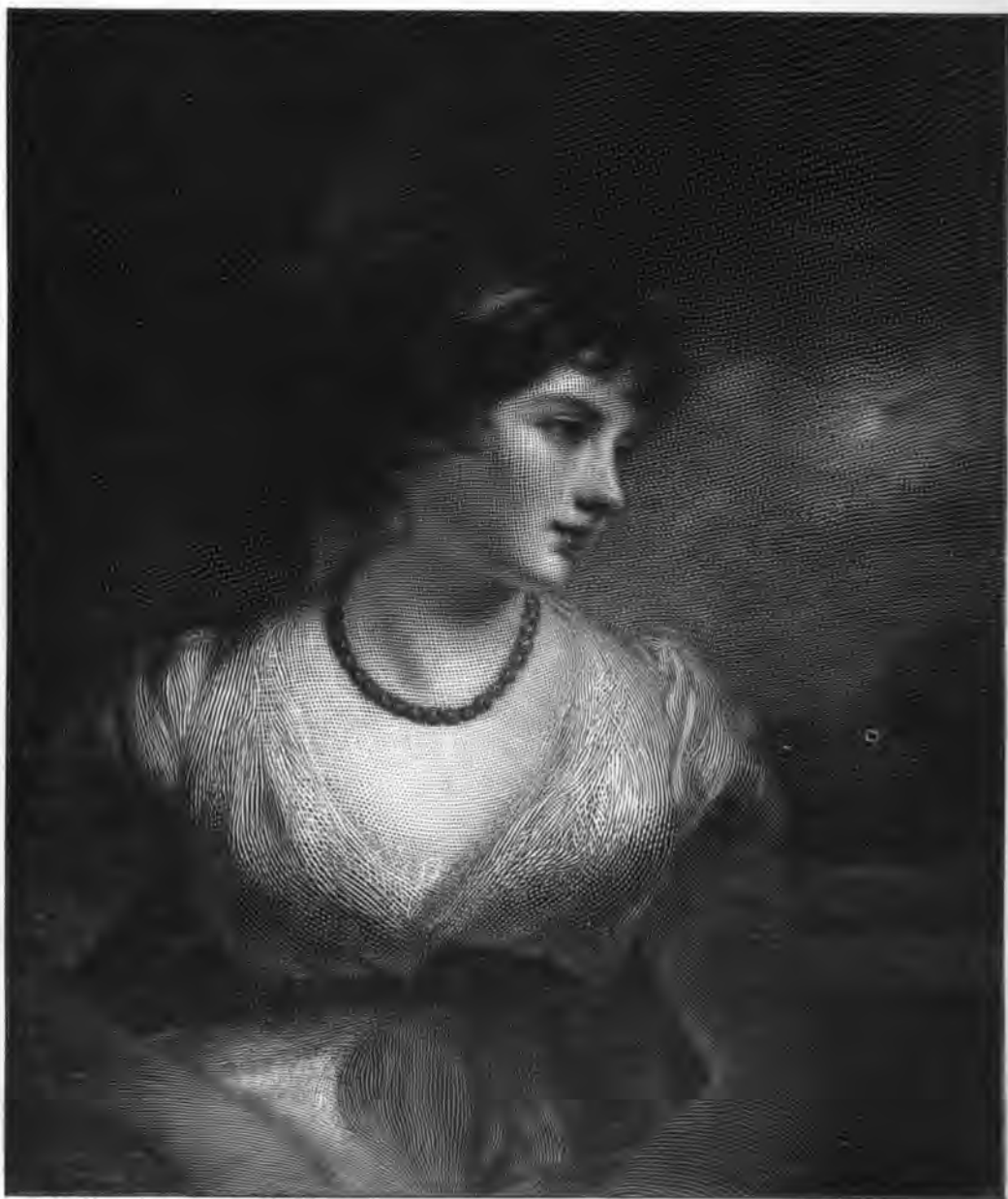
MY writings you return so fast
 I've always had a dread
 That you remailed them, first and last,
 Before they had been read.

Last winter you grew quicker still;
 I fancied this must mean
 You sent them back, with wondrous skill,
 Unopened and unseen.

This spring they all come home so quick
 I almost think it true
 You start them toward me, by some trick,
 Before they get to you.

If your dexterity should be
 Increased to some extent,
 My poems will get back to me
 Before they have been sent.

Edward Lucas White.



FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

COUNTESS OF OXFORD. PAINTED BY JOHN HOPPNER.

(TIMOTHY COLE'S ENGRAVINGS OF OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.)

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LVI.

OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 6.



ÉDOUARD DETAILLE, PAINTER OF SOLDIERS.

WITH UNPUBLISHED SKETCHES BY DETAILLE.

BY ARMAND DAYOT,
Chief Inspector of Fine Arts, Paris.

DETAILLE is tall, slender, elegant. His eyes are of a limpid blue, at once frank and observing, and "seem to be forever at work storing up impressions for the use of their master." Despite his fifty years,—he was born in Paris, October 5, 1847,—he has a youthful look. His hair is scarcely turning gray, his complexion is fresh and bright, and that fatal stoutness which comes with fifty years has generously spared him. His lip, which is almost always turned in a smile, bears a delicate *moustache à la mousquetaire*. In fine, his entire physiognomy, his external bearing, correct in spite of his elegance, and perhaps even a little conscious, express a condition of mind in which one can fancy an intimate delight in living, made up of happy memories and smiling dreams, of successes won and of hopes assured.

Detaille's grandfather was a sutler in the armies of the First Republic. The father of the painter was a lover of the arts, and, indeed, a talented draftsman, and a constant visitor in the famous studio of Horace Vernet, where the most illustrious survivors of the Grand Army were wont to meet. Thus the early youth of Detaille was passed entirely in an atmosphere fitted for the special development of the talent which to-day has blossomed out with such splendor.

From his earliest youth his eyes met with pictures of battles, his ears heard stories of combats and victories. Talking to M. Marius Vachon, who has published a noteworthy book on his art work, he expressed himself thus:

"When I was a child I fairly reveled in the albums of drawings by Raffet and Charlet. Before I could read I guessed the titles of battles, the names of famous generals, the weapons of officers and soldiers, from the pictures I had admired in military books. I remember well the visit of the Queen of England to France, and the return of the French troops from the Crimea. Besides, as a child who gave little trouble, because he was absorbed by the spectacle which unrolled itself before his eyes, I was taken everywhere. Through the kindness of my elder brother, who was chief quartermaster in the Guides of the Imperial Guard, I never missed a review, and during my holidays it was my delight to be present at the manœuvres of regiments, and to go to listen to the trumpets sounding in the forest of St. Germain.

"In 1865," he continued, "during the grand manœuvres at the camp of Châlons, which were directed by the Emperor, I had the honor—and I was not a little proud of it, when talking to my comrades—of sleeping in the same tent with Colonel Corot of the Second Cuirassiers, whose full-length portrait I afterward made. So it was that I dreamed of nothing but the epaulets, sword, and plumed cap of the military cadets of St.-Cyr."

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TWO FRIENDS.

After such an introduction to a military life, it is easy to understand Detaille's calling as a painter of soldiers. His natural disposition for designing showed itself at the Lycée Bonaparte by means of numberless sketches scrawled on the margins of his note-books, which were sought for with avidity by professors and pupils.

Almost as soon as he left the lycée he en-

tered the studio of Meissonier. That master declined to take pupils, but the inclination to art shown by young Detaille seemed to him so remarkable that he did not hesitate to interest himself in his welfare and to direct his first efforts. Combating the extraordinary facility of his pupil for improvising designs, Meissonier forced Detaille to study closely from nature, using the living model, and piti-



A GOOD PIPE.

lessly suppressed every outburst of imagination, every attempt at originality.

In 1867, with the consent of his formidable master, Detaille showed his first picture at the Salon. The young artist was nineteen at the time, and the picture he exhibited was entitled "Interior of Meissonier's Studio." It was a work full of clever observation, executed in a fine, compact style. In it the adroit application of the master's doctrine

was visible. The public noted this canvas, and was pleased. One year later Detaille appeared again at the Salon, with a larger work, bearing a more personal stamp, "Halt of the Drum Corps," which obtained a resounding success, and at the same time placed the name of the young painter in the most favorable light. One may say that at the age of twenty-one Detaille was already famous.



A PRUSSIAN GENERAL.

When, in 1870, the war broke out, Detaille, who was destined to be one of the most precise and thorough of its historians, was already in full possession of the means to express himself. His illustrious master Meissonier had passed on to him his almost excessive anxiety for perfection in work, his sleepless preoccupation in seeking out individual character in the countenance, in the attitude, and in the costume, as well as his penetrating exactness of design.

Thus prepared, Detaille departed for the frontier, attached to the staff of General Pajol; and although exempt from military service because he was the elder son of a

widow, having, besides, a brother under arms, he did not hesitate to throw himself into the terrible struggle, and was thus able to be present, death in his soul, at our first reverses, and in the terrible disorder which so wretchedly marked the beginnings of the campaign. Whirled away by the land-slide, separated from his general, he returned to Paris and entered the army. He fought at Châtillon and at Villejuif, only dropping his gun to seize his pencil and jot down on the paper with which his knapsack was crammed the most characteristic episodes of the terrible drama. These leaflets, covered with quick sketches, were the beginnings of



A MILITARY SKETCH.

famous canvases such as "Champigny," "The Mitrailleuse Fire," "The Conquerors," "A Reconnaissance," "A Salute for the Wounded," "Attack on a Convoy," and the panoramas of Champigny and Rezonville, and of many other canvases whereon are inscribed with precise and vivid lines glorious deeds or heartbreaking scenes of war. Having an exemplary conscientiousness, Detaille put into practice the rule enunciated by Charlet: "The true military painter ought to sketch everything under

fire." In November, 1870, General Appert, whose masterly portrait he was to make in 1891, added him to his staff. Welcoming the young soldier, he said with the greatest kindness: "I leave you every liberty of observing and studying. But of all things, don't permit yourself to be killed. Live on, in order to immortalize with your brush, so exact and sincere, the heroism of our beloved soldiers."

Detaille took part in the battle of Champigny, and he never speaks of that bloody

day without emotion. It was there he saw the heroic leader of the Parisian skirmishers, Commandant Franchetti, at the very moment when the latter had his thigh broken by the explosion of a shell. As the officer lay at full length, mortally wounded, in a pool of blood on a little crooked pathway, the young painter ran toward him with outstretched arms. But Franchetti, as pale as death, said to him smilingly: "It's nothing, Detaille! But make a little memento of me; no one knows what may happen."

When the Commune broke loose, Detaille departed for a foreignland, in order not to be a witness of the horrors of a civil war. At the close of the insurrection he returned to Paris. German soldiers still occupied French territory. Despite the cruel grief which their presence occasioned his patriotic heart, he yet found among them a number of comical and grotesque subjects for interpretation, which his natural good humor, not without a spice of malice and irony, made use of in the most successful way. The satirical paintings which he ex-

ecuted at that period make one think involuntarily of those by Carle Vernet in 1815, who cleverly got rid of his bile with his biting pencil and brush, hitting off the characteristics of the Prussian, Cossack, and English officers encamped beneath the trees of the Champs Élysées, who filled Paris with their noisy and triumphant insolence. Indeed, Detaille's art took on so intensely satirical a color that by order of the French government two of his pictures were refused at the Salon of 1872, in order to avoid a diplomatic protest on the part of Germany.

Detaille's method of composition is thus stated by him in Vachon's biography:

"I compose my pictures in my head, as a musician composes without the piano. A fine picture requires whole months of internal reflection; there are others which have germinated for years in my brain. It is only when I have completely conceived it that I throw my vision on paper; after that I seldom modify it. So it is that I compose in my thoughts; and that is true even of the most complicated things, which it is necessary to see in large masses. Then I begin the labor of putting my thought out clearly, a labor which I do not leave to chance, because I always make the first quick indications direct from nature. *I detest those*

smudges in which the largest rôle is played by chance! If I make a big painting, my sketch is very definite and very much matured, without being, for that reason, what one calls executed. I find it very difficult to paint from studies. While I am copying myself I lose all my steam; it is always direct from nature that I execute each detail. That may not always prove convenient, but execution is more fresh and living when there is direct contact with nature."



A RUSSIAN GENERAL.

Detaille's studio on the Boulevard Malesherbes is to-day a military museum. Here are wide clothes-presses running over with uni-

forms of every nation and racks crammed with weapons of all kinds. Artillery-wagons encumber the very courtyard of his house, and in the vestibule stands a stuffed horse waiting for the harnesses which are ranged in perfect order in the harness-room. It is in the midst of such "documents," classified with method, like the books of a library, that the artist conceives, arranges, and executes his work.

Following in the footsteps of the Vernets, Charlet, Raffet, Bellangé, Yvon, and Meissoniers, he aims to be likewise the inspired historian of the Napoleonic triumphs, those of the First and those of the Second Empire.

Detaille often relates the following amusing anecdote:

"One day in 1805 Napoleon was riding on horseback through the streets and quays of Boulogne, examining all the details and organization of the flotilla of invasion, when a child, eager to see him, got in his way.

"With such a memory in the family," added the painter, laughing, "it would have been very difficult for me not to have been especially interested in Napoleon."

Among the numerous paintings which the Napoleonic epoch inspired in Detaille are "Vive l'Empereur!" "Charge of the Fourth



AT THE TUILERIES. (1860.)

"In order to avoid crushing the child under his horse's hoofs, the Emperor suddenly reined in his steed. But the stoppage was so sudden that the imperial rider slipped his stirrups, and, like the least of ordinary mortals, stretched himself at full length in the mud near the child, who was too frightened to move.

"'Cursed brat!' he cried; and, quickly mounting his horse, he continued his inspection."

That brat was no other than Detaille's father.

Hussars on the Banks of the Niemen," "The Taking of the Standard," "Staff of a Cuirassier Brigade," "Charge of the Empress's Dragoons," "Sally of the Garrison of Hünningen," "Officer of Cuirassiers Seizing a Standard," "Reconnaissance in a Wood," "First Hussars Skirmishing," etc. In these canvases Detaille causes all the types of the soldiers of the Grand Army to defile before our eyes, from those of the grumblers of Italy and Egypt, to the conscripts at Lützen, Bautzen, and the campaign of France. It is like a review of all the corps,

of all the uniforms, of all the costumes. It is an artistic and historical work, equally adapted to move and instruct the observer.

In the midst of these dazzling lines of proud paraders there often appears the countenance of Napoleon, an epic form which is always in conformity with history, and yet never shocking to the traditions of legendary lore. Detaille has always borne in mind the precise indications which his illustrious master gave him regarding the face of the Emperor, and which were communicated to Meissonnier himself by the contemporaries of Napoleon. Not content with amassing such documentary proofs, he has summed up in a clever synthesis the characteristic traits of Napoleon, gathered from the works of Gros, Boizot, and Houdon. Raffet had created the legendary outline of Napoleon; Meissonnier, with his pointed and profound brush, had in a certain sense etched the features of the face and had caused to live again therein the soul of a man who was by turns mysterious, disdainful, violent, and despotic. Evidently Detaille has seen his formidable sitter through the personal vision accorded to Meissonnier. Nevertheless, it must be allowed that he has known how to give an original aspect to his Napoleonic interpretation by a clever study of familiar attitudes, careless gestures, and expressive and sometimes smiling play of physiognomy. The Bonaparte of Raffet, borne along in the gallop of his white horse, in the midst of the smoke of the guns and the dust of the dead, has something fantastic about it, while that of Meissonnier, grave and melancholy under the little gray hat and coat, appears fatal, like destiny, even in the hours of his most glorious triumphs—as much so in 1810 as in 1814. Detaille himself shows him to us under an aspect less tragic and less Olympian. His emperor is a kind of god made man. One may say that he has made the terrible face human, without having lessened its grandeur.

In his paintings of the soldiers of the Grand Army it is to be noted that Detaille evokes very often the imposing image of the supreme chief, now by means of a lofty outline, now by a living portrait. On the contrary, the figure of Napoleon III appears seldom in the frame of the battalions of that glorious army, worthy of its forerunner, which had victoriously borne the tricolor banner in the Crimea, in Italy, in Mexico, in China, before heroically succumbing beneath the weight of inexorable fate at Metz and at Sedan.

The painting of the army of the Second

Empire (at least, until the final disaster) seems rather a solemn and majestic defiling of fine soldiers in glittering uniforms, haughty in bearing, and of characteristic types, but entirely different from those of 1798, of 1810, and of 1815. In Detaille's hands a rifleman or a soldier of the line belonging to the Second Empire did not resemble a volunteer of the army of Sambre-et-Meuse, any more than he looked like a grenadier from Wagram or Austerlitz. Alas! that splendid army of the Second Empire, which was soon to disappear like a shadow, how the great artist has described it forever, when, trumpets and music in the lead, blindly confiding in its destiny, it paraded before the Tuileries or on the plains of Longchamps and Châlons! Behold the Guides, with gigantic Turkish *kolbaks* on their heads; the lively *voltigeurs*, with yellow brandenburgs and shakos bearing acorns; the grenadiers, with white corselets and tall furred hats. Then the handsome dragoons of the Empress, as blue as corn-flowers; the *chasseurs d'Afrique*, mounted on their lean Arab horses, the tails of which reach the ground; the lancers of the Guard, wearing on their heads a *schapska* with cocks' feathers; the artilleryists, in rich, somber uniform; the cuirassiers, in white-leather breeches and helmets with long horsehair plumes. And all these march by with jollity and pride while the drums roll and the trumpets sound in a hubbub of music and cheers. No one has expressed better than Detaille the sparkling splendor, the devil-may-care bearing, the unconscious vanity, of that superb army. And after the somber hours of defeat none was to paint with more art and poignant emotion its heroic resistance, its savage despair, its heartrending misfortune. Who does not know and admire the tragic panorama of the battles of Rezonville and Champigny, which he painted with his friend De Neuville, the "Struggle in the Crenelated Farm," the "Salute to the Wounded," the "Mitrailleuse Fire," the "Questioning the Prisoners," "In Retreat," "The Conquerors," and many another canvas suggestive of sorrow to the conquered, in their faithfulness to history—pictures which photography and engraving have made so popular?

Detaille has not contented himself with painting the French soldier. Like his great ancestors in art, Raffet and Horace Vernet, he has also wished to bear his marvelous spirit of observation beyond the frontiers of his country. He brought back from England, from Austria, from Russia, military studies



A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE PEOPLE WITH THE ARMY. (FIRST REPUBLIC.)

of the most vivid interest, and even important canvases, which belong among the most remarkable of his paintings.

Among those most justly admired are the "Tower of London," "Scots Guards Returning from Exercise," "Life Guards at the Manœuvres," "Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught at the Camp at Aldershot," "The Cossacks of the Ataman," "Bivouac of the Sharpshooters of the Imperial Family."

He brought back from Vienna merely a number of interesting sketches. No important canvas has resulted from this campaign of studies in Austria. But they have served

the painter by furnishing him with ethnographic types for the Austrian troops who figure in the "Sally of the Garrison of Hüningen," one of the painter's most considerable works, now in a place of honor at the Luxembourg Museum.

Édouard Detaille is essentially a military painter, and one of the greatest of the century. But it would be understanding his work imperfectly, if one were to regard it exclusively as the representation of the life of the soldier. Without considering certain delightful genre pictures, vivid and clever in color, like the "Interior of Meissonier's Studio," "Reading the Newspapers," "A Café



THE CUIRASSIER IN CONSULTATION.

under the Directory," "The Funeral of Pasteur," etc., it is to be noted that Detaille has executed some very fine portraits. He has also tried several times the satirical and humorous genre, as the illustrations prove which decorate this article and reveal to readers a new Detaille.

Recently, while I was watching him put the last touches on his picture, "The Czar and the President of the Republic

Returning from the Review at Châlons,"¹ —it was in his studio on the Boulevard Malesherbes,—the artist showed me these unpublished drawings and told me familiarly in what circumstances they were made.

"I am often in the habit," said he, "of dining with my mother tête-à-tête. That is the

¹ This picture was in the Salon of 1898, at Paris, and is destined for the military galleries in the museum of Versailles.



A DISPUTE ABOUT THE BILLETING OF A SOLDIER.

most delightful hour in my old-bachelor life. After dinner we pass to the drawing-room, and there the tender dialogue continues. Very soon drowsiness comes upon my old mother, who kisses me, and retires to her bedroom. Then I remain alone in the gentle atmosphere of the maternal drawing-room, where, while I smoke numerous cigarettes (you know that is my great vice), I let my pen and pencil run freely on white pages piled up before me. In that restful exercise I forget the great and onerous works which are ushered in by endless meditations, the final execution of which requires so much effort."

Of course I was aware that the most illustrious artists have had a taste for humorous compositions as a mere relief to their works and studies; yet up to that day I had never suspected in the tragic painter of the "Battle of Champigny" and of "The Dream" so jovial a turn for satire.

Detaille's irony is never malignant, never coarse. Gaiety, and gaiety alone, directs his pencil, that good old frank gaiety of Gaul, born of the constantly renewed spectacle of the cross-purposes and eccentricities of mankind, and of the ridiculous aspect of faces. In these amusing caricatures the soldier

is almost always the principal personage. But often the great artist brings—very irreverently—ecclesiastics on the scene, fat-paunched monks, nay, even prelates whom the fumes of wine have rendered gay. But the style in which all these little amusing scenes are described is so gleaming with good humor and frank gaiety that no one can be shocked, that all the world will be forced to laugh. Sometimes, however, without question, the artist is malicious; but he never has the intention to wound or hurt, or even to cause displeasure. It would be possible to find the prototypes of most of these characters in the personages of Rabelais and Béranger.

Never was soul of artist more completely

reflected in his work than is Detaille's. There it is to the full, with all his burning patriotism, his deep historical conscientiousness, his almost boyish enthusiasm. His soul expands into majestic and solemn grandeur in the series of beautiful paintings of the French army. It appears emotional and quivering in "The Dream" ("Le rêve"), in "The Victims of Duty," in "The Sally of the Garrison of Hüningen," in the "Retour de Châlons." It reveals itself in all its jovial kindliness, its clever and gentle irony, in the humorous sketches, which may be placed in sequence with those of his famous predecessors, the Vernets, Raffet, Charlet, and so on, without fear that the comparisons would be to his disadvantage.



FORT RICHELIEU.

THE WERWOLVES.

BY H. BEAUGRAND.

WITH PICTURES BY HENRY SANDHAM.

I.

A MOTLEY and picturesque-looking crowd had gathered within the walls of Fort Richelieu to attend the annual distribution of powder and lead, to take part in the winter drills and target practice, and to join in the Christmas festivities, that would last until the fast-approaching New Year.

Coureurs des bois from the Western country, scouts, hunters, trappers, militiamen, and habitants from the surrounding settlements, Indian warriors from the neighboring tribe of friendly Abenakis, were all placed under the military instruction of the company of regular marine infantry that garrisoned the fort constructed in 1665, by M. de Saurel, at the mouth of the Richelieu River, where

it flows into the waters of the St. Lawrence, forty-five miles below Montreal.

It was on Christmas eve of the year 1706, and the dreaded Iroquois were committing depredations in the surrounding country, burning farm-houses, stealing cattle and horses, and killing every man, woman, and child whom they could not carry away to their own villages to torture at the stake.

The Richelieu River was the natural highway to the Iroquois country during the open season, but now that its waters were ice-bound, it was hard to tell whence the attacks from those terrible savages could be expected.

The distribution of arms and ammunition having been made, under the joint super-



"A MOTLEY AND PICTURESQUE-LOOKING CROWD."

vision of the notary royal and the commandant of the fort, the men had retired to the barracks, where they were drinking, singing, and telling stories.

Tales of the most extraordinary adventures were being unfolded by some of the hunters, who were vying with one another in their attempts at relating some unheard-of and fantastic incidents that would create a sensation among their superstitious and wonder-loving comrades.

A sharp lookout was kept outside on the bastions, where four sentries were pacing up and down, repeating every half-hour the familiar watch-cry:

"Sentinelles! prenez garde à vous!"

Old Sergeant Bellehumeur of the regulars, who had seen forty years of service in Canada, and who had come over with the regiment of Carignan-Salières, was quietly sitting in a corner of the guard-room, smoking his Indian calumet, and watching over and keeping order among the men who were inclined to become boisterous over the oft-repeated libations.

One of the men, who had accompanied La Salle in his first expedition in search of the mouths of the Mississippi, was in the act of reciting his adventures with the hostile tribes that they had met in that far-off country, when the crack of a musket was heard from the outside, through the battlements.

A second report immediately followed the first one, and the cry, "Aux armes!" was soon heard, with two more shots following close on each other.

The four sentries had evidently fired their muskets at some enemy or enemies, and the guard tumbled out in a hurry, followed by all the men, who had seized their arms, ready for an emergency.

The officer on duty was already on the spot when Sergeant Bellehumeur arrived to inquire into the cause of all this turmoil.

The sentry who had fired the first shot declared excitedly that all at once, on turning round on his beat, he had seen a party of red devils dancing around a bush fire, a couple of hundred yards away, right across the river from the fort, on the point covered with tall pine-trees. He had fired his musket in their direction, more with the intention of giving alarm than in the hope of hitting any of them at that distance.

The second, third, and fourth shots had been successively fired by the other sentries, who had not seen anything of the Indians, but who had joined in the firing with the idea of calling the guard to the spot, and scaring away any enemy who might be prowling around.

"But where are the Indians now?" inquired the officer, who had climbed on the parapet, "and where is the fire of which you speak?"

"They seem to have disappeared as by enchantment, sir," answered the soldier, in astonishment; "but they were there a few



"AN OLD WEATHER-BEATEN TRAPPER."

moments ago, when I fired my musket at them."

"Well, we will see"; and, turning to Bellehumeur: "Sergeant, take ten men with you, and proceed over there cautiously, to see whether you can discover any signs of the presence of Indians on the point. Meanwhile, see to it that the guard is kept under arms until your return, to prevent any surprise."

Bellehumeur did as he was ordered, picking ten of his best men to accompany him. The gate of the fort was opened, and the drawbridge was lowered to give passage to the party, who proceeded to cross the river, over the ice, marching at first in Indian file. When nearing the opposite shore, near the edge of the wood, the men were seen to scatter, and to advance carefully, taking advantage of every tree to protect themselves against a possible ambush.

The night was a bright one, and any dark object could be plainly seen on the white snow, in the clearing that surrounded the fort.

The men disappeared for a short time, but were soon seen again, coming back in the same order and by the same route.

"Nothing, sir," said the sergeant, in saluting the officer. "Not a sign of fire of any

kind, and not a single Indian track, in the snow, over the point."

"Well, that is curious, I declare! Had the sentry been drinking, sergeant, before going on post?"

"No more than the rest of the men, sir; and I could see no sign of liquor on him when the relief was sent out, an hour ago."

"Well, the man must be a fool or a poltroon to raise such an alarm without any cause whatever. See that he is immediately relieved from his post, sergeant, and have him confined in the guard-house until he appears before the commandant in the morning."

The sentry was duly relieved, and calm was restored among the garrison. The men went back to their quarters, and the conversation naturally fell on the peculiar circumstances that had just taken place.

II.

AN old weather-beaten trapper who had just returned from the Great Lakes volunteered the remark that, for his part, he was not so very sure that the sentry had not acted in perfect good faith, and had not been deceived by a band of *loups-garous*, — werewolves, — who came and went, appeared and disappeared, just as they pleased, under the protection of old Nick himself.

"I have seen them more than once in my travels," continued the trapper; "and only last year I had occasion to fire at just such a band of miscreants, up on the Ottawa River, above the portage of the Grandes-Chaudières."

"Tell us about it!" chimed in the crowd of superstitious adventurers, whose credulous curiosity was instantly awakened by the promise of a story that would appeal to their love of the supernatural.

And every one gathered about the old trapper, who was evidently proud to have the occasion to recite his exploits before as distinguished an assemblage of dare-devils as one could find anywhere, from Quebec to Michilimackinac.

"We had left Lachine, twenty-four of us, in three war-canoes, bound for the Illinois country, by way of the Ottawa River and the Upper Lakes; and in four days we had reached the portage of the Grandes-Chaudières, where we rested for one day to renew our stock of meat, which was getting exhausted. Along with one of my companions, I had followed some deer-tracks, which led us several miles up the river, and we soon succeeded in killing a splendid animal. We

divided the meat so as to make it easier for us to carry, and it was getting on toward nightfall when we began to retrace our steps in the direction of the camp. Darkness overtook us on the way, and as we were heavily burdened, we had stopped to rest and to smoke a pipe in a clump of maple-trees on the edge of the river. All at once, and without warning of any kind, we saw a bright fire of balsam boughs burning on a small island in the middle of the river. Ten or twelve renegades, half human and half beasts, with heads and tails like wolves, arms, legs, and bodies like men, and eyes glaring like burning coals, were dancing around the fire, and barking a sort of outlandish chant that was now and then changed to peals of infernal laughter. We could also vaguely perceive, lying on the ground, the body of a human being that two of the imps were engaged in cutting up, probably getting it ready for the horrible meal that the miscreants would make when the dance would be over. Although we were sitting in the shadow of the trees, partly concealed by the underbrush, we were at once discovered by the dancers, who beckoned to us to go and join them in their disgusting feast. That is the way they entrap unwary hunters for their bloody sacrifices. Our first impulse was to fly toward the woods; but we soon realized that we had to deal with *loups-garous*; and as we had both been to confession and taken holy communion before embarking at Lachine, we knew we had nothing to fear from them. White *loups-garous* are bad enough at any time, and you all know that only those who have remained seven years without performing their Easter duties are liable to be changed into wolves, condemned to prowl about at night until they are delivered by some Christian drawing blood from them by inflicting a wound on their forehead in the form of a cross. But we had to deal with Indian renegades, who had accepted the sacraments only in mockery, and who had never since performed any of the duties commanded by the Church. They are the worst *loups-garous* that one can meet, because they are constantly intent on capturing some misguided Christian, to drink his blood and to eat his flesh in their horrible *fricots*. Had we been in possession of holy water to sprinkle at them, or of a four-leaved clover to make wadding for our muskets, we might have exterminated the whole crowd, after having cut crosses on the lead of our bullets. But we were powerless to interfere with them, knowing full well that ordinary ammunition was useless, and that

bullets would flatten out on their tough and impenetrable hides. Wolves at night, those devils would assume again, during the day, the appearance of ordinary Indians; but their hide is only turned inside out, with the hair growing inward. We were about to proceed on our way to the camp, leaving the *loups-garous* to continue their witchcraft un molested, when a thought struck me that we might at least try to give them a couple of parting shots. We both withdrew the bullets from our muskets, cut crosses on them with our hunting-knives, placed them back in the barrels, along with two *dizaines* [a score] of beads from the blessed rosary which I carried in my pocket. That would surely make the renegades sick, if it did not kill them outright.

"We took good aim, and fired together. Such unearthly howling and yelling I have never heard before or since. Whether we killed any of them I could not say; but the fire instantly disappeared, and the island was left in darkness, while the howls grew



LA-LINOTTE-QUI-CHANTE.

fainter and fainter as the *loups-garous* seemed to be scampering in the distance. We returned to camp, where our companions were beginning to be anxious about our safety.

We found that one man, a hard character who bragged of his misdeeds, had disappeared during the day, and when we left on the following morning he had not yet returned to camp, neither did we ever hear of him afterward. In paddling up the river in our canoes, we passed close to the island where we had seen the loup-garous the night before. We landed, and searched around for some time; but we could find no traces of fire, or any signs of the passage of werwolves or of any other animals. I knew that it would turn out just so, because it is a well-known fact that those accursed brutes never leave any tracks behind them. My opinion was then, and has never changed to this day, that the man who strayed from our camp, and never returned, was captured by the loup-garous, and was being eaten up by them when we disturbed their horrible feast."

"Well, is that all?" inquired Sergeant Bellehumeur, with an ill-concealed contempt.

"Yes, that is all; but is it not enough to make one think that the sentry who has just been confined in the guard-house by the lieutenant for causing a false alarm has been deceived by a band of loup-garous who were picnicking on the point, and who disappeared in a twinkling when they found out that they were discovered?"

III.

A MURMUR of assent greeted these last remarks of the speaker, and a number of *coureurs des bois* were ready to corroborate the absolute likelihood of his story by relating some of their own experiences with the loup-garous.

One of them, however, in his dislike for anything connected with military discipline, ventured to add some offensive remarks for the young officer who had ordered the sentry to be placed in confinement.

"*Halte-là!*" growled the sergeant. "The first one who dares insinuate anything con-

trary to discipline, or show a want of respect for any of our officers, will be placed in the dungeon without further ado. Tell as many stories as you please, but as long as you are under my orders you will have to remember that you are not roaming at large in the wilderness, and that you are here in one of the forts of his Majesty the King of France."

This had the effect of producing an immediate silence, and the sergeant continued:

"I am not ready to gainsay the truthfulness of the story that has just been told, because I am myself inclined to believe in loup-garous, although I have never met one face to face; but I will not suffer any one to speak disrespectfully of my superior officers. I will,

however, if you desire it, tell you the experience of one of my old *copains*, now dead and gone these many years, with a female loup-garou, who lived in the Iroquois village of Caughnawaga, near Montreal."

At the unanimous request of the crowd, the sergeant went on:

"Baptiste Tranchemontagne was a corporal with me, in the company of M. de Saurel, in the old regiment of Carignan-Salières. We had come from France together, and he and I made a pair in everything connected with the service, having fought side by side in many an encounter with the redskins. The poor fellow fell into the hands of the Iroquois at Cataracoui, and he was tortured at the stake in the village of the Mohawks. He died like a man, smiling when they tore the flesh from his body with red-hot tongs, and spitting in the faces of his tormentors when they approached him to cut off his lips and to pull out his eyes. May God have mercy on his brave soul!"

And the sergeant devoutly crossed himself.

"Baptiste, in one of our expeditions on the south shore of Lake Ontario, had made the acquaintance of a young Indian maiden who was known as *La-linotte-qui-chante* among the



"BAPTISTE HURRIEDLY SAID GOOD-BY."

warriors of her tribe. An intimacy sprang up between Baptiste and the young squaw, and they were married, Indian fashion, without much ceremony, the father's consent having been obtained by the gift of an old musket. The girl followed us back, and joined the tribe that had settled at Caughnawaga, under the protection of the guns of Fort St. Louis, opposite Lachine, where our company was stationed for nearly a whole year. Everything went well as long as we remained at Fort St. Louis, although, Indian-like, the young squaw was fearfully jealous of Baptiste, and at times would threaten him with acts of direful vengeance if he ever became unfaithful to her.

"One day our command was ordered to Fort St. Frédéric, on Lake Champlain, and our captain gave the strictest order that no camp-follower of any kind, men, women, or children, should be allowed to accompany us in the expedition. We started in the middle of the night, and Baptiste hurriedly said good-by to his Indian wife, telling her that he would return to see her in a short time. The squaw answered sulkily that she would follow him anywhere, and that, in spite of the captain or any one else, she would reach the fort before we did. We knew the Indian character too well to doubt that she would do as she promised, and when we marched over the drawbridge of Fort St. Frédéric, five days afterward, we were not too much astonished to see, among the throng of Indians who had gathered to see us arrive, the face of Baptiste's squaw, half concealed under her blanket. Baptiste was slightly annoyed at her presence, because he feared that the officers might think that, contrary to orders, he had encouraged her to follow the company. But we had no time to reflect on the situation before our company was ordered to embark in canoes, to proceed at once to Lake St. Sacrament (now Lake George). Baptiste did not even have the chance to speak to his squaw before we

got under way, with three more companies of our regiment, under the command of Colonel de Ramezay. We were away for three months, engaged in an expedition against the Mohawks; and we gave the red devils such a thrashing that they pleaded for peace, and we returned victorious to enjoy a few weeks of well-earned repose in the garrison of Montreal. Baptiste had lost sight of *La-linotte-qui-chante*, and he supposed that she had either returned to her tribe or else formed new ties with some of the trappers who regularly visited the forts to sell their furs and squander the proceeds in riotous living.

"The Indians having buried the tomahawk, there came a period of peace, when the governor-general at Quebec offered a grant of land to any soldier who would quit the regular service, and a dowry of eighty pistoles in money to any woman, provided that they got married and settled in the country. I never had any taste for wedded life or for the career of a *pékin*, but Baptiste was not slow in casting his eyes upon a pretty girl who lived at Laprairie, across the river from Montreal. He told me confidentially that he had made up his mind to leave the service and to profit by the lib-



"A PRETTY GIRL WHO LIVED AT LAPRAIRIE."

eral offers of the government. I attempted to dissuade him from his project, because I hated to part with my best friend; but he was smitten, and I had to make up my mind to bow to the inevitable when strange and unexpected occurrences soon took place that upset all his plans. One day, when we were both lounging about the market-place, Baptiste suddenly found himself face to face with *La-linotte-qui-chante*, whom he had last seen some six months before at Fort St. Frédéric. To say that he felt embarrassed would be putting it very mildly; but he assumed a bold countenance, and spoke words of welcome that were received with apparent indifference by the Indian girl. She had returned to Caughnawaga, where she was now living, and she had come to Montreal with

some Indian hunters who had brought their furs to market. She spoke not a word, but looked reproachfully at her old lover with her piercing black eyes, and disappeared in the crowd. Baptiste was seriously annoyed at this unexpected meeting, but as the girl had left without uttering any reproaches, he took it for granted that she had become reconciled to the idea of a final separation between them. My chum had applied for his discharge, and was to be married on the coming Easter Monday, and, as a matter of course, I was to act as his best man—his *garçon d'honneur*. Preparations were being made for the wedding, and there was hardly a day that Baptiste did not cross over the river to go and see his fiancée. Ten days before the date appointed for the ceremony, Baptiste returned one night in great trouble. His intended had been taken ill, seriously ill, with a violent fever, and no one at Laprairie seemed to understand the nature of her sickness. He would ask the post surgeon to go and see her in the morning. And besides, on leaving Laprairie, that very night, he had met La-linotte-qui-chante at the cross-road that led to Caughnawaga. No words had been exchanged between them, but her presence there at such a time was sufficient to give him food for presages of no pleasant nature. Accompanied by the surgeon, he repaired to Laprairie on the following morning, and he was horrified to learn that his fiancée had been stricken down with the smallpox, that was then raging among our Indian allies encamped about Fort St. Louis. Baptiste insisted at once that he should nurse his sweetheart through her dangerous illness, and the doctor returned to Montreal after having prescribed the necessary treatment. It was useless, however, for five days later my friend returned to Montreal with the sad news that his fiancée was dead. The poor fellow, in despair, réinlisted at once in our company, and declared that he would end his life in the ranks. He then took me aside and related to me the following incidents that had occurred on the night before the death of his betrothed. During the day he had been

astonished, on entering the large family living-room, to find La-linotte-qui-chante sitting by the fireplace, as the Indians are wont to do, coming and going oftentimes without asking permission of any kind from the inmates, and even without speaking a single word. Suspicious of her presence at such a place and under such circumstances, he immediately went to her and asked her what she was doing there.

"I have come to offer you help in your trouble and consolation in your sorrow. The white maiden whom you love so much will be dead before morning, if I do not come to the rescue. I will go back to Caughnawaga, and ask for a potion that will cure her from our medicine-man. Meet me to-night, at twelve o'clock, at the first turn of the road, among the pine-trees on the riverside."

"And before Baptiste could answer she had left the house, going in the direction of the Indian village. Although he did not half like the mysterious ways of the squaw, Baptiste said to himself that no harm could come of trying the decoction as a last resort, because the dreadful disease had made such progress that it was evident that his sweetheart was likely to die at any moment.

"Shortly before midnight Baptiste took his musket and went out to the rendezvous. He had been waiting for some time, and was getting impatient, when he heard a noise behind him, and in turning round perceived a pair of eyes glaring at him from a small distance in the underbrush. It could not be the squaw, and he supposed that it was some wild animal prowling about, probably a bear, a wolf, or a wild-cat. He instinctively shouldered his musket, and although he could not take a good aim in the dark, he fired, missing the beast, who sprang at him with a terrible growl.

"It was a wolf of enormous size, and for the first time Baptiste thought of a loup-garou. He was too well accustomed to danger to lose his presence of mind, and throwing his empty musket in the snow, he seized his hunting-knife, and made a lunge at the beast; but the blade bent on the hide of the animal as if it had been thrust into a side of



"MEET ME TO-NIGHT."

sole-leather. Baptiste now bethought himself of the only way of getting at the wolf, by drawing its blood in cutting a cross in its forehead. The wolf seemed to realize the

by an adroit stroke of his weapon, always as sharp as a razor, he completely cut off one of the fore paws of the animal, who uttered a terrible yell resembling the scream of a



ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"THROWING HIS EMPTY MUSKET IN THE SNOW, HE SEIZED HIS HUNTING-KNIFE."

fact, and fought at paw's length with its powerful claws, tearing Baptiste's flesh into shreds, and trying to strike at his face so as to blind him, if possible, while keeping its own head out of the reach of the gleaming knife. The fight had lasted for some time, and Baptiste was getting exhausted, when

woman, and fled through the woods, where it disappeared in an instant.

"Baptiste now understood the situation in a moment. La-linotte-qui-chante, who had been baptized and duly received in our holy religion, having afterward relapsed into idolatry, had been turned into a loup-garou,



"'LIGHTS OUT!'"

condemned to roam by night, while keeping her usual appearance during the day. Jealousy and revenge had induced her to attack her former lover, hoping to take him unawares, and to kill him in the woods, while his new love was lying on her death-bed, a victim to the terrible scourge that the squaw had brought to the house. Baptiste learned that La-linotte-qui-chante had been a frequent visitor for some time past, having succeeded in ingratiating herself with the poor dead girl, undoubtedly bringing to her the germ of the disease that was raging at the Indian village. Such was the savage re-

venge of the young squaw to punish the faithlessness of Baptiste to his former vows of love and affection. It was also learned afterward that a human arm, evidently that of an Indian woman, had been found in the snow by some children who had strayed in the woods, at the very spot where the fight had taken place between Baptiste and the loup-garou. It was undoubtedly the fore paw of the wolf, which had resumed its former shape as the arm of the renegade squaw.

"I have already told you," continued Sergeant Bellehumeur, "that poor Baptiste was later on taken prisoner by the Iroquois at

Cataracoui, and that he was burned at the stake by the Mohawks. One of the prisoners who escaped from the redskins, and returned to Montreal, told me that he had remarked a one-armed squaw, who seemed to take special pleasure in inventing the most abominable devices to add to the sufferings of poor Baptiste. It was she who pulled out his tongue by the root, and who crushed in his skull with a tomahawk when he fainted from pain and loss of blood.

"Now," summed up the sergeant, so as to cut short any more story-telling, "this is a real loup-garou story that I can vouch for, and that I would not permit any one to gainsay; and I now would call your attention to the fact that I will order the *couvre-feu* to be sounded, and that I shall expect every one of you to be snoring at the bugle-call, so as to observe the rules of this garrison.

"Lights out! and silence in the barracks!"

BISMARCK.

PERSONAL AND COLLECTED IMPRESSIONS.

BY WILLIAM MILLIGAN SLOANE,

Author of "Napoleon Bonaparte: A History."



AMONG the men who outlived their careers so long that even before death posterity could pronounce a partial judgment on their work was Otto, Prince Bismarck.

His portraits represent him almost universally in the uniform of a Prussian general, and the public mind conceives him too often as a soldier. In reality, war, much as he was associated with it, was only incidental to his true career, which was primarily and finally that of a statesman. He had none of the characteristics of the born soldier, and was not educated to be one; he had many of the characteristics of the born politician, and was trained from infancy with reference to the career on which he eventually entered, and in which he was destined to connect himself with one of the greatest historical processes of all time; namely, the unification of heterogeneous and jarring populations into a single political organism. It is in the light of his statesmanship, therefore, that, consciously or unconsciously, he has been and will be judged. For this reason there is as yet no unanimity of opinion about his place in history, as there is regarding the imperishable fame of his great contemporary, Moltke. The latter was a soldier by training and temperament, a man of extraordinary ability and perfect sincerity; he had a single task to perform, which he performed with consummate skill and signal success; after its completion he had nothing further to do except to enjoy his well-earned repose. But the case of the

statesman is far different from that of the soldier; his task is more complex, and it is virtually impossible to say at any given moment that it is finished. Expediency and judicious compromise are the powers which endear the public man of affairs to his contemporaries; justice and truth in all his conduct can alone assure the permanence and extent of his fame. To keep the middle course in great crises, never forgetting present necessity, yet always applying the standards of private morality to public questions in the very highest degree—this is the most difficult task allotted to any man, and the subsequent praise or reprobation are the most superlative meted out by the public. Hence the division of feeling about Bismarck in his own and other lands; hence the curious inconsistency and unfortunate feebleness of his own words and actions in later life, which we hope will one day be forgotten, but which at this moment influence the general estimate of the man and his work.

It was on the anniversary of Washington's birthday, in the year 1874, that I first saw him. The occasion was a reception at the house of George Bancroft, then American minister plenipotentiary at Berlin. The simply furnished but spacious rooms of the scholar-diplomatist were crowded with a distinguished throng. All the celebrities of the day were present, among them Moltke, Roon, and Manteuffel. Bismarck entered somewhat late, when conversation was at its height and the brilliant scene was most impressive. The indescribable polyglot hum of talk just ceased for an instant, and then went



Otto von Bismarck, Berlin, 11. 77.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LOESCHER & PETSCH, BERLIN.

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The photograph, of which this portrait is a direct copy, was presented by Prince Bismarck to the late A. T. Stewart of New York city.

on, as he made his way to a central position. For a time all eyes were turned toward him while he entered into the pleasant humor of the assembly; but as he assumed no other mien than that of a peer among peers, the general interchange of good-fellowship was resumed without regard to his presence. His low voice could be heard from time to time, and occasionally his unmusical laughter, but that was all; and after a stay of well-calculated length, he withdrew almost unnoticed. In the succeeding years I saw him frequently on public occasions and in the street, and heard him speak on important measures in the Imperial Parliament. Being only a secretary and historical student under Bancroft, I had naturally no opportunity for personal conversation with the hero of the hour; but the current gossip was of intense interest. Once a message taken to the royal residence afforded an opportunity to see the striking evidence of the chancellor's temper. He had just left the portal, and the rather flustered attendant pointed to the door of the Emperor's antechamber with a silent and deprecatory smile: the handle was gone, leaving plainly visible the fresh scar where the brass shank had been broken, as the wilful and perhaps momentarily thwarted giant had taken his departure.

Among the somewhat faded visions of his presence which remain, there is none that is altogether agreeable. He was too elemental in his person and manners to leave on the mere bystander any other impression than that of power. Even in moments of excitement, his features were not so much attractive as fascinating; the expression of force did not often, if ever, disappear altogether before the appearance of good humor. It was a spectacle far from edifying to see him driving through the crowded thoroughfares of the capital, seated in a low and narrow brougham, and caressing his wonted companion, a huge and savage dog, seemingly indifferent to the acclamations with which he was greeted when recognized, and to all the life about him. The impression was all the more profound because it was a line of conduct antipodal to that of his suave and gracious master, the old Emperor, who rode, when possible, in an open victoria, and acknowledged the salute of every passer-by. In the drawing-room he gave no impression of springiness in gait, or of elegance in movement; quite the contrary. Nor was the great chancellor more attractive in the pageantry of a grand military review. In youth he was by all testimony a superb horseman,

but in the seventies he sat his charger with little elegance and no ease: the vast jack-boots and huge, glittering helmet of brass made even his powerful figure uncouth, while the white uniform of his favorite regiment did nothing to redeem the enormous proportions of his frame. He had an air of comfortable certainty, but there was none of that perfect confidence which ought to arise from that absolute mastery of his horse which he is said so constantly to have shown in early manhood. This arose probably from the fact that to him the pomp of warfare was a disagreeable necessity, something to be exhibited as rapidly and as perfunctorily as possible. He was an essential part of it, and must appear in person from time to time before the public, as a stimulus to the passion for German nationality, which it was important to cherish in those days quite as carefully as any hothouse plant. Exertion for the sake of remote effects he understood perfectly in the realm of diplomacy; but in military matters prearrangement was not his trade, and was irksome. Hence, possibly, his appearance of being ill at ease.

The combination of civil and military duties in any department of a military despotism is never easy, but it is most of all awkward in a body supposed to be constituted for the purpose of government by discussion. In the Imperial Parliament, therefore, even more than elsewhere, Bismarck presented the aspect of a seething caldron, agitated to the boiling-point, but with walls that would stand just so many atmospheres, and no more, before a disastrous explosion. The first time I heard him speak in public was in the old parliament house on Leipsic street. It is well known that among the democratic and even radical characteristics of the imperial German constitution is the provision for a single chamber. In the usual hemicycle at the regular members, and the presiding officer's desk was in the geometrical center. Right and left of the president, on a platform of honor, sat the members of the council, who, as representing the individual states which compose the confederacy, correspond roughly to our senators. Among these, and to the right of the chair, sat the chancellor. His seat was almost on a line with the box reserved for the members of the diplomatic corps, in which, for that occasion, I had a seat. As the squire of a lady who is the daughter of a distinguished American officer, I had been instructed to secure the services of a capable interpreter, and the man employed was given a seat where he could hear perfectly

and yet utter his translation in a low tone without disturbing the assembly. As we leaned forward we could see the great man with ease. He sat in full view, listening to the speaker, as was always the case, with visible impatience, his hands toying either with the huge yellow pencil ostentatiously used on all occasions to make notes that were never used for reference, or else with the great horn glasses which corresponded admirably with the wearer's size, but were seldom worn.

In general, Bismarck was irregular in attendance on the sessions of the Imperial Parliament, but this time we were certain of our man, for there was a measure of prime importance under discussion. As far as I can now recollect, he went through most of his usual manœuvres on that occasion. From time to time he was accustomed to take a sip of brandy and water, specially prepared and set within easy reach of his hand. Then he would cast a few disdainful glances at the house, and afterward examine with considerable interest the galleries, as if to create the impression that the public interested him vastly more than the legislators. Frequently he would have himself disturbed. By previous arrangement, a messenger from the Foreign Office would slip in with an air of importance, bringing a portfolio of papers. Drawing from his pocket a key, the chancellor would unlock the despatch-bag, take out the papers, and examine them with entire disregard of his surroundings, push them back into the receptacle, and return them with apparent indifference to the messenger. Thereupon he would resign himself again, but with suppressed impatience, and resume the toying with his eye-glasses or the playing with his pencil.

His height was as much in the length of his body as in that of his limbs, and accordingly he sat very high, almost as conspicuous as if he were standing. Already disposed to the obesity which afterward gave him so much trouble, he puffed sometimes or sighed without any apparent cause in anything except suppressed excitement. The stiff black stock of his uniform compelled him to hold his head upright. In repose his features were far from repellent; the dome of his head was fine; the height of his forehead was naturally remarkable, and was increased by incipient baldness; his complexion, though blond, was bronzed by exposure; his gray eyes were more or less concealed, partly by his jutting forehead, and partly by his stiff eyebrows; his mustache was also stiff and gray,

his skin furrowed, and his far from prominent and somewhat upturned nose was rendered almost insignificant by the prominence of the features above and below it. The combined radiance of strength and intelligence, however, which shone from every lineament was most impressive; nothing except passion could eclipse it. This happened not infrequently. When some particularly troublesome and exasperating opponent like Eugene Richter was hurling invective and scorn upon favorite measures of the government, Bismarck took the attack, as, indeed, it was intended to be taken, as a personal affront. While he listened with ill-concealed interest, his face would turn first red and then sallow, his eyes would start from his head until they fairly bulged and glittered, and the personal sallies which made the house smile at the chancellor's expense called forth a hollow and menacing laugh from the target of socialistic wit. Not infrequently the "iron" man would catch up his giant pencil, lift his full length from his seat, pull down his coat-tails, and stand a moment with heaving chest and gasping lungs before he could regain self-control to resume his seat, muttering, "Stuff and nonsense!"

When it came Bismarck's turn to speak, his rising was an affair of deliberation; it began slowly, and continued for some time, as the towering form assumed its full height. His great stature he had from his father. Standing six feet one and a quarter inches in his stockings, and of course somewhat more in his boots, he could not, even with arms as disproportionately long as his were, reach the desk before him with his hands; consequently he was wont to stand for a while, twitching his fingers and swaying his body as if to find a support. Failing in the instinctive effort, he would then fumble in his coat-tail pocket, and, producing his handkerchief, blow a stentorian blast. These preliminaries completed, he then began to speak. His voice was a disappointment; it was the voice of an effeminate man when in a fit of nervousness, and at no time did it have any resonant sonorousness; sometimes it was actually feeble, and not infrequently he would interrupt himself with a little nervous cough which left the sentence unfinished. This trick he sometimes used with considerable rhetorical effect, as when, on one occasion, he fiercely declared: "I am in the Emperor's service. I do not care in the least to know whether I shall sink under the task or not, and you—" (cough, and the

silence of the "*Quos ego*—"). The interruption was more effective than the expected oratorical climax of impertinence to his opponents. "I am no orator," he says in one of his published speeches; "I have not the gift of influencing your minds nor of obscuring the real meaning of things by a cloud of words. My discourse is simple and clear. . . . A good orator is seldom a good statesman." And again: "When a man is too fluent of speech, he talks too long and too frequently." As might be imagined, he was no friend of the great contemporary statesman and orator, Gladstone, of whom he once said to an acquaintance: "If I had brought as many humiliations on my country as Gladstone has on his, I would be unfit to rule."

In a sense his disclaimer of the orator's gifts was justified. Indifferent to the audience directly before him, his real speech was addressed to the great German reading public and to the world. Accordingly, that which was delivered, even on the most important occasions, was scrappy, and rather in the nature of a chat with the deputies. Often his sentences were jerky, and left the impression that the speaker was not exactly certain what to say, and not very much in earnest as to what he actually was saying. Many heard him with the bitterest disappointment. His uncertainty of utterance was no safeguard against prolixity; he seemed at times to be indulging in that form of discourse which our slang designates as "talking through one's hat," and consequently he often let slip the loosest assertions. Moreover, the construction of his sentences was frequently portentous. On the occasion to which I have been particularly referring, my companion was as impatient as only an intelligent woman can be to secure the intellectual treat before her, and gave minute instructions to her interpreter. All went well for a time, as the low voice of the painstaking translator rendered with some adequacy the thought of Bismarck. Then there were short pauses, followed by rapid little summaries of what had been said. As these grew more and more frequent, the lady became irritated. Finally there was an entire cessation on the part of the interpreter, and yet Bismarck was going right on with ever-increasing vehemence. There were constant calls from the lady of "What's he saying? What's he saying?" and an increase of impatience in the box quite proportionate to the growing violence of the speaker. Finally the wretched interpreter could endure the strain no longer, and, turning with a gesture of fierce resentment to his excited employer,

he hissed: "Madame, I am waiting for the verb!"

It must not be supposed, however, that Bismarck's speeches were not thoroughly prepared; they were written with the greatest care for the large audience of the newspapers, and only spoken in part. In their delivery he was rarely solemn, and never pathetic; but into the midst of his somewhat rambling talk he would every now and then interject a pregnant phrase or sentence which experienced listeners caught with eagerness as indicating the tenor of the report that would appear next morning. The peroration was generally fine, for it was often a defiance of the assembly. He did not on occasion hesitate to denounce the statements of his opponents as a "pack of lies"; but more frequently he was ironical rather than brutal, and his irony was biting. For the close, too, he generally kept his quips, jokes, and the wonderfully apt illustrations in which his thought abounded. Then his speech was deliberate and without verbosity. Generally it was in his peroration that he was rich in thought and even elegant in expression. As examples of his power in the use of metaphor, we may recall his comparison of the French to a fiery steed bounding across the Sahara, but finding the deep sand very heavy. Again, he likened the English, against whom he was incensed for their lack of interest in German life and letters, to a covey of woodcock flitting, ever since locomotion had become so easy, from station to station across the Continent, and no longer stopping, as in former days, to make even a superficial study of the German mind. The audacious impertinence of Bismarck as a parliamentary orator was, of course, due to the fact that neither as prime minister of Prussia nor as chancellor of the German Empire could he be removed by a vote expressing want of confidence. In both the Prussian and the imperial parliaments his measures were constantly defeated, yet each of these defeats was only a stage in the struggle in which he finally came forth victorious. Able in the presentation of his views, and justified in his opinions by the course of events, he might not always be right in details; but as he seemed to be continuously right in the majority of important matters, and, above all, at crucial moments, he probably would be again: such was the reasoning of the public, and in the end the very mystery of his superiority became a source of enormous strength.

Bismarck was born April 1, 1815, on the ancestral estate of Schönhausen. His father

was a cavalry captain; his mother was of humble origin, and a woman of force and piety. His origin, therefore, was not proud or important, except for one fact: he was by birth a member of the most vigorous class in Prussian society—that of the youngers. How basic to Prussian institutions this numerous body of landholders is, can be understood only by long study and close observation on the spot. Inheritors of feudal traditions, passionate in their devotion to themselves and to one another, robust and hardy by reason of the outdoor life to which their profession of agriculture inures them, defiant of the rich peasantry beneath them and of the higher aristocracy above them, they have kept their traditions and their organization almost intact since the Thirty Years' War. After that cataclysm they saved their country from anarchy by forging the chains of the absolutism which it has been so far unwilling to throw off, lest confusion of a worse kind than the old might ensue. At the Union Parliament of 1850, in Erfurt, a member then eminent, and whose name was Stahl, declared in a speech of importance: "I am proud to be a Prussian younger." And at the moment he had reason to be; for his class, that of the landed proprietors, had wrung valuable concessions from the crown both in Westphalia and in Silesia. Bismarck wrote in an album presented to him on the same occasion: "Our watchword is not, 'A united state at any price,' but 'The independence of the Prussian crown at every price.'" The juxtaposition of these two ideas gives a complete view of the younger policy—union and privilege.

The sturdy boy born at Schönhausen to a father who gave him his heart and a mother who gave him his head had the usual adventures of such urchins. In infancy he fell into the horse-pond, and scrambled out unassisted. In childhood he was fascinated by tales of war, and could scarcely credit his senses when an old family friend told how he had been wounded by a cannon-ball. At boarding-school in Berlin he was so homesick that the boys determined to duck him, and he conquered his place by a magnificent exhibition of swimming when they tried it. He soon became a leader, displayed great enthusiasm for tales of the Trojan war, and, like young Bonaparte at Brienne, was captain in the snowball fights of the school. In 1830 he was confirmed by Schleiermacher, and he was wont to refer to the minister's last words of admonition as having made a profound impression on him, quoting them al-

ways in a reverent voice: "Whatever you do, do it for God, and not for men."

Thereupon the boy was entered at the Gray Cloisters gymnasium, or college. He lived in the house of a professor, and proved himself an agreeable inmate of the household, being amiable and studious, and showing little fondness for other companionship than that of the family. In school he was not quite the same boy; his classmates remembered him as provoking mirthful escapades, as devoted to hoaxing, or practical joking, and as being domineering, abrupt, haughty, and familiar. He was so wild in his talk that sometimes he was charged with untruthfulness, and so rash in his conduct that once he went to his father's town house in the absence of an elder brother who was then in charge, and practised with a cavalry pistol in the drawing-room. His studies showed a marked aptitude for geography and history; he was particularly fond of inquiry into early Brandenburg politics and the rise of the Prussian monarchy. In 1832 he was marked in Latin composition as "clear, but not refined."

On Bismarck's removal to the university the strong animal side of his nature was given free vent. In three half-years he fought twenty-seven student duels. In spite of his hard drinking and wild living, he never lost his nerve, for he did not in all these encounters receive a single scratch, except that which scarred his cheek for life, and came from the splinter of a broken sword in the hand of a clumsy antagonist. It is told, to his credit, that once, at least, he arranged a pistol-duel which bade fair to be a dangerous one in such a way that it turned out harmless.

In his college career Bismarck had attracted some attention as a bright boy, but his student years in the university were sadly wasted: he almost never attended lectures, and, finding at the close of the time allotted for professional study that his deficiencies could not possibly be overcome by his own efforts, he was compelled to take a tutor and pass a cram examination for the bar. There appears to have been no species of dissipation and folly to which he was not addicted, and it was only by the exercise of an iron will and an indomitable determination that he was saved from the disgrace of entire and irretrievable failure at the outset of his life-career. There has been an attempt to explain his mad excesses at the university and afterward as a natural revolt against the hardening to which he was subjected at his first and only boarding-school,

and the stern repression of the Prussian gymnasial system; but they appear rather to have been the outbursts of a wild berserker rage, not rare in young men of Northern blood and birth. Be that as it may, there was no change in his giddy, thoughtless life when he was appointed to a position in the government service at Aachen; in fact, he went to such lengths in that gay watering-place that he was at last terrified by his own excesses, and withdrew himself from temptation by securing a transfer to the quiet and isolation of Potsdam. There his conduct was modified in degree but not in quality, and he entered on and completed his compulsory military service with no thought of radical change in his views of life or in his general line of conduct.

During the following years he was intrusted with the management of two of the farms which formed his father's estate. He proved an able and economical administrator; but his life was that of the German country squire in the north and west of Prussia as it still exists on many estates. Indeed, his doings soon became notorious throughout the country-side, and by an easy transposition of letters in the name of the farm on which he resided (*Kniephof* to *Kneiphof*) his house was known as the "Tavern." With his boon companions he rode hard, hunted hard, and drank hard.

But throughout even this portion of his career he does not appear for a moment to have wavered in a certain confidence as to his high destiny, which had meantime sprung up and taken possession of him. It is said that in 1840 he declared to a young Swedish friend, Rodolph Tornerhjelm, that he would one day make a harmonious whole out of the fragments of Germany. The rising passion for distinction was displayed in several ways: a fearless rider, though he caught many a cropper, he never lost his nerve; he was so skilful as a marksman that he could cut the heads off the ducks on his pond with a pistol; and to make sure that no one should mistake him for any other of his numerous race, he added the territorial designation of Schönhausen to his name, writing it thenceforth for a time "Bismarck-Schönhausen." He was, as he remained throughout, a superstitious man: he would never, to the latest day of his life, sit as thirteenth at the table; he would never begin an enterprise on Friday; and after his residence at St. Petersburg he wore an iron finger-ring with the inscription, "*Nitschewo*" ("Never mind").

At the close of this period of country life Bismarck was a man of formed mind; there

remained only a few experiences to put the final content of experience into the forms. He was the country aristocrat that he remained to the end: fond of his class; impatient of any relation with the majority, except that which made the peasantry subservient and servile to the great proprietors; contemptuous of the artisan and the masses in city life, with their aspirations for a share both in politics and in the well-being already secured by farmers and tradespeople; devoted to the institutions of church and state, which seemed central to the social order that he wished to maintain. He hated democracy to the end, and socialism of any degree was his abomination. In 1845 his father died. Unlike his wife, Captain von Bismarck had nourished social aspirations, and had cherished his petty nobility. He was gentle in his manners, and fond of literature. From him the great son took his pride of aristocracy. Mme. von Bismarck, on the other hand, was a plain woman, devoted to her family and her church. Wise, ambitious, and haughty, she gave her son the narrow but yet intense clarity of vision which made him the man of unbending purpose. If good were to come to anybody, it must come, according to the Bismarckian theory, not by the agitation of that which is hopelessly low, but by the benign interference of higher powers, human or divine. This the young man saw, or believed he saw, to be the pivotal principle of the German universe. He then took firm hold, and neither faltered nor turned aside.

Not long after his father's death, Bismarck met by accident, at the wedding ceremonies of common friends, the lady who a year later, in July, 1847, became his wife. The Puttkamer family, to which she belonged, was somewhat higher in the social hierarchy than that of the Bismarcks. Moreover, they were peculiarly select as representatives of a beautiful type of old-fashioned Pietists: they lived simply and unostentatiously on their extensive estates, in the closest paternal relations with their peasantry, and cherished above all else the traditions of an ideal which can best be described as that of a Christian or, at least, a Lutheran Arcadia. Their consternation was great at the thought of the wild and imperious young Bismarck entering their family. But the obstacle disappeared when the suitor presented himself to the father and mother, and they discerned in him certain qualities which seemed to show that his faults had been largely those of boisterous strength, and that his heart was as capacious as his giant form would indicate.

The marriage was as idyllic as the circumstances under which it took place. "You have no idea what that woman has made of me," were the husband's confidential words to an intimate friend, in later life. Primarily the excellent woman who was destined to be a princess shone by her piety, her sympathy, and her hard, practical common sense. She had the devotion of her class to the life-work of her husband, which she quickly grasped as being that of diplomacy. At once she became a diplomat herself, guiding the stormy nature to which she had joined her fortunes, and never seeking to drive it.

The religious side of Bismarck's nature began to develop at once, and the development was continuous. With its progress came a sense of high duty which supplanted to a certain extent the notion of destiny, blind and fatalistic. This assorted perfectly with the Calvinistic conception of character, which, as is not generally known, controlled the thought of the Hohenzollerns, who began as Calvinists, and remain so, in some respects, at this hour. Free will (his own) and fate, or divine providence, were and remained the fundamental ideas of the German unifier, as they are and will be those of his successor, the present Emperor. It is also interesting to remember that Schleiermacher was trained a Moravian, and to know that Bismarck always read devotional Moravian books before retiring at night. He had the conviction of a Hebrew prophet as to his mission, and the unmovable sense of what Frederick the Great called his "cursed obligation and duty." "Did I not believe in a divine ordinance," were his words, in 1870, "which has destined this German nation for good and great things, I would never have taken up my calling"; and these were, as far as we can judge, the thoughts of his inmost heart. That they are the words of absolute sincerity appears to be further corroborated by a letter to his wife, which a few years since was printed by a confidential friend. "The day before yesterday," he wrote, "I gazed with mingled sadness and the wisdom born of maturer years upon the scenes of former folly [Aachen]. I do not know how I endured those days. Were I to live now as then, without God, without you, without children, it seems to me that life would be no better worth than to be cast off like a soiled garment; and yet the majority of my acquaintance are as I was, and continue to live so."

Bismarck is an illustrious example of how opportunity and the man interact upon each other. He was not the maker of the condi-

tions under which he worked, but he took those conditions as he found them, and, like our own Lincoln, transformed them according to the temper of the people with whom he had to deal. The passion for constitutional government, coupled with the accompanying practical, popular good sense characteristic of Western nations, did not exist in Prussia: its beginnings had been stamped out by the bitterness of the Napoleonic era, as far as the majority of the upper classes were concerned; the numerous liberals of the country were doctrinaires, and unharmonious in the spasmodic efforts which they made from time to time to secure their liberties. Throughout his lifetime Bismarck considered the Germans unfit for any form of government except paternalism as modified by the younker principle: "Bleibt der König absolut, so lang er unsern Willen thut" ("The king remains absolute as long as he does our will"). This paternalism, he felt, should be inclusive and strong. His personal greatness lay in the fact that, although born a younker, he had an instinct that the permanence of his class and of the Prussian monarchy depended on the will of the great middle stratum of society. Accordingly, he was like a sleuth-hound to track popular opinion to its lair, and so he was able to mark not only its present form, but its coming demands. This was the more remarkable since in an absolute monarchy, which Prussia virtually was, the means of feeling the popular pulse are most imperfect. It was this pursuit of the general will that made Bismarck first the typical German and then the cosmopolitan aristocrat which he showed himself to be at the end, as, for example, in the famous conversation with Thiers, which brought the peace negotiations of 1870 to a triumphant conclusion.

The expulsion of Bismarck from office and the extinction of his power had in them a basic element of tragic and retributive justice, like that which forms the basic element in the Greek dramatists. The figure of the ruthless, domineering, trusted, powerful minister is prehistoric and heroic. He scarcely knew his own imperiousness. There could be no one near his seat, not even his sovereign. The final arbiter, with all power concentrated in his own hands, he could tolerate nothing but complaisant subordinates, and these he discarded like old clothes when he had used them. Pleading legitimacy as the foundation-stone of Hohenzollern power, he turned away the Hanoverians, and others just as legitimate, when it

suit his purposes. An absolutist at one time, and a liberal at another, he favored universal suffrage in order to make the empire popular, and was free-trader or protectionist by turns to obtain a majority for the measures he thought essential to German strength and union. A fierce anti-clerical, he abandoned his notorious "conflict of culture" with little regret, in order to win back the troublesome Catholic party. With certain definite, clear-cut, comprehensive ideas, he could be inconsistent in what he thought minor matters of conduct and principle without a consciousness of immorality sufficient to disturb his sincere piety in the slightest degree. As he saw events from his watch-tower, the new era was dawning; a higher civilization was fighting for existence. Woe to the petty concepts of behavior and morality, rooted in the habit and thought of a passing age, if they could not clear the way for the chariot of Germany as she hastened to take her place at the barrier among the contestants for supremacy in the international race of the twentieth century! He lived to see the flag fall for a fair start. He must have felt that his political philosophy was as transcendent, in its way, as was the intellectual philosophy of Kant in the age which had made his own possible.

Many theories were advanced at the time to account for Bismarck's retirement from office. In the main, they all elaborated the one thought of incompatibility between sovereign and minister, and sought for the point where strain ended in break. It was said that William II was indifferent to the Russian alliance, while Bismarck thought it cardinal; that William I had always forewarned his minister of any impending change of policy or action, and that William II did not; that William II was a would-be socialist, while Bismarck, though willing to alleviate the hard lot of the laborer by government aid, was stubbornly orthodox in his economic views; that the two were at opposite poles in regard to a colonial and commercial policy of expansion, which was the apple of the young Emperor's eye; that, finally, the labor conference which William II was determined to hold was a topic of disdainful and contemptuous remark for Bismarck on very inopportune occasions. Probably there was truth in all these explanations. It is certain that the first William was dignified and compliant, while the second was, when younger, headstrong and immovable. He was determined to be what he has made himself—emperor, king, and premier, first in both the military and civil affairs of

Prussia, and thus of all Germany, and, as he believes, likewise of Europe and of the world. But, even so, the dramatic element was still foremost. Louis XIV said of Mazarin: "I know not what I would have done had he lived longer." Yet Mazarin, while loving power, also loved his tapestries, his art objects, and his paintings; in fact, his chief regret, on dying, was that he had to leave so much beauty, which was his very own, behind him. With Bismarck, the love of power was absorbing, and replaced art, refinement, beauty, possession. For this reason he had been intolerant of the enlightened and somewhat un-German liberalism of the unfortunate Frederick III, and had supported the younger William against his father. There was an aboriginal, primitive retribution when the protégé discarded his protector. There could be no *Ego et rex meus* for the last Hohenzollern if he were to remain true to the traditions of his house. "Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere. . . . The hour is come to end the one of us."

Bismarck's behavior, on retirement, had a certain Homeric quality, natural and child-like, rather than modern and self-restrained, as was that of Beaconsfield in similar circumstances. It is said that, on observing the ovation which he received when quitting Berlin for Friedrichsruhe, the fallen chancellor remarked: "The Hohenzollerns made Prussia; I made the German Empire." This was precisely the gist of the rupture. The young Emperor did not intend this claim to be so far generally allowed that it should become a historical tenet. He has persistently asserted in word and deed that the founder of the German Empire was his grandfather. Even in his rescript published over Bismarck's bier he vows to maintain what "the great chancellor under William the Great created." The question is one of those which depends for its solution on the point of view. If the monarch is to be credited with the acts of all his subjects, then William I was the founder of German unity; if the sovereign has the strength of the advisers chosen and kept in power by him, again William I must be regarded as the welder of the German peoples into one; if the father enjoys all the glory of his son, then William I wears the crown of the great unifier. There are those who honestly hold these views. History, I think, will say that the times were ripe, that the King of Prussia was willing to serve the popular will, that Frederick III was eager to embody it, and that Bismarck was the executor of it. The great chancellor was only one of the

founders of the German Empire; his activities in diplomacy, in parliament, in administration, both civil and military, forced him into a prominence where he overshadowed others whose initial and persistent force was equal to his own. His preëminence was further established in his own mind by such occurrences as when his resignation was returned by the "old Emperor," as he is lovingly designated in Germany, with the word "Never" written over the face. With the world at large, Bismarck believed that, like Richelieu and Mazarin, he held his seat for life, and, what is more, that he had raised up a son to perpetuate the family place and power. The work of the French statesmen had lasted for two centuries; why not his? Hence the absolute incredulity with which he regarded the possibility of Germany's getting on without him. When the unwelcome truth finally forced itself upon the stubborn mind, his conduct was neither dignified nor wise. He sought and found a newspaper in the columns of which he could make spiteful revelations and print hurtful innuendos. By indiscreet—perhaps a worse epithet might be used—by indiscreet publications of state secrets, he sought to perplex the politics of his successor, and on one occasion gave a staggering blow to the Triple Alliance, of which he was himself the creator, and which he considered essential to the duration of peace, a condition without which the consolidation of the German Empire might be arrested, if not thwarted. When not thus engaged, Bismarck has spent much time in the expression of a pain too terrible for concealment. The poet Sophocles makes Philoctetes, on the island of Lemnos, when deprived of his son by Ulysses, thus cry out: "How hast thou wronged me! How hast thou deceived me! Thou hast taken away my life with yonder bow." The man of many wiles calmly replies: "'T is Zeus, I tell you, monarch of this isle, who thus hath willed. I am his minister."

Exactly this has been the attitude of the present Emperor. His pleas of divine right have sounded strange to our ears. He who makes them knows his people far better than we can possibly do, and the material with which he has had to deal is well sampled by certain phases of Bismarck's character and conduct. When the leading social classes of a people are not far from fatalistic in their view of destiny, their own in particular, the shrewd man formulates himself and his mission as a paragraph of the fatalistic creed. Bismarck had his day of success in that

direction. The Emperor is in this respect, as in many others, the shrewd minister's true successor and his consistent follower. Like King George III of Great Britain, Emperor William II of Germany is his own prime minister, "a king indeed." Like his predecessor in that ruling function, he is a man of strong will and original judgment. He has convinced the Germans of his devotion to their interests, and of his general sanity; can he convince the world of his wisdom and strength? Whatever other charges have been made against him, it has never been said that he was not an apt pupil of the man of iron and blood, or that he was ever disloyal or crooked. The truth is that the long period of disunion, and the intense though short struggle for nationality from which Germany was emerging in the days of Bismarck's activity and in those of William II's accession to the throne, did not leave her in the same stage of modern development as that of contemporary nations. For a parallel we must go to the age of Elizabeth in England, or to that of Louis XIV in France. We shall find the same stern purpose, the same willingness to sacrifice personal to national liberty, the same devotion to a sovereign as the expression of unity, the same conviction of destiny, the same charity to minor faults for the sake of great purposes, the same cultivation of inherited strength and disregard of cosmopolitan ideas, the same overweening self-confidence, the same devotion to the expansion of national influence. Nationality once established beyond a peradventure, it is likely that the Teutonic passion for religious, civil, and political liberty will assert itself, and fight until in those respects all Germany is on a level with the most advanced nations of the world. This must, however, be expected with some reserves, because Prussia, whose hegemony in Germany is well assured for an indefinite period, is not by any means a pure German land: it has a large intermixture of Slavonic blood in the veins of its populations, and, like many other countries which found their yearnings for religious liberty satisfied by Lutheranism, notably those of Scandinavia, has displayed from the first a persistent tendency to a highly centralized and military government. In all historical development due allowance must be made for that mysterious thing which we call inherited tendency.

The scraps of information about Bismarck which have reached the outside world during his latter years in no way changed the general estimate of his character formed long previ-

ously. Perhaps the best idea of what the people as a whole thought of him can be formed from the presents they sent. The people of Jever have had the monopoly of furnishing a hundred and one plovers' eggs on every birthday. A famous Munich brewer presented a gorgeously carved beer-keg full of his best, with two mugs of great value, one silver, one porcelain—the latter probably because of the connoisseur's preference for its use. Again, an organ-maker offered a tuneful pipe set to the normal, because the chancellor had so long "given the note to Europe." A whip-maker forwarded a whip, "to keep the people in order." The German colony of Constantinople sent a sword of honor, the blade of which had belonged to the famous Ali of Janina. Most of the presents have been cigars, brandy, and pipes: the tastes of the recipient were well known. On one occasion a manufacturer of brushes sent a brush, the bristles of which were arranged to form the initials of the prince's name—"to remove the dust from his own clothes, and dust and maggots from the imperial mantle of Germany." When a subscription paper was passed around the docks of one of the seaport towns, a certain wharfinger set down his name for twenty marks (five dollars); and when amazement was expressed at his ability to pay such a sum, he replied with an answer drawn from experience, that of course he could not pay it, but that he expected to pass a day in prison for each mark until the sum was made up. Once Bismarck received a dog-sofa, with appropriate covers, for the imperial Great Dane, Tyras. Again,—and the best may be the last given,—the school inspectors of a small city sent a telegram, the body of which was simply: "Sirach x, verse 5." The passage, when found, ran: "The successes of a ruler are in the hands of God, and he giveth him a good chancellor." It is interesting to compare this with a letter of Motley from Varzin, in which exactly the sentiment and almost the identical words are reported from the conversation of the man himself. Finally, the superstitious feeling of the Prussian minister and the Prussian people is expressed in the popular enumeration of "threes" as marking the child of destiny: third child himself, three children born to him; three times in Prussian Parliament; three times ambassador; had served three Hohenzollerns; conquered three enemies of his country; had three titles, gentleman, count, prince; had three residences, Berlin, Friedrichsruhe, Varzin; made the league of three emperors, and of three great

powers; had fought three factions, conservatives, liberals, and Catholics; and his coat of arms was a trefoil.

A clerical journalist of Paris paid a visit to the retired prince in 1890, and found in him the instincts of the statesman still vigorous. The force of his bodily powers did not seem in the least abated. He was still an enormous eater, such dainties as caviar, plovers' eggs, and smoked meats being his appetizers, consumed before entering on the serious business of the meal. Of his wine-cellars he was very proud, and his acquaintance with them was complete both theoretically and practically. In all weathers he took a long daily ride on a spirited horse as a preventive of rheumatism. He was far from being reticent, and, in fact, conversed freely on the historical events of his lifetime. Among other things, he said that Napoleon III was ignorant of history and statistics: he had actually proposed that Italy, Germany, and France should combine to drive England from the Mediterranean! To establish his personal credit, Bismarck declared that he had refused to attack France, in 1867, because her *chassepots* were not ready (!); that he had tried to prevent war in 1870, and had helped to protect Paris against the commune; but that Alsace-Lorraine was absolutely essential to the safety of united Germany. As a warning against the Franco-Russian alliance, he put the hypothesis that if it should crush Germany, what then? Russia would devour France. This idea was borrowed from the political prognostication made concerning the first Napoleon, that having halved the world with Russia, he would turn and rend his partner.

Bismarck's feelings toward the United States have been of a composite character. On the one hand, he saw with dismay the extent and quality of German emigration. A landed proprietor himself, he could not but sympathize with his fellow-youngers, whose peasant villages were partly and in many cases entirely deserted by their inhabitants. Labor becoming scarce and dear; American and English agricultural machinery forced on unwilling buyers, who fretted under the compulsory use of what they could not easily manipulate; prices of farm products no longer assured by the demands of a home market, but subjected to the fluctuations of a world market in which the United States are the controlling dealer—all these things gave him pain and anxiety. He suffered, too, along with his class. As a patriot he felt it likewise to be a grave matter that so many

thousands should evade their military service, and still more grave that millions should substantiate the saying that Germans had little patriotism, exemplifying, in the ease with which they acquired new citizenship, the motto: *Ubi bene, ibi patria* ("My fatherland is where I am prosperous"). The prosperity and contentedness of the German-American were a menace to the institutions under which he had been neither prosperous nor contented. He also saw that the growing industries of the United States would make them a dangerous rival of Germany in the coming struggle for commercial supremacy with Great Britain.

On the other hand, two of Bismarck's warmest friendships were with Americans—Bancroft and Motley. It was by his favor solely that the existing emigration and citizenship treaties between the German Empire and the United States were negotiated, through Bancroft. In 1869 there was a suspicious outburst in the public prints of both continents against the American historian. This Bismarck attributed to the combined hostility of England and of the German particularists. Accordingly, he wrote to Motley with the frankness of intimate acquaintance, begging him to do what he could to prevent the threatened removal of his friend. His language in speaking of Bancroft is remarkable: "He represents practically the same great process of development in which Moses, the Christian revelation, and the Reformation appear as stages, and in opposition to which the Cæsarean power of ancient and modern times, the clerical and dynastic prejudices of the people, offer every hindrance, including that of calumniating an honest and ideal minister like Bancroft."

In 1888 Bismarck quoted, during the course of a famous speech, a line of the ballad, "In good old colony times, when we were roguish chaps," and said: "This I learned from my dear deceased friend, John Motley." The friendship of the two men was of the finest kind, resting on the intimacy which springs from early acquaintance and reciprocal esteem, with such essential differences of temper and training as make intercourse stimulating. In their too infrequent letters may be found a cordiality and confidence which are delightful. From them, as much as from any other source, glimpses of the German statesman's inmost mind can be obtained, and the talk which Motley reported in letters to his family shows Bismarck, the man, in a clear light. As his American friend saw him, the German statesman seemed to him-

self to be walking in a dream over which he had no control; this life was guided from above; what he had done and was doing was the work of Providence, and not of man. His instruments were a cause not only of anxiety, but of mirth. Parliament he called the "House of Phrases"; but he also spoke, in the period of his isolation, of "this sullen life." In a humorous letter of 1863, written half in English, half in German, he describes a debate over a treaty with Belgium, concerning the adoption of which there was entire unanimity of opinion. But this was not enough: every man had his own reason, and was determined to thrust it down the throat of every other. Hence a terrific battle of words—"real German, alas! '*Streit um des Kaiser's Bart*,' '*querelle d'Allemand*.'" Something of the same you Anglo-Saxon Yankees have, too. Do you really know exactly why you wage war so madly with each other? Certainly everybody does not; but yet you strike each other dead '*con amore*'; that is just a part of the affair. Your fights are bloody, ours are wordy. These talkative creatures can verily not rule Prussia. I have to bear the brunt of opposition; they have too little sense and too much confidence, stupid and bold." It may be remarked, in passing, that there was, and is, an ineradicable conviction in German minds that the War of the Rebellion was bloody beyond necessity, and prodigal of human life.

Bismarck's chief service in his parliamentary career was the point he touched in his letter: he personally and truly represented the tendency and instinct of the whole people, and in expressing this by legislation he was inexorable. It was in 1884 that Motley wrote to his daughter: "Bismarck is a man of great talent and of iron will. Probably no man living knows him more intimately than I do. He, too, believes in his work as thoroughly as Mohammed or Charlemagne, or those types of tyranny, our Puritan forefathers, ever believed in theirs." But this will, were it of steel or adamant, would have been broken had it run counter and athwart that of the German people; indeed, the break came only when the Prussians began to suspect that the house of Bismarck had designs on the absolute sovereignty of the Hohenzollerns.

The legend will soon begin to form about the figure of Bismarck. It seems well for his fame that he did not continue in power until his death. As the perspective becomes longer and the dimensions clearer, he will

be seen to be the giant man he was, but not in the constructive ability so often attributed to him during his lifetime. His grandeur is not mainly personal; it is chiefly racial and national. He had the gifts of the seer and of the manager combined in singular felicity of proportion; and he used them with the force, the instinct, and the limitations of the strongly marked individuality which characterizes the class into which he was born. The pursuit of his policy by his successor is no tribute to him, or, at best, an unwilling one. The Emperor is an arch-younger. The Bismarck method is inherited and national. The question is, How far can it be carried throughout all Germany? Either Prussia must by its means Prussianize all other German lands, and find room over the sea for their expansion into colonial life, or else the reflex action of a united Germany upon Prussia will inhibit the further extension of military and divine-right royalty, and

modify the old Prussian system of which Bismarck and the Emperor William II have been the modern exponents and apostles. It is probable that to the absolutist age of Germany will succeed that of internal agitation and reform, and that in time the same ideas of law and liberty which rule elsewhere will come to their own in a land that needed a conquering royal house and an iron chancellor for the acquisition of that strong nationality without which no people can enter the modern federation of nations with a fair chance of holding its own for language, religion, and institutions. The lasting and sufficient greatness of Bismarck's name will finally consist in the high renown of having been the man of his time and his people. In that capacity he was the leader of German progress—a progress along the line of tradition, but not progress through the introduction of new and vivifying ideas.



A MISTAKE IN THE BIRD-MARKET.

BY SARAH PIATT.

A PERSIAN in the market-place
Longed for, and so took home, a wren.
Yes, his was but a common case;
Such always are the ways of men!

Night came, and touched with wind and dew
(Alone there in the dim moonshine)
A rose that at the window grew—
And oh, that sudden song divine!

Once his, the brown bird pleased him not;
Almost he wished it would take wing.
He loosed the cage-door, and forgot
The dark, unsinging, lonely thing.

His children started from their sleep,
Their Orient eyes with rapture lit;
Their pale young mother hid to weep;
Their father did not care a whit.

He only heard the impassioned wail
From that small prison overhead.
"My wren is but a nightingale!
I'll wring its noisy throat!" he said.

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPIANS AND THEIR FAIR AT OMAHA.

BY ALBERT SHAW.

NEBRASKA, like Kansas, has suffered in its outside reputation from the fact that the name covers a large range of territory in which conditions are far from being uniform. Eastern Kansas is very much like Missouri in its endowments of soil and climate. In like manner, eastern Nebraska does not differ materially from western Iowa. It has not only great fertility of soil, but also a sufficient amount of rainfall, usually distributed in such a way as to favor the production, year after year, of large crops of cereals and grasses. Western Nebraska, on the other hand, like western Kansas, lies beyond the limit of sufficient regular rainfall, and it is not a safe farming country, except in those portions which can be irrigated. In the earlier days—that is to say, in the sixties, after the war, and in the seventies—these regions were the home of great herds of cattle. But the railroads had pressed across them, and they were in due time surveyed and opened to settlement, partly by the land-grant railroads, and partly, under the pre-emption and homestead laws, by the United States Land Office. There had been a great boom in Western farm-lands, and not merely scores of thousands but hundreds of thousands of people had been moving westward, particularly from the older farm-lands of Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa, with many, of course, from Ohio, Indiana, and States farther east. The State immigration bureaus of the West at that time were vying with the land agents of the railroad companies in efforts to populate the prairies.

The Red River valley, on the eastern edge of North Dakota, and the Sioux valley, together with a few tiers of counties of South Dakota, have a reasonable certainty of sufficient rainfall for the safe growth of cereals. But the western part of the Dakotas, as of Nebraska and Kansas, belongs to the region of grazing rather than to the safe farming belt of the Mississippi valley. There was a theory current, however, that the once recognized "Great American Desert" had always been a myth, and that in any case the climate had been rapidly changing with the movement of population westward, so that rainfall

might be confidently expected throughout Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas—in their central and western regions as well as along the eastern borders.

The population grew very rapidly. There was great spirit and ambition in those new communities. They saw no reason why they should wait a single year to enjoy the full benefits of American civilization. On the contrary, starting anew, it seemed to them reasonable to believe that life ought to be lived on a higher plane than in the less progressive neighborhoods from which they had come. The constant influx of people brought a certain amount of ready money. The speculation in town sites became a great business. Excellent hotels were built to accommodate prospectors and real-estate agents, and it was found extremely easy to float issues of county and municipal bonds on the Eastern market, with the proceeds of which issues pretentious county court-houses were rapidly constructed, and bridges were built across streams—most of which, unfortunately, were almost always the dry beds of watercourses. Excellent school-houses were built, also, with careful regard for modern ideas, and everybody believed that old-fashioned pioneering hardships were as unnecessary as they were out of date.

A good many people, it is true, imitated the earliest of the ante-railroad pioneers, and lived for a while in sod houses and dugouts. But the accommodating agent of the Eastern farm-loan companies was at hand, and it was fascinatingly easy for the newcomer who had bought a quarter-section from the railroad, or had pre-empted or homesteaded government land, to borrow a good large sum on mortgage with which to build a comfortable frame house and a barn, and to stock up with a variety of modern farm-machinery. Moreover, if the sum realized on the land had not been sufficient to do more than erect the buildings and the barbed-wire fences, then the great farm-machinery houses were exceedingly accommodating, and were ready to take the farmers' notes, payable in a series of annual instalments. These notes, of course, drew a good round rate of

interest, and the price for the machinery when sold in this way was considerably larger than the "spot cash" price. All this was based upon the idea that the land was really valuable and could be sold at any time for from ten to twenty dollars per acre, or even more. And these valuations rested upon the accepted notion that the land would produce good crops of corn, wheat, oats, and hay, which could be sold at profitable prices, or fed to live stock with the result of a still greater profit.

The reaction came when it slowly but inevitably dawned upon the mass of the population that the country could not be relied upon to produce crops. Now and then the promise of a great crop was almost fulfilled; the wheat-heads swelled out; the harvest-time approached; and then perhaps a scorching simoon from the southwest shriveled up the whole crop before it matured. Or else a drought came earlier, and the heads of the cereals never filled out at all with the milky kernels. At certain times one cause was assigned, at other times another; but year after year the crops failed. It was not a farming country. Some men held on longer than others, but the majority gave up hope when the demonstration had become reasonably complete.

We shall probably never know just how many people who had lived in the vicinity of these fine new court-houses, high schools, iron bridges, and other appurtenances of a progressive era in the western part of the States that I have named, deserted their homes, whether in town or on the farm, and went back to the States from which they had come. It is possible that the number approached a million. But, even if there were not more than five or six hundred thousand, that was enough to constitute a tremendous movement, having a far-reaching effect. The land-mortgage companies had sold the Nebraska or Kansas loans, either directly or through the medium of the company's own debentures, to savings-banks and small investors in New England and the East. The companies failed, and the investors for the most part had lost their investment. This was quite as true of those whose mortgages were secured upon houses and buildings in the county towns as upon the farm-lands; and not only were the holders of private mortgages thus affected, but also in very many cases those who had invested in the bonds of the new counties and new municipalities found their investment worthless. Those splendid high-school buildings

were still standing out on the prairies, but the people had gone away, and nobody was left to pay the taxes with which to meet the interest on the school bonds. Where the lands were foreclosed by the Eastern mortgage-holders, they soon found that there was no profit in their paying heavy taxes for the benefit of the holders of bonds which had been issued to construct abandoned school-houses, deserted court-houses, and other public buildings. The refugees, who had suffered untold hardships before they had abandoned their farms on the plains, having lost everything and returned to what they called "God's country," had no longer any pride in maintaining the credit of western Nebraska and Kansas. On the other hand, the Eastern holders of mortgages and of county, school, and municipal bonds were even more harsh in their denunciation of a region that had repudiated its obligations.

It had all been one huge mistake. Agricultural Nebraska and agricultural Kansas were in fact no more to be blamed for the failure to turn a grazing region into a farming district than were any of the States farther east. But since the names "Kansas" and "Nebraska" had been stretched over so wide a territory, as I remarked at the beginning, it came to pass that there was much injustice done through the failure of outsiders to make due discrimination. I do not know how many farmers abandoned western Nebraska, nor how large a shrinkage there was in the population of the towns which had been built up to serve the agricultural community. But it is possible that the plight of western Nebraska was never quite so lamentable as that of western Kansas, from which two hundred and fifty thousand people are said to have been beaten back by drought and heat and the total failure of the country to succumb to the endeavor to reduce it to an agricultural régime. Perhaps western Nebraska lost from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand people.

The reaction could not seriously affect agriculture in the eastern part of Nebraska or Kansas, but it must inevitably have affected the larger towns, for reasons readily understood. Omaha and Kansas City, like St. Paul and Minneapolis, for example, were the great distributing-points for immense areas of territory. So long as "Westward ho!" was the inspiring cry, crowds of people from points farther east—many of them immigrants from Europe—were converging at Omaha, to be distributed through western Nebraska, the Dakotas, and else-

where. Most of these people brought some money with them. Still more of them, after locating on the land, were able to borrow money, which aggregated great sums, by the simple process of signing their names to mortgages. These sums of money were forthwith expended—millions upon millions of dollars—for lumber with which to build houses, for farm-machinery, and for all sorts of supplies. The city of Omaha must needs have prospered very materially and increased its population rapidly by reason of its opportunity to supply these hundreds of thousands of newcomers with the wares that were sent out by the jobbers of groceries, dry-goods, clothing, boots and shoes, hardware, farm-implements, and every sort of material needed in the creation of those hundreds of new villages and tens of thousands of new farmsteads.

When the reaction came, those hundreds of thousands of newcomers, having spent all the money they could borrow, and having no visible means of support by reason of the continual failure of their crops, ceased to make demands upon Omaha merchants, except as they asked contributions to supply them with seed-grain for one more forlorn gamble with a capricious climate. Then the merchants began to realize that the disastrous experiment of trying to turn a grazing country into a farming country was in the long run a bad thing also for a city like Omaha. The outfitting business had largely ceased. The great immigrant trains, which had poured thousands of people into Omaha as the gateway to the railroad lands and government lands that had been so extensively and alluringly advertised, brought a steadily diminishing stream, until finally the movement was virtually dried up. The eastward return tide was not profitable to Omaha. It furnished only opportunities for the alleviation of dire distress. Many of the people who returned had friends in the East who paid their railroad-fares. But the majority of them probably made their way back, gaunt and hungry themselves, in creaking wagons drawn by thin horses that had forgotten the taste of oats and corn. The process was inevitable. We need not dwell upon the grim and harrowing details.

These last few years have been witnessing a gradual readjustment of things. As a grazing country under great syndicates and cattle barons in the early days, western Nebraska, like the similar regions of Kansas and Dakota, had been a source of considerable wealth, and had brought no reproach upon

the fair name and fame of the State. It was only when the cattle barons had been driven off the public lands (which, in truth, they had taken without due right or recompense) that the chapter of disaster fairly began. The homestead system had no proper place on those plains. The land departments of the land-grant railroad companies, and still more the land authorities of the Interior Department of the government of the United States, ought to have known better than to induce hundreds of thousands of innocent people to locate farms on quarter-section blocks in that part of the country. Congress ought to have sharply discriminated between the lands fit for agriculture and those suitable only for cattle-grazing. The "barons" certainly ought not to have been allowed to seize the watercourses and thus to monopolize great tracts of *hinterland*; but the government itself ought to have adopted some equitable plan for giving the largest possible access to the water, while disposing of the grazing land in tolerably large tracts for the only use that could reasonably be made of the country.

The process of liquidation has been going on apace. Foreclosures, tax sales, the buying up of defaulted mortgages—these and other methods are clearing up the titles, and the land is coming into the possession of men who are restoring it to its only possible use. The ranges are not so vast as they were in the pre-agricultural period, because the present-day cattle-ranges are in the main made up of lands which the cattle-grazers actually own, and for the possession of which they have expended money, time, and trouble in getting the encumbered old titles smoothed out. The process will have been pretty fairly completed, let us suppose, by the end of the present decade. The State of New York is entirely reconciled to the idea that the Adirondacks, the Catskills, and some other regions, which in the aggregate make up a considerable part of the area of the commonwealth, should remain almost wholly uninhabited. It is no reproach to the Empire State that farming has never amounted to much in the Adirondack clearings.

In like manner, when the adjustment has come about, it will be no reproach whatsoever to the State of Nebraska that its stretches of rolling plain lying west of a certain meridian are devoted to the business of cattle-grazing, and are not expected to produce much corn, wheat, oats, or cultivated hay. The irrigated tracts will yield lavish crops. Streams and artesian wells will furnish water

for the cattle. Native bunch-grass and prairie-hay of exceptionally nutritive quality will more and more be stacked and stored for the winter use of the cattle. The grazing business will be conducted on steadily improving principles, so that its prosperity will undoubtedly continue to increase. It will be a source of very large wealth to the State, and, far from being a precarious and speculative industry, it will tend to become one of the most certain and calculable factors in the whole range of Western production, in that respect probably surpassing in evenness the prosperity of the agricultural belt lying to the eastward and the mining belt lying to the westward.

Indeed, a trans-Mississippi exhibition intended to set forth the conditions of life, labor, and material progress would be sadly out of focus if it failed to impress the Eastern visitor with the immense importance of the cattle industry. The sales from the live-stock herds of the trans-Mississippi regions now reach a yearly total of not less than four hundred million dollars; and this amount will tend steadily to increase. From the nomadic methods of the earlier ranchmen and cattle kings there is coming about a complete transformation. The business has ceased to be speculative, and has become methodical and permanent. It is the most conservative of all Western business interests. The bankers of Omaha, Kansas City, and other Western towns take "cattle paper" in preference to anything else. So popular, indeed, has cattle paper become, as a safe and profitable outlet for ready capital, that there may be some slight danger lest its popularity may suffer abuse, precisely as farm loans suffered some years ago.

The range-men,—that is, the cattle-raisers,—as I have already shown, have been buying out the homesteaders who had ventured beyond the limit of profitable farming; and there has come about a most advantageous coöperation between the farmers of the corn belt and the cattle-men of the ranges or the grazing belt. The range-men do not fatten the cattle for market, but sell them at an average age of three years and an average weight of, say, one thousand pounds. They are shipped into the great stock-yards of Omaha, Kansas City, and other packing-points accessible to the ranges and also accessible to the corn-growers. These stock-yards are a clearing-house, whence the cattle are distributed to farmers to be fed for market. The forehanded and successful farmer no longer sells his corn or hay, nor does he,

on the other hand, find it profitable to breed and raise beef-cattle. He finds it a great deal better business to put his hay in the mows and his corn in the cribs, and to buy each year as many range-cattle as his crop will fatten. An ordinary farmer with one hundred and sixty acres of land will perhaps handle two or three car-loads each season; that is, from forty to sixty head of cattle.

This feeding and care of the cattle comes in the half of the year when the farmer is not engaged in the fields in the production of his crops. A certain waste of food is involved in feeding cattle, and this is absorbed by hogs, the raising of which may be regarded as a by-product and a source of almost clear profit to the farmer who is fattening cattle. If at the same time the farmer is engaged in dairying to some extent, his milk goes to the nearest creamery, or butter-factory, where the cream is immediately extracted by machinery, and the milk (minus the cream), still fresh and sweet, goes back to the farm, where it is the best possible food for the pigs. This system of cattle-feeding, combined with some hog-raising and dairying, readily adapts itself to an advantageous rotation of crops that maintains the fertility of the soil. Even the farmers who are beyond the line of sure rainfall, as in the James River valley of Dakota, are learning, by a wise combination of cattle-keeping with crop-rotation, to make the good years balance the lean years, and to get on in the world—safely, even if slowly.

The good prices of cattle during the last two years have greatly improved conditions throughout the entire West. This fact, taken together with the perfecting of the process by which the different zones and regions are coöperating with one another to give the guest at the New York hotels the finest steaks in the world, has brought back a condition of really good times west of the Mississippi River. It is the peculiarity of good times that most men do not realize it when they have come. The principal factor in bringing them is that season of stern discipline, of strict economy, of studious adaptation of means to ends, and of the struggle that eliminates the unfit and strengthens the survivors, that we call hard times. The Western country had finally settled down to the hard-times basis, prepared to fight it out on that line if it took half a century. Everybody was thoroughly sobered. Booms had vanished. The boomer himself had become an extinct species. Men on the line of uncertain rainfall had begun to talk soberly of

being able to exist and make some money on a crop of three or four bushels of wheat to the acre. So when everybody was at last sober and in his right mind, ready to accept the hard facts of pioneering, the situation began to improve very perceptibly.

This period of reaction will soon have transformed the speculative wheat-grower or corn-grower into a real farmer, or else will have wiped him out and put his mortgaged land into the hands of a ranchman or a cattle company. The worst is now known and faced with wide-open eyes. The glittering prospectuses that used to invite the world to come to the "banana belt" of the Dakotas are not now, as fifteen years ago, circulated by the millions. Men do not talk of forty bushels of wheat to the acre as a reasonable expectation, but speak soberly and contentedly of ten bushels. I think they will learn by and by to produce twenty-five, but that will mean a later stage of fertilization and really scientific agriculture.

To find the cattle business best set forth at Omaha, the visitor must wait until October. Then he may find three great exhibits. One will be the exhibit of live stock on the fair-grounds. Great preparations are making, and it is expected that this will be the largest and most representative cattle-show that has ever been seen in the United States. It will prove the great attention the trans-Mississippi States are now giving to all sorts of live-stock questions—the best breeds for the production of beef-cattle, and the best for the immensely rapid growth of the dairy interests of Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, and Kansas. Horses and sheep, both of which have become very large Western interests, will also be well represented. It was manifestly not feasible to maintain a great aggregation of animals on the fair-grounds during the entire period of the exposition, and the month of October was selected as on all accounts the most desirable. The second exhibit of the live-stock interests of the West that the visitor to Omaha may find in October—this, indeed, at any other time—will not be on the exposition grounds, but in the stock-yards. There the gigantic business of the assemblage and distribution of cattle is going on constantly, but it will be particularly heavy, of course, at that season of the year. The third exhibit will be found in the great packing-houses. The largest cattle-packing establishment in the world has recently been built at Omaha. When one has seen the exhibition of fine cattle on the fair-grounds, the ordinary operations

of the cattle-market in the stock-yards, and the processes by which thousands of cattle which walk into the packing establishments at one end come out at the other end either in refrigerator-cars or in tin cans, he will have some comprehensive notion of the extent and importance of the cattle industry. If the pioneers were mistaken in their idea that they might begin life on these plains with better school-houses, court-houses, and other appurtenances of progressive communities than the people of Ohio, for instance, have achieved for themselves after a hundred years of industry, it remains true, nevertheless, that those people will continue to maintain and enjoy highly progressive institutions, and will not for a moment consent to abandon their progressive ideals. Their views of material prosperity have been sobered and chastened, on the whole, but they are learning to utilize their resources and to make the best of a situation by no means intolerable. If the weather has its somewhat strenuous extremes, it is, upon the whole, very fine and wholesome. The American race does not deteriorate on these plains, but thrives. It is a fine and sturdy body of students that one finds in the great State university at Lincoln, fitted for college in whole or in part, in the case of most of the student body, by the excellent high schools maintained in all the smaller towns of the State. The educational exhibit at the Omaha Exposition gives many evidences of the steady advance of the trans-Mississippi region in school facilities and school work. In the early part of the exposition season a great educational conference was held under the auspices of the management, its principal participants being the leaders of educational work in Nebraska and the other States west of Illinois. Not only was the program brilliant and strong as it appeared in prospectus, but it was most interesting as it was actually carried out, and highly instructive to all those glad to learn of the progress of school work in the West, from the State universities down through successive stages to the primary schools and the kindergartens.

A great feature of Western education, as suggested in various ways by the exhibits and the conferences at Omaha, has been that of the State agricultural colleges of the whole trans-Mississippi region. These institutions are rendering to their States a service the value of which becomes greater each year. Most of them are connected with the work of holding "farmers' institutes" throughout all the counties, and they are

promoting all sorts of improvements in the management of the soil, in the variation of crops that can be profitably grown, and in the selection and development of the precise varieties suited to particular localities.

The schools of Omaha itself seem naturally to blend in with the educational exhibits

embody all that science has thus far taught us concerning the best arrangement for lighting, heating, and ventilating public-school buildings, and the best arrangement for purposes of study and instruction.

Omaha in its public-school work need not be compared with other Western towns



MANUFACTURES BUILDING.¹

and conferences of the fair. Conspicuously placed on one of the most sightly eminences of the city is the Central High-School building, which stands as an evidence of the early determination of the Omaha people to provide their children with the best possible school system. It was the first important public building that the taxpayers of Omaha erected. It belongs to that thriving period that followed the opening of the Union Pacific Railroad nearly thirty years ago. Omaha at that time had perhaps twenty thousand people. There are now nearly forty public-school buildings belonging to the system so well administered under the eye of Superintendent Pearse, and it is entirely just to say that all the most recently constructed school-buildings are models. They

with a view to any disparagement or discrimination. It may be better considered as typical of that progressive spirit that one finds throughout all this Western part of the country. The exposition itself has emphasized its educational character from beginning to end, and it has not failed to proclaim the opinion of its projectors that the most noteworthy aspects of Western progress are to be found in the educational field.

Since I have already referred at some length to the conditions of trans-Mississippi agriculture, I may well at this point speak of the exhibit on the exposition grounds in the building devoted to farm-machinery. Nothing could be more stimulating to the historical imagination than to saunter up and down those aisles. The creation of the agricultural West since the Civil War has been the most truly revolutionary

¹ The pictures of this article are from photographs taken and copyrighted by F. A. Rinehart.

fact in all the economic history of our century; and it is the invention of farm-machinery, in response to the imperative demands made by the ingenuity and aggressive energy of the West, that has rendered possible the transformation of the prairies into the world's chief granary. A single man in the Missouri valley can manage to till as large an area of rich cereal-producing soil as a whole village in the Nile valley can produce with the implements there employed. This improvement in machinery and methods is by no means at a standstill. It has made remarkable strides since 1876, for example. The New England farmer who has never seen a Western double-sulky corn-planter at work, with the check-row attachment, can scarcely imagine how easily a single man will plant forty acres of ground in a single day in long furrows as straight and true as the section-lines that bound the farms. And it is hardly less easy to imagine the facility with which a single man, riding on the seat of a double cultivator, will plow, say, sixty acres of corn per day, keeping it all in as perfect order as the lawns and flower-beds of the country estate of an Eastern millionaire. I mention more particularly the corn-planting and corn-plowing machinery, because corn is the supreme

crop of this Western region. Not less ingenious, however, is the labor-saving machinery used for the planting of wheat and other crops, and for harvesting, binding, and threshing the small grains. The gang-plows and the sulky-harrows and other utensils of general agriculture have not tended in the direction of mere fancifulness or needless multiplication of varieties. It is interesting, indeed, to observe that they are all conforming more and more to certain types approved as the result of experience. They show an increasing simplicity and strength of construction, steel, in the main, taking the place of the wooden beams, arms, and other parts that were used one or two decades ago.

When one bears testimony to the fineness and beauty of all this array of machinery,—a beauty that lies in the ever-increasing perfection of its fitness for the conditions that have to be met,—one is really paying a tribute to the brains, energy, and character of the Western farmer. I have been on the Hungarian plains and witnessed the costly attempts of a progressive government to teach the landowners and peasants the use of improved farm-machinery imported from America or else adapted from American types. And I have also observed—what is confessed



GRAND COURT, FROM MINES AND MINING BUILDING.



EAST COLONNADE, FROM MINES AND MINING BUILDING.

by the government and noted by all who visit those regions—the persistent fact of scores of men, women, and children in the corn-fields with old-fashioned hoes, while long rows of white-tunicked men, in the hay-field or the ripe grain, are swinging sickles and short scythes. And a little later in the season it is common enough to see the oxen treading out the grain, or to hear the thud of the descending flail. Meanwhile, the new-fashioned corn-plows are rusting; the rejected mowing- and reaping-machines rot in their neglected corners; and the threshing-machine is viewed askance as an ill-omened monstrosity.

It is all simply a difference in men. It is a great race that has peopled our prairies and plains, and that is producing corn, wheat, and oats by the thousands of millions of bushels where only a few years ago there was the ancient matted sod of the prairies, unbroken for centuries. The men who drive the gang-plow, ride the sulky-cultivator, manipulate the twine-binder, and send millions of horned cattle, hogs, and sheep to the packing establishments of Omaha, Kansas City, and Chicago are to be credited with a

series of achievements worthy not merely of respect, but even of enthusiasm. I cannot for a moment doubt the ability of such men to rear a fine and varied fabric of civilization upon so great a material foundation.

These comments show the trend of the crowding thoughts, reflections, and anticipations that are suggested to the mind of one who knows the West, as he passes through the Farm-Machinery Building at the fair, then visits the Agricultural Building, in which are displayed the products of the farmers' toil, and then in due course inspects the Horticultural Building. There an endeavor is made to show how the trans-Mississippi farmers are rapidly increasing their home comforts and resources of pleasure and prosperity by adding to their main staple crops the pleasant apple, the bright cherry, the ruddy plum, and a wide variety of those fruits, berries, vegetables, flowers, and minor growths that the wise farmer must never neglect.

These sturdy farmer pioneers seem to me to have made one great mistake, which, however, it is not too late to remedy. They have fallen far short of what was easily practica-

ble in the way of tree-planting. At first they used a very few rapidly growing varieties, preferably soft maples, cottonwoods, poplars, and the like, and they neglected for the most part to follow up these first plantings with hardier varieties of slower growth. The pine and the other evergreens will grow magnificently on the prairies; and where tree-planting has been intelligently done, the whole face of the country becomes transformed in a very few years. It remains to do what ought to have been done under the encouragement of the so-called Timber Culture Act, under which many millions of acres of land were given away by the government. The results of that Timber Culture Act have been of the scantiest sort, for the reason principally that its framers seemed to know nothing about forestry, and the administration of the act in most parts of the West was the merest farce. The country is still young, however, and with the new interest in tree-culture, promoted with zeal and real knowledge by such leaders as the Hon. J. Sterling Morton of Nebraska, there will be great accomplishments in that direction within the coming decade. The farmers, moreover, will learn how vital is their interest in the preservation of the great tracts of mountain forest, as influencing river-flow and rainfall.

The trans-Mississippians have entered upon no line of rural industry with a more intelligent determination to make it a great success than upon dairying, not merely for home consumption, but for larger and more distant markets. There is probably no region in the world better adapted by nature for the production of milk and the making of butter and cheese than Minnesota, Iowa, eastern Nebraska, and portions of other adjacent States. Neighborhood coöperation in the dairying business is everywhere the Western watchword. The creameries—that is, butter factories—and the cheese factories are able, with the employment of the best possible machinery and the precise scientific regulation of all the details of manufacture, to turn out a far more uniform, perfect, and marketable product than any single farmer or private dairyman could hope to accomplish. The State agricultural colleges and the United States government experiment stations, under the effective and enthusiastic leadership of Mr. Wilson, the present Secretary of Agriculture, are promoting in every way the development of the industry and the improvement of the quality of the product, and are also educating the Eastern and European markets as respects the high qualities of Western butter and cheese. The consequence is bound to be that in a very



MINES AND MINING BUILDING.



UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

short time there will be a strong demand, almost world-wide in its extent, at profitable prices, for the dairy output of the region under discussion. One of the objects of the exhibits and conferences of the exposition is to stimulate the progress of just such new industries as this.

The Dakotas, Nebraska, Minnesota, and Iowa constitute the largest flax-producing area in the world. The production is primarily for the sake of the seed, from which linseed-oil is made, Omaha being one of the centers of that manufacture. For a number of years it has been the growing opinion that some utilization ought to be made of the flax straw, most of which now goes to waste. The McKinley tariff of 1890 contained clauses intended specifically to promote the manufacture of coarse linens in the Northwest from this now neglected material. Western ingenuity at once invented machines for heckling the flax straw and converting it into fiber, and high hopes were raised. The framers of the Wilson tariff did not seem quite to appreciate the facts, and the incipient Northwestern linen industry was nipped in the bud. I have no doubt whatever that before long the flax straw of the Northwest will be converted to a variety of

uses, and that coarse linens, such as towel-ing and the like, ducks and canvases, binding-twine, cordage, and other products, will be produced in great quantities, affording the farmer a profitable market for his flax straw, and adding a new line of industries to the towns. All this can come about without diminishing the value of the crop for purposes of linseed-oil. Northwestern flax fiber is to be found on exhibition at the fair, as also are Northwestern linseed-oils.

The Secretary of Agriculture has devoted great attention to proving by careful experiment that the sugar-beet—which can be advantageously produced in all these Western regions, and which is grown with notable success in Nebraska—loses none of its nutritive value for the purpose of feeding cattle from the fact that the sugar has been extracted. There can now be no doubt of the rapid progress in the early future of the cultivation of the sugar-beet, in the scheme of crop-diversification throughout the trans-Mississippi farming valleys. It is therefore highly interesting to know that beets can be doubly utilized, and that their value for sugar will not interfere with their use as a food for the dairy herds and the stall-fed beeves. Nebraska already has two beet-sugar



GRAND COURT, LOOKING WEST. (NIGHT.)

factories, the older one at Grand Island, the newer and larger one at Norfolk. The effect of the sugar-beet culture upon the communities that supply these two factories has been nothing short of magical. It has not made the farmers rich, by any means, but it has given just that touch of variety to their output that has supplemented everything else and made the whole agricultural combination work profitably. In the first place, the sugar-beet is a sure crop. It stands drought better than almost anything else. The supply for each of the two factories I have mentioned is produced within a tract of country having perhaps an average diameter of thirty miles, or a radius of fifteen miles from the factory. Almost every farmer raises from five to twenty acres of beets, producing an average of twenty tons per acre, for which he receives five dollars a ton at the factory. Land being abundant, a little additional labor will produce a field of beets with no appreciable diminution of other crops.

I might readily amplify this discussion of cattle-raising, beet-sugar enthusiasms, and agricultural progress in the West, but I will merely refer to the firm faith of the corn belt in the assured value of the American corn crop. It is believed everywhere in the West that corn will enter much more largely in the future than in the past into the world's food consumption. Great efforts have been made within two or three years to accustom the people of the British Islands

and of western and central Europe to the nutritious value of flour made from American maize. There has grown up in the West a very large industry in the making of corn-flour, and in the mixing of the flour of corn with that of wheat. There can be no possible objection to this mixture, if the buyer knows what he is getting. And this has now been made certain by the passage of an act, promoted by the great wheat-flour millers of the Northwest, which requires the plain labeling of mixed flour. The increased use of corn for human food, together with the growth of the cattle-fattening business on the farms, will tend to keep corn at a firm price. Meanwhile, the methods of production have been greatly improved through the development of machinery. Ingenious machines shell the corn, and the cobs as a by-product are useful for fuel, and will probably find a variety of other uses. I recently visited a town in the West which advertises a corn-cob pipe factory as one of its industries. Interesting and ingenious uses have been found for the pith of the corn-stalks. A good deal of glucose and a very fair quality of syrup are manufactured from corn. In fact, the variety of ends this valuable plant can be made to serve is increasing all the time. It was announced, for instance, a few weeks ago that an excellent substitute for rubber was now being made from corn.

The silver question as a factor in politics, so far as Colorado and the mining regions were concerned, was simply the question of

a way to maintain the market price of a leading local product. The cattle-grazers and the farmers had no interest in silver as such, but wanted to promote conditions which would make it easier for them to get good prices for their live stock and farm produce, and thus to pay their debts. They grasped at free silver as drowning men are said to grasp at a straw. Now that they have been getting better prices, and have been paying their debts with astonishing rapidity, they would seem to have lost interest in the silver panacea as a remedy for hard times. I am, of course, mentioning a political tendency rather than a widely realized change of view. The farmers of Nebraska can now borrow at six per cent., and in doing so can draw very largely upon an accumulation of local capital without needing to resort to the Eastern money-vaults. However, as a matter of fact, very few are borrowing. They have been eager to pay off old scores. The fact that capital has been accumulating locally was sufficiently demonstrated in June and July by the manner in which the trans-Mississippi belt subscribed to the new three-per-cent. bonds. I found in cities like Des Moines and Omaha a very ready response to Uncle Sam's call for funds, and the same thing was true in many of the smaller centers. This could not well have happened two or three years ago.

One of the most important and representative of the departments of the exposition is very properly that which is devoted to the mining interests of the great trans-Missis-

sippi region. North of Nebraska lies the wonderful Black Hills formation, with its great diversity of mineral wealth, and in another direction lie the coal-fields of Iowa. Still farther to the southward are the lead-mines of Missouri and the almost untouched wealth of the Ozarks, while directly west is the State of Colorado, which, when the silver-mining industry had reached a comparatively low ebb of prosperity, turned promptly to gold-mining, with the result that it has taken first rank among American States in the amount of its gold output. Omaha itself has also its corollary industry, well worthy the attention of those who study the mining exhibits on the fair-grounds. Its great smelting-works for many years have ranked with the principal establishments of the world in the magnitude of their operations. As the trans-Mississippi mining interests have enormously increased, the tendency has been to locate the newer smelting-works at points nearer to the mines. But concentrated ores will continue to be brought to Omaha, and the industry will be maintained on a scale that will, in that regard as in others, continue to make Omaha a permanent, all-the-year-round exhibition of the vital business interests of the trans-Mississippi country.

Within the memory of men now living almost every foot of the great trans-Mississippi country was the habitat of Indian tribes. The Omaha Exposition signalizes the triumph of the Anglo-Saxon pioneers, first, over the aborigines, and, second, over the forces of nature. The Indians that have



GRAND COURT, LOOKING EAST. (NIGHT.)



FINE ARTS BUILDING.

survived are grouped upon reservations in the numerous States and Territories, and their children are undergoing the process of intellectual and industrial training in government schools. By far the most picturesque and distinctive feature of the exposition will have consisted in the so-called "Indian Congress." The word "encampment" would have been, perhaps, better descriptive of the fact than the word "congress." The managers of the exposition had perceived the desirability of bringing representative groups of Indians from all the principal tribes, and placing them on the exposition grounds in such wigwams or other habitations as were strictly characteristic of the particular tribe. In or near those habitations the Indians were to be occupied with the industries originally practised by them, whether weaving, carving, basket-making, arrow-shaping, or otherwise. This gathering of Indians was not to partake in any sense of the character of the Midway diversions or the Wild West shows. It was, on the contrary, to be carried out under the auspices of the government's Indian Bureau, with the aid of the ethnologists of the Smithsonian Institution. The greatest care was to be taken that every tribe should

be costumed, not after the later manner in government blankets, blue calico, and the supplies furnished by the Indian Bureau, but in the fashion of the tribe in its previous state of independence. Characteristic dances and ceremonials of various sorts were to be given.

Thus it happens that the Indian Congress was to afford the last opportunity, presumably, to see the red man in his primitive glory and in his various tribal divisions, under correct conditions of dwelling, costume, industry, and ceremonial. It is entirely safe to predict that in the later weeks of the exposition period, particularly through the month of October, the assemblage of Indians will have attracted not only national but world-wide attention, as the most unusual feature of an exposition interesting for many other reasons. The position of Omaha is such that it was possible to bring Indians from many reservations at a comparatively small expense. The general execution of the project was intrusted to Captain W. A. Mercer, U. S. A., of the Omaha Reservation in Nebraska, while Professor James Mooney of the Bureau of Ethnology was charged with certain phases of the exhibit that were

expected to add very greatly to its scientific interest and value.

The musical congress under the auspices of the exposition afforded evidence of widespread and earnest interest in musical culture in all parts of the West; and though as yet we may not look for great composers or the production of great musical artists in the trans-Mississippi region, it is certainly true that every town has now its considerable group of people trained to an appreciation of good music, with meritorious and conscientious music-teachers at work everywhere. To have heard Dvořák's "American Symphony" rendered by the Thomas Orchestra on the exposition grounds at Omaha, in the presence of a great and enthusiastic audience, is a thing to be remembered, especially when one has just crossed the near-by Iowa prairies which inspired the composition of that noble music. Moreover, it was instructive to note the Omaha enthusiasm for such American music as MacDowell's "Indian Suite" and Kroeger's "Hiawatha Suite," and to witness the response when the orchestra played Chadwick's music, with the composer himself wielding the baton.

The purpose of the art exhibit, well arranged as it is in a most beautiful double

building joined by colonnades inclosing an open court, is not to exhibit the crude beginnings of Western art to Western people, but rather to utilize the exposition period for the purpose of giving the Western visitors an opportunity to see pictures fairly representative of the best European and American painting. The collection of pictures has been made for the exposition by Mr. A. H. Griffiths, director of the admirable art museum of Detroit. It is not easy to improvise a great art gallery for the purposes of a Western exhibition, and those who are best qualified to judge of the comparative success or failure of Mr. Griffiths's undertaking are the very men who have been most unstinting in their expressions of admiration and surprise. It was not to be expected that there should have been developed as yet between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains any distinctive or important school of painting, and it is quite enough to know that the Western towns are developing an intelligent taste and appreciation. This sound point of view as respects pictures is due not a little to the excellent art instruction provided in picture and text by our best magazines. A very worthy part of the exhibit at Omaha is made up of original



COLONNADE AND FINE ARTS BUILDING.



LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

drawings and paintings, loaned by New York publishers, from which magazine illustrations have been engraved.

One is scarcely in danger of overestimating the importance of the educational effect upon the trans-Mississippi population of the very general reading of the best magazines and periodicals. We find in these States a distinctively reading community. It is a serious-minded population, a part of America in which art clubs, history classes, and woman's intellectual movements of all sorts have taken deep root. There is not a village of a thousand people in all this wide region which has not its intellectual circle, its men and women who sustain one or more book clubs, magazine clubs, literary societies, and classes for systematic study of some period or phase of literature or history or art. It is precisely because these people feel themselves remote from the great centers that they study and read the more conscientiously. So these trans-Mississippi communities have their good society, in the best sense of the term. The existence of such circles of people scattered through all the towns and villages, with a sprinkling in the farm-houses, throughout the great expanses of the West

provides our publishers of magazines and books with one of the most essential parts of their constituency. There is hard work to be done in these Western communities, and plain living is the rule; but there is plenty of high thinking along with the plain living, and somehow there seems to be more time for thorough reading than in the rush and whirl of the life of Eastern cities.

The library movement has taken firm hold upon the trans-Mississippi country, and the larger towns begin one after another to show something creditable in the founding and support of public libraries. Omaha, for example, has an admirable young public library, with an excellent building. The collection at present numbers about sixty thousand volumes, and Omaha ranks favorably with the best cities of the country in the ratio of actual circulation and use of its library books. Mr. Johnson Brigham, State librarian at Des Moines, an eager promoter of trans-Mississippi reading, writing, and study, sees the peculiarly favorable opportunities that a State like Iowa affords for an application of the traveling-library plan, which has accomplished so much within a year or two in Wisconsin. The Iowa legislature

has made some provision for traveling libraries, and undoubtedly the plan will have a large development in the near future in all these trans-Mississippi States.

The World's Fair at Chicago, one of the greatest architectural achievements of all history, effaced any line that may previously have been supposed to separate Eastern from Western architecture. Western and Eastern architects worked harmoniously together to create the marvelous "White City" in Jackson Park. If the country had been without this Chicago experience, the spectacle of the white buildings harmoniously grouped about the lagoon on the Omaha exposition grounds would have filled the nation and the world with amazement and enthusiasm. It was not to be expected that the fair at Omaha, improvised, so to speak, within a period of a little more than a year, could have rivaled in extent or magnificence the Columbian Exposition, for the success of which such vast resources were poured out, and under circumstances so favorable in every way. Nevertheless, the trans-Mississippi Exposition, as an architectural spectacle to be viewed at a stroke of the eye from any one of several standpoints, does not suffer in comparison with the White City of five years ago. For the very reason that

it is so much smaller, the architectural problem was more readily manageable. As seen from the eastern end of the lagoon in the morning, with domes, pinnacles, and statuary groups outlined against the clear azure, or, even better, as seen from the west end of the lagoon at sunset, with the beautiful towers of the eastern entrance silhouetted against the pure deep blue of a sky that is usually cloudless, the effect is so beautiful that no words can describe it. And the charm of a gondola ride in the evening, with all the buildings fascinatingly illumined by myriads of incandescent electric lights, and the fountains in front of the United States Government Building playing in opalescent tints, can only be suggested.

The lagoon is half a mile long, and the striking feature at the far end of it is the gilded dome of the United States Government Building. The general architects of the exposition are Messrs. Walker & Kimball, who are at once a Boston and an Omaha firm. Certainly no member of a profession whose recent achievements have made the country very proud of its adaptability and its artistic progress would wish to subtract anything from the hearty praise due to Messrs. Walker & Kimball for what they have achieved at Omaha with a surprisingly



AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

small expenditure of money. These architects-in-chief, on the other hand, are ready to accord the fullest credit to the architects of Omaha, Minneapolis, St. Paul, St. Louis, Denver, Chicago, and other Western towns, who furnished the designs for individual buildings. THE CENTURY early in the year told its readers of the architectural scheme that had been devised for the exposition.

If the architects who laid out the exposition grounds and arranged its architectural scheme could only have been on hand with their present knowledge and an adequate stock of foresight when the original plat of Omaha was surveyed, they would doubtless have insisted upon reserving a rectangular central parkway. All the land facing upon that central oblong parkway they would have carefully reserved for buildings of a public or quasi-public character. About this open space would have been grouped the existing public buildings, which are now scattered in the same vicinity, but which are without any of the cumulative benefit that each building would derive from a harmonious ground-plan. Enough money has been spent, for example, for building the high school, the court-house, the city hall, the public library, and a few quasi-public buildings,

such as theaters, hotels, and the like, to have provided a grouping at the heart of the city of Omaha as effective in its way as the transient but fascinating array of structures that the architects have improvised for the purposes of a single season's exposition.

I cannot forbear to emphasize this lesson. Nearly all the old towns of Europe have their central market square, with the cathedral on one side, the town hall on another, and public buildings along the entire frontage. Our rectangular American towns—Omaha being a conspicuous instance—lack a central point from which the town may radiate naturally and conveniently. It is not yet too late, in our growing trans-Mississippi States, for some of the newer towns to learn the architectural lesson that was taught in Jackson Park five years ago, and that is now taught at Omaha in a still more practical way because on a less overwhelming scale of magnificence. The influence that its external beauty is almost certain to exert upon future municipal development, as respects public grounds and buildings, and the ornamental side of life, may well prove in the long run to have been the best service rendered to Omaha and other trans-Mississippi towns by this year's brilliant exposition.



ILLINOIS BUILDING.



ENGRAVED BY E. W. CHADWICK.

QUAIL-CATCHING IN NETS AT DOMEUTA.

“HOME OF THE INDOLENT.”

THE ISLAND OF CAPRI.

BY FRANK D. MILLET.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES CARYL COLEMAN.

AMONG the deck-passengers on the little steamer crossing the Gulf of Naples to Capri, one afternoon, a Tyrolean peasant in his native costume, complete from the black cock-feather in his rough felt hat to his heavy-soled boots, sat, undisturbed and almost unnoticed, gazing at the beautiful outline of the island as it gradually melted into the warm glow of twilight. To me, returning after a long absence, this figure was an object of some curiosity; and as I noticed that he did not speak to any one in the crowd of Capri peasants on board, I made my way along the deck, and addressed him. At the sound of German, which broke into the music of the Capri patois like the clash of cymbals in the harmony of stringed instruments, he started from his reverie, and began to ply me with questions about the island. Soon, finding me a willing listener, he grew communicative, and spoke freely of his experiences on the way to this the goal of his wanderings. Far away in the north, in a quiet hamlet in the Tyrolean mountains, the fame of this earthly paradise had reached his ears, and had so stimulated his imagination that he could not resist the impulse to see for himself this wonderful spot. So he started

forth on his first journey into the world, provided with one excursion ticket, armed with a heavy stick, and encumbered with no other impedimenta except his pipe and tobacco-pouch. Until he reached Naples, and caught his first view of the gulf, he saw nothing finer than his own native valley; but now, crossing the beautiful bay, he felt that his journey was reaching a proper climax, and that he should find Capri to be all that his imagination pictured. I saw him safely ashore, gave him in charge of the first German waiter I found and, avoiding the persistent cabmen, intrusted my portmanteau to a sturdy peasant girl, and climbed the hill by the old foot-path toward the twinkling lights of the town.

This incident of the Tyrolean had irritated me somewhat, because it indicated the strength of the Teutonic invasion, and marked the extent of the conquest of the island. But in Capri no mental irritation remains long at burning-heat, and the insinuating charms of the place, revived and quickened by every familiar odor and sound, soon captivated my spirit. I felt that the island was my own again.

Every one must discover Capri for himself, and a jealous sense of ownership moves all

who really come within the influence of its unique and potent charm. For them the withered ilex puts forth fresh buds, repeating the omen which led Cæsar Augustus to purchase the island; for them the story of the world-weary Tiberius has infinite pathos; and for them the tales of awful cruelties which have long branded, in the popular mind, this emperor as one of the basest of all human monsters, are but cheap and feeble inventions. When the island became the private property of the imperial family, in the height of the reign of Augustus, it was

years. Traces of his villas, gardens, and baths are abundant all over the island, and fragments of precious marbles, mosaics, artistically engraved glass, and other relics, are found to this time, testifying to the grandeur and luxury of the improvements which, we may well believe, furnished a healthy and constant diversion for the care-ridden and melancholy ruler. The placid Bay of Naples, its luxuriant shores dotted with villas and flourishing seaside resorts, made then, as it makes now, an ever-varying, always fascinatingly beautiful pano-



ENGRAVED BY PETER AITKEN.

CAPRI GIRLS GATHERING FIG-VINE LEAVES FOR FEEDING CATTLE

a barren rock, inhabited only by a few goat-herds with their flocks; hence the name. Its advantages as an isolated, yet accessible, retreat brought it to the notice of Augustus. He erected a large villa there, and it became known as "Apragopolis," or "Home of the Indolent." Tiberius, who had long looked forward to retirement from the nervous whirl and confusion of life in Rome, enlarged the villa of Augustus, and built a number of summer-houses, baths, and other edifices of more or less importance. A tired old man, overwhelmed with the cares of government, and tortured by family troubles, he found there a quiet and soothing retreat. An echo of the turbulence of Roman politics necessarily penetrated, on occasions, even to this water-girt and cliff-bound rock; but it did not break the spell that chained the aged emperor to the spot, nor long disturb the peace of mind so grateful to his declining

rama. Where the menacing black cone of Vesuvius now stands as an impressive monument over buried cities, rich olive-groves and vineyards covered gentle slopes, and the blue waters of the gulf rippled against the walls of Pompeii, now a mile inland. The dark cloud that hovered over the peninsula during the middle ages shrouded the little island as well; neglect, decay, and the ruthless hand of the barbarian wrought each its havoc, and nature claimed its own again. In modern times it has become a new and revived Apragopolis, not through the caprice of an autocrat, but by the slower and more lasting methods of gradual increase of population, and the consequent rise in its political and commercial importance. Before the steamers made communication with the mainland more or less sure and regular, the semi-stagnation of the little community was seldom broken by any event worthy the notice of the

chronicler. The simple-minded people, content within the limits of the great rock, gazed with unruffled spirit on the rapid changes in the face of the landscape across

echoes any desire to exchange the sweet peace of the island for the turmoil and struggle of busy life. Almost forgotten in their solitude, the islanders developed into



ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

PEASANT GIRL UNDER AN OLIVE-TREE.

the bay, wrought by the forces of modern progress. Rumors of the wonderful railway through the lava-beds on the flanks of Vesuvius did not awake their slumbering imaginations to activity, nor did the hoarse roar of the great steam leviathans, as they swept majestically across the gulf, stir with its

something like a clan, distinctly superior to their neighbors in type and physique. They retained in purity their costume, customs, and habits of life, and remained generations behind the age in many of the commonest elements of civilization. Their patois, enriched, like that of the Neapolitans, by a



ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

GIRLS PRUNING VINES, TOWN OF CAPRI IN THE DISTANCE.

large proportion of guttural words of Arabic origin, kept a decidedly local and insular flavor, which, notwithstanding the modernization of the island, remains to this day prominently characteristic of their speech.

Commerce, with its attendant train of tourists, at last found its way across the gulf; and the rumor of the enchanting beauties of the scenery, and the classical perfection of the type of peasant, soon spread abroad, and artists of all nationalities began to frequent the island, and many of them made it their fixed abode. From this incursion dates the decadence of one of the chief original charms of Capri, its primitive simplicity. The sentimental Teuton, the blasé Celt, and the enterprising Anglo-Saxon, each found here his own special delights, and all speedily fell under the old-time spell that remained active in spite of all changes, and still remains irresistible. Until 1874 no horse and no wheeled vehicle had ever been seen on the island, for the good reason that there were no roads, and the foot-paths were often interrupted by flights of steps cut in the rock. The exigencies of the tourist system demanded easier communications to the points of interest; and commercial enterprise, ignoring, as it always does, all sentiment, and mindful only of present advantages, constructed, at

great expense and considerable disfigurement of the landscape, an excellent road from the water-front through the town of Capri to the upper plateau of the rock, where stands the village of Ana Capri, which was hitherto inaccessible except by a flight of steps over three hundred in number. After the building of this road, the transformation of the island was, of course, very rapid. At nearly every point from which there is a choice view over land and sea, the ubiquitous publican opened his rustic beer-house, and soon glaring placards called the traveler's attention to the advantages of a halt to enjoy the prospect and to quench the thirst.

The indigenous style of the architecture of the island is partly Moorish and partly Roman, and in its original simplicity gave a decidedly Oriental aspect to the place. But the villa, with its terra-cotta sphinxes and cheap busts and vases, its red-tiled roofs and outside walls decorated after the Munich fashion, now frequently breaks the agreeable continuity of the whitewashed façades, and gives a garish note of false color against the delicate hazy greens of the terraced slopes and the refined gray of the limestone cliffs. Nature, however, is too strong to permit these persistent efforts of man to disturb her harmonies, and in the great exaltation that possesses the visitor as the glorious

landscape unfolds itself before him, changing at every step, varying with every phase of the weather and with every degree of the sun's progress across the wide blue dome of the heavens—in this exaltation, which carries with it an absorbing sense of peace and a sweet, inexpressible longing, the discords of modernization lose much of their irritating force. Altered as the island is in the direction I have briefly indicated, the change is, happily, thus far only superficial, and possibly the stream of travel may be diverted to some other novel spot before the florid exotic growth completely smothers the simple and primitive nature of the place. In the last two decades, unfortunately for the artist, all characteristic articles of costume have disappeared, and in this short period has faded away in a marked degree the peculiar type of race which belonged to the island, and which was its great pride. Once famous for women beautiful in form and in feature, it can now lay claim to no greater distinction in this respect than that which abides with the adjacent promontory on the mainland. In this decadence the leveling influence of modernization is seen more than in anything else. The healthy, robust peasant girls still perform the larger part of the manual labor, and are the hod-carriers, the navvies, and the

burden-bearers generally. But while the type has degenerated in a marked degree, the Capri girls still retain a reputation for remarkable qualities of physical strength and endurance, and for mental capacity, which no other Italian peasants can claim to equal. This decadence of beauty may be set down, first, to the process of selection which has been going on for many years, for the natives sadly acknowledge that the foreigners marry all the pretty girls and carry them away; and, secondly, it may be charged to the account of commerce, for the popularity of the island has attracted a notable immigration from the mainland, and this leaven has made visible changes in the population.

From the point of view of the artist, whom, for the sake of argument, we may consider as looking upon the islanders from the purely Platonic view of models, and as so many agreeable objects of human interest in landscape or interior, the loss of local costume is almost as serious as decadence of type. The blue bodice, the gay kerchief, and the elaborate coiffure which were in use a decade ago, when the drawings which illustrate this article were made, have given place to the corset, the shirt-waist, and the latest twist of the hair. Like the Japanese dancing-girls who became aware of their bare feet in



ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

GATHERING OLIVES NEAR ANA CAPRI.

the Chicago Exposition and refused to appear in public unless chastely dressed, as to their legs, in white-cotton stockings, and became common and almost vulgar in consequence, so the Capri girls are fast becoming aware of their ankles, and they will all of them soon cramp their pretty toes in ready-made shoes. Once adopted, the distorting foot-gear, which machinery has brought within the means of the humblest laborer, will be there to stay, and almost the only remaining examples of uncivilized feet on the continent of Europe will be lost to the artist for all time.

As for the patois, I am informed by Dr. Cerio, a native of Capri, who is a cultivated archæologist, and has made an exhaustive and intelligent study of everything pertaining to the island, that in the short space of twenty years more than two hundred words have been lost from the common vocabulary.

I should, indeed, be disloyal to a ripe sentiment of love for the island if I refrained from insisting that the transalpine invasion has not spoiled the island, while it has, no doubt, disturbed its purity and diminished some of its charms. Most of the facets of this gem of the Mediterranean are still untarnished and flawless. The primitive life of the peasant remains much the same in all essential features; he employs the traditional methods in cultivating his vineyards, in making his oil and his wine, and in building his

houses, undisturbed by the gleam of the white umbrella or the red flash of the Baedeker, and sets up his quail-nets close to the white ribbon of the new road, apparently unaware of the noise of traffic or the chatter of enthusiastic tourists. A few steps away from the bustle of the landing-place or the hum of the little square in the town, all is calm and placid; a soothing murmur of the sea breaking at the foot of the cliffs is always heard, rising and falling with the breezes that play about the headlands, broken only by the piping of the goatherds and the song of the girls as they carry their water-jars, or file along in stately procession, laden with building-material or produce. In this Apragopolis the senses are dulled to all irritating externals, and a refreshing peace steals unconsciously into the mind harassed by anxiety and vexed by sordid cares. There is much in its situation as a sentinel at the entrance to the most beautiful bay in the world, much in its lofty domination over the sea, much in its climate and in the gentle nature of its people, that enchains the heart and captivates the spirit; but its real charm cannot be communicated by pen or by brush. Those who become captives to its fascinations soon loathe the turbulent clamor of the great city across the gulf, and, undisturbed in their aery, regard the mainland almost as another planet. This is the true Apragopolitan sentiment, and who shall say it is not a rejuvenating and a salutary one?



CARE.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

ALL in the leafy darkness, when sleep had passed me by,
 I knew the surging of the sea —
 Though never wave were nigh.
 All in the leafy darkness, unbroken by a star,
 There came the clamorous call of day,
 While yet the day was far.
 All in the leafy darkness, woven with hushes deep,
 I heard the vulture-wings of Fear
 Above me tireless sweep;
 The sea of Doubt, the dread of day, upon me surged and swept,
 All in the leafy darkness,
 And while the whole world slept.



TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF THE EMPEROR TRAJAN AT BENEVENTUM.

THE ROMAN EMPEROR AND HIS ARCH OF TRIUMPH.

BY ARTHUR LINCOLN FROTHINGHAM.

WHEN Princeton cast off the title of college to call herself a university, and celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of her foundation in so memorable a fashion, the authorities erected a triumphal arch to span the main street skirting the campus. It was only a temporary wooden structure, but its proportions were admirable, being modeled on those of the triumphal arch of Trajan at Benevento, to which I had happened to call the designer's attention. Arches had been growing in favor with us even before the erection of the marble arch in Washington Square had added a gem to the few really beautiful public monuments

of New York. With our growing love of pageants, anniversaries, exhibitions, and commemorative monuments, the arch has probably come to stay, and it would be the part of wisdom for our architects and designers to study the best arches built by those inventors of it, the Romans. It may seem paradoxical to say that the most beautiful of all these ancient arches had remained almost unknown until, in 1895, the permission of the Italian government was given me to have molds taken from it on behalf of the new American School of Classical Studies in Rome.

Benevento, the old Beneventum, is now a

sleepy little city in the southeast of Italy, and yet its past history is long and interesting. It is full of Roman inscriptions and remains of Roman monuments, for it was the principal city on the long road from Rome to Brundisium, on the Adriatic coast, and afterward it became the seat of a Lombard duchy. The middle ages have bequeathed us

there remained no doubt in my mind on this point. I knew that I had found the most beautiful, expensive, and well-preserved work of Roman sculpture—unique, also, in the varied interest of the subjects represented in its reliefs. Still, it was not until more than a year had passed that I began to solve the puzzle of many of its reliefs, and finally flattered



TRAJAN CROSSING THE DANUBE AND PROCLAIMING DACIA A ROMAN PROVINCE.

a fine cathedral and other churches. Still, its interest centers preëminently about the triumphal arch of Trajan.

When I went to Benevento two years ago to study this little-known monument, I did not suppose that I should find anything that would be of special importance for the history of Trajan's reign. The question was whether from the artistic standpoint it would be advisable for the American School to have molds and casts made of the principal sculptures. After the first glimpse

myself that I had deciphered them all. In the meantime the molder, Piernovelli, had come from Rome with his workmen, the scaffolding was erected, and I was able to study every detail at close quarters, and have good photographs made of each relief.

It is an unusual privilege to be able to bring to light a bit of the life of one of the great men of history, especially when what has been known of him serves rather to whet than to satisfy the world's desire. Most students of Roman history will acknowledge

that the greatest emperor after Augustus was Trajan, even if they do not, following in the wake of Montesquieu, regard him as the greatest ruler in history. Yet, by a strange fatality, almost all the literary sources for his reign, with the exception of Pliny's letters and panegyric, have disappeared, so that most of our information

Rome, in 99, and the fact that no trouble occurred during his long absence from the capital shows how respected and feared was this dweller in camps.

After taking a firm grasp on the reins of government, he began preparations for war on the Dacians, who were continually threatening Rome across the Danube, and whose de-



THE CAPITOLINE GODS WELCOMING TRAJAN BACK TO ROME AFTER THE SECOND DACIAN WAR.

comes at second-hand, in later or abridged compilations, with stray bits, here and there, in inscriptions and on coins.

Trajan was the first notable emperor of provincial blood. After the bloody and moody reigns of Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero, and the puerile and suspicious tyranny of Domitian, it was a good omen when Nerva had the sense to take Trajan as his colleague in the empire, in A.D. 97. His death, shortly after, left Trajan sole emperor until the year 117. When the new emperor's firmness had completely pacified Germany, he went to

feat of Domitian, not long before, had left a stain on Roman honor that must be wiped away. It was in 101 that this war began, to be continued until the submission of Decebalus. The name of this heroic and able Dacian king should be placed by the side of that of the German heroic hero Hermann on the roll of national heroes of the barbaric struggle with Rome. The peace which followed was really only a breathing-spell before the final struggle in 105; for Decebalus could not be satisfied as a vassal of Rome, and Trajan would not rest until he had completely con-

quered the Dacians. "Oh, when," he would exclaim—"when shall I turn Dacia into a Roman province!" And so the second war came, after Trajan had made it possible to attack Dacia in a more vulnerable spot by building the most famous bridge of ancient times across the Danube.

The arch selects the beginning of the second Dacian war as the starting-point for its scenes. A first arch had been erected at the beginning of Trajan's reign as a memorial of his earliest successes in Germany. A second

famous bridge, and raising the kneeling figure of Dacia, which awaits him on the other side. He then proclaims Dacia a Roman province, and places it under the protection of Bacchus, Ceres, Diana, and Silvanus, whose exquisite figures appear in the opposite relief. A country famous, as Dacia always was for its vines, its wheat-fields, its forests, and its plains, would naturally fall under the jurisdiction of these gods. Then, after the completion of the conquest, comes the triumph. We have several descrip-



TRAJAN PRESENTING TO ITALY THE POOR CHILDREN EDUCATED BY HIS BOUNTY.

monument had probably recorded the first Dacian war. So it was unnecessary for the historic sculptor of our arch to go back any further. In fact, the monuments in the forum of Trajan—the most perfect group of works of art produced by the empire—had given in detail the various incidents of the second Dacian war in the reliefs of the memorial column, while on the arch in the forum stood statues of captive Dacians, and reliefs of the principal battles. The designer of the Benevento arch, therefore, decided to treat the subject of the Dacian war not realistically, as had been done before, but with a touch of Greek ideality, in the line of four upper reliefs, with their figures of colossal size. On one side is the beginning of the campaign, with Trajan passing the Danube over his

tions of triumphs, as, for example, that of Paulus Æmilius in Plutarch; but none gives its pageantry in such details and with such realism as the sculptor does in the triumphal frieze which completely encircles the Benevento arch. For specialists this frieze will henceforth be the main source of information for everything connected with Roman triumphal processions. Two scenes connected with the triumph are given in separate large reliefs on account of their importance: under the shadow of the great arch is the sacrifice of thanks for victory, in which the Emperor officiates as pontifex maximus; and on the upper part of the arch, opposite the scene of the conquest of Dacia, are represented the return of the Emperor to the Capitol, and the welcome given him by

the Romans, and by seven gods, headed by Juno, Minerva, and Jupiter, who extends toward Trajan his thunderbolt, as if giving to him divine powers and universal rule. With Trajan's return the first cycle of reliefs closes.

The seven years of peace that followed the conquest of Dacia form the second notable period in Trajan's reign—that in which he accomplished nearly all his reconstructive administrative work. The senate, in after years, was in the habit of expressing the wish, at the beginning of a reign, that the new emperor might be as fortunate as Augustus and as good as Trajan. Trajan gained this reputation mainly through his unwearied efforts to ameliorate the condition of the people, especially in Italy. He had found the senate snubbed and discontented, the tenure of property insecure and at the mercy of spies and informers, the population rapidly diminishing, impoverished, and with relaxed fiber, the discipline of the army poor, commerce reduced, agriculture depressed, and the supply of grain insufficient. Some of the steps which he took to rectify all this are commemorated on the arch, in the middle line of four large reliefs on both of its faces. In order to encourage commerce, and especially the importation of grain, he turned his attention to the Italian ports. He greatly enlarged the port of Ancona, the largest on the Adriatic coast, and this event was recorded on a beautiful honorary arch, erected there to Trajan in 115. He added a new basin to that of Claudius at the port of Rome, thus completing a harbor system larger and finer than any even in modern times. At Civita Vecchia he opened up a new port, called, from him, *Portus Trajani*. These superb public works were commemorated in a relief of our arch, where Trajan is receiving the deputations of the three ports, whose protecting deities are enshrined in the background on a rocky ledge.

The Emperor perfected Nerva's idea of state aid in the education of poor children, and combined with it a plan to encourage agriculture. Large sums of money were loaned to communes from the imperial treasury, at a low rate of interest, and were used to bring new land under cultivation on mortgages, the income of which was used to give regular support to poor children of both sexes in the commune, especially to boys. These children were at once enrolled in a tribe, and at the proper age the young men were drafted into the army. As this institu-

tion was kept up by succeeding emperors, we conclude that it served its purpose of reviving agriculture, encouraging the poor to raise large families, and providing loyal recruits for the army. Two reliefs on the arch are remarkable attempts to express all this in sculpture. On the right Trajan presents a boy and a girl to an allegorical female figure of Italy holding a plow, the emblem of agriculture, while Mars stands approvingly in the background—showing the usefulness of the new institution in both peace and war. The other relief is perhaps the only known representation of recruits entering the Roman army. A youth, with feet bared and placed close together, with straining muscles and erect, stiff attitude, stands before the Emperor, while his measure is taken by a beautiful allegorical figure in full armor, representing the genius of the army. Another youth is awaiting his turn. This scene brings to mind the wonderful sympathy between Trajan and his army. There was no other Roman commander that had it as much, if we except Cæsar. And the two were alike in the strict discipline they imposed, in sharing the fatigues of the common soldier, in knowing each by name, and bearing in mind the individual exploits of each. But while Trajan was not as brilliant a general as Cæsar, he was a superb legislator and organizer for the army, and it was this which made possible the peaceful reign of Hadrian, and the long immunity from military disturbances which followed. The designer of the arch was right in illustrating Trajan's relations to the army as among the most important activities of his reign.

When the army had done its share in conquering Dacia,—and this is picturesquely described in the reliefs of the famous column of Trajan,—there was not much of its population left: nearly all were killed, captives, or emigrants. So Trajan attempted the colonization of it on a large scale, to make of it a bulwark of the empire against Western barbarians. He brought in people from all parts of the empire, especially from the East, founded a number of cities, worked the old mines and quarries and opened new ones, created a system of roads, and encouraged the growing of wheat and the vine, for which the country had always been famous. If the Rumanians and Wallachians who occupy this region at the present day speak a Romance language, it is due to the abiding influence of this bold and successful attempt at colonization. It was evidently the sculptor's intention to bring all this to mind in

the last relief of the middle line of sculptures. Two representatives of the new province are before Trajan, presented by two patron deities, while in the rear stands the Province, holding the standard with five eagles, which symbolizes the Roman army of five legions, by which it was conquered.

This scene closes the series of reliefs devoted to the peaceful triumphs of the seven years spent in internal administration. The lower line of sculptures illustrates the early scenes of the Parthian war which followed,

the Persians, while the Parthians, whose power was only a faint shadow of theirs, had defied Rome.

Seven years passed before Trajan gave an ear to these voices. Perhaps it was mere restlessness on his part. He had lived a military life ever since the age of sixteen. Internal administration could not satisfy every side of his active spirit. In the autumn of 113, relying mainly on the legions already stationed in the East, he set sail from the port of Brundisium for



TRAJAN CONFERRING AUTHORITY UNDER ROMAN SUZERAINITY TO KINGS
DURING HIS CAMPAIGNS IN THE EAST.

and in which Trajan lost his life. Ever since Crassus lost so many legions in the East, in B. C. 53, the Romans had clamored at intervals for the conquest of the Parthians. It was a true Roman characteristic to strike back: Carthage, Gaul, Macedonia, had found Roman memories tenacious and Roman arms long. But there was another reason. Rome was jealous of Alexander's glory. Nearly two centuries of its literature before the time of Trajan are full of allusions to Oriental conquest. The Greeks taunted their new masters with the defeat of Crassus as proving the great military inferiority of the Romans to the Greeks; for Alexander had conquered

Greece. At Athens he received the ambassadors from Chosroes, King of Parthia, and sent them away, saying he would give them an answer in Seleucia. After landing, he proceeded at once to Antioch, and there established his headquarters for the winter, and entered into negotiations with a number of minor rulers in Mesopotamia, Armenia, and Asia Minor. The first-fruits of his policy appeared in the spring, when, on his advance toward Armenia, he received the submission of a number of rulers of the regions of the Euxine, the Caspian, and the Caucasus, and so gave safe communications and a base of supplies to his army of operation. This is

the subject of the first of the four lower reliefs on the Benevento arch, which give the principal events of the campaign of 114. Here are four Eastern kinglets receiving investiture at the hands of the Emperor, under the auspices of Jupiter.

After pacifying Armenia, Trajan returned toward Antioch, and on his way was approached by Abgarus, King of Osrhoene, who hoped to obtain his favor by rich presents. He brought a thousand battle-horses, with rich trappings and arms for the horse-men, but, above all, relied on the personal charms of his son Arbandes, whom he presented to the Emperor. Knowing the Emperor's weakness for handsome youths, this was a keen stroke, and we are told that it was eminently successful. This presentation of the young man in picturesque costume to Trajan by his old father is the theme of the next relief.

On his return to Antioch for the winter of 115, Trajan had completed all the necessary preliminaries for his attack on the Parthians. It was to be delivered, not as Crassus delivered his, across the desert, but from the north, by the longer and safer route. With pacified or friendly countries in his rear, success seemed certain. His entrance into Antioch was triumphal. The city was crowded with dignitaries from every part of the empire, who came to confer with Trajan on public affairs, or to receive his commands. The Emperor had been acclaimed three times imperator by the army. He entered the city, his head crowned with laurel. In one of the lower reliefs of the Benevento arch we see Trajan, surrounded by his lictors, about to pass through the city gates. Its companion scene is its echo—a public ceremony in Rome by which the senate and the people celebrate the Emperor's successes, and offer up vows for his safe return, the triumphal crown being carried by an allegorical crowned figure. This is the latest of the events chronicled on the arch, which was finished at the beginning of the year 115.

Trajan continued his Eastern campaign for more than two years, and when, after varying fortunes, he was about to set sail for Italy, he fell ill and died. The triumphal arch at Benevento, under which it was fondly hoped he would pass, saw only the

returning footsteps of Hadrian, who celebrated in Rome, in 119, his cousin's posthumous Parthian triumph, amid the sadness of the army and the people.

To the student of sculpture this great series of reliefs has come like a revelation. It was not supposed that Roman art was capable of producing a work of such breadth of conception, of such an artistic combination of beauty and strength. The skill and picturesqueness of composition, the dramatic quality of single figures, and especially what we can only term their life, are beyond anything done in sculpture since the altar at Pergamon. What we have from the times of Augustus, Claudius, and Titus seems lifeless and monotonous in comparison. With the uncertainty that reigns in regard to the history of Roman sculpture, any work of assured date is welcome. It is amusing to see how many theories are overturned by the arch. For example, the best authorities have been dating Roman busts from the style of head-dress, assigning a special kind of style to the reign of Nero, another to Titus, another to the Antonines, etc. There is now consternation in this camp because all these manners of head-dress are found together on our arch, and this convenient aid to dating has vanished. While I am referring to portraiture, let me call attention to the superb portraits of great Romans on the arch. There is, of course, a collection of fine heads of Trajan himself, which will at least double the number of his known portraits: there is more than one of Hadrian, Trajan's nephew and aide-de-camp; of Licinius Sura, his oldest and most intimate friend, secretary, and chief of staff; and of other men who were the Emperor's companions and lieutenants in his wars. The arch is a mine of wealth of many kinds, and for every one it is a beautiful work of art which may well serve as an inspiration to modern artists as the most perfect work of its kind that antiquity has produced.

A well-known Frenchman said to me, last summer: "I have been asked several times, 'What is the use of an American school in Rome?' and I did not quite know what to answer; but now I see, and this work you have done in molding the Benevento arch is alone enough to justify the founding of the school."

THE YELLOW BURGEE.

A YARN OF THE SPANISH WAR.

BY CHESTER BAILEY FERNALD,

Author of "The Cat and the Cherub."

THERE was me and Clarence O'Shay; and Fergus of Oregon; and Williams the nigger; and Bo's'n Nutt of Newburyport, so called, though no bo's'n at all; and Brawney Thompson, the new recruit: and we was the crew of her tops—all bottled with fight, and guessing what next, with the department tight as a drum with information, for yet having none to impart. By the hot twilight of the Keys the clot of us would rally on the for'ard deck for general expansion and repartee, till we was the gist of society. Then Bo's'n Nutt would play rubber with the truth of his troubles in being a boy in Newburyport, and me to draw the giant's bow of me doings in China; then Clarence would dance a solemn sand-dance with his feet, and Fergus of Oregon would speak: "Flap-doodle, flap-doodle—fall in for your boodle!"—till at last the nigger with his infant banjo, and Brawney Thompson with his beautiful nasal voice, would sing music to words spliced by Brawney umself while laying awake to think of his Madeleine, like:

The first I knew I had me tears, I found me eyes
afloat,

To see the Stars and Stripes at Guan-ta-na-mo;
The first I knew I had me heart, I found it in me
throat,

To see the Stars and Stripes at Guan-ta-na-mo,

which would start with the stamping of feet, and end with silence; for all the rhymes that Brawney wrote would finish sad.

One morning we hove up in the middle of the night, and bid adieu without saying good-by; and our hopes of gitting something for our ammunition was certified by the invent of a stranger. He wore knee-breeches and a Walter Raleigh beard; and he stops at the gang-boards, with his nose smelling at the rifle of the marine.

"Who the devil do ye wish to see, sir?" says the guard, or such words.

The knee-breeches gives a shirk of the eyebrows, and waves at the rifle to abolish it.

"Tell 'em I've came," says he,—"and they don't seem to expect me!" he says, in surprise. "Call the captain and his officers," says he, granting the privilege with grace.

"What name, sir?" says the marine, polite as a dancing-master, and aching to push him in the countenance with his piece.

"What name!" says the knee-breeches. "Ain't me face been printed often enough, with me biography? Don't ye read? I'm Kuhlamar," says he, with a pause to let it sink home,— "Kuhlamar, the War Critic of the 'Daily Flash,'" says he, staring at the rifle, and ignoring the cold eye in the white breeches behind it. "I never met such a crazy divil at the door of the Pope!" says he.

And says the marine, stiff as St. Peter:

"Tell the deck one of them reporters—"

"Reporters!" says the knee-breeches. "What brand of laughing-stock are ye? Don't ye know I'm the Special Envoy of the 'Daily Flash'?"

So by letters of introduction and command he saddled himself on the crowded ward-room mess, and begun roostering up and down the quarter-deck. I never hear what happened; but after the first meal I see the War Critic smoking to himself, with the officers casting eyes and nodding in general opinion; and he never seen anything but the sea before him. And the same thereafter—him total oblivious, but writing down notes of his thoughts disfavorable. Brawney and me and Clarence lit out for the upper top on a call for quarters. 'T was command of silence, with everything trained on an innocent bark on the bow, and all hands mumbling "Too much drill," when a snicker arose, and with it the War Critic. There was two revolvers slung to his waist, with ammunition to take Gibraltar; and a spy-glass, a canteen of booze, and a roll of bunting tied to him, along with a photograph-box; and his coat was a patchwork of pockets, with maps and pads, and ink-druling pencils, and yellor glasses to give color to the war. The red cross was sewed to both sleeves, and his big white helmet made him look like a snail a-dangling of its innards.

"'T is only a drill," says he, through his spy-glass, as kind as your grandfather. "And ye need n't fear any fighting, for I have a letter from me friends at court."

"Silence, there!" yells up Bo's'n Nutt. The War Critic give him the piteous smile,

and killed time by taking the bo's'n with his photograph-box. By and by he strolled with all toggery through the living-space; and they stared before him, and cat-called behind him; but he turned, and says not to be scared of him, and he conversed as indulgent as with lunatics. He had private information as to her destination, he says,—and they all crowded to the bait,—but 't was not good policy to tell, he says, at the present time. But, from his experience, which extended from Chile to China, by way of Turkey, he would say that the war would be but a naval parade, with a little bluffing at long range, and a killing or two. It grieved him sore, for fighting was his joy. Anyway, he says, his career was the most interesting he ever hear of, and his talents the most extraordinary. 'T was always him first in with the news, which was why all them that ranked as but plain correspondents was down on him.

'T was him that first noticed the Johnstown flood; and he jumped aboard of it with a hen-coop, to have the front seat and arrive at the telegraph. And he was the only one living that had interviewed the Czar—the old Czar watching with two cocked revolvers to see if he slipped a cog in his etiquette. And he was the same that advised with the King of Greece for exterminating the Turks; but the King got grouchy, and, bedad, the War Critic brought over the Turks to knock him into a pint-pot. But he says he was tired of herding with them kings and queens; for they was a stuck-up lot, he says, with their noses always in your pedigree; but 't was superior to laying at Washington, and driving a string of congressmen with the brand of the "Flash." The only decent life was making war; and he was planting the mines for a general conflict of the powers, which, he says, the world needed to draw its bad blood. And by the end of his two hours' ego-biography there was none left but Brawney Thompson, that stood sizing him up, and Bo's'n Nutt, that was aching to tell a lie of his own, but could n't git the wedge in. The War Critic fastens on Brawney, and commences to educate him, from telling how to wear a beard to how inferior he was to the blue-jackets of Europe. The navy was bad enough, says he, but the regular army on parade would make the Emperor of Germany fall off his horse. And he says he always passed himself for an Austrian abroad, for shame of the United States being so raw in the particulars of formality.

"For I see your intelligence," says the

War Critic, "and by your conversation more of a gentleman than them officers aft."

And Brawney says, "Thank ye," which was the first he had opened his mouth.

"So it may occur I need ye," says the War Critic, dropping his tone. "The captain and his staff conspires to beat me out of sending the news; but the poor devils don't know what it is to go up ag'in' the 'Daily Flash'; for ye can lay to it, I'm the big thing aboard this craft. 'T is all right to be singing songs of the star-spangled rag, but the 'Daily Flash' will be doing politics when one-legged patriots is starving on ten-dollar pensions; and ye can think of that. I'll throw up me hat with the next, and yell 'Hail, Columbia!'" says he; "but the 'Daily Flash' will give the people the news, if it scuttles the ship of state to git it; and if the fact is worth money to ye, I may see ye again," says he, walking off.

"Eh? What?" says Brawney, staring after him. "The blackguard!" says Brawney, coming to himself. "And he called the flag a rag—and I never pulled out his Austrian beard; and what will me Madeleine say to that?"

"'T was the best thing ye never did," says I, "and the future will prove it."

We made Cape Haitien without adventures, and the launch was called away for despatches. The War Critic saunters down, and sets himself in the stern-sheets, like the admiral of all he surveyed.

"Ye 'll have to go back on board, sir," says little Ensign Charlie.

"What for?" says the War Critic. "Is the launch disabled?"

"No, sir," says Charlie; "'t is because ye can't go ashore."

"I 'll look into that!" says the War Critic, climbing the ladder. "Ye can hold the launch till I confer with the captain," says he.

"Cast off!" says Charlie; and the launch rolled away to town. We waited for her long in the dark, me and Brawney chewing tobacco in the eyes of the ship, and expeculating on what was the chances of meeting the foe. Then for the first time since the launch departed the War Critic appeared, and motioned silent for Brawney to draw to one side. They fumbled together in the dark without speaking audible, and I was glad to see 'em break away without Brawney smashing him for having miscaled the flag. The War Critic wandered away in the gloom, and Brawney drags me double-quick to a den in the torpedo-flat.

"He gimme ten dollars and a tin can," says Brawney. "He says I must drop the can to the bumboat with the sail."

"And—?" says I.

"I dropped the can," says Brawney. "But first I drew the charge. Listen to it, directed to one at Cape Haitien:

"I am able to announce exclusively that our destination, which for strategic reasons of greatest importance government has so far succeeded in concealing, is Isle of Pines. As soon as this fact is known, change of destination will become necessary, that enemy may not profit by disclosure. Influence of 'Flash's' War Critic is being thrown toward early crushing of enemy in these waters, at whatever sacrifice. 'Flash's' Special Envoy will fly yellow burgee of 'Daily Flash' when ship goes into action; and flag of 'Flash' will never be taken down.

"Special to Mulliraw: Flag is no fake. Shall fly it long enough for snap shot in confusion of some prize-capture. Try hot oven on this sea-mule and his officers; they have thrown me down everywhere. K."

In ten minutes Brawney had red-taped himself to Old Handsome in his cabin.

"Hm!" says the Old Man, tapping his desk, "and what did ye intend with the ten dollars?"

"'T was cross-purpose," says Brawney—"to send it to me Madeleine, or give it to the Red Cross, or light me pipe with it."

The Old Man went on tapping.

"But," says Brawney, "we not being yet married,—and such dirty money as that,—why, what would me Madeleine think? And maybe the Red Cross—or else—" says he, stammering.

"This money," says the Old Man, handing back the bill, "is from the 'Daily Flash.' It came cent by cent from the dirty palms of discivilization, paying tribute to the king of the garbage-heap," says he—or such words. "There's plenty of honest money over there," says he, pointing to the United States. "The Red Cross don't have to draw on the maggots of license and corruption," says he—or such words. "There's five ships of the enemy in these waters, and we've got to git past 'em. This man would deliver us all to Davy Jones for the sake of glorifying himself in his newspaper. And what was it he called the flag?"

"By St. Peter-in-the-Pilot-House!" says Brawney. "In the scratch of a match ye could smell the ten dollars in his palm, consuming in flames."

The Old Man watched the ashes being poured into Brawney's cap; then he pulled out a new ten from his own salary.

"Send that to your Madeleine," says he, "and tell her, as far as this ship has its keel, I know a good man."

"Thank ye, sir—yes, sir; beg pardon, sir!"

says Brawney; "but, anyway, me Madeleine has dough of her own; and, anyway, the money is only come by virtue of a d—d squid aboard that would spit ink on the flag; and I think it would twice more please the taste of me Madeleine to take it back for the Red Cross, sir!"

Bo's'n Nutt says he see the same thing took place in Newburyport, when he was a boy; but it's a lie.

We was a grumbling lot. Drill and clear and juggle with dummy loads till I thought I would forgit me brain! The Old Man had reinforced the upper top, and mounted a three-pounder, being special for secondary battery; and he had placed behind it the eye of Clarence O'Shay, such that Clarence would grin in his sleep, and would sit at the breech by the hour, shaking insults at the sky-line. But never a bull-rag showed up. We passed to the north of Porto Rico, and begun sliding down the Antilles, till it seemed we had fooled the enemy's squadron, with no chance of excitement more; and Brawney mumbled we was nothing but a picnic for a news-scavenger. The four niggers would clump apart, in disgrace for preserving good nature. Every false alarm, by day or night, the War Critic would haul himself to the top in all his baggage; for he told Brawney the top was the softest place in case of surprise, and him too high-salaried a man to be risking his skin unnecessary. On deck he treated us shy for a while after Cape Haitien; but at length he come with a bunch of cigars from his give-away box. Did one of us ever meet with adventures? says he; and what made us enlist at such jobs?

"'T was the speech of his congressman that made him enlist, says Brawney—which 't was thought of so highly that Congress had it printed and sent free through the mails. The speech says, who was it, with none dependent, and having his manhood, that would sit home in his slippers, with a lot of bull-ragging fandangos pulling at the tail of the eagle? And Brawney says that hit him, and he give up an eighty-dollar job. The War Critic let out a laugh.

"'T was me that wrote it for him," says he; "for your congressman was fuddled as a snake in alcohol. 'T was considered the best he ever made, and he had it printed at his own expense. 'T is a cheap little rascal, your congressman; ye can buy him for ten dollars or more: but a man that won't stay bought," says the War Critic, with virtuous indignation, "I have no use for!"

Brawney threw the cigar over his head,

and walked off. I heard him mumbling over it in the middle of the night, when, by the regulations, he ought to be sleeping.

"And she and me setting up to finish it!" says he; "and crying, and patting me on the shoulder!"

He went on berating to himself, with the whole of us swaying in the gloom, and having bad dreams of peace declared, like two hundred cods in a cockpit.

"Here we are walking on the water," says he, "at chambermaids' wages, for the joy of defending the finest flag afloat, when along comes this gromet-mouthed gas-vat to foul our course, and bringing the powers of Congress behind him! And he called it a rag to me face!" says he, beating the rivets overhead.

I heard five bells. The nigger and Bo's'n Nutt competed with snores like twins. The night was escaping without drill.

"Is the whole government rotten, and the universe?" says Brawney; "and the President's message wrote by some husky reporter that loaf at the White House gate? And me leaving me Madeleine!" And he pulls out a photograph, and tries to see it.

"Don't git so honest ye think you're the only one," says I.

"Well, there's me Madeleine that's square," says Brawney; "ye can lay to that. And Father Moore I will swear to, though no Catholic; and, bedad, you and Old Handsome would kick the divil, if he come with absolution. But the rest of mankind, I mistrust, would have took the ten dollars; and some of them senators, too."

"Have ye been reading the 'Flash'?" says J. "And the world but a magazine of crime, and the flag but for fools, by inference?"

"T is the finest flag since God made bunting!" says Brawney. "And—" says he.

We all heeled over, caused by the helm brought hard to port. By an instinct of hope, ten others and Bo's'n Nutt and me slid out barefoot, and ducked for the hatch.

The sea was a lavender Japanee crape; a pasty fog picked its skirts across us, with the moon shining through like a paper screen. We lumbered the bit of a swell like a blind blue dripping shape of lead for our war-paint, with our funnels daubing ag'in' the sky; and the little six-pounders sniffed over the berthings, and the big rifles stared with their thoughts nine miles in space. She come at a gathering gait; two brown ribbons streamed behind, singing a song of sixpence to a sea that curled and kissed her lines in admiration. Her pilot-house rushed in a

point like an arrow, as if she would say: "I'm a round nine thousand tons of steel, and I ride by the quest of freedom."

Nutt asked me, and I asked Nutt. All we see was the Old Man making for the bridge. Clarence was gazing ahead from the jack-staff, in his little square coat. I give me double cough. Clarence stuck out a thumb to the waters, and I see a faint line of bubbles—the wake of a steamer, not five minutes old.

"Are ye seasick?" says the War Critic, over me shoulder. "What is it up?" says he, seeing two orderlies dash for below. "What did ye see?" says he, leaning with haste into Clarence's ear.

"Keep that reporter abaft the davits!" says a dark voice.

"Don't git excited!" worries the War Critic, with Brawney Thompson helping his retreat. "'Reporter'! I'll black-list these jumping-jacks!" says he to me.

But I see a torrent of silent legs up-pouring. "Clear ship!" says I to meself. "Has the Old Man found his quarry?" says I, me heart on a jig. I swallowed meself in the mêlée.

"Pleasant to see something doing," the War Critic was observing, taking the ladder for the upper deck. A half-dozen stokers, risking their hides to see what was up before they dropped down to the boiler-hell, come flying, and shouldered him up like a hod of plaster. The coil of a boat-fall lowered away, and carried his props from under him. Somebody harpooned him in the back with a loose hatch-batten, and a crew of bare-breasted spirits snatched him aft in the bight of a length of hose. In the dark, the gallop of men and marines, landsmen and idlers, tooth and nail, like a rally of ants, bedazzled his wits. He slid for home base astride of a stream from a two-inch nozzle, and he chased himself up the mast in the quiet of all divisions heard from. He met Brawney Thompson sliding down from the peak with a smile.

"The finest, freest war-ribbon that ever topped God's green!" says Brawney, looking back. "And me a-setting ye there, at dawn on this day of our Lord that may God send the enemy! What would me Madeleine say to that?"

"Silence!" went everywhere.

"I had hopes," whispers the War Critic; "but 't is only another sham."

Clarence set by the breech of his piece, with his eyes in the water. The bubbles had grown to suds.

"I seen the corn-paper stumps of their cigarettes!" whispers Clarence.

But the crews of the rapid-fires on deck had seen no suds; and worse in the turrets. "T was plain cold feet and wet gratings and vituperation inside, with little more on but trousers. "Have over, and back to our snores!" they muttered; but there they stood, with their toes turned up. The boilers begun to growl. "T was one bell.

"Don't strike that bell!" says a sudden voice.

"Eh?" says the six-pounders, scared at their rising hopes.

We took up another two knots to the hour; and ye could tell that below they was shoving the soot to heat the devil with a new batch of souls, and oilers and water-tenders crawling like bugs in the belly of a whale.

"Well, I suppose them fellers at the small guns on deck would git the brunt of it," says the War Critic.

"Silence!" says Bo's'n Nutt, from beneath.

"Silence!" says I, under breath, "for we're attending a wake."

Which the War Critic put in his book; for the color of day was bleaching the mist that shrouded us, and the situation plain to all.

"T will turn out a Portegee!" mumbles Clarence, berating Providence. "T is always so when we git our mouths puckered!"

"It might be a prize," says the War Critic, lighting his cigar, in the face of the regulations, "and money coming to ye. They would owe me some, too; for 't was action of mine that throwed us here," says he, smiling at his thoughts.

"This sea-sheriff business can go to the devil," says Brawney. "I 'm looking for a prize what thinks it can shoot target with Yankee Doodle."

"T will be but a Scotch man-o'-war full of greasers!" says Clarence, doleful; "and me grandmother calling me a dove!"

I give a snort. Had the wind come astern of the funnels? Devil a bit; but I smelt smoke with the fog. Was it true, and the craft ahead had crossed our bow?

"What have ye?" says Clarence. "Make no noses at me!" says he, in his evil mood.

"Smoke in the wind!" I bellered, believing me nostrils.

"In the wind?" says the voice-pipe.

"In the wind, sir!" says I.

The War Critic laid down his roll of bunting—the yeller burgee of the "Daily Flash." I see through me glass the mist take shape, then dissolve.

"Military top, sir!" I hawled. "Two points for'ard the beam; no ship of ours, sir!"

Approbations rose from the deck in murmurs. "There was two of them, then," says every one, "for the wake of the other was straight and fresh." The air was thick with prayers that it might not be friends.

"Two of 'em!" says the War Critic. "And us stumbling between 'em, with colors set! Shout the warning!" says he.

We swung away to put the two in the fog to port of us, and the starboard sections groaned.

"The Old Man finds his senses," says the War Critic. "He'll be away and from sight, and they never guess!"

But we took up our course again. The breeze waked up and rubbed the eyes of the morning, as Brawney says; and the fog swept clear for a thousand yards, then for another thousand; and then, like throwed on stereoptican, it showed us a big armored cruiser, with our broadside trained on it like needles on the pole. She was asleep, with no colors shown; and your toes clenched in your boots.

"Stick up your rag!" says Clarence, shaking his fist; for the marks of the breed stood out on every stitch of her. "Have ye nothing but hind legs, ye bull-ragging beast?" says he.

"T was as though she heard, for she let out a scream like a nightmare; and our steam yelled for water-tight doors.

"What?" says the War Critic. "Hear the answering toots in the fog! Don't he know 't is the first art of war not to fight with superior force?"

"Ship ahoy! What ship is that?" says the Old Man, speaking across her bows through our for'ard five-inch. They was flying up and down her decks like rats, and she edged away toward the fog.

"Ship ahoy, there! What ship is that?" roars the Old Man, tapping a hole through the fandango's funnel.

I see the flag of the enemy break from her peak, and a dozen juts of smoke from her side. A howl of delight arose to me ears, and the sea splashed up like a school of whales. Our eights and half our fives was up and away with the bugle-blast, with the six-pounders barking at their heels; and the sun jumped out of the night, with its chin on the sky-line, to see what the devil was doing. It see the moon as pale as a shirt, and the fog skedaddling with its petticoats up, and hell's tune playing 'twixt two little specks at sea, with me and Brawney and Clarence and the War Critic hung in a

bowl in the sky. Clarence was cursing with the finest freedom ye ever hear, for he was out of range. The War Critic stood hold of the mast, biting his teeth, and his eyes in a stare. Brawney stood ready to serve, with a gaze and a smile; and he looked up at the flag standing sharp to the breeze, where he put it, and he laughed and slapped his thigh. Never such joy I've known in the forty years since me mother's lap. Natural lust of destruction flying loose in me heart; bottled and corked essence of peace-drill and peace-subordination, bedad, and peace-idleness of twenty years' cruising, dropped, with a rifle-crack, like a cangue from off me neck. The sides of me brain worked separate together. "Let it exude," says the one, "free!—free 's a balloon!" And the other howled:

"Gunboat coming out of the fog, sir—enemy's flag!"

The Old Man and his mate stood like the rear of an observation-car, roaring remarks in each other's ears. The hot light of day rode the bare backs along the berthing till each man steamed like a horse on ice. We was easing the gap between us and the foe, and her consort hovering down to the region of six-inch remonstrance, and landing by luck with a shell through our armor-belt that sent the carpenter sprinting for the protective deck with nine kinds of patches. A six-pounder went through me hair, I thought; and the War Critic felt it, and kneeled down to the trap, staring at the deck fifty feet below. But he got up again, and jammed his helmet over his eyes.

"The coal-bunkers was the place to be," he says to himself.

"Nineteen hundred yards!" yells Fergus of Oregon, his head through the trap.

Clarence stopped his profanity. By the holy powers, I see the two corners of his mouth from the back of his head, and he had no nerves. He settled as quick to the breech of his piece as a squalling baby put to the breast, and he took aim like wiping the rim of your glass with a doily before ye swig your beer; and we never heard no more from him but the smell of saltpeter. The air whistled like a typhoon, and there was Fergus, still with his head and shoulders through, his chin on his breast, like thinking.

"My God!" says the War Critic, drawing away from Fergus.

We all howled, for we see the gunboat doubled up with an eight-inch shell in her brain, and not knowing where to go. The big fandango landed in our for'ard torpedo-flat, and knocked a Whitehead into watch

works, and blowed an ensign off the navy-register.

"She 's on fire in the quarters, sir!" I yelled with one eye. With the other I seen 'em discumbering Fergus from the trap. He had n't no legs. The War Critic gazed at him dumb, the photograph-box askew on his back. A shower of hot commas exploded under my jaw.

"Bedad, they're loading with barbed-wire fence!" says Brawney, observing the flesh-cuts on him and me; "and they've tore out a gap in the list of junior grade in the after-turret; and there's White Olsen keeled over and bit a piece from an officer's shoe."

"Enemy's stern caved in by a shell, sir! Enemy's squadron approaching ahead—three ships!" says I.

Our port anchor-davit arose off the deck at the news, and jumped into the sea, with a solid shot behind; and I thought the War Critic would dive after it.

"Look here; ain't we got enough?" says he, clutching Clarence's shoulder with sharp finger-nails. But Clarence thought it was a wound, and would pay no attention. "Man, man," says the War Critic, "leave 'em alone—leave 'em alone!"

The big fandango was winded a bit, or her tail-feathers broke, for she slowed and swung. The Old Man smiled. We started all steam to cross her bow—to run 'tween her and her mate, for the love of raking her fore and aft, though the two of 'em snatched us bald. "There's three fresh craft a-vomiting smoke behind," says I. "The excitement of battle is about to begin," says I, freeing me face of nose-bleed; and I laughed such a devil's own joy of a laugh as ye can't brew the liquor to bring. A hot shot went between Clarence and his elbow.

"Did ye find me card beneath your ham-mick door?" yells Clarence, like a row in a tenement. "Take that, ye yellor baboons!"

"I'll give ye a hundred dollars to jam your breech; they must leave us alone!" says the War Critic, fanning the air with a hand-load of bills for the second time in Clarence's face. Clarence took the wad, and fed it into the breech of his piece; and the next five shots cost the "Daily Flash" twenty dollars apiece; and Clarence went right on.

So we shot the rapids, starboard and port, great guns and small, Bo's'n Nutt and Clarence O'Shay, at nineteen knots for the other world. I says good-by to meself. I says, "Some angel will be walking ye by the ear in a minute, and there's a thing or two he'll

be asking ye about; but that 's his job." "What?" says I. "Are we afloat? That 's the nigger down there with his leg broke; and Clarence's scalp has a piece sticking up like the door of a spider; and the War Critic has a vaccination on his arm, but too busy counting his sins to know it; and, bedad, we're afloat!"

"Git away!" says Clarence, straining to train the three-pounder astern.

There come a yell from the lower top. A gasp of joy, and some stripes of red passed over me eyes. 'T was the colors, brought down by the breaking of the block; and 't was the War Critic clutching it, hauling it in like the devil after your soul.

"We've struck! We've saved our skins!" he says, falling on the flag to hide it.

Did ye ever hear Yankee Doodle roar when a tuft of his feathers was pulled? I heard a shout as big as North America. Me and Clarence and the bloody crew of Bo's'n Nutt collided in a bunch; but we was all behind. The War Critic laid jerking in the ruins of himself. 'T was Brawney Thompson that shinned the bare pole, with the bunting in his teeth, and a thousand yells to boost him. A flight of flying iron went whistling by, and for an answer the forty-five stars stood stiff to the breeze. Brawney gripped the pole. He turned his face and looked down strange in me eye, and me and Clarence went up after him. We all slid back in a heap, and we set Brawney ag'in' the mast, and tore his shirt apart, his head rolling like an apple on its stem. The little sky-terrier begun barking again in the hands of a new detail; six of us crammed in a space fit for three; and I could n't hear what Brawney was trying to tell. The seconds went by in a daze, and we could n't see nothing to do. Then the bugle blowed, and a howling din of silence beat on your brain to break your heart. I put me ear to Brawney's mouth; but all I hear was the tinkle of the nigger with his broken leg, in the top below, and his infant banjo, to the tune:

The first I knew I had me heart, I found it in me throat,

To see the Stars and Stripes at Guan-ta-na-mo.

"I'll give ten dollars for a flask of liquor!" says the War Critic. "I've got to git down from here, somehow!" says he.

We heard a boom away astern. Brawney opened his eyes.

"Commenced again?" says he.

"The fandango has blowed up her small-arms magazine, I judge," says I; "and her mates galloping to hold her head out of water."

"Fandango blowed up!" says Brawney, with the end of a smile. "Lemme see—lemme see! Ah," he says, "your glass is all fog! I can't see a blank thing! But that 's the flag!" he says, his head reeling back. "Well, it ain't no rag, is it? And only a minute ago—and what would me Madeleine say to that?"

Then he did n't speak no more; and 't was the first time I ever see Clarence afraid.

We laid Brawney down on a six-pounder grating, wrapped in a flag, with the rest. The Old Man tightened his lips to look at him. The War Critic, in the wreck of his helmet, come out of the mast, hanging to what he could, gazing at the seams in the deck.

"Here 's a bit of bunting found in the top, sir," says the mate to the Old Man; and he unrolls the yellor burgee of the "Daily Flash."

"I want to see you, sir!" says the Old Man, fixed on the War Critic like two eight-inch guns.

The War Critic straightened himself a bit, and raised his head. There was two hundred half-naked men facing him with folded arms, and no place for him to look.

"Mr. Chyne," says the Old Man, "wrap the body of Brawney Thompson in the same flag he rescued from this man Kuhlamar. When Thompson goes into the sea, let the flag go with him. Mr. Kuhlamar, if the enemy had been shooting more to the gain of the United States, and less to its loss," says the Old Man, "I would be heaving *you* overboard—bagged in your own quarantine rag, which is the symbol of your soul."

I see five little specks away in our wake, under a pall of smoke. I see Buck Williams, propped ag'in' the berthing, in tears, and his banjo with a broken string. I thought of Brawney's Madeleine—she and him in the light of a lamp at home, with their heads together over the speech that the congressman did n't write.

"The first I knew I had me heart, I found it in me throat!"

says I, with me eyes on the flag at the peak. "And what will his Madeleine say to that?"

KNOTTY PROBLEMS OF THE PHILIPPINES.

BY PROFESSOR DEAN C. WORCESTER,

Author of "The Malay Pirates of the Philippines," in the September CENTURY.



WITH startling suddenness we have acquired an unexpected and unsought interest in the Eastern question. A few months ago we were rather enjoying the stew into which events in China had thrown our neighbors over the water, and were congratulating ourselves that our interests were not involved. There has been a kaleidoscopic change of conditions in the far East, and to-day we, of all people, find ourselves the center of attraction, with a fair prospect of acquiring a whole archipelago as to the desirability of which we are in doubt. Our misgivings on the latter point do not seem to be shared by all the powers, and a sharp eye is kept on us, in the apparent hope that a false move on our part may afford a pretext for interference, and end in a distribution of the spoils.

The situation is certainly unique, and one of its most curious features is the remarkable change which has come over the opinions of many of our people as to the wisdom of our attempting to hold distant colonial possessions. It is but a short time since we should have been well-nigh unanimous in our condemnation of such a policy. Now public opinion is divided.

One thing seems tolerably certain. The issue before us is a new one, and if it is to be settled intelligently, it must be settled on its merits. For this reason especial interest attaches to the problems arising from existing conditions in the Philippines.

It must not be forgotten that even with all the larger Philippine ports in our possession we shall still be very far from having taken the islands; but we have already destroyed what authority previously existed there, and we must now either go forward or retreat. Things cannot be allowed to remain indefinitely in their present condition.

Can we, then, withdraw, and restore the islands to Spain? To do so would be to stultify ourselves in the eyes of the world. We have gone to war in order to put a stop to Spain's brutality in Cuba, and we have taken the position that this end can only be accomplished by her expulsion from the island. We have turned a deaf ear to her

promises of better things in future, and have said to her that she must go.

But the Cubans have not been the only Spanish subjects to suffer oppression. By a strange chance we have it in our power to strike the shackles from other millions of unfortunates. What, then, are we to do? Has not every crime against civilization in Cuba been duplicated in the Philippines a hundred times? If the taxes levied upon the Philippine natives in the past have been heavier than they could bear, how would it be now, with the mother-country burdened with debt as never before? Granting for the moment that Spain would be able to reconquer the islands, what would be the fate of the thousands of natives who have revolted against her? Have we any reason to doubt that other scores would be "forgotten" in the Black Hole until they suffocated? that other hundreds would be lined up on the sea-wall in front of the Luneta, and shot down like dogs, while the bands were playing and fair women applauding?

Is it an answer to say that Cuba is near, and the Philippines are distant? How many degrees of latitude and longitude measure the difference between right and wrong? True, we might have thought it hopeless to attempt the improvement of conditions in the Philippines, had not fate placed the power in our hands. Granted, if you will, that we cannot right the wrongs of all oppressed nations, yet can we refuse to accept the responsibility which the logic of events has thrust upon us? Can we say to Spain: "We will have no more of your misrule in Cuba, but the Philippines are a long way off; take them back again, and be sure to treat them well"? If we were to do this, could we blame our cynical neighbors for suggesting that our interest in putting a stop to misgovernment seemed to wane when the territory concerned did not happen to be conveniently situated for annexation to our own? It seems almost unthinkable that we should ever put ourselves in such a position; but if we were disposed to do so, another question would arise. Is it in our power to restore the islands to Spain? The islanders themselves would hardly be willing parties

to such a transaction. Is it probable that she could again subdue them? Her conquest of the archipelago began in 1565, under Legaspi. It should not be forgotten that in the centuries which have passed she has not been able to complete it. At the outbreak of the present revolution there were tribes as independent of her as they were the day Magellan set foot on Cebu.

Up to the present time Spain has been able to maintain certain great advantages over the natives. She has purposely kept them in ignorance, has prevented them from communicating freely with one another, has "removed" men who showed capacity and inclination to become leaders, and has, above all, prevented the bringing in of firearms and ammunition. Now much of this is rapidly being changed. Existing conditions are developing leaders. Many modern arms are in the hands of the insurgents, and the rank and file have learned that they can fight Spanish regulars, and whip them. If hard pressed, the native troops could take to the mountains, where white troops could not follow them, and could carry on a guerrilla warfare indefinitely.

In view, then, of the improbability that Spain would be able to regain her lost possessions in the far East, should she have the opportunity, and of the still greater improbability that the opportunity will be extended to her, it seems to me tolerably safe to assume that the Philippines are about to pass from under her control forever.

But can we not withdraw and leave the civilized natives to work out their own salvation? There can hardly be two answers to this question, for their utter unfitness for self-government at the present time is self-evident. If, with their lack of education and experience, they are incapable of governing themselves, much less could they keep their savage neighbors in order, suppress brigandage and piracy, and resist the encroachments of foreign powers. There could be but one result were they to make the attempt. Numerous leaders would arise, each with his own following. Anarchy would soon follow, and abundant excuse would be afforded for outside interference. European powers would intervene to protect the interests of their subjects, and in order better to attain this end would annex the islands.

I have attempted to show that we have already gone too far to retreat; yet there are many possibilities before us. We may meet with active opposition from other countries in our efforts to establish our

authority, and see the islands parceled out among the powers. We may think it wise to surrender them to some other nation, or combination of nations, in return for concessions in other parts of the world. It may seem best to retain them ourselves, or to stand by them until they are able to maintain their independence under a stable government of their own. What the outcome will be no man can at present foretell. It suffices me to enumerate the possibilities, since in so doing it is made evident that the Philippine Islands are about to pass under the control of some other nation than Spain.

For my present purpose it is immaterial what nation this may be. Certain problems must be faced, and it is with these problems that I am concerned.

The first serious obstacle that will be encountered is that presented by the climate. The islands lie wholly within the tropics, and extend on the south to within four and a half degrees of the equator. The heat is trying at the best. Personally I have found the burning sun of the dry season less hard to bear than the "muggy" weather, when bright sunshine alternates with heavy showers, or the rain falls day after day without interruption. One often reads of delightful days and cool nights in the fall and winter months. After spending three and a half years in almost constant travel through the archipelago, and visiting every one of the larger islands except Leyte, I can say that I have never yet seen a day when a man could endure hard physical labor without suffering from the heat. I have experienced the hot season, the dry season, the wet season, but never yet have I been so fortunate as to strike the cool season.

Manila is the only place where reliable temperature records have been kept; and while no one place can be taken as representative of the whole archipelago, the results obtained at the capital are not without interest. The average temperature for January is 77°, for February 78°, for March 81°, for April 83°, for May 84°, for June 82°, for July 81°, for August 81°, for September 81°, for October 80°, for November 79°, and for December 77°.

The average temperature for the year at Manila is 80°. It will be noted that the lowest average temperature occurs in December and January, and is 77°. The "delightful season in the autumn, when the atmosphere is clear and dry, and the temperature ranges from about 67° to 75° F.," has not as yet

been discovered by the scientists at the Jesuit observatory.

The lowest temperature during the year is 60°, and the highest 100°. There is no month in which the thermometer does not rise as high as 91°. When it is remembered that the air is charged with moisture much of the time, it will be realized that the climate of Manila leaves some things to be desired.

On the other hand, it should not be forgotten that the lack of sudden changes makes it possible to adapt one's dress to these conditions. There are many places in the islands where relief from the heat of the lowlands might be obtained by taking up one's abode on high ground, while the monsoons, blowing through a considerable part of the year, help to make the heat endurable, if one lives where their effect can be felt.

More serious than the heat is the malaria. Some islands are entirely free from it. Others are veritable pest-holes. There are malarial fevers which recur every third day, every second day, and daily. There is a malignant type,—fortunately, local in its occurrence,—which runs its course in a very few hours, usually terminating with black vomit and death.

It has been shown, however, that much of the illness from malaria is due to causes that can be remedied. Before the day of General Arolas, Sulu was a fever-center. By improving the drainage, and filling in with coral sand, he bettered the health of his town, until at the time of his departure the death-rate compared favorably with that of any of the larger European cities. Still more significant were the results obtained at Tataan, in Tawi Tawi. The troops stationed there suffered terribly from fever until an enterprising *comandante* cleaned up the place, and caused the forest to be cleared away for half a mile around the blockhouse, when fever almost disappeared.

But, taking things as they exist, a sufficient commentary on the conclusion that "the climate is not unhealthful, even in summer," is afforded by the following statement, which rests on good authority: "About eight years ago, General Manager Higgins of the Manila and Dapitan Railway, having secured a concession from the Spanish government, organized in London a party of about forty Englishmen—civil engineers and others—who were to survey the route and build and afterward assist in the operation and management of the railroad. Mr. Higgins gave special attention to the physical condition of

his assistants, selecting only men that he believed could stand the severe climate of the archipelago. To-day not more than half the members of that party are alive."

As regards the general health of the country, it may be mentioned that smallpox is always present, though it does not become epidemic, apparently because so large a percentage of the population have it during childhood that the number who have not been infected to be found at any one time is comparatively small.

Epidemics of cholera are rare, but when they occur it is very difficult to check the spread of the disease. The natives believe that a black dog runs down the village street, and the cholera follows in his wake. "It is the will of God," and they will take no precautions. The epidemic of 1888 broke out at an isolated military outpost, where not more than sixty men were stationed, but it swept over the greater part of the archipelago. The bubonic plague has never appeared in the islands.

If a man has a sound constitution to begin with, is careful of his diet, keeps out of the sun during the heat of the day, avoids severe and long-continued physical labor, and is fortunate enough to escape malarial infection, he may spend many years in the Philippines without taking harm. I knew an old Spaniard who, after thirty-nine years of continuous residence there, was able to boast that he had not experienced a day of sickness.

Women and children feel the effects of the climate much more quickly than men, and unless one were able to choose his place of residence he would hardly care to take his family there. It is, I think, probable that the attempt to bring up successive generations of white children in the Philippines would result in failure, as it has in India.

The main problems requiring solution, however, are those presented by the people themselves. There is much misapprehension in this country both as to the character of the population and the extent to which it was under Spanish control at the outbreak of the present revolt. This misunderstanding is due, in large measure, to the picturesque inaccuracy of many of the statements which have recently appeared. It should not be supposed, for instance, that "Spanish rule is practically confined to narrow sea-coast strips," and that "the great bulk of the territory is unsubdued and undeveloped, and inhabited by the original savage Negritos, who roam the islands unmolested."

The Negritos are, as their name indicates, a race of small blacks. They are believed to be the aborigines of the archipelago. Far from occupying the bulk of its territory, they are all but extinct. They may still be occasionally met in the mountains of Luzon, Negros, and Mindanao, but during my entire stay in the islands I saw them only once.

Spanish rule in Mindanao is confined to narrow strips of territory along the coasts and the more important rivers, and the Moslem population of Basilan, Sulu, and Tawi Tawi is virtually independent. Wild Malay tribes are found in some parts of Luzon, Negros, and Mindanao, and probably also in the mountains of Panay and Samar. They people the whole of Mindoro and Palawan, except a few points along the coast, but the remainder of the important islands have until recently been completely under Spanish control.

For the purposes of the present discussion, I divide the population into independent and subject tribes. Under independent tribes I include the Negritos, the Mohammedan Malays, and the pagan Malays. As the number of Negritos is very small, and their birth-rate is below their death-rate, they need not be considered.

The Mohammedan tribes of the southern islands, of whom I shall speak collectively as *Moros*, cannot be so lightly passed over. They are very brave and warlike, and are well provided with excellent steel weapons. Thus far the Spanish have fortunately succeeded in preventing their getting any very large number of firearms. They are a race of born pirates, and, particularly in Sulu, have a fanatical hatred of all Christians. To kill a Christian, especially a *Spanish* Christian, is with them a most commendable act. For the past twenty years the Spaniards have succeeded in keeping them at home, but further than this their control has not gone.

Pagan Malays form the wild population of the northern islands. Of the independent tribes known to inhabit Mindanao, seventeen are pagan and six Mohammedan. One tribe in Luzon is addicted to head-hunting at a certain season of the year, and others are said to be warlike; but as a rule the pagan peoples are perfectly harmless, so long as they are decently treated. That they are not always so treated the following incident will show.

Before going among the Montéses in Negros, my companion and I were warned that they were dangerous, and advised to take an escort of troops. This we declined

to do. One of our Spanish friends accompanied us into the mountains. He carried a shot-gun, and I saw him eying the bushes sharply. In reply to a query from me, he said he was looking for a Montés. I asked him why, and he replied that he wanted to put fine shot into one, *and see him run!* He assured me that he had often diverted himself in this way. Under the circumstances, I could hardly have blamed one of his former victims for trying a shot at us with a poisoned arrow.

Taken as a whole, then, the pagan tribes may be said to present no serious problem except the one involved in their ultimate civilization. The results of the few half-hearted attempts that have been made in this direction have been such as to convince me that they might make rapid progress, as soon as the condition of the civilized natives could be sufficiently improved to afford a practical illustration of the benefits of civilization. At present the pagan tribes consider themselves to be the ones who are better off, and I am bound to say I believe they are right.

With the Moros it is a different matter. It is certain that they will return to their old ways at once, if opportunity offers. They must be kept at home at all hazards, and to this end an efficient patrol of light-draft gunboats, armed with machine-guns, must be maintained along the coast of Mindanao and westward to Borneo. The number of vessels need not be large, but they should be kept moving.

The Sulu Moros should be given a lesson that they would not soon forget. They are an intractable, bloodthirsty set, quite capable of turning against those who befriend them. The simplest way to control them would be to disarm them, and forbid them to carry weapons. They would not submit without resistance. Fortunately, their island is so small, and the nature of the ground is such, that effective operations could be carried on against them with a comparatively small force.

The Moros in Mindanao have in the past been kindly disposed toward Englishmen and Americans. We lived in their villages and moved about among them without serious risk. There is at least a chance that if fairly and judiciously treated they might eventually be converted into decent people. If they chose to make trouble, it would be impossible for white troops to operate against them in the interior, under existing conditions.

Weyler sent in an expedition against them

while we were at Zamboanga, and we saw the wreck of it come back. I do not care to see the like again. Although numerous glorious victories were celebrated in Manila, one of his officers told us that they never got where the enemy were, and that eighty per cent. of the force were disabled by fever and starvation. Certain it is that men died at Zamboanga faster than the priests could shrive them; this, too, in spite of the fact that the force was chiefly composed of native troops. The starvation was inexcusable, but the fever was inevitable.

Hostile Moros could at least be driven into the interior, and kept there until such time as roads were constructed, so that effective operations could be carried on against them. As a matter of fact, good order has been maintained in the vicinity of the Spanish settlements in Mindanao, and the force of troops kept in the island has not been large.

We must consider next the civilized natives, the people of mixed race, and the foreigners. If we except the Spanish friars, the only foreigners whose presence in the country affords any serious problem are the Chinese. They form an important, and at present a necessary, element in the population. In Manila alone they number some forty thousand. In the larger cities there are a few coolies, but the great majority of the Chinese are in business. Traders push into the remotest districts to buy up agricultural and forest products, while every tiny native village has its Chinese shop. The retail business of the Philippines is almost entirely in their hands.

As a class they are industrious, sober, and law-abiding; but in business they are altogether too sharp for the native, who, accordingly, hates them very cordially, and in the past has on several occasions displayed a tendency to cut their throats. It is difficult to see how he would get on without them, however.

The native women do not seem to share the dislike of the men. At all events, the Chinese have no difficulty in procuring native wives or mistresses. The extensive Chinese mestizo class which results is an important one, and many of the shrewdest business men in the islands belong to it.

From a variety of causes there has also arisen a Spanish mestizo class, which, while numerically small, is still very important. Its members are despised by the Spaniards, and are ranked by them with the natives, but among their number may be found many men of superior intelligence, and not a few

who have contrived to obtain a fair education. They are more restless under adverse conditions than the comparatively stolid natives, and there is perhaps some poetic justice in the fact that their enmity is often especially directed against the friars, who are chiefly responsible for their existence. The leaders in the present revolt come largely from the Spanish mestizo class.

The people of mixed blood and the civilized natives really compose the bulk of the population, and for our present purpose may be treated as one class.

In characterizing them I shall quote the opinion of a former British consul at Manila, not only because I agree with him, but because I wish to make plain the fact that my good opinion of them does not lack for confirmation: "Rarely is an intratropical people a satisfactory one to eye or mind. But this cannot be said of the Philippine Malay, who, in bodily formation and mental characteristics alike, may fairly claim a place, not among the middling ones merely, but among the higher names inscribed on the world's national scale. He is characterized by a concentrated, never-absent self-respect; an habitual self-restraint in word and deed, very rarely broken, except when extreme provocation induces the transitory but fatal frenzy known as 'amuck'; an inbred courtesy, equally diffused through all classes, high or low; by unflinching decorum, prudence, caution, quiet, cheerfulness, ready hospitality, and a correct though not inventive taste. His family is a pleasing sight—much subordination and little constraint, unison in gradation, liberty, not license. Orderly children, respected parents, women subject but not oppressed, men ruling but not despotic, reverence with kindness, obedience in affection—these form a lovable picture by no means rare in the villages of the Eastern isles."

By centuries of oppression and injustice this naturally gentle and peace-loving people has been driven into armed revolt, and one of the first problems which must be faced will be the restoration of order and the disbanding of the insurgents.

Unfortunately, in spite of his many amiable qualities, there is nothing quite so dear to the heart of the Philippine native as a little authority over his fellows. He believes himself quite capable of administering the affairs of his country, and his past experience naturally tends to make him suspicious of outsiders. It will require no little tact to allay his fears, and persuade

him to go quietly about his own affairs; but with care this can probably be accomplished.

Failure to win the confidence of the insurgents would be a serious matter, for if any considerable number of them should take to the mountains, they could cause much trouble before they were run down. I believe, however, that their natural indisposition to exert themselves unnecessarily would result in their eventual submission, if they were not given good ground for continuing to resist.

Yet, if there were a disposition readily to submit to the new régime, the establishment of a stable form of government adapted to the needs of such a population would not be a simple matter, especially for a nation which has no trained body of men ready to undertake the task. Still, the problem is perhaps not quite so hopeless as it might at first seem. Things would at the outset naturally be under the direction of army men, and civil authority would very gradually take the place of military rule.

The worst troubles with the Spanish system of administration have arisen from the way in which it was carried out rather than from inherent defects in the system itself, and it might again be put in force, with its more objectionable features modified. If this were done, much help might be obtained from native and mestizo clerks. Few Spaniards have cared to do more of their own work than was absolutely necessary, and for the most part they have turned it over to clerks. These men have often held their places for years. They possess a familiarity with the details of administration which would be of great service.

Reforms should be begun at once, and one of the first should be a material reduction in the extortionate taxes which have in the past been levied on the long-suffering inhabitants. Such a measure would be certain to produce a favorable impression, and would go far toward giving the natives confidence in the new administration.

In order to strengthen this confidence, a part of the funds raised by taxation should be expended in local improvements, such as the building of roads and the establishment of schools.

Another much-needed reform would be the provision of a simple but comprehensive and effective code of laws. The name of the existing codes is legion, and a lawsuit under any one of them is the worst misfortune that can befall a man. A precedent can be found for anything; bribery is uni-

versal, and justice virtually unknown. Let the native once find out that he has rights before the law, and he will begin to regard the law with some respect.

As a rule the civilized natives are orderly, and the most serious problem which the representatives of law and order would have to face would be the suppression of brigandage. There have always existed, in the northern islands, bands of *tulisanes*, or professional bandits. Sometimes they establish permanent headquarters in inaccessible places, and again they live scattered among the honest villagers, assembling only when they have some devilry on hand. Their ranks are recruited in part from the criminal classes, in part by the addition of men who have been driven by bitter wrongs to turn against the existing order of things. They are often led by men supposed to be possessed of *anting anting*, or charms which make them bullet-proof and give them various other miraculous properties. These *tulisanes* descend on defenseless people, and plunder, kill, and carry off prisoners to be held for ransom. As a rule they are desperate cowards, but some of their operations occasionally show daring. During my stay they kidnapped a priest in the very streets of Manila.

In the past, when the *guardia civil* has succeeded in hunting them down, they have usually been acquitted, or, if convicted, have soon managed to effect a mysterious escape, while the presiding *alcaldes* have suddenly become wealthy.

At the close of the present war these bands of *tulisanes* will doubtless be augmented by the riffraff of the insurgent forces. They have been so long accustomed to having their own way that they will be overbold. A vigorous policy in dealing with them would have a very wholesome effect. In operations against them, and so far as possible in all operations in the archipelago, native troops should be used. When well drilled and well led they make excellent soldiers. A convenient way to dispose of a part of the insurgent forces would be to retain them in service under white officers. It is perhaps worth while to note, in this connection, that in recent operations about Manila native troops have, in at least one instance, remained true when Spanish soldiers mutinied.

The wide-spread ignorance which prevails in the Philippines is one of the most important problems demanding solution. Many of the natives are quick to learn, and are anxious for the opportunity, so that their

education reduces itself to a question of ways and means. A school system is provided for by the Spanish law, but favoritism prevails in the choice of teachers, who are often grossly incompetent, while the practical working of the schools is frequently interfered with by the friars. The law provides that Spanish shall be taught; but as it suits their convenience, in the more out-of-the-way places, to be the only means of communication between government and natives, they often forbid this. A few prayers and a little writing and arithmetic comprise the course of instruction in many of the schools.

The relation of the friars to the free-school system naturally leads to the consideration of a very important question, which I approach with hesitation, not only because of the danger of giving offense, but on account of the risk of creating a false impression. It would be idle, however, to treat of the problems of the Philippines without discussing the predominance of the friars, and the character of their influence.

A clear distinction should be drawn at the outset between the *friars* and the *priests*, a fact which is too often lost sight of in considering the religious question in the Philippines. Some of the priests have accomplished an immense amount of good. Take, for instance, the Jesuits. Their Ateneo Municipal at Manila is, with possibly one exception, the best educational institution in the archipelago, and numbers among its faculty many able and competent men. For some reason, which does not appear, the Jesuits are allowed to carry on missionary work only in the Moro country, where they must propagate their faith at the risk of their lives. The priests of their mission are often very superior men, and I am glad to be able to testify, as the result of personal observation, not only to the absence of the abuses which I have seen elsewhere, but to the fact that much good is accomplished.

On the other hand, many of the parishes in the Philippines are under *friars*, who would not be allowed to hold such charges in any other country. While it is by no means true that all of these friars are incompetent or depraved, it is nevertheless a fact that many of them are ignorant beyond belief; are given over to open and brutish licentiousness; practise inhuman extortion, especially in connection with the solemnizing of marriage and the burial of the dead; interfere with the execution of the laws, and themselves openly violate them when it serves their ends to do so. The inevitable

result is the utter demoralization of the communities which they control. There is no doubt that their evil practices have contributed as much as any other one cause toward bringing about the present revolution, and one of the demands of the insurgents has been that they should be expelled from the country.

The unwisdom of making an exception in the Philippines, and allowing these friars to hold parishes there, would seem to have been sufficiently demonstrated. It is inconceivable that the church which in this country produces some of our best citizens should remain indifferent to the conditions which exist in the Philippines, when once they become known; and if it will but help in the application of suitable remedies, it may certainly look forward to a bright future in this hitherto unhappy country.

It is nevertheless true that there exists a large class which has suffered at the hands of the friars wrongs that it is not human to forget. Provision should be made for these people, and the other churches will find among them, as well as among the more docile of the pagan tribes, abundant occupation for all the men they can throw into the field.

The development of the enormous natural resources of the archipelago affords a problem which will richly repay solution. The wonderful fertility of the soil, the immense wealth in forest products, and the presence of valuable and extensive mineral deposits are matters of common knowledge. The difficulties which will be encountered are the lack of means of communication and transportation, the severity of the climate, and the trouble in securing labor.

The first of these difficulties will doubtless disappear before many years. As a result of the second, it may be accepted as a fact that heavy work cannot be performed by white men. Unfortunately, the native is too much of a philosopher to make an entirely satisfactory laborer. He works when he is obliged to, and rests when he can afford to. Nature has done so much for him that he finds it practicable to rest much of the time. Whether he will develop industry under improved conditions remains to be seen.

While the problems of the Philippines are neither few nor simple, there is, in my judgment, little doubt that the nation which successfully attempts their solution will find the game well worth the candle. Are we competent to attack them? If not, to what more competent nation shall we turn them over?

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF WOMEN.

MRS. GEORGE PLUMSTEAD (ANNA HELENA AMELIA ROSS).

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

AMONG the sterling patriots of the American Revolution there was no man more strenuous in supplying the revolted colonies with the sinews of war than John Ross, a native of Tain, County Ross, in Scotland, who immigrated to Philadelphia in 1763, and five years later married a daughter of Captain Charles Cruikshank, who had fought under Wolfe at Quebec. The youngest child born of this union, Anna Helena Amelia, was married December 3, 1795, at the age of nineteen, to George Plumstead, a representative of one of the most influential of colonial families, whose father and grandfather had each been mayor of Philadelphia at a period when this important municipal office was committed only to men of the highest consideration in the community. Mrs. Plumstead's father was held in great esteem by Washington and his compeers, and at her father's house, the "Grange," named after Lafayette's home in France, the youngest daughter of the family had frequent opportunities to see and hear the peerless Washington.

In 1800, when Mrs. Plumstead was twenty-four and her husband eleven years her senior, Gilbert Stuart painted their portraits, which, by bequest of their granddaughter and last descendant, became, a few years since, the property of the Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. Stuart, in the portrait of Mrs. Plumstead, again shows the great delicacy of his brush, a point that I emphasize owing to the opinion entertained by so many that Stuart was essentially a painter of men, robust and virile. The repose and quiet dignity of the figure can well serve as a model to the legion of portrait-painters of to-day, who lack no quality more than that of simplicity, which so completely lends dignity to pose and serenity to subject. The gown is black velvet, adroitly relieved by the golden chain; the curtain and chair-covering are of crimson hues; and the distance is a cool blue sky. The hair, which is flaxen and fluffy, is delightfully rendered by Mr. Wolf, and the light-hazel eyes take almost the tinge of the hair.

Stuart, having some kind of subsistence assured him by the position of organist that we have seen he secured, began that desul-

tory dallying with art which later often left him without a dry crust for his daily bread. While his work was always serious, his temperament never was, and he seems to have played cruel jokes upon himself as carelessly as he did upon others. For two years his career is almost lost to art; only once in a while did he gather himself together to do painting. He had, however, to a marked degree, that odd resource of genius which enabled him to work best, and catch up with lost time, when under the spur of necessity. In later days, with sitters besieging his door, he would turn them away, one by one, until the larder was empty and there was not a penny left in the purse. Then he would go to work, and in an incredibly short time produce one of his masterpieces.

Such was the character, in outline, of the man who went to London to study under West, and, after reaching the metropolis, let two years slip by him without seeking his chosen master. Finally he went to West, and was received as a pupil, and as a member of the painter's family. Just what Stuart learned from West it is difficult to imagine, unless it was how not to paint. For, without meaning to join in the hue and cry of to-day against the art of West, but, on the contrary, protesting against the clamor which fails to consider the conditions that existed in his time, and therefore fails to do him the justice that is his due, I find nothing in the work of the one to suggest any thing of the work of the other.

For five long and weary years Stuart plodded under the gentle guidance of his master, until, tired of doing some of the most important parts of West's pictures,—for which his compensation was doubtless only his keep and tuition, without even the chance of glory,—he broke away, and opened a studio for himself in New Burlington street. If Stuart did gain little in art from West, he gained much of the invaluable benefit of familiar intercourse with persons of the first distinction who were frequenters of the studio of the King's painter. This was of great advantage to Stuart when he set up his own easel and many of these men became his early sitters.



ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

OWNED BY THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, PHILADELPHIA.

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. GEORGE PLUMSTEAD.

(ANNA HELENA AMELIA ROSS.)



DRAWN BY FERNAND LUNGRÉN.

WHY ONE RIDER WAS LATE.

THE PONY EXPRESS.

BY W. F. BAILEY.

IN the fall of 1854, United States Senator W. M. Gwin of California made the trip from San Francisco east en route to Washington, D. C., on horseback, by the way of Salt Lake City and South Pass, then known as the Central Route. For a part of the way he had for company Mr. B. F. Ficklin, the general superintendent of the freighting firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell.

Out of this traveling companionship grew the pony express. Mr. Ficklin's enthusiasm for closer communication with the East was contagious, and Senator Gwin became an untiring advocate of an express service via this route and on the lines suggested by Mr. Ficklin. In January, 1855, the senator introduced a bill in Congress looking to the establishment of a weekly letter express between St. Louis and San Francisco, the schedule to be ten days, the compensation not to exceed \$5000 for the round trip, and the Central Route to be followed. This bill was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, but was never heard of afterward.

During the next five years the attention of Congress and the East was largely taken

up by matters pertaining to the "irrepressible conflict"; but at no time did the people of the West, and more particularly of the Pacific coast, cease to agitate for increased and accelerated mail service with the East. The representatives of the South in Congress, by their concentrated votes, were able to prevent legislation favorable to the routes north of the slaveholding States, and to confine government aid to the Southern routes.

While at this time there were three trans-continental mail routes to California, the great bulk of the mail was sent via Panama on a twenty-two-day schedule from New York to San Francisco. The Butterfield Route carried some through mail, while the Central Route and Chorpensing lines carried only local mail.

California by this time held a large and enterprising population. While the Union men were in a majority, the Southern sympathizers were numerous and aggressive, and were making every effort to carry the State out of the Union. To the Union men the existing arrangements were far from satisfactory; for it was evident that both the

Southern Stage Route and the Panama Route would be liable to interruption upon the opening of hostilities, and, besides, it was of the utmost importance that quicker communication be had with the Washington authorities.

Called to Washington in connection with their government contracts, Mr. Russell, the head of the firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell, met Senator Gwin, and was approached by him on the subject of increased mail facilities via the Central Route. The senator laid before him the probable closing of the present Southern mail routes, and the necessity of finding some other not liable to interference by the South; also the vital importance of quicker communication between the Unionists on the Pacific coast and the Federal authorities. Strange to say, this stalwart Union senator afterward entered the Confederacy, lost his prestige and large fortune, and, at the close of the war, drifted into Mexico and the service of the unfortunate Maximilian, by whom, in 1866, he was made Duke of Sonora.

Won over by the senator's arguments, and with the prospect of a government contract for the handling of virtually all the trans-continental mail in the event of being able to demonstrate the feasibility of keeping the

Central Route open during the winter, and also of surpassing the time between New York and San Francisco made by the Panama Route, Mr. Russell hurriedly returned West. Meeting his partners, Mr. Majors and Mr. Waddell, at Fort Leavenworth, he laid the project before them. These gentlemen, while appreciating the force of the arguments advanced, could not see even expenses in the undertaking, and consequently objected to it. But Mr. Russell still insisted that the project would eventually lead up to a paying proposition, and, further, said that he was committed to Senator Gwin and his friends.

This latter settled the matter, for the word of this firm, once given, was to them as binding as their written obligation, and they unitedly threw their whole energy and resources into the carrying out of the pledge made by one of their members.

The methods of this firm can best be illustrated by the pledge they required every employee to sign, namely: "While in the employ of Russell, Majors & Waddell, I agree not to use profane language, not to get drunk, not to gamble, not to treat animals cruelly, and not to do anything incompatible with the conduct of a gentleman," etc. After the war broke out, a pledge of allegiance to the United States was also required. The



DRAWN BY FERNAND LUNGREN.

WIPING OUT A STATION.



DRAWN BY FERNAND LUNGREN.

AN INCIDENT BETWEEN STATIONS.

company adhered, so far as possible, to the rule of not traveling on Sunday and of avoiding all unnecessary work on that day. A stanch adherence to these rules, and a strict observance of their contracts, in a few years brought them the control of the freighting business of the plains, as well as a widespread reputation for conducting it on a reliable and humane basis.

Committed to the enterprise, the firm proceeded to organize the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company, obtaining a charter under the State laws of Kansas.

In addition to Messrs. Russell, Majors & Waddell of the firm, they associated with them as incorporators B. F. Ficklin, their general superintendent, and F. A. Bee, W. W. Finney, and John S. Jones, employees of the firm. The stage line from Atchison

to Salt Lake City was turned over by the firm to the new company, who purchased Chorpennings' mail contract and stage outfit, then operating a monthly line between Salt Lake City and Sacramento, and the franchise and equipment of the Leavenworth and Pike's Peak Express, organized in 1859, and operating a daily stage line between Leavenworth and Denver, via the Smoky Hill Route, now covered by the Kansas Pacific division of the Union Pacific. Arrangements in the East were left with Mr. Russell. Mr. Ficklin went to Salt Lake City to make necessary arrangements there, and Mr. Finney went to San Francisco.

On arriving at Salt Lake City, Mr. Ficklin called in J. C. Brumley, the resident agent of the company, whose practical knowledge of the route enabled them to figure the schedule, designate relay and other stations,

compute the number of men and horses required, etc.

The company had an established route with the necessary stations between St. Joseph and Salt Lake City. Chorpennig's line west of Salt Lake City had few or no stations, and these had to be built; also some changes in the route were considered advisable. The service comprised sixty agile young men as riders, one hundred additional station-keepers, and four hundred and twenty strong, wiry horses. So well did those in charge understand their business that only sixty days were required to make all necessary arrangements for the start. April 3, 1860, was the date agreed upon, and on that day the first pony express left St. Joseph and San Francisco. In

March, 1860, the following advertisement had appeared in the "Missouri Republican" of St. Louis and in other papers:

To San Francisco in 8 days by the C. O. C. & P. P. Ex. Co. The first courier of the Pony Express will leave the Missouri River on Tuesday, April 3rd, at — P. M., and will run regularly weekly hereafter, carrying a letter mail only. The point on the Mo. River will be in telegraphic connection with the east and will be announced in due time.

Telegraphic messages from all parts of the United States and Canada in connection with the point of departure will be received up to 5:00 P. M. of the day of leaving and transmitted over the Placerville & St. Jo to San Francisco and intermediate points by the connecting express in 8 days. The letter mail will be delivered in San Francisco in 10 days from the departure of the



DRAWN BY FERNAND LUNDGREN.

WAITING ON THE TRAIL WITH A RELAY PONY.

express. The express passes through Forts Kearney, Laramie, Bridger, Great Salt Lake City, Camp Floyd, Carson City, The Washoe Silver Mines, Placerville and Sacramento, and letters for Oregon, Washington Territory, British Columbia, the Pacific Mexican ports, Russian possessions, Sandwich Islands, China, Japan and India will be mailed in San Francisco.

From St. Joseph the start was made 4 P. M. from the office of the United States Express Company, immediately upon the arrival of a special train over the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad. A ferry-boat was in waiting to carry the mail across to St. Joseph, where it was placed in a lead



DRAWN BY FERNAND LUNGREN.

THE COOK.

Special messengers, bearers of letters to connect with the express of the 3rd of April, will receive communications for the courier of that day at 481 10th St., Washington City, up to 2:45 P. M. of Friday, March 30th, and in New York at the office of J. B. Simpson, Room No. 8 Continental Bank Building, Nassau St., up to 6:50 P. M. of 31st March.

Full particulars can be obtained on application at the above places and from the agents of the company.

saddle-blanket with four locked pockets. Promptly at the time advertised the express started, Henry Wallace being the rider, a large and enthusiastic crowd having collected to see him off.

From San Francisco the start was made at the same hour, a steamer being used at Sacramento, where the pony service began. From here the first rider, Henry Roff, leaving at twelve midnight, made

first 20 miles, including one change of horses, in fifty-nine minutes, changing horses again at Folsom's. At Placerville, 55 miles out, the express was turned over to the second rider, "Boston," who carried it to Friday's Station, crossing the summit of the Sierra Nevada en route. Sam Hamilton, the next rider, carried it to Fort Churchill, 75 miles. The distance from Sacramento to Fort Churchill, 185 miles, was made in fifteen hours and twenty minutes, notwithstanding that the

also from the stages of the theaters, so that an immense as well as enthusiastic crowd awaited its arrival at midnight. The California Band paraded; the fire-bells were rung, bringing out the fire companies, who, finding no fire, remained to join in the jollity and to swell the procession which escorted the express from the dock to the office of the Alta Telegraph, its Western terminus. The following schedule covers the west-bound trip:

As planned.

	St. Joseph, Missouri . . .	Left . . .
124 hours	Salt Lake City, Utah . . .	Arrived . . .
218 "	Carson City, Nevada . . .	" . . .
232 "	Sacramento, California . . .	" . . .
240 "	San Francisco, California . . .	" . . .

As made on first trip.

	6:30 P. M., April 3
	6:25 P. M., " 9
	2:30 P. M., " 12
	5:30 P. M., " 13
	1:00 A. M., " 14

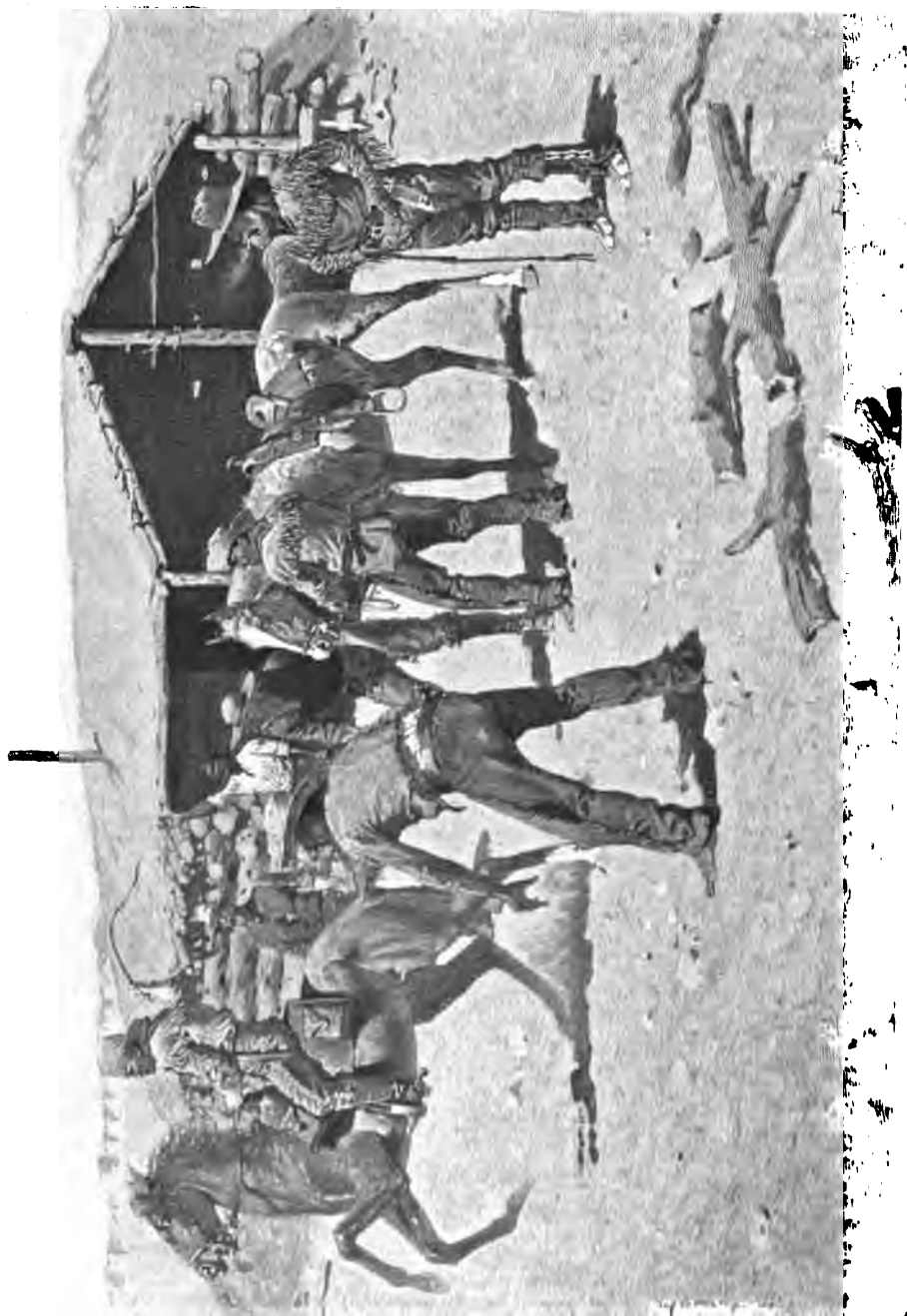
trail across the summit had to be kept open by trains of pack-animals breaking down the snow-drifts.

From Jacob's Station to Ruby Valley, H. J. Faust, now a prominent physician of Utah, was the rider; Josh Perkins from Ruby to Shell Creek; Jim Gentry from Shell Creek to Deep Creek; Let Huntington from there to Simpson's Springs; and John Fisher to Camp Floyd, where Major Egan took it, bringing the express into Salt Lake City at 11:45 P. M., April 7. The season was extremely unpropitious for fast time, it being the early spring, the weather stormy, and the roads heavy. Notwithstanding this, the schedule was maintained, the last 75 miles into Salt Lake City being made in five hours and fifteen minutes.

From Placerville and Carson City, the eastern terminus of the telegraph lines, the news was sent of the passing of the pony east and on time, on the 4th. Then came a week of anxiety until, on the 12th, from the same terminus came the welcome tidings of the arrival, on schedule time, of the first express from the East, and with it a summary of Eastern news only nine days old. As might be expected, the Californians were far more enthusiastic over the service than the people of the East.

Both Sacramento and San Francisco were afire with enthusiasm, and elaborate plans were set on foot to welcome the first express. At the former point the whole city turned out with bells, guns, bands, etc., to greet it. Making only a brief stop to deliver the mail for that point, the express was hurried aboard the swift steamer *Antelope*, and sent forward to San Francisco. Here its prospective arrival had been announced by the papers, and

All the riders were young men selected for their nerve, light weight, and general fitness. No effort was made to uniform them, and they dressed as their individual fancy dictated, the usual costume being a buckskin hunting-shirt, cloth trousers tucked into a pair of high boots, and a jockey-cap or slouch-hat. All rode armed. At first a Spencer rifle was carried strapped across the back, in addition to a pair of army (Colt's) revolvers in their holsters. The rifle, however, was found useless, and was abandoned. The equipment of the horses was a light riding-saddle and bridle, with the saddle-bags, or *mochila*, of heavy leather. These had holes cut in them so that they would fit over the horn and tree of the saddle. The mochilas had four pockets, called *cantinas*, one in each corner, so as to have one in front and one behind each leg of the rider; in these the mail was placed. Three of these pockets were locked and opened en route at military posts and at Salt Lake City, and under no circumstances at any other place. The fourth was for way-stations, for which each station-keeper had a key, and also contained a way-bill, or time-card, on which a record of arrival and departure was kept. The same *mochila* was transferred from pony to pony and from rider to rider until it was carried from one terminus to the other. The letters, before being placed in the pockets, were wrapped in oiled silk to preserve them from moisture. The maximum weight of any one mail was twenty pounds; but this was rarely reached. The charges were originally \$5 for each letter of one half-ounce or less; but afterward this was reduced to \$2.50 for each letter not exceeding one half-ounce, this being in ad-



CHANGING HORSES.

FRANKLIN NEWINGTON

dition to the regular United States postage. Specially made light-weight paper was generally used to reduce the expense. Special editions of the Eastern newspapers were printed on tissue-paper to enable them to reach subscribers on the Pacific coast. This, however, was more as an advertisement, there being little demand for them at their necessarily large price.

At first, stations averaged 25 miles apart, and each rider covered three stations, or 75 miles, daily. Later, stations were established at intermediate points, reducing the distance between them, in some cases, to 10 miles, the distance between stations being regulated by the character of the country. This change was made in the interest of quicker time, it having been demonstrated that horses could not be kept at the top of their speed for so great a distance as 25 miles. At the stations, relays of horses were kept, and the station-keeper's duties included having a pony ready bridled and saddled half an hour before the express was due. Upon approaching a station, the rider would loosen the mochila from his saddle, so that he could leap from his pony as soon as he reached the station, throw the mochila over the saddle of the fresh horse, jump on, and ride off. Two minutes was the maximum time allowed at stations, whether it was to change riders or horses. At relay-stations where riders were changed the incoming man would unbuckle his mochila before arriving, and hand it to his successor, who would start off on a lope as soon as his hand grasped it. Time was seldom lost at stations. Station-keepers and relay-riders were always on the lookout. In the daytime the pony could be seen for a considerable distance, and at night a few well-known yells would bring everything into readiness in a very short time. As a rule, the riders would do 75 miles over their route west-bound one day, returning over the same distance with the first east-bound express.

Frequently, through the exigencies of the service, they would have to double their route the same day, or ride the one next to them, and even farther. For instance, "Buffalo Bill" (W. F. Cody) for a while had the route from Red Buttes, Wyoming, to Three Crossings, Nebraska, a distance of 116 miles. On one occasion, on reaching Three Crossings, he found that the rider for the next division had been killed the night before, and he was called upon to cover his route, 76 miles, until another rider could be employed. This involved a continuous ride of 384 miles without

break, except for meals and to change horses. Again, "Pony Bob," another noted rider, covered the distance from Friday's Station to Smith's Creek, 185 miles, and back, including the trip over the Sierra Nevada, twice, at a time when the country was infested by hostile Indians. It eventually required, when the service got into perfect working order, 190 stations, 200 station-keepers and the same number of assistant station-keepers, 80 riders, and from 400 to 500 horses to cover the 1950 miles from St. Joseph to Sacramento. The riders were paid from \$100 to \$125 per month for their services. Located about every 200 miles were division agents to provide for emergencies, such as Indian raids, the stampeding of stock, etc., as well as to exercise general supervision over the service. One, and probably the most notorious, of these was Jack Slade, of unenviable reputation. For a long time he was located as division agent at the crossing of the Platte near Fort Kearney.

At first the schedule was fixed at ten days, an average of 8 miles an hour from start to finish. This was cut down to eight days, requiring an average speed of 10 miles. The quickest trip made was in carrying President Lincoln's inaugural address, which was done in seven days and seventeen hours, an average speed of 10.7 miles per hour, the fastest time for any one rider being 120 miles, from Smith's Creek to Fort Churchill, by "Pony Bob," in eight hours and ten minutes, or 14.7 miles per hour. Considering the distance and the difficulties encountered, such as hostile Indians, road-agents, floods and snow-storms, and accidents to horses and riders, the schedule was maintained to an astonishing degree. The service created the greatest enthusiasm not only among the employees, but also in the ranks of stage employees, freighters, and residents along the route. To aid a "pony" in difficulty was a privilege, and woe be to the man who would so much as throw a stone in the way.

For instance, on the initial west-bound trip the rider between Folsom's and Sacramento was thrown and his leg was broken. A Wells-Fargo stage finding him in this plight, a special agent of the Wells-Fargo Company, who was on the stage, volunteered to ride for him, and triumphantly brought the first mail into Sacramento only one hour and thirty minutes late. The special agent in question, Mr. J. G. McCall, now Pacific coast agent of the Erie Railroad, still tells with great pride of the ride, and how the whole town turned out to welcome him, and of the re-

ception tendered him by the enthusiastic citizens.

The service also created great interest among Eastern newspapers, which largely availed themselves of it. The more prominent of them kept representatives at St. Joseph to collect news, Henry Villard, afterward president of the Northern Pacific, so representing the New York "Tribune."

The riders were looked up to, and regarded as being "at the top of the heap." No matter what time of the day or of the night they were called upon, whether winter or summer, over mountains or across plains, raining or snowing, with rivers to swim or pleasant prairies to cross, through forests or over the burning desert, they must be ready to respond, and, though in the face of hostiles, ride their beat and make their time. To be late was their only fear, and to get in ahead of schedule their pride. There was no killing time for them, under any circumstances. The schedule was keyed up to what was considered the very best time that could be done, and a few minutes gained on it might be required to make up for a fall somewhere else. First-class horses were furnished, and there were no orders against bringing them in in a sweat. "Make your schedule," was the standing rule. While armed with the most effective weapon then known, the Colt revolver, they were not expected to fight, but to run away. Their weapons were to be used only in emergencies.

Considering the dangers encountered, the percentage of fatalities was extraordinarily small. Far more station employees than riders were killed by the Indians, and even of the latter more were killed off duty than on. This can be explained by the fact that the horses furnished the riders, selected as they were for speed and endurance, were far superior to the mounts of the Indians. There is only one case on record where a rider was caught, and that was owing to his having been surrounded. This occurred in Nebraska, along the Platte River. He was shot, and several days later his body was found. His pony, still bridled and saddled, was also found, with the mail intact. It was transferred to another horse, and soon forwarded to its destination. In laying out the route through the Indian country, pains were taken to avoid everything that would afford cover for an ambushed foe. One of the greatest dangers encountered by the pony-express riders was from immigrants and others who mistook them for Indians. In those days it was shoot first and investigate afterward,

provided the shooter survived to make an investigation. A number of the riders met their death in this way, being mistaken for Indians, horse-thieves, or road-agents. It is a strange but notable fact that the Indians often stood and saw the daring riders fly past, without offering to molest them. There was a mystery about it that made it "bad medicine" to interfere with them. Superstitious as they were, they seldom bothered with anything that they could not understand.

Many of the most noted of the frontiersmen of the sixties and seventies were schooled in the pony-express service. The life was a hard one. Setting aside the constant danger, the work was severe, both on riders and station employees. The latter were constantly on watch, herding their horses. Their diet frequently was reduced to wolf-mutton, their beverage to brackish water, a little tea or coffee being a great luxury, while the lonesome souls were nearly always out of tobacco and whisky.

The correspondence carried by the pony express was mainly official and business communications, the extra cost acting as a bar to ordinary letters, on which the saving of time was not of much importance. One of the principal patrons of the service was the English government, the official communications of which were, as a rule, forwarded by this route. A report of the operations of the English squadron in China waters required \$135 to cover the pony-express charges. The most important service rendered by it was the carrying of communications between Washington and the government officers and Union men on the coast. To it may be attributed the information that enabled them to forestall the plans of the Southern faction to carry California out of the Union. The events then taking place, foreshadowing our Civil War, were of overwhelming interest, and for this reason public attention was directed more to the service than would have been the case under ordinary circumstances.

The government extended virtually no aid to the company. It is true that the War Department issued to the express-riders army revolvers and cartridges with which to defend themselves, and that troops in the field, as well as those at the military posts along the route, could be depended upon to extend assistance in cases of emergency: but no financial aid was given in any way.

The expenses of the line for the sixteen months during which it was operated by

the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company were approximately:

Equipping the line	\$100,000
Maintenance, \$30,000 per month . . .	480,000
Nevada Indian War	75,000
Miscellaneous	45,000
	<hr/> \$700,000

While it is true that the receipts did reach as high as \$1000 per trip, in all they did not exceed \$500,000, leaving a net loss of \$200,000.

The great expense of establishing and maintaining the pony express was not to be wondered at, taking into consideration the condition of the country west of the Missouri at that time. In all that territory there was virtually no settlement excepting Salt Lake City and the occasional government posts. Relays of horses were necessarily kept at each station, and feed for them had to be hauled enormous distances, and riders employed at each third station. In addition to the wages of the riders, station agents, and their assistants, their board had to be furnished; and as the country produced nothing, provisions had to be hauled by wagons from the Missouri River, Utah, or California.

At first the service was weekly; beginning June 10, 1860, it was semi-weekly. This was in the face of a constantly increasing deficit, and without recognition on the part of the federal government. Were it not for the necessity of demonstrating the feasibility of the route during the winter, it is quite probable that the line would have been abandoned in the fall of 1860, when Congress refused to pass the bill authorizing the service as a mail-route; but buoyed up by the hope that it must meet with substantial recognition in the end, the company continued the service during the winter of 1860-61 and the following spring.

Owing to the heavy losses, not only in connection with the pony-express service, but in other directions, caused by the depreciation of currency and the inability to make collections from the government, because of the failure of Congress to make necessary appropriations, the company became involved in debt to the amount of \$1,800,000.

In February, 1861, Congress authorized the Postmaster-General to advertise for bids for a daily mail over the Central Route, and on March 2 it was further enacted that, in consideration of an annual subsidy of \$1,000,000, the Overland Mail Company should be required to change from the Southern to the Central Route, and that they should run a semi-weekly pony express, carrying five

pounds of government mail matter free, charging the public \$1 per half-ounce. The outbreak of hostilities between the North and the South brought out an order for the suspension of the daily mail service by the Southern Route early in April. The company found that they could not make the transfer from the Southern to the Central Route in less than two months, and it was July 1 before their first stage left St. Joseph. By an arrangement between the two great contracting parties, the pony-express service remained in the hands of the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company, the Overland Mail Company running only the daily stage.

In August, 1861, the Central Overland California and Pike's Peak Express Company was forced to the wall by its financial difficulties. The pony-express service was continued by others until October 24, 1861, when the line of the Pacific Telegraph Company was completed. During the construction of the telegraph line the pony express was running only between the ends of the wire. Much of its prestige and glamour was lost in the transfer, and it was supposed that when the telegraph was completed its usefulness would be gone. It was found that the daily stage schedule of eighteen days, together with the telegraph service, did not fully fill the want. The California legislature protested against its discontinuance, and the press clamored for its reestablishment, but unsuccessfully.

The great feat of the pony-express service was the delivery of President Lincoln's inaugural address in 1861. Great interest was felt in this all over the land, foreshadowing as it did the policy of the administration in the matter of the Rebellion. In order to establish a record, as well as for an advertisement, the company determined to break all previous records, and to this end horses were led out from the different stations so as to reduce the distance each would have to run, and get the highest possible speed out of every animal. Each horse averaged only ten miles, and that at its very best speed. Every precaution was taken to prevent delay, and the result stands without a parallel in history: seven days and seventeen hours—one hundred and eighty-five hours—for 1950 miles, an average of 10.7 miles per hour. From St. Joseph to Denver, 665 miles were made in two days and twenty-one hours, the last 10 miles being accomplished in thirty-one minutes.

The most serious interruption, and one

that it was feared would result in the abandonment of the enterprise, occurred in May and June, 1860. At this time there was a formidable outbreak on the part of the Indians in Oregon, and the troops of the Department of the Pacific were called on to quell it, thus leaving the Overland Route unprotected. The absence of the troops, and sympathy with their Northern brethren, resulted in the Pah-Utes, Shoshones, and Bannocks going on the war-path. This affected the route from Salt Lake City to Carson City. Nearly, if not all, the stations between these two points were burned or otherwise destroyed, the stock was run off, and the station-men were either killed or driven out of the country. Several riders were also killed, and one mail was destroyed. As a result, the service was suspended for several weeks. These disasters, coming as they did in the infancy of the undertaking, and before it had fully gained the confidence of the public, came near resulting in the abandonment of the whole enterprise, and, had it not been for the energetic efforts of the agent of the company, would have done so; but he, with the aid of the newspapers, and backed by the general sentiment of the country, raised a body of volunteers, and soon settled the outbreak, replacing the stations, and restoring the line to its original condition, at an expense to the company of more than \$75,000.

Naturally the service met with many delays and interruptions. A solitary rider liable to accidents and encounters that unavoidably result in the loss of time, deep fall of snow, the laming of a horse, the presence of a band of hostile Indians in any way, were common occurrences. Or, the Indians would attack and destroy the station, run off the stock, and kill or drive off the station employees. We can better realize the danger and liability of delay to the service from the constant appearance of items as the following in the newspapers of the

The pony-expressman has just returned from Cold Springs, being driven back by the Indians.

The men at Dry Creek Station have all been killed, and it is thought those at Robert's Station have met with the same fate.

Eight horses were stolen from Smith's Station last Monday, supposedly by road-agents.

Bart Riles, the pony-rider, died this morning from wounds received at Cold Springs, May 1st.

Six Pike's Peak riders found the body of the station-keeper horribly mutilated, the station burned, and all the stock missing from Simpson's.

Once behind time, it was almost impossible to make it up, so fast was the schedule. Thus, on the trip with President Lincoln, several hours were lost by one of the riders in a heavy snow-storm.

Victor News
Victor, Idaho
 B. H. News
 Pines Peak
 Express Co.
 Nov. 8
 Joseph, Mo.
 Pony Express
 Nov. 8
 Joseph, Mo.
 Benham, Esq.
 Julesburg
 for the Rocky Mountain News
 & Co.

A GENTLEMAN OF JAPAN AND A LADY.

BY JOHN LUTHER LONG.

Author of "Madame Butterfly," "Ein Nix Nutz," etc.

I. A DARK-BLACK SHINY THING.



HE was in an extremely oratorical attitude, of the American senatorial fashion (as she conceived it after some acquaintance with the comic weeklies).

"When — the — American — *igle*?"

She threw a charming interrogation at Bob without changing a muscle.

"Eagle," corrected Bob, sadly, from the newspaper cutting in his hand.

"Thangs. 'When the American *eegle* shall have—shall have'—?"

"Fraternized with the Japanese dragon," prompted Bob, again.

"Shall have frat-ern'— I cannot say that other—'ni-zed'?" She darted at the paper.

"When the Yankees of the East an'—the—same—kind—Yankees?—of the West?—shall lie—down—together?—asleep?"

A smile forced its way through Bob's joylessness. "No, no! It's the same old lamb and lion that do the prevaricating."

"When those *lamb*, with the fleece of that in-*dus*-try upon his back, an' those *lion* with the powers there-*of* inside him—' Aha! Tha's right?"

"Sh!" whispered Bob, pocketing the paper; "here comes the Lord High Admiral."

A Japanese naval cadet's uniform slowly appeared at the head of the stairs (it was in the remote "up-stairs" of Mrs. Rawlins's Japanese house), and Kohana-San's speech instantly became a dance. She kept her up-lifted hands and eyes precisely where they were, raised one foot, swung half round upon the other (in exact accordance with some twenty or thirty rules upon the subject), courtesied thrice, north, east, and south, then slowly subsided to the floor with her pretty nose to the mats. Then she recognized her brother.

"Oh, Ani-San, tha' 's you?"

Her brother (who was inside the uniform) gave her a glance of reproach which would have been chiding but for the presence of

Bob. To him the cadet said with extreme politeness—all the more polite because Bob had begun to whistle (it was "See, the Conquering Hero Comes"):

"Tha' 's nize day?"

"It is night," said Bob, acidly.

"Tha' 's nize night," corrected the cadet, promptly. He turned to his sister. "That Mrs. Rawlins she desire you mos' soon. I egspeg you not dance?"—this with severity. "I accomplish you goon-night"—to Bob again; and the uniform descended in good order.

"Go on," said Bob, glancing furtively at the stairs, and producing the paper.

"Your modder—she desire me," ventured Kohana-San.

Bob looked utterly hopeless.

"We got *liddle* time yit," she relented, taking the paper.

"Do you mind me taking off my coat?"

"I *lig* you take it off. Don' lig soach dark-black shiny thing."

"You've got good taste," said Bob, with a spiteful fling of the garment.

"Oh, *how* your modder will be angry!" She fetched the garment from the corner. "Oh! you gitting it full cob-things."

Which was quite imaginary—there was no such thing as a cobweb in the house.

"Sa-ay! Tha' 's a foanny kind clothes!" She peered at Bob from between the parted tails. It made Bob laugh a little.

"Ah-h-h! Tha' 's nize. 'When you laugh the demons skeered away.'"

She had rendered the proverb with great freedom.

"Now, then! *How* you are brave once more!"

For Bob's bearing had grown fearfully determined.

The rehearsal of the speech went on.

For, to elucidate a little, the coat was a swallowtail, Bob's first, and the occasion was not merely one of Mrs. Rawlins's Thursday "things" (to quote from Bob's and Kohana-San's private vocabulary), but a much more solemn affair—nothing less, in short, than a going-away party for Bob, who had arrived

at the age of one-and-twenty. And his fond mother had set her heart upon having Bob make a speech in response to a toast of the Rev. Dr. Peabody, which she had also inspired. Her husband, a naval officer, had had a theory that to vanquish difficulties one must plunge into the midst of them. Bob was destined by his mother to illustrate this original theory by being thrust suddenly forth into that fierce light which beats upon a personage.

II. HARKING TO THE TOMBS.

Now, Bob had been born in Japan, and he and Kohana-San had been chums time out of mind. He might have remembered insisting upon her opening and shutting her eyes from time to time, like "other Japanese dolls"; and she would certainly have remembered how she had always solemnly done it. But now, as ever (though both had technically "grown up"), they went to each other for comfort in their troubles. And this threatened speech was certainly the worst they had ever had, Bob insisted. Kohana-San (perhaps it is unnecessary to explain) quite agreed with him; she always did this, and still—curiously enough—always had her own way.

First they went to Mrs. Rawlins and begged for Bob's release. This she affectionately but firmly refused. Bob, she said, was a man, and he must learn the duties of a man, and among those of an American gentleman was the ability to make a speech. She was then petitioned to provide the speech. This she also declined to do. American gentlemen, she said, must be able to prepare their own speeches. Whereupon Bob and Kohana-San went for a walk among the tombs in Shiba.

"I say, Kohana-San, I shall have to disappear," said Bob, with desperate finality. "That's what everybody does who gets into a hole."

If Bob meant this humorously, considering their whereabouts, it passed quite unnoticed.

Perhaps, however, it spurred Kohana-San to extraordinary effort. The next day she appeared with the speech of one Senator Gopher, clipped from a Chinese newspaper.

"Tha' 's mos' bes' nize speech *I* aever see!" she declared. She read a little of it. "Jus' *full* igles, dragons, Goddess Liberty, an' Sufferin' In-de-pen-dence! I got not a speech inside my hade, you got not inside your hade. What you go'n' do? *Why*, tha' 's mos' nize speech!"

She put it at him, and, being at the end of his wits, and thus tempted, he fell.

With a feeling of guilt acknowledged by both, but excused by the condign necessity, they set about editing the speech to suit the occasion, and then took up its rehearsal. But Bob was dissatisfied.

"Kohana-San," he protested, "those are not my sentiments. I don't believe in the eagle-and-dragon business."

"*No!*" cried Kohana-San, tragically, "I don', too. *But*-- what you go'n' do? You *got* have sentiments. An' if you got not some of your own--*sa-ay*--what *kin* you do? *Why*, git some sentiments on outside your hade. Aha! Tha' 's a pity you got deceive your modder--*yaes*. *But*--if you don' deceive her, you go'n' break her heart--break her heart all up! Me? I thing tha' 's mos' bes'. If you break her heart, she go'n' die. If you deceive her liddle, she go'n' live. Mebbly she don' fine out. Mebbly she don' keer if she do fine out. *Sa-ay*--you *got* speak those speech 'bout igles an' Suffering Free-dom. Me? I 'm sawry--*ver*' sawry. *But*--what *kin* you do?"

Well, Bob did not see any more than Kohana-San what he could do. But fate seemed inscrutable. He looked, as he had so often done, at the brave little girl, in wonder and admiration.

"You're not bashful, nor--nor--a chump!" he accused, then.

"No," confessed Kohana-San, with down-dropped head.

Now it happened that this was a very charming pose for her.

"Only bewitching," said Bob.

"*Yaes*," confessed the girl, again.

"I wish I were like you," sighed Bob.

"Be-witch-ing?"

"You could make that speech."

"*Yaes*," sighed Kohana-San; "but I could *not* wear those coat."

"No; the whole silly business goes together"; and he ruefully regarded his faultlessly gloved hands. Kohana-San did the same.

"Leviathan, are n't they?"

"Le-vi-a--wha' 's that?" questioned Kohana-San, in some alarm.

"Big as a house."

She held up her own satiny small ones. Bob inclosed both of them in one of his.

The naval cadet was heard, like a machine, on the stairs.

Bob glared in that direction ferociously--and let go the hands.

"Come--come--*come!*" cried Kohana-San, panically, rearranging the *kanzashi* in

her hair. She was to make the tea, in the Japanese fashion.

"Yes," said Bob, with a frightful thumping in the cardiac region; "I might as well get it over. This coat—will you give me a lift?"

This was to the cadet, who stood like a graven image at the head of the stairs; but Kohana-San had him inside of it in a jiffy.

"Go on, Admiral!" said Bob. "We're coming."

The cadet threw one hand to his chest, dropped the other at his side, faced about, and started down, processionally.

"An' me? I take your arm, thisaway?" Kohana-San did it with a gay grace.

Bob immediately lost his transient gaiety.

"But—you lig escort me?"

"Of course," said Bob, gallantly.

"Then why you that sad?" Kohana-San pouted a moment, then dropped his arm.

"Go before, then, Mister Bashful Bob, an' I come behin', lig I jus' a slave, an' you a prince."

But Bob had already repented.

"In America it is ladies first."

He stood aside with the finest bow she had ever seen him make.

"Sa-ay," she said, with the confidence of a chum, "you *not* Bashful Bob."

"Yes, I am," groaned Bob.

"You *not*," insisted Kohana-San.

"I am. I'm afraid of girls, and pretty fellows,—like your brother,—as well as speeches."

"Ah, yaes; but—you *brave*—an' *strong*; an' Ani-San is jus'—"

"Pretty?" said Bob, with distinct inward gratitude. "He could make that speech, too, and get enjoyment out of it, I suppose. I'm in a perspiration."

"An' it is col' weather!" laughed his chum. Then she added: "Sa-ay, I will as' the Sun-Goddess to help us!"

She announced it as a triumph of subtlety.

"Do," counseled Bob; "and if she's the sort of goddess she ought to be, she'll send an earthquake, or something of that sort, at the right moment." He stopped with his coat half off again. "I'd rather be shot, slightly, than make that speech. Look here, Kohana-San; I believe I'll steal a march on mama, and just thank them in the good old American fashion for their patronage, or words to that effect, and hoping for a continuance of the same—don't you know?"

"*Tha'* 's mos' bes' nize of aeny!" declared the girl, comfortingly. "But—your modder she lig you say those 'bout Goddess Liberty

an' Suffering Freedom In-de-pen-dence! an' 'bout the igle."

"Yes," sighed the victim of circumstance.

The white uniform began to appear again, and they descended behind it.

III. ROBINSON CRUSOE.

BOB found long coat-tails even more of a nuisance than he had supposed he should. He discovered presently that the Japanese tailor had deliberately neglected to put pockets in the trousers.

"What the deuce does he expect a fellow to do with his hands?" he asked Kohana-San, as if she were to blame for it. She could not make him believe that the tailor had probably forgotten it, and she did not much comfort him by the information that Ani-San never had any pockets in his uniform.

"That 's the reason I want pockets in mine," said Bob. "But say; I never knew before that there was such an intimate relation between pockets and hands." He reflected a moment. "Look here; I've heard that they do that sometimes to divorce a fellow's hands from his pockets! Well, I'll do with my hands precisely as I please! And the next uniform of this kind I get, I will have pockets all over it, just for spite."

"How that will be nize!" said Kohana-San.

Bob's mother was very proud of him that night, and looking down upon her white hair and pretty figure, Bob was aware of heroic pride in being sacrificed for her.

"Or otherwise there would be no speech to-night by Robinson Crusoe Rawlins," said he, within himself. Bob had once or twice thought that it was this name of his that made him so bashful. It was so much like a joke. He had been born on a nearly desert island,—Yezzo,—and his father, in the illness of his mother, had attended to his christening. The evidence, to Bob, though circumstantial, was complete. She called him Robert; but Bob, whenever it came to a question of his name, gave it in full, and in defiance.

His mother took admirable care of him in the crush of guests who presently came, and Bob was delighted to find more and more use for his hands, and that his gloves were becoming more and more soiled.

His mother was as pleased as he, except as to the condition of his gloves.

"Robert," she said, "only a very little confidence in yourself, and a little self-forgetfulness, and you can do anything."

But she had to leave him then, and his spirits fell. Kohana-San, released from her duties by Mrs. Rawlins, came up behind him.

"You *not* bashful. You deceiving me all times," she accused reproachfully. "Me? I see you doing *so—so—so!*" She illustrated: "'Tha' 's nize evening, Mrs. Willing. *Yaes, ma'am.*' 'Tha' 's nize day, Mrs. Finley. *Yaes, ma'am.* How your health is? *Yaes.* An' the health of your large family? *Ma'am?* Ah, thangs.' Me? I cannot be *so* be-witching. You deceiving me all times! Tha' 's not nize for me."

She dramatized his *début* with the most charming inflections and gestures, and meant it to be vastly encouraging; but it brought up Bob's specter again.

"Oh," he groaned, "I had forgotten for a moment. I believe if it were not for that I should enjoy myself, in spite of these clothes, with your help."

He glanced fearfully around, and found Dr. Peabody's smile upon him, as who should say, "Be of good cheer." He dragged Kohana-San precipitately behind a screen, and once more fished the paper out of his pocket.

"You *got* have it your hade," admonished Kohana-San, forcibly.

"I have, somewhere. But I can never lay hands upon it when I want it. Now!"

They went over it again, and returned, and at last Bob's hour arrived. Dr. Peabody was getting to his feet, and polishing his glasses.

IV. WHEN THE LAMB AND THE LION SHALL LIE.

"FRIENDS," he began, "if this is not the happiest moment of my life, it is one of them. Our young friend here,"—he turned directly upon Bob, and so did everybody else,—"*I say, our young friend here is about to return to his native land, to take his part in the responsibilities of the grandest government on earth. From the land of the Sun-Goddess to the land of the Goddess of Liberty—from the place where freedom has been born anew to the one where liberty and independence, one and inseparable, had their first baptism of fire! Ladies and gentlemen, ties have grown up between that country and this which have more than a moral significance. This nation is destined to blaze the way in the East to a new birth of civilization and freedom, as that did in the West more than a hundred years ago. And our young friend here is but another who shall assist in bringing these mighty forces together.*"

When the American eagle and the Japanese dragon shall have fraternized, and the Yankee of the East and the Yankee of the West shall join hands across the sea commercial brotherhood, the salvation of nations is assured. And when the lamb the fleece of industry, and the lion, with power, shall, not lie down together in slumber, but go forth together in joyful enlightened toil, then indeed is the millennium almost come. In his presence it is not to speak of his sterling young manhood; all know him as I do, and perhaps I know him enough. But I cannot forbear to say this much, even to his face: if I were for a model upon which to build the new citizenship of the great country to which he goes on the twentieth instant to *Empress of India*, I should point with to our young friend, Mr. Robinson (Rawlins!)"

Dr. Peabody had spoken Senator Goodenough's speech without editing, and with his own ridiculous improvisations.

During the applause nobody thought of Bob. But he dazedly saw his mother hanging from the other end of the room to him, while between he encountered the stare of the cadet; and then he heard something like a sob behind him. He reared back and touched the comforting little he found in his way. Then he rose. He was unsteady, and his face was very red. He saw his mother pause perplexed in the crowd on the right. The stare of the cadet was like a lodestone to his eyes. He turned to smile at him carelessly, but knew it was ghastly sham. He determined grimly that he would be heard, if only by way of a yell; that, he thought, would at least reach the American. But when he opened his mouth his tongue clacked against the roof of his mouth. Kohana-San put a glass of water in his hand; but he was too far gone in panic to know what to do with it. The loosened something within that welled up his throat and choked and blinded him suddenly dropped into his chair, and covered his face with his hands.

Kohana-San placed herself before him. She too was very pale, and while one was waving itself out toward her and the other was clenching desperately on the edge of the table.

"Tha' 's account he too mod-es' to 'bout hisse'f. That breaking his heart. Some other he kin make speech all day all night. He got nize speech 'bout 'em."

dragon also. Me? How I know? I see it. *But*—he break his heart. He lig thang you 'bout your pat-ron-ages, an' hoping that you *con*-tinue same foraever an' aever. You got to henceforth aexcuse him; an' me—you got aexcuse me."

The company promptly recovered from the death-like horror of Bob's fiasco, and thundered its approval of Kohana-San. And Bob had the guilty consciousness that he liked the applause more than any one else. He reached under the table and caught again the little brown hand he found there.

"God bless you," he said; "I'll never forget—"

But his eyes gave way to a sound. A curious rumbling detached itself from the noise of hands and voices. It caught an ear as keen for "signs" of this sort as an Indian's for those of another sort. Bob had been born to this noise, and he knew it. It grew. No one else seemed to have noticed it.

His mother, with a grave and remorseful face, was approaching him; but he did not see her.

"Bob," she was saying contritely, "you must try and forgive me. I know you did it for me. It was a foolish ambition of mine. If I had at all suspected—"

"Git out!" shouted Bob, with a sudden leap upon the table into the midst of dishes and viands. "Git out—all of you!" He caught the large beam which crossed the apartment just as it was leaving its mortise. Those who had not understood at first knew now what it meant. The sickening rock of the earthquake followed.

V. THE NICE EARTHQUAKE.

PRESENTLY some one made a light. Bob looked down from where he was holding the beam from doing destruction, like another young Atlas. All his good humor had returned.

"Oh, Kohana-San! That's lucky. You're worth the whole lot of them. That you, mother? Excuse me for frightening you, but there was no time for talk." Bob grinned good-naturedly. "That beam had to be stopped, and talk would n't do it. Kohana-San, did you run?"

"You—thing—I go'n' 'way—while—you making—*such*—nize—speech!"

Bob was not quite sure whether she was *robbing* or laughing.

"Speech! What speech? I must have *conscious*."

VL—113.

"That '*Git* out!'"

It was certain that she was laughing now; but it was also certain that Mrs. Rawlins's nerves had broken, and that she was crying.

"Now, wait a minute, mother, till I get down here, and I'll fix it all right with you. I *can't* make a speech."

"*But*—you—*kin*—hole up—a—house!"

Kohana-San's words were disjointed by her struggles to get some of the *fusuma* out of their grooves and under the threatening beam.

The cadet carefully inserted his head between the *fusuma* to see if things were done falling. In Japanese houses occupied by Japanese there is seldom anything to fall; but it is quite the other way in Japanese houses occupied by foreigners.

"Come in!" shouted Bob. "Everything is down—but me; and I want to get down. Say, be useful, for once, won't you? Help your little sister to prop this beam, and give me a rest. Never mind your trousers."

But the cadet got himself carefully inside, rolled up his trousers, pulled his sleeves out of the way, and then did as he was told with great efficiency.

Bob jumped down, and caught his mother up in his arms.

"I say, little mammy," Bob began, "I'm as sorry as I possibly can be—"

"I'm not," sobbed his mother, savagely.

"What?" shouted Bob, giving her an ecstatic hug. "Thanks!"

"It was very foolish of me, and vulgar. I don't want you to make speeches."

"Second the motion," said Bob.

"Except like that one."

"Get out?"

"You said '*git*!'"

"Oh, well," laughed Bob.

His mother, for once, did n't seem to care a particle about the style of his language.

"I want you to be able to *do* things."

"That's all right," said Bob, confidently.

"And to be *brave*," said his mother.

"That's harder," confessed Bob. "Kohana-San?" He looked about, but she and the admiral had quietly slipped out, fearing one of those American manifestations of emotion which are so embarrassing to the Japanese. "I meant her to respond to that toast, mammy, because she does it so well and she is brave."

His mother wound an arm about him, and called him a rogue. Bob presently disentangled himself to show her the gloves, split through the palms, and the coat, split

up the back. To Bob's surprise, his mother smiled, and he, encouraged thereby, laughed.

"I say, little mammy, I never thought I could be so happy in these garments."

"You are not very much *in* them," sighed his mother.

"I'll wear them hereafter with pleasure," laughed Bob.

VI. WELL, IS HE EVER COMING BACK?

FROM the deck of the *Empress of India* Bob at last saw a small gray figure arrive upon the pier. He thought it looked just a little woeful. He dashed down the gang-plank and almost over it.

"I knew you 'd come!" he cried.

She seemed frightened by his ardor.

"House is all fixed up again."

He saw by her face that she knew this.

"I say, it was good of you and Amaterasu to bring on that earthquake just at the right moment, and give me a chance."

"You *got* make speech then!"

Bob shouted joyously. He had about exhausted his small talk.

"Tha' 's mos' bes' nize speech of all."

"An' that the mos' bes' nize earthquake of all."

"Me? I also lig gents what kin *do* things."

"Me? I also lig girls what kin *say* things."

The ship was giving its last warning.

"Well," began Bashful Bob, with another such an uprising in his throat as on the night of his party, holding out his hands. But she was looking down, and did not see them.

"Sa-ay, you aever coming back at Japan 'nother time? Me? I think I git that lonely—if you don'," was what she was murmuring. It was her most charming pose again.

"Am I ever coming back? Oh, say, look up here!"

She did it; and Bob, who had seen a man on his right snatch a kiss and run up the gang-plank, did the same—such is the bane of example.

And all down the bay Bob kept his handkerchief going, and Kohana-San kept answering it, till long after he was out of sight. Then she turned happily away.

"Tha' 's firs' time I aever been kiss," she mused, as she went. "Tha' 's—tha' 's mos' bes' nize—" she thought a moment, "tha' 's mos' bes' nize—" She came into collision with a jinriki-man a moment later. She looked up with the little dream still in her eyes, and murmured: "Tha' 's mos' bes' nize—" Kohana-San smiled. "*Gomen nasai*" ("I beg your pardon"), she said, still smiling, as she went on her way.

BORES.

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE H. DARWIN.



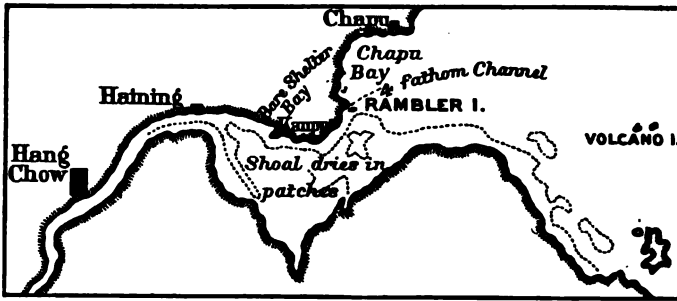
HERE are in the estuaries of many rivers broad flats of mud or sand which are nearly dry at low water, and in such situations the tide not unfrequently rises with such great rapidity that the wave assumes the form of a wall of water. This sort of tide-wave is called a "bore," and in French *mascaret*. Notwithstanding the striking nature of the phenomenon, very little has been published on the subject, and I know of only one series of systematic observations of the bore. As the account to which I refer is contained in the official publications¹ of the English Admiralty it has probably come under the

notice of only a small circle of readers. But the experiences of the men engaged in making these observations were so striking that an account of them should prove of interest to the general public. In writing this article I have, moreover, through the kindness of Admiral Sir William Wharton, the advantage of supplementing verbal description with some previously unpublished photographs.

After the description of the bore itself, I shall endeavor to give some explanation of the causes which lead to this remarkable sort of tide-wave.

The estuary on which the observations were made is that of the Tsien-Tang-Kiang, a considerable river which flows into the China Sea about sixty miles south of the great Yangtse-Kiang. At most places the bore occurs only intermittently, but in this case it travels up the river at every tide.

¹ "Report on the Bore on the Tsien-Tang-Kiang," by Commander Moore, R. N., 1888. "Further Report," etc., 1892. Potter, 31 Poultry, London.



THE ESTUARY OF THE TSIENTANG-KIANG.

The bore may be observed within seventy miles of Shanghai, and within an easy walk of the great city of Hangchow; and yet nothing more than a mere mention of it is to be found in any previous publication.

In 1888 Captain Moore, R. N., being in command of her Majesty's surveying-ship *Rambler*, thought that it was desirable to make a thorough survey of the river and estuary. He returned to the same station in 1892; and the account which I give of his survey is derived from reports drawn up after his two visits. The accompanying sketch-map shows the estuary of the Tsien-Tang, and the few places to which I shall have occasion to refer are marked thereon.

On the morning of September 19, 1888, the *Rambler* was moored near an island, named after the ship, to the southwest of Chapu Bay; and on the 20th the two steam-cutters *Pandora* and *Gulnare*, towing the sailing-cutter *Brunswick*, left the ship with instruments for observing and a week's provisions.

Captain Moore had no reason to suspect that the tidal currents would prove dangerous out in the estuary, and he proposed to go up the estuary about thirty miles to Haining, and then follow the next succeeding bore up-stream to Hangchow. Running up-stream with the flood, all went well until about 11:30, when they were about fifteen miles southwest by west of Kanpu. The leading boat, the *Pandora*, here grounded, and anchored quickly, but swung round violently as far as the keel would let her. The other boats, being unable to stop, came up rapidly; and the *Gulnare*, casting off the *Brunswick*, struck the *Pandora*, and then drove on to and over the bank, and anchored. The boats soon floated in the rising flood, and although the engines of the steam-cutters were kept going full speed, all three boats dragged their anchors in an eleven-knot stream. When the flood slackened, the three boats pursued their course to the mouth of

the river, where they arrived about 4 P. M. The ebb was, however, so violent that they were unable to anchor near one another. Their positions were chosen by the advice of some junkmen, who told Captain Moore, very erroneously as it turned out, that they would be safe from the night bore.

The night was calm, and at 11:29 the murmur of the bore was heard to the eastward; it could be seen at 11:55, and passed with a roar at 12:20, well over toward the opposite bank, as predicted by the Chinese. The danger was now supposed to be past; but at 1 A. M. a current of extreme violence caught the *Pandora*, and she had much difficulty to avoid shipwreck. In the morning it was found that her rudder-post and propeller-guard were broken, and the other boats, the *Brunswick* and the *Gulnare*, were nowhere to be seen. They had, in fact, been in considerable danger, and had dragged their anchors three miles up the river. At 12:20 A. M. they had been struck by a violent rush of water in a succession of big ripples. In a few moments they were afloat in an eight-knot current; in ten minutes the water rose nine feet, and the boats began to drag their anchors, although the engines of the *Gulnare* were kept going full speed. After dragging for three miles, the rush subsided, and when the anchor was hove up, the pea of the anchor and the greater part of the chain were as bright as polished silver.

This account shows that all the boats were in imminent danger, and that great skill was needed to save them. After this experience and warning, the survey was continued almost entirely from the shore.

The junks which navigate the river are well aware of the dangers to which the English boats were exposed, and they have an ingenious method of avoiding them. At various places on the bank of the river there are shelter platforms, of which I show an illustration. Immediately after the pass-



BORE OF THE TSIEN-TANG-KIANG. PAGODA AND SHELTER PLATFORM.

ing of the bore the junks run up-stream with the after-rush, and make for one of these shelters, where they allow themselves to be left stranded on the raised platform shown in the picture. At the end of this platform there is a sort of round tower jutting out into the stream. The object of this is to deflect the main wave of the bore so as to protect the junks from danger. After the passage of the bore, the water rises on the platform very rapidly, but the junks are just able to float in safety. Captain Moore gives a graphic account of the spectacle afforded by the junks as they go up-stream, and describes how, on one occasion, he saw no less than thirty junks swept up in the after-rush, at a rate of ten knots, past the town of Haining toward Hangchow, with all sail set, but with their bows in every direction.

Measurements of the water-level were made in the course of the survey, and the results, in the form of a diagram, exhibit the nature of the bore with admirable clearness. The observations of water-level were taken simultaneously at three places, viz.: Volcano Island, in the estuary; Rambler Island, near the mouth of the river; and Haining, twenty-six miles up the river. In the figure, the distance between the lines marked "Rambler" and "Volcano" represents fifty-one miles, and that between "Rambler" and "Haining" twenty-six miles. The vertical scales show the height of water, measured in feet, above and below the mean level of the water at these three points. The lines joining the vertical scales, marked with the hours of the clock, show the height of the water simultaneously. The hour of 8:30 is indicated by the lowest line; it shows that the water was one foot below mean level at Volcano Island, twelve feet below at Rambler Island, and eight feet below at Haining. Thus the water sloped

down from Haining to Rambler, and from Volcano to Rambler; the water was running up the estuary toward Rambler Island, and down the estuary to the same point. At 9 and at 9:30 there was no great change, but the water had risen two or three feet at Volcano Island and at Rambler Island. By ten o'clock the water was rising rapidly at Rambler Island, so that there was a nearly uniform slope up the river from Volcano Island to Haining. The rise at Rambler Island then continued to be very rapid, while the water at Haining remained almost stationary. This state of affairs went on until midnight, by which time the water had risen twenty-one feet at Rambler Island, and about six feet at Volcano Island, but had not yet risen at all at Haining. No doubt, through the whole of this time, the water was running down the river from Haining toward its mouth. It is clear that this was a state of strain which could not continue long, for there was over twenty feet of difference of level between Rambler Island, outside, and Haining, in the river. Almost exactly at midnight the strain broke down, and the bore started somewhere between Rambler Island and Kanpu, and rushed up the river in a wall of water twelve feet high. This result is indicated in the figure by the presence of two lines marked "midnight." After the bore had passed there was an after-rush that carried the water up eight feet more. It was on this that the junks were swept up the stream, as already described. At 1:30 the after-rush was over, but the water was still somewhat higher at Rambler Island than at Haining, and a gentle current continued to set up-stream. The water then began to fall at Rambler Island, while it continued to rise at Haining up to three o'clock. At this point the ebb of the tide sets in. I do not repro-

duce the figure which exhibits the fall of the water in the ebbing tide, for it may suffice to say that there is no bore down-stream, although there is at one time a very violent current.

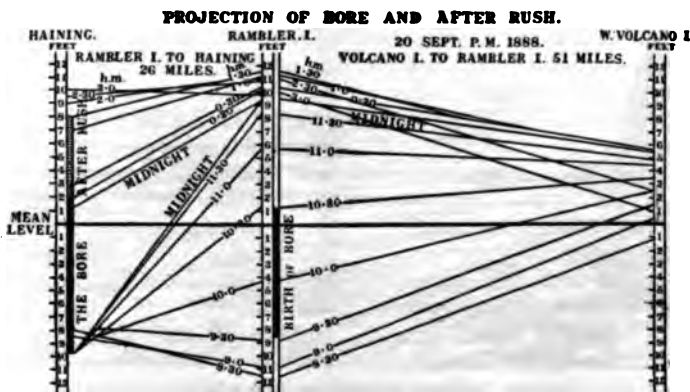
In 1892, Captain Moore succeeded, with considerable difficulty, in obtaining these photographs of the bore as it passed Haining. They tell more of the violence of the wave than could be conveyed by any amount of description. The photographs, however, do not show what is often the case, namely, that the broken water in the rear of the crest is often disturbed by a secondary roller, or miniature wave, which leaps up, from time to time, as if struck by some unseen force, and disappears in a cloud of spray. These breakers were sometimes twenty to thirty feet above the level of the river in front of the bore.

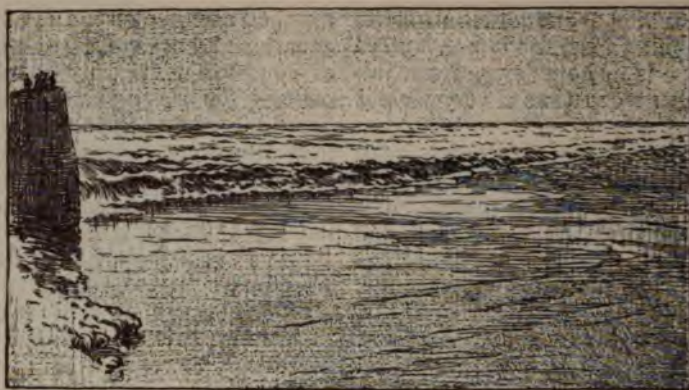
The Chinese regard the bore with superstitious reverence, and their explanation, which I quote from Captain Moore's report, is as follows: "Many hundred years ago there was a certain general who had obtained many victories over the enemies of the Emperor, and who, being constantly successful and deservedly popular among his countrymen, excited the jealousy of his sovereign, who had for some time observed with secret wrath his growing influence. The Emperor accordingly caused him to be assassinated and thrown into the Tsien-Tang-Kiang, where his spirit conceived the idea of revenging itself by bringing the tide in from the ocean in such force as to overwhelm the city of Hangchow, then the magnificent capital of the empire. As my interpreter, who has been for some years in America, put it, 'his soul felt a sort of ugly-like arter the many battles he had got for the Emperor.' The spirit so far succeeded as to flood a large portion of the country, when the Emperor, becoming

alarmed at the distress and loss of property occasioned, endeavored to enter into a sort of compact with it by burning paper and offering food upon the sea-wall. This, however, did not have the desired effect, as the high tide came in as before; and it was at last determined to erect a pagoda at the spot where the worst breach in the embankment had been made. Hence the origin of the Bhotia Pagoda. A pagoda induces the good *fungshui*, or spirit. After it was built, the flood-tide, though it still continued to come in the shape of a bore, did not flood the country as before."

We "foreign devils" may take the liberty of suspecting that the repairs to the embankment had also some share in this beneficial result.

This story is remarkable in that it refers to the reign of an emperor whose historical existence is undoubted. It thus differs from many of the mythical stories which have been invented by primitive peoples to explain great natural phenomena. There is good reason to suppose, in fact, that this bore had no existence some centuries ago; for Marco Polo, in the thirteenth century, stayed about a year and a half at Hangchow, and gives so faithful and minute an account of that great town that it is almost impossible to believe that he would have omitted to notice a fact so striking. But the Emperor referred to in the Chinese legend reigned some centuries before the days of Marco Polo, so that we have reason to believe that the bore is intermittent. I have also learned from Captain Moore himself that at the time of the great Taiping rebellion, the suppression of which was principally due to "Chinese" Gordon, the intensity of the bore was far less than it is to-day. This shows that the bore is liable to great variability, according as the silting of the estuary changes.





BORE OF THE TSIEN-TANG-KIANG. OCTOBER 9, 1892, AT 1:28 P. M.

The people at Haining still continue to pay religious reverence to the bore, and on one of the days when Captain Moore was making observations, some five or six thousand people assembled on the river-wall to propitiate the god of the waters by throwing in offerings. This was the occasion of one of the highest bores at spring tide, and the rebound of the bore from the sea-wall, and the sudden heaping up of the waters as the flood conformed to the narrow mouth of the river, here barely a mile in width at low water, was a magnificent spectacle. A series of breakers were formed on the back of the advancing flood, which for over five minutes were not less than twenty-five feet above the level of the river in front of the bore. On this occasion Captain Moore made a rough estimate that a million and three quarters of tons of water passed the point of observation in one minute.

The bore of which I have given an account is perhaps the largest known; but relatively small ones are to be observed on the Severn and Wye in England, on the Seine in France,

on the Petitcodiac in Canada, on the Hugli in India, and doubtless in many other places. In general, however, it is only at spring tides, and with certain winds, that the phenomenon is at all striking. In September, 1897, I was on the banks of the Severn at spring tide; but there was no proper bore, and only a succession of waves up-stream, and a rapid rise of water-level.

The reader will naturally ask why the tide should rise in this tumultuous manner. In answer, I would say that, while a complete explanation cannot be given, yet some light may be thrown on the physical causes of the wave. It would not, indeed, be possible, from the mere inspection of an estuary, to say whether the tide would rise as a bore or not; we could only say that the situation looked promising or the reverse. In order to give such explanation as is possible, I must now consider the nature of the tide-wave.

The sea resembles a large pond, in which the water rises and falls with the oceanic tide, and a river is a canal which leads into it.

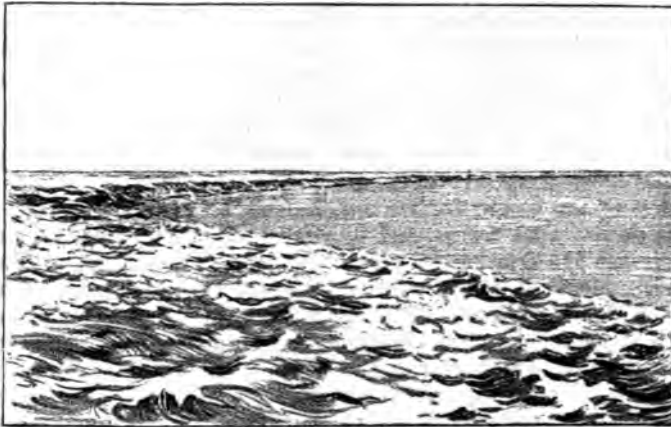


OCTOBER 9, 1892, AT 1:29 P. M.

The rhythmical rise and fall of the sea generates waves which would travel up the river, whatever were the cause of the oscillation of the sea. Accordingly, a tide-wave in a river owes its origin directly to the tide in the sea, which is itself produced by the tidal attractions of the sun and moon.

When the length of a wave is greater than the depth of the water, it progresses at a speed independent of wave-length, and dependent only on the depth of the water. Now a river is very shallow compared with the length of the tide-wave, and therefore the velocity of the wave depends only on the depth of the river. The speed of propagation in the river is very slow compared with that of the great oceanic tide-wave in the open sea.

rises as much above that level at high water as it falls below it at low water. The law of tidal current is, then, very simple. Whenever the water stands above the mean level the current is up-stream and progresses along with the tide-wave; and whenever it stands below mean level the current is down-stream and progresses in the direction contrary to the tide-wave. Since the current is up-stream when the water stands above mean level, and down-stream when it stands below mean level, it is obvious that when it stands exactly at mean level, the current is neither up nor down, and the water is slack or dead. Also, at the moment of high water the current is most rapid up-stream, and at low water it is most rapid down-stream. Hence the tidal current "flows" for a long time after high



OCTOBER 10, 1892, ELEVEN FEET HIGH.

The terms "ebb" and "flow" are applied to tidal currents. The current ebbs when the water is receding from the land seaward, and flows when it is approaching the shore. On the open sea-coast the water ebbs as the water-level falls, and it flows as the water-level rises. Thus at high and low tide the water is neither flowing landward nor ebbing seaward, and we say that the water is slack or dead. In this case ebb and flow are simultaneous with rise and fall, and it is not uncommon to hear the two terms used synonymously; but we shall see that this usage is incorrect.

I begin by considering the tidal currents in a river of uniform depth, so sluggish in its own proper current that it may be considered as a stagnant canal, and the only currents to be considered are tidal currents. At any point on the river-bank there is a certain mean height of water, such that the water

has passed and when the water-level is falling, and "ebbs" for a long time after low water and when the water-level is rising.

The law of tidal currents in a uniform canal communicating with the sea is thus very different from that which holds on an open sea-coast, where slack water occurs at high and at low water instead of at mean water. But rivers gradually broaden and become deeper as they approach the coast, and therefore the tidal currents in actual estuaries must be intermediate between the two cases of the open sea-coast and the uniform canal.

A river has also to deliver a large quantity of water into the sea in the course of a single tidal oscillation, and its own proper current is superposed on the tidal currents. Hence in a river the resultant current continues to flow up-stream after high water is reached, with falling water-level, but ceases flowing

before mean water-level is reached; and the resultant current ebbs down-stream after low water, and continues to ebb with the rising tide until mean water is reached, and usually for some time afterward. The downward stream, in fact, lasts longer than the upward one. The moments at which the currents change will differ in each river, according to the depth, the rise and fall of the tide at the mouth, and the amount of water delivered by the river. An obvious consequence of this is that in rivers the tide rises quicker than it falls, so that a shorter time elapses between low water and high water than between high water and low water.

It may be here remarked, parenthetically, that the upward flow of water in a river with the flowing tide is used, almost all over the world, for enabling barges and boats to carry goods up-stream. It is interesting to consider the source of the energy which does the work. In going up-stream, a barge, say, of one hundred tons, may rise some twenty or thirty feet. There has, then, been done upon that barge a work of from two to three thousand foot-tons. Whence does this energy come? Now, I say that it comes from the rotation of the earth; for we are making the tide do the work for us, and by so doing we increase the friction to which tidal movement is subject. But tidal friction has the effect of diminishing the rate at which the earth is spinning round. Hence it is the earth's rotation which carries the barge up the river, and (of course to an infinitesimal degree) we are retarding the earth's rotation, and making the day longer by using the tide in this way. But this is not the place to go further into this matter, and I must return to the consideration of the behavior of waves in rivers.

I have not yet spoken of another important peculiarity of the tide in rivers. The complete theory of waves in shallow water being too technical for an article of this sort, I must ask the reader to accept as a fact that a wave cannot progress along a river without changing its shape. The change is such that the front slope of the wave gradually gets steeper, and the rear slope becomes more gradual. If the steepening of the advancing slope of a wave were carried to an extreme, the wave would present the form of a wall of water; but the mere advance of a wave into shallow water would by itself never suffice to produce so great a change of form without the concurrence of the natural stream of the river. The downward current in the river has, in fact, a very important influence in heading the sea-water back, and this coöperates with natural change in the shape of a wave as it runs into shallow water, so as to exaggerate the steepness of the advancing slope of the wave.

It cannot be claimed that the explanation is complete, and I do not know the relative importance of the two influences which combine to produce the bore. It only serves, indeed, to explain the fact of a very rapid rise in the tide, and not its absolute suddenness. The capriciousness of the appearance of the bore proves that it depends on a very nice balance between conflicting forces; and the irregularity in the depth and form of an estuary renders the exact calculation of the form of the rising tide an impossibility. It would be easy to imitate the bore experimentally on a small scale, but, as in many other physical problems, we must rest satisfied with a general comprehension of the causes which produce the observed result.

A CHORD.

BY MARY AINGE DE VERE.

I LOVE you, dear. When I have said the words
 My lips grow dumb, speech has been beggared quite,
 As if some mastering hand had swept the chords
 Of all my life into one chord of might,
 That rang—and snapt! . . . And I, the quivering lute,
 Throbbing with music still, must evermore be mute!



THE STEAMERS LEAVING THE TEMPLE STAIRS.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE RACE.

PLAY IN LONDON.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THERE is no sort of play the Londoner loves so much as a race—that is, if racing comes under the head of his play; sometimes it looks as if it were his serious business in life.

Toward the middle of March, London suddenly becomes an arrangement in blue. The race is fixed for the second Saturday before Easter, when the Londoner, who has passed weeks and months without holiday or pageant, is in the humor to make the most of it. And London decorates itself in anticipation. The draper's window becomes a harmony in blue; so does the stationer's; so does the milliner's; so does all Regent street; so do Oxford street, Piccadilly, Kensington. In the Strand and Cheapside, the fakir puts away his penny bagpipes and his shirt-studs and his toys, and brings out trays of tiny light- and dark-blue buttonhole buds. The railway companies print their time-tables in light

and dark blue. And the papers, if they do not change the color of their ink, cut down police news and literary notes to devote the space to daily accounts of the crews out for practice; and the columns of personal gossip are filled with descriptions of the men, their food, and their fancies. The condition of No. 6 is of more importance than the health of the prime minister, and the blister on the finger of a stroke more serious than a defeat in India. About ninety-nine out of every hundred people in London have something staked upon the race; for the Londoner is a born gambler, though his gambling has been officially suppressed—possibly the reason of its never-failing charm for him.

On the day itself the whole town apparently takes sides. Light blue and dark blue flutter in little bows from the whips of 'bus- and hansom-drivers, from the necks of 'Arry and 'Arriet, on the coat-flaps of the city clerk

and the Piccadilly swell. From all quarters of the town there is a rush, a flight, a scramble toward the river where it flows between Putney and Mortlake, and where it has the advantage of being lined with malls and terraces on one side, and long stretches of tow-path on the other. Some years the race is rowed in the afternoon, when everybody is free, Saturday being half-holiday; some years it comes off in the morning, the time depending on the tide. But though the hour may change, the crowd never dwindles. When necessary, the Londoner turns the half-holiday into a whole holiday without waiting for permission; this is the only difference. For in his way the Londoner is a bit of a philosopher. Starvation may stare him in the face to-morrow, but what does that matter to-day? "Fate's a fiddler, life's a dance!" and he enjoys his races while he may.

Usually he journeys to the race-course by trains, when, whether he pays for first-, second-, or third-class ticket, he is jammed with nineteen other people in a carriage intended to hold eight or ten at the most. But to push, elbow, jostle, struggle, fight for a place, and then to be wedged in as tight as a sardine in a box, is a part of his fun. If

you do not fancy the struggle on the train, the omnibus is as hopeless; it is full in a moment. If you have a "donkey-shay" or a brougham, you drive down, in glorious and, in the first case, convivial independence. If you have a bicycle, you leave it at home. A hansom means ruin; to walk is a task. Altogether the most delightful and beautiful way is to go by water—if you can. True, regularly every boat-race day, steamboats and launches and tugs and barges, in a long procession, start from all the piers, but congregate chiefly about the Temple. But you cannot get a ticket for the mere paying or asking. You must have very serious reason to show why it should be granted you on the boat for the press, or for the "old blues"—sedate, gray-haired judges, and members of Parliament, and attorneys-general, and barristers, and parsons, even, in disguise, and professional men of every kind, as keen as in the years long ago, when they were performers, and not lookers-on. The Englishman never outlives his love for sport. I remember, last boat-race day, an old Oxford man, now a prominent solicitor, telling me, with all the pride of a little street Arab, that he had climbed to the top of the highest arch of Barnes Bridge to watch the race.



SHOOTING HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.



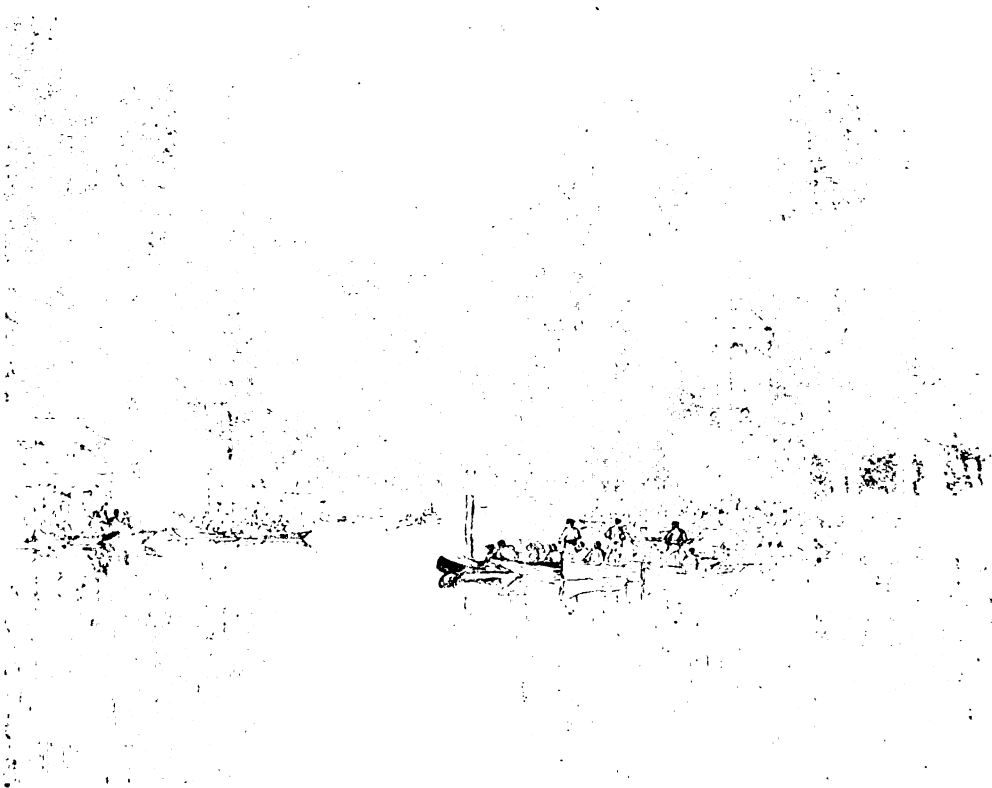
LUNCHEON HOUR AT HENLEY.

Then, too, there are the boats chartered by peddlers for advertisement, the familiar names of popular soaps or pills hung from the deck-railing or set up on the smoke-stack as if on the board. Manage to be taken on board any one of these, and you learn again, as you may already have learned at Lord's or on Epsom Downs, how amazing is the unconscious picturesqueness of sport in England.

The steamers, tugs, launches, barges, waiting at the piers between Charing Cross and Blackfriars, especially at the Temple, are so gaily decorated with flags and streamers as to turn this part of the Thames into a pageant that only Claude could have imagined, but that London produces as matter of course, and the Londoner ignores from force of habit, though he can rave with cultured complacency over the "Carthage" in the National Gallery. The Temple landing-stage, as you look back from Waterloo to where it piles up in the middle distance, dominated by St. Paul's, is always impressive. But when color and life are added, you realize more than ever the pictorial possibilities of London, which the authorities are

combining to destroy. The barges and steamers and tugs, as they wheeze and puff up the river, oftener than not under a stormy, threatening sky, with a brisk wind blowing, keep arranging themselves over and over again into the most stunning pictures, and their banks are thrown into backgrounds as effective—palatial at Westminster, medieval at Lambeth, rural at Battersea, majestic at Chelsea. At Putney, since the old bridge was pulled down, much of the character and charm of the river has vanished. But there are the boats, and the flags, and the people on shore, and the noise of innumerable negroes and steam- and hand-organs, with the squeak of Punch from afar; and there is all the amusing misery of waiting.

And then, at last, there is the race, though every one who has not money on it knows it is the least important item in the day's performance. You would not find the same crowd out of England, but the race would be much the same anywhere. It begins, to my untrained eyes, tamely, unemotionally, save for the two men who hold the boats,—I am too much of an outsider to know their technical



THE STARTING-PLACE, HENLEY.

name,—and who crouch and hang over the bows, a mass of suppressed energy and excitement, as alert and eager and muscular as a tiger about to spring—in their very pose something of the intensity of those last sixty seconds before the gun, which to the racing man are, according to Tom Brown, a little lifetime. From the steamer following you see nothing of the race but the first bound and dash of the boats, and then the backs of the cockswains and the blades of the oars, and sometimes only the launch of the umpire. But what you do see, and never tire of seeing, is the colossal London crowd, the flags, the barges, the movement. From the shores you command one little act of this wonderful drama. But from the boat the scene changes with every foot. Now you are passing the huge mills at Hammersmith; and the many flags streaming from their tall chimneys, and the crowd massed upon great stands and breaking up the hard, straight lines, and the steamers ranged along the bank, give unaccustomed gaiety and splendor to the dull and dingy riverside. A minute more, and you are rushing close under the trees on the opposite slope, where all the

merry-go-rounds of England have mustered, glittering and gorgeous in their new spring paint and gilding. Then, such an uncanny effect as you go shooting under the bridge, and a solid mass of cheering, wide-open-mouthed heads glare down upon you. But, indeed, from the time you start until the end, you are the center of an uninterrupted, inarticulate yell. On the tow-path above there is a rushing, jostling mass of men on foot and on horseback, running at full speed after the boats, shouting themselves hoarse, splashing through the water if the Thames is high, as it generally is at this time of the year. Barnes, so placid in its suburban respectability at other seasons, is now as boisterous and rowdy as a country fair. Beyond the railway-bridge, on the river road, traps wait in a line with their wheels in the water; and on the river, barges are anchored and made into floating stands. There are millions and millions of people. Mortlake, for the finish, has strung garlands of flags from tree to tree, and more flags float and wave from the jam of steamboats lying close to the low northern bank, where more people are rushing, struggling, stumbling,

jostling, roaring, panting. There is one final, terrible crush on the banks, when the crowd, which can get no farther, stops. As the boats pass the winning-post, more than one of the crew dead beat, the yell becomes an unearthly shriek, as steamboats, launches, and merry-go-rounds all join it. From the press boat pigeons are let loose with despatches, and tin cans containing a full account of the races are thrown at the floating telegraph office. The "Graphic" balloon with its special correspondent soars away. Small boats collide, and large ones get run down by bigger steamers. People are fished out by heroes who are ever on the watch for such catastrophes and subsequent rewards.

Why should you care which boat wins? You do not know, unless you are absolutely at the finish.

The race is over, but not the fun. The crowd must get home—someway, anyway, no one minds how; so there is plenty of noise and confusion and crushing. Every one races back. First the steamers with the crews aboard, —the winning one with the big sign "Oxford" or "Cambridge" hung aloft, —and all the others puffing and whistling after them. On shore, away go drags and 'buses and donkey-shays, till the roads out of Mortlake and Barnes are packed tight with an innumerable mass of horses and wheels, and Hammersmith Bridge is blocked beyond the powers of a whole division of police. The underground stations are mobbed, the carriages captured by storm. In town, newsboys

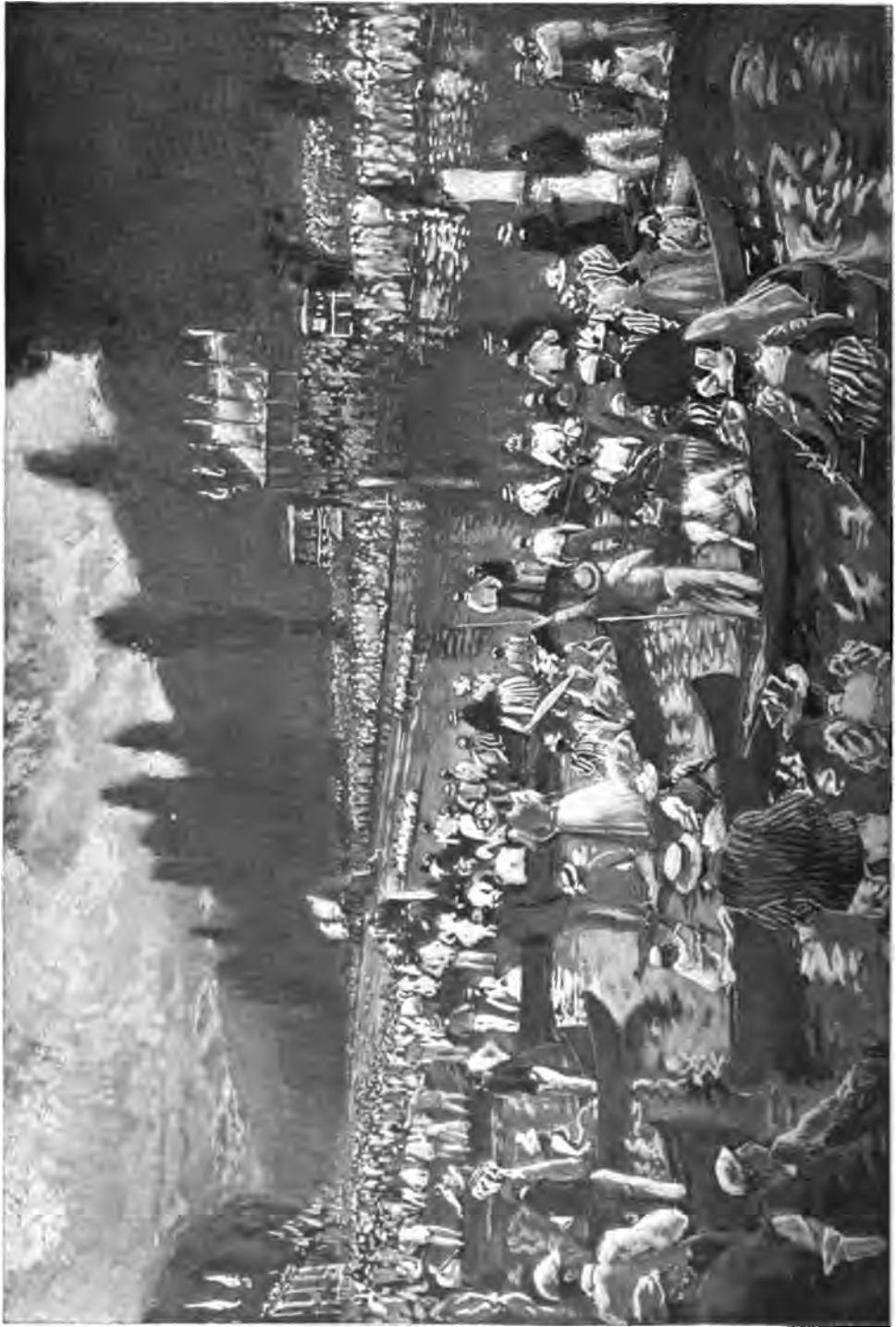
are already shrieking, "Extry special! Winner of the boat-raise!" The public houses do a roaring trade. In the evening, not a seat is to be had for love or money in any music-hall about Leicester Square.

You might think the river, after this, had exhausted its possibilities. But the university boat-race is a very small affair compared with the regatta at Henley. The university race is an afternoon's or a morning's holiday. Henley is lavish, and gives a three days' entertainment. The university race is eminently democratic, all sorts of Londoners turning out for it, from the costermonger to the "old blue," from the ragged street urchin to the undergraduate, from 'Arry and 'Arriet to the fashionable world of Mayfair and Belgravia. You can get to Putney for twopence or threepence, or for nothing, if you walk. But it is a matter of some ten shillings to journey down to Henley, or ten pounds, if you mean to take a boat, and to lunch, and to do the thing in style. The regatta, therefore, has pretensions to exclusiveness: it is for those who can pay, like most exclusive things in England. Its crowd is the Ascot and Goodwood crowd, the Lord's Cricket-ground crowd when the Oxford and Cambridge match comes off, the Rotten Row crowd in the season—the smart crowd, the crowd that wants to be thought smart.

Henley is a quiet little riverside town that for eleven months and three weeks reposes in dignified calm. The remaining week it wakes up to live at such a pace that it is no



THE FINISH AT MORTLAKE.



THE FINISH AT HENLEY.

wonder it needs the rest of the year to sleep off the effects. This week is the first in July, when the English summer is in its luxuriant freshness, and nature has already seen to the decoration of the race-course. For on each side the Thames above the little town stretch wide green meadows, and long rows of elms and spire-like poplars, and the simple pastoral scenery that makes it the enchanting river that it is.

On an ordinary summer day you are sure that Henley's charm of charms is its serenity. But see it decked for its one mad carnival, and you are as certain that it looks its best when it is all excitement; when house-boats line the "shy Thames's shore"—house-boats painted white and red and gold and blue and pink and green, adorned with the brightest flowers that bloom and the gayest flags that wave, and the brilliant gowns and many-hued flannels of men and women who sit perpetually drinking tea and champagne under the vivid awnings; when the town itself is full, every inn and every lodging overflowing, a constant stream of people, in the same brilliant gowns and many-hued flannels, crowding and jamming through the usually drowsy streets, and over the fine gray bridge that Henley is so proud of; when the river is covered with boats—the pleasure-fleet of the Thames: skiffs and punts and canoes and steam-launches, and even an occasional homesick-looking sandalo or gondola; when, from the morning of the first day until the evening of the last, all London not already here is brought down in an almost endless train from Paddington.

The house-boats are towed to Henley days beforehand, and a mooring-place for each claimed months in advance. It is amusing, of course, if you happen to have one yourself, or, better still, if friends are ready to take you on theirs. But it is best of all to be a simple spectator, enjoying the performance as you might a Lyceum spectacle.

Do not ask how it is done, but just look and see how lovely the river is with its line of gorgeous house-boats, and the little craft coming and going, and the flutter of light summer dresses, and the great trees on the banks radiant in the sunshine. To be sure, sometimes it rains straight through regatta week, and Henley is draggled and disconsolate. But, as a rule, July skies are blue, July showers light and fleeting. Does not Mr. Ashby-Sterry, as social clerk of the weather, prophesy

On Henley Bridge, in sweet July,
A gentle breeze, a cloudless sky?

The races start a mile or so above Henley, from an island, or eyot, as the Englishman calls it, where, among the trees, stands the little classic temple of the old landscape gardens. With the cluster of waiting boats by the banks, and the white flannels and jerseys of the crews, and the crowds on shore, and the great elms and poplars and distant blue hills for background, you might think Watteau had designed the picture for your delight. There is no finer reach on the river than from here to Henley Bridge. But a railroad company, in sheer wantonness, proposes to extend its line along the shore, to put up an ugly embankment through the meadows, tearing down every elm and poplar that rises in its way, and, to complete the sacrilege, throwing an ugly bar across the river, close to the old gray time-stained arches. But if railroad companies are powerful, sport is strong in England, and there promises to be a pretty fight for the fields where all London picnics so picturesquely every regatta week.

Many of the Henley races, I am told, are important and even exciting events to boating men. Has not the famous Cornell yell swept along the banks, striking terror into the vast multitude there, though not into the crews? There are serious people, unlikely as it may seem, who come not solely to frolic in the open air and create beautiful Watteaus, but from solid interest in the races. I remember once seeing, to my astonishment, —I had been in England only a short time,—a learned Shakspearean tearing through the crowd, following the course of the boats, his venerable gray head bared to the sun, his cap waving wildly in the air. And I remember, even now with amazement, the appearance of a grave barrister, whom I had seen not long before in the alarming solemnity of wig and gown, got up for Henley in a bright scarlet blazer and a jaunty straw hat, galloping for dear life to the finish. These are trifling incidents, but they help to explain that the races are rowed for some other purpose than, as you might think, merely to interrupt the gay monotony of the entertainment, and to add to the stir on the water.

This they do, however, most effectually. For hours before the first begins, everybody who can has got into a little boat of one kind or another, and pulled or rowed or pushed or paddled or steamed out into the stream, until the river for a mile is so completely floored over that an expert in the art of balancing could walk from one bank to the other; and they threaten to lie jammed there forever,



THE FIREWORKS AT HENLEY.

so physically impossible does it seem for a single one to move an inch; when—you hardly know how or where—a signal is given to clear the course, and there is such a pushing, pulling, puffing, poling, paddling, shouting, laughing, shrieking, splashing, as never could be anywhere but on the Thames at Henley during regatta week. But in the end the boats do extricate themselves, and draw up on each side, in front of the house-boats and under the trees; and as far as you can see are two long lines of white flannels, straw hats, red parasols, until river and shores seem suddenly transformed into a huge flower-garden. There is a distant roar of voices, which grows louder and louder, nearer and nearer. On every house-boat, skiff, canoe, launch, and punt there is a delirious waving and fluttering of hats and handkerchiefs. On the shores there is a rushing of an eager, struggling, stumbling, shouting crowd. And before you know it, the boats have passed—the race is over.

Another minute, and the canoes and skiffs and punts have broken loose, and are bumping and dodging and crashing into one another again, in a frantic, interminable uproar. If the weaker capsize in the conflict, nobody cares; it is part of the game. If the unwary oarsman or pilot goes floundering into the water, he is fished out and sent ashore. In the swarming meadows, even in the boats, the irrepressible negro minstrels are twanging the banjo and singing. It is the marvelous color that strikes you above all else. There is nothing to be seen like it, the world over. You may have more sunlight for the pageants of the South; but not even the regattas of Venice are more brilliant, more dazzling, more flamboyant, more riotous in color, than the river at Henley these first days of July. It is the extraordinary part of the English that if they throw off restraint at all in the matter of dress, their license knows no bounds. Men get themselves up as extravagantly, women array themselves in as daring and violent hues, as the tulips of Holland. No Liberty tints here, but the primary colors in all their purity. Yet the license is governed by conviction. Not one man or woman of that vast throng would dare to appear in the same costume in Piccadilly or the City; but it would be no less a breach of the proprieties, no less a crime, to carry their City or Piccadilly uniform to Henley.

And this pageant of color goes on all day long, unchanged save for the new arrangement of lines and masses whenever there is a pause for a race or an interval for luncheon or tea. If you may doubt the interest of the races, there is no question of the importance of luncheon. Indeed, when the hour comes, you might think it the one and only business that had brought London down to Henley. On the house-boats champagne corks are flying. Little parties sit under the trees, eating sandwiches. The "Red Lion," where Shenstone wrote the oft-quoted lines on the window, and all the inns in the place, are besieged by an army of ravenous men and women, pushing, elbowing, crushing one another in the mad pursuit of food and drink. The English holiday crowd at meal-time is a stupendous sight.

Hardly has the last champagne cork popped when it seems to be tea-time. And so the feasting goes on through the afternoon, while the elms and poplars throw longer and longer shadows across the meadows, and the golden light grows in the west, until with the dinner-hour the feast that has never come to an end begins all over again.

As the west pales, lights glimmer here and there from a house-boat. Then more and more burn brighter in the gathering dusk, and they blaze out in long lines and brilliant clusters. There are lights on the bridge, on the shores, in the town. Everywhere on the river Chinese lanterns flit hither and thither like giant fireflies. It is a fairy river—a river of shadowy distances and wandering flames, a river crossed and circled by shining, shimmering paths of gold. The long twilight deepens into soft summer darkness, and the lights burn ever with greater brilliance. On the last night of all, showers of golden rockets illuminate the town and the water and the boats. A glorified sunset seems to have burned into the heavens, and now again skiffs and canoes and punts and every kind of small craft are wedged in tight from shore to shore, breaking loose as if by miracle in the final scrambling, scrunching struggle for the last train up to London. Unless you have patience and fairly good temper, it is as well not to trust yourself on the water.

The morning of the next day the crowd has gone; the house-boats are towed away, one by one; for another year Henley returns to its slumbers.





DRAWN BY A. R. WALD.

ON PICKET DUTY OFF MOBILE IN 1863.

THE BLOCKADE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY HORATIO L. WAIT,
Formerly Paymaster, U. S. N.

AT the beginning of the war in 1861, a perplexing question arose as to whether it would be best for the government to declare all the Southern ports of entry to be closed, or to proclaim a blockade. Many facts made public since the war indicate that this was the chief question that affected the European nations in their attitude toward us, and it certainly influenced the character of the struggle in our own country. The urgency of the case caused President Lincoln to act promptly. On April 19, 1861, six days after the surrender of Fort Sumter, he issued a proclamation declaring a blockade of the entire coast of the Confederacy, from South Carolina to Texas; and on April 27 extended it to cover Virginia and North Carolina, making a coast-line of over three thousand miles to be blockaded, greater in extent than the Atlantic coast of Europe—an undertaking without precedent in history.

During the war of 1812, with Great Britain, when that nation had over seven hundred naval vessels in commission, not a single port of the United States was thoroughly closed. When Mr. Lincoln issued this proclamation we had only forty-two ships in commission in our navy. Most of them were absent on foreign stations, and only one efficient war-ship, the *Brooklyn*, was available for immediate service. The days of paper blockades had long since passed away. The universally recognized rule of international law on this subject was that "blockades, to be binding, must be effectual. There must be a squadron lying off the harbor to be blockaded, and it must be strong enough to constitute an actual blockade of the port. The neutral must have had due notice of its

existence, and to affect a neutral vessel she must have been guilty of an act of violation, by passing, or attempting to pass, in or out of the port, with a cargo laden after the commencement of the blockade. The neutral must be ready to prove himself that which he professes to be; therefore he is subject to the right of visitation and search."

A more serious difficulty now presented itself. How was it possible to undertake such a blockade as this, along such a vast extent of coast, when so few ships of any kind were available, without its being open to the charge of being a mere paper blockade? In the early part of the century European powers had attempted to enforce paper blockades, but the same nations were now the first to make merry over the subject of our paper blockade. Some of the most prominent European statesmen publicly declared it a "material impossibility to enforce it." To avoid any chance of technical complications, a special notice was given by our vessels at the entrance of each port actually closed by them, in addition to the general diplomatic notice, so that for a time one warning was allowed every ship touching at a blockaded port before she was liable to capture. Thus each port was brought under the full operation of the proclamation only when it was actually blockaded by one or more armed vessels.

By degrees, as the blockading force was increased, and the blockade became more extended and stringent, it was assumed that the general notice rendered the special notice unnecessary; it was finally discontinued entirely, and capture took place without warning. The magnitude of the task of establishing and maintaining the blockade

was not realized by the people generally, public attention being absorbed by the raising of many large armies from the body of the people.

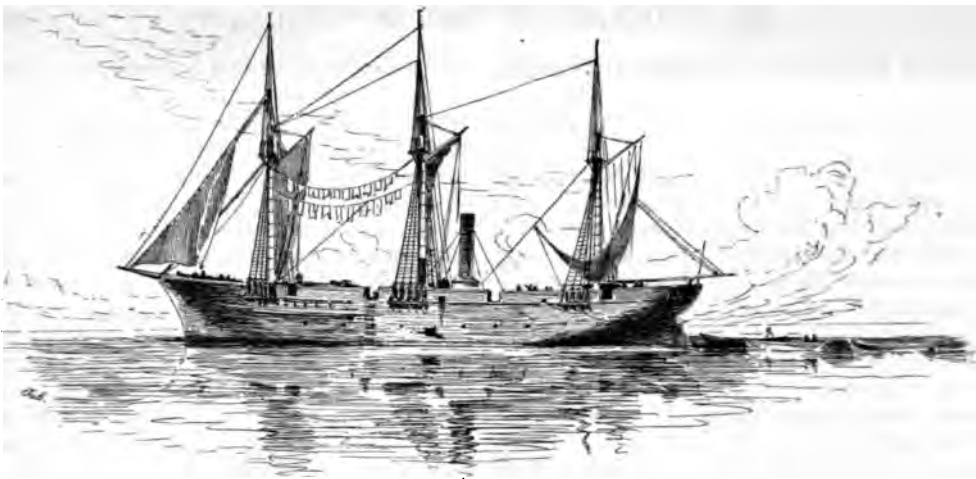
When the Secretary of the Navy asked the principal shipping merchants and ship-owners of New York to aid him in procuring vessels for the blockade, it is related that their committees decided that thirty sailing-ships would be needed. As it took over six hundred ships, mostly steamers, to do the work, it is manifest that they had a very faint conception of what was to be done. There were twenty-eight old ships of war lying dismantled at the various navy-yards. Those that were worth repairing were fitted for sea as rapidly as possible. All the available merchant vessels that could be made to carry a battery, including tugs and old New York ferry-boats, were purchased and converted into fighting ships as hastily as the limited facilities of the Northern ports would permit. The scanty resources of the navy-yards were inadequate. All the private ship-yards were crowded with work. There were not enough skilled workmen to meet this sudden demand, and the naval officers found it necessary personally to direct the unskilled artisans, or to assist with their own hands in fitting these nondescript vessels for the mounting and working of heavy guns. As fast as the vessels could be purchased, altered, and equipped, they were stationed along the coast or sent to sea. Many such vessels, by the tact and skill of the officers in charge of them, were made to do good service. One of the most important prizes captured, the steamer *Circassian*, was taken near the harbor of Havana by one of the old Fulton Ferry boats.

The lack of men was as great an embarrassment as the want of vessels. Three hundred and twenty-two officers of the old navy joined the insurgent forces, many of them having already distinguished themselves in service. One of these, Commander John M. Brooke, rendered very important services to the Southerners by converting the ten-inch columbiads captured by them into rifled guns. They proved to be very effective pieces, and were said to be the best converted guns ever made. He also aided in devising the simplest and best of the many kinds of torpedoes and fuses used by the Confederates, as well as in designing the ram *Merrimac*.

The total number of seamen at all the Northern naval stations available for immediate detail amounted to only two hundred

and seven; and it must be remembered that it was as important that they should be trained to handle heavy guns at sea as that they should be good seamen. The true sailor will soon make himself efficient on board any ship, as far as the handling of the vessel is concerned; but in the effective use of the battery only the trained man-o'-war's-man can safely be relied upon; and there are many other minor matters, such as the division of duties, the exercise at quarters and in boats, forming essential features of the system on a man-o'-war, that are unknown outside the naval service. Officers and men from the merchant service freely offered themselves. Gunnery schools were established at the naval stations for their instruction. As fast as the volunteers could be given an elementary training in the handling of heavy guns, they were sent to sea. This was continued for three years, by which time we had six hundred and fifty vessels and over fifty thousand men afloat.

The service to be performed by this hastily improvised force was as unique as the fleet itself. The entire outer coast-line of the Confederacy was 3549 miles in extent, with several large seaports. To guard the ordinary entrances to these ports was comparatively a simple task. There was, however, a greater difficulty to be met; for the outer coast-line is only the exterior edge of a series of islands between which and the mainland there is an elaborate network of navigable sounds and passages, having numerous inlets communicating with the sea. These inlets were frequently changing under the influence of the great storms; new channels would be opened and old ones filled up. As soon as we closed a port, by stationing vessels at the main entrance thereto, the blockade-runners would slip in at some of the numerous remote inlets, reaching their destination by the inside passages; so that blockade-running flourished until we were able to procure as many blockaders as there were channels and inlets to be guarded. The extreme diversity of the services required of these blockading vessels made it difficult to obtain ships that could meet the varying necessities. They must be heavy enough to contend with the enemy's rams, or they would be driven away from the principal ports. They must be light enough to chase and capture the swift blockade-runners. They must be deep enough in the water to ride out in safety the violent winter gales, and they must be of such light draft as to be able



DRAWN BY XANTHUS SMITH.

UNITED STATES STEAMER "MERCEDITA," CAPTURED OFF CHARLESTON.

to go near enough to the shallow inlets to blockade them efficiently.

The blockading fleets of all the important harbors were composed of several very heavy ships, with a few vessels of the lighter class; the rest of the fleet represented some of the other classes needed. But it was impossible to do this along the entire coast, and it sometimes happened that the Confederate iron-clads perversely attacked the lighter vessels, as in the case of the rams at Charleston selecting for their victims the *Mercedita* and the *Keystone State*, instead of the heavier ships; while, on the other hand, the swift blockade-runners disclosed themselves most frequently to the ponderous and slow-moving ships that were least able to catch them.

Vigorous remonstrances were made against the blockade by some of the foreign nations, on the ground that it was ineffectual, and that it was impossible to maintain a blockade in front of such a coast-line. But the British government, after making a careful official investigation of the subject, and having before its officers a list of vessels that had evaded our fleets, did not venture to pronounce the blockade insufficient. They reluctantly, but with candor, admitted in their official statements that the proofs of the efficiency of the blockade were conclusive; that in no previous war had the ports of an enemy's country been as effectually closed by a naval force; and they stated the rule of law governing the matter as follows:

Her Majesty's Government are of the opinion that, assuming the blockade is duly proclaimed, and also that a fleet of ships is stationed and remains at the entrance to a port, sufficient in force to prevent access to it, or to create an evident danger in entering or leaving it, and that these

ships do not voluntarily permit ingress or egress, the fact that various ships may have successfully escaped through it will not of itself prevent the blockade from being an effective one by international law.

Notwithstanding the fact that a considerable trade was carried on through some of the blockaded ports until very near the close of the war, by means of swift vessels constructed specially for the purpose, this conclusion of the British government was adhered to, and the decisions of the prize-courts maintained the same principles. Many of the islands controlled by foreign governments, and lying conveniently near our coast, had good harbors that afforded admirable places of rendezvous for the blockade-runners, where they could safely refit, and remain unmolested until a favorable time came for them to slip out and make a quick run over to the forbidden port; and if unsuccessful in their illicit attempt, they could return as quickly to the protection of the neutral port. As soon as the attention of the naval authorities was drawn to the port of Nassau as a place likely to become the main depot of the contraband trade, Lieutenant-Commander (afterward Admiral) Temple was sent over there privately, in the guise of a civilian, to ascertain the attitude of the officials, the state of public sentiment, and to obtain all the information possible as to the prospects of the blockade-running business. While there he managed to be present at a dinner attended by the local diplomats. There were many indications that the feeling of hostility to the United States was very general. When the old French consul was called upon to express his views, he jumped up, overflowing with an intense de-

sire to express himself in a vigorous manner; but in spite of his profound emotions, all he could manage to utter was: "Ze American people zey sink zey are somewhat, but zey cannot!" This terse presentation of his views was received with such uproarious applause that Temple was no longer in doubt as to which way the wind blew in that place.

Nassau had been a quiet, old-fashioned settlement, whose inhabitants supported themselves by fishing, and occasionally by acting as wreckers; but as soon as the blockade-running business began, the place and the people underwent as sudden transformation as that witnessed in California at the time of the discovery of the gold-mines. The quiet bay became crowded with vessels of all descriptions. There were the heavy freight-steamers from the Continental ports, the bluff-bowed Englishmen that had brought cargoes of war supplies from Europe, lying side by side with the swift, rakish schooners and the fast steamers that were to endeavor to carry this contraband material into the blockaded ports. The fishing-boats and canoes of the harbor were kept busy day and night plying between this vast fleet and the shore. The ancient wharves were entirely inadequate to this sudden demand made upon them, being hidden under the mountain-like piles of cotton-bales, clothing, muskets, and gunpowder. The landing-places, the beach, and the streets were thronged with an eager, excited crowd of men absorbed in the details of their perilous traffic. Nassau became the chief depot of contraband supplies for the South, as well as the port to which most of the cotton was shipped, because it was so much nearer our coast than the other island harbors that it was easily accessible to the light-draft blockade-runners, all of whom carried Bahama Bank pilots, who were familiar with every channel; while our fastest men-of-war, who cruised after the blockade-runners, having no Bahama pilots, and drawing more water, were obliged to be very cautious about approaching the Banks at all.

Supplies were brought to the South from various sources, but principally from European ports. At the beginning of the war the blockade-running was carried on from Chesapeake Bay to the mouth of the Rio Grande, by vessels of all sorts, sizes, and nationalities. The steamers formerly engaged in the coasting-trade, that had been interrupted in their regular business by the war, were at first the most successful. The small sailing-vessels did well for some time before the blockade

became vigorous; but as the number of our war-ships increased, the earlier groups of blockade-runners were either captured, destroyed, or drawn off. This diminished the volume of supplies to the Confederates just at the time when the demand was greatly increased by the emergencies of warfare, causing general distress and embarrassment in the Confederacy. Prices reached an unprecedented height. Cotton was as low as eight cents a pound in the Confederacy, as high as sixty cents a pound in England, and over one dollar a pound in New York. The moment this state of affairs became known, the science, ingenuity, and mechanical skill of the British seemed to be directed to the business of violating our blockade. Stock companies were formed, by whom the swiftest steamers in the European merchant service were quickly freighted with the supplies that would bring the highest prices in the Confederacy. Officers of rank in the royal navy, under assumed names; officers of the Confederate navy, who had but just resigned from the United States navy; and adventurous spirits from all quarters, flocked to this new and profitable, though hazardous, occupation. The Confederate government also embarked in the business, procuring swift steamers from English builders, officered with Confederate naval officers, and sailing under the British ensign. They also shipped merchandise in other vessels on government account.

The first ship to run the blockade solely on the Confederate government account was the *Fingal*, a steamer built on the Clyde, having a speed of thirteen knots, armed with steel rifled guns, and prepared to fight if intercepted. She carried a cargo of arms and ammunition, and was commanded by Captain J. D. Bulloch, an officer of our old navy, who had served under Farragut. He subsequently acted as Confederate agent in Liverpool.

The *Fingal* ran into Savannah very easily, but she tried in vain for many months to slip out through the blockading fleet with a cargo of cotton. Finally the attempt was abandoned; then she was cut down to be used as the hull for an ironclad ram, and rechristened the *Atlanta*. On June 17, 1863, the *Atlanta* came out from Savannah to raise the blockade. She was accompanied by two steamers crowded with spectators from the city to see it done. She attacked the monitor *Weehawken*. After a sharp fight of a quarter of an hour she was disabled and captured by the *Weehawken*, Captain John Rodgers com-

manding. The steamers carrying the spectators were allowed to escape.

The blockade of Savannah River and other places was at first maintained by our sailing men-of-war. When the weather was so calm that the sailing-ships could not be manœvered, the Confederate steamers would come down and shell them with their rifled guns, keeping beyond the range of the smooth-bore guns of the sailing-ships. Therefore these ships were replaced by steamers as rapidly as possible. As fast as we captured swift blockade-runners that were adapted to the service, they were converted into gunboats to be used in looking out for the other blockade-runners. The number of vessels stationed at the principal Southern ports was soon so largely increased that blockade-running became once more hazardous, and the English capitalists found it necessary to study our coast more closely, and to construct a new class of steamers that could enter our shallow inlets, having engines powerful enough for ships four times their size, and developing a higher rate of speed than had ever been obtained up to that time. The *Owl*, one of these improved steamers, is said to have run at the rate of seventeen knots an hour in the harbor of Nassau.

When the blockade-running was at its height, in 1863, a Confederate officer stated that the arrivals and departures were equal to one steamer a day, taking all of the Confederate ports together. Prior to this no such attempts had ever been made to violate a blockade. The industrial necessities of the principal maritime nations stimulated them to unusual efforts, in return for which they looked forward to a rich harvest. The British especially had abundant capital, the finest and swiftest ships ever built, manned by the most energetic seamen. They felt confident that they could monopolize the Southern cotton and the markets of the Confederacy; but when it was found that neither swift steamers, skilled officers, nor desperate efforts could give security to their best investments of capital, and that the perils to their beautiful vessels and precious cargoes increased as fast as their efforts to surmount them, ultimately becoming even greater in proportion than the enormous gains of the traffic when successful, they were at last driven off from our coast entirely, and kept at bay, though armed and supported by the greatest of foreign powers. They finally gave up the business, admitting that the blockade was a success. A Confederate officer stated that when Fort Fisher

fell their last port was gone, and blockade-running was at an end.

This signal defeat of that extraordinary development of our Civil War has been spoken of as one of the great moral lessons of our struggle. After the war British officers frankly stated to our naval officers that they considered the blockade and its enforcement the great fact of the war. This was the first time in the history of naval warfare that a steam navy had been kept at sea for so long a period. The Confederates menaced the blockading fleets with nine ironclads which would have been a match for any ironclads in the French or English navy afloat at that time; therefore it becomes manifest that a fleet which could hold in check ironclads, as well as shut out blockade-runners that were the swiftest steamers built at that time, must have combined speed and power to an extent never before displayed in naval warfare.

The extent of this contraband trade cannot be ascertained with accuracy. It was said that fifty vessels left Havana in a period of ninety days, to run the blockade; and in 1864 six steamships left Bermuda within twenty-four hours, bound for Wilmington. Only one of them, however, succeeded in running in. The rest were either driven off or were run ashore to avoid capture. Sometimes as many as six steamers would leave Nassau in a night, bound for Charleston or other ports. Those engaged in the trade realized enormous profits, sometimes making great fortunes in a few months. The occupation seemed to have the fascination of a desperate game of chance. An old merchant at Nassau said that if a steamer had the luck to run into Charleston with merchandise twice, and to run out with cotton twice, the Yankees were welcome to her after that. Another said that if one cargo in three ran in safely, it paid; and if one in four slipped in, it saved them from being out of pocket. An old captain, who had made sixteen trips successfully, said his profits had been at the rate of eight hundred per cent. A clear profit of \$300,000 for a round trip was not uncommon. One of the most successful vessels was the *Giraffe*, afterward called the *Robert E. Lee*, owned by the Confederate government, and commanded by Captain John Wilkinson, who had been an officer in the United States navy before entering the Confederate navy. She was a Clyde-built iron steamer, having a speed of thirteen and a half knots, being considered, when new, the fastest steamer afloat. She cost, in 1862, \$160,000 in gold, and ran the blockade twenty-one times before

she was captured. During that period she carried out seven thousand bales of cotton, worth \$2,000,000 in gold. The Confederate government owned three more steamers and a share in several others; and during the latter part of the war all steamers were compelled to carry out a part of their cotton, and bring in a part of their cargo of supplies, on government account.

The freight and passenger rates on the vessels engaged in the contraband trade were naturally very high. From \$300 to \$500 in gold was paid in advance for a passage on one of them; and \$2500 in gold was paid as freight-money from Bermuda to Wilmington on a box of medicines that was small enough to be put in the cabin of the steamer *Whisper*.

When the blockade became complete, none but the best steamers could succeed in passing it; a superlative degree of skill and daring was required in the men in charge of them, and they were paid very high wages. The captains usually received about \$5000 in gold, and the pilots from \$2000 to \$5000 in gold, for a round trip. Three or four days were usually occupied in making the run between the coast and Nassau. The steamers frequently carried a Charleston pilot as well as a Wilmington pilot, so that, if they were unable to run in at one of these ports, they might immediately attempt to run in at the other. They usually chose dark or stormy nights; and as they had to run through the fleet of blockaders at full speed, it is easy to see that much skill was required to avoid the shoals and the men-of-war, particularly when the weather was so thick that the usual landmarks or signals could not be seen. In one instance, when a blockade-runner was feeling her way with the lead, on a dark night, just as she was nearing the bar a violent northeast gale suddenly arose. She did not have coal enough to put to sea again, so she anchored in five fathoms, which was as near the bar as was prudent. This brought her right in the middle of the blockading fleet; and occasionally during the night, by the flashes of lightning, she could see the men-of-war rolling and pitching around her. The moment daylight came she slipped her chain to run for the entrance. The bar was a sheet of foam. The surf breaking heavily entirely across the channel, she was in danger of foundering if she entered it; but the alternative was destruction by the enemy, so she kept right on, ran through successfully, and in a few moments was safe inside.

The Confederates contrived a regular code

of night signals, and maintained a line of signal-stations along the coast near the principal ports and inlets, for the guidance of vessels desiring to run in. If such vessels were able to run within signal distance of the coast, they could communicate, thus ascertaining their whereabouts and other facts essential to their success. This code of signals could be obtained from the British consul at Havana and at other neutral ports. On dark nights we used to run in toward the outposts, where, by making the conventional flash-light signals, we elicited responsive signals, which we would endeavor to utilize.

When our naval force began to capture vessels trying to violate the blockade, many of our navy officers were disinclined to claim prize-money, feeling that the natural tendency of so doing would be toward the obscuring of the higher and more becoming incentives to duty in a service that obviously called for the greatest endurance and would be very trying even to the best of men. Upon the capture of the first prize by our ship, Commander Bankhead and the ship's company decided that they would not send in a prize-list; but afterward, when it became manifest that blockade-running was to increase to enormous proportions and assume the character of a desperate kind of commercial enterprise, all began to feel that the little prize-money that could be made out of it was a well-earned compensation for the extreme hardships endured and the unusual efforts that became necessary to suppress the business.

During the war our navy captured or destroyed 1504 blockade-runners, besides causing many valuable cargoes to be thrown overboard by the long-continued and close pursuit of fugitives, who escaped capture by resorting to this expedient to lighten the vessels. A Confederate officer stated that all the approaches to Wilmington harbor were as thickly paved with valuable merchandise as a certain place is said to be with "good intentions." This assertion would apply to some other harbors.

The value of prizes captured was \$31,000,000. The most valuable prize taken was the English steamer *Memphis*, which brought \$510,000. She was captured early in the war by the steamer *Magnolia*. The captor was herself a prize-vessel that had been bought by our government and fitted out as a gunboat. The least valuable was a sloop captured by the gunboat *Tahoma*, called the *Alligator*, which brought \$50. Many of the most important prizes were taken by mere



DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.

"Neptune."

"Vesta."

"Alliance."

TYPES OF BLOCKADE-RUNNERS.

chance, or when least expected; while many a long and hard chase resulted in the overhauling of an empty vessel, the cargo having been thrown overboard in the efforts to escape.

Before the refinements of the blockade-running system began, the men-o'-war as well as the contraband vessels were all painted the conventional black; but as black objects are readily seen on the water at night, the blockade-runners were soon painted various neutral tints. Our naval authorities at once caused experiments to be made with boats painted different colors. The tint that was least conspicuous under the greatest variety of conditions was selected, and called "Union color." It was a bluish gray; and a formula for its preparation, together with the necessary materials, was at once distributed among the blockading fleets. It was very difficult to see a vessel of this color.

On one occasion, when our ship occupied the eastern station off Mobile, an officer went in at nightfall with our first cutter to picket the beach channel, returning to the ship just before daylight, running off to her by compass and lead. It was very dark, though not a foggy night. Upon reaching the position where the ship had been left, not a man in the boat could see her. Just then the swash of the water round her propeller became visible as her stern rose on the swell, almost within hailing distance of the boat. It frequently happened that the presence of the blockade-runners was made known by the faint gleam of their wake in the darkness, when the hull and spars were invisible. Many thus betrayed were driven off or captured.

When our ship was ordered to the West Gulf Squadron, and had reported for duty to Admiral Farragut, we expected the usual official visit of inspection from him. Under the old usage, the flag-officer would inform the commander of a vessel that he would pay him a visit of inspection at a designated time; but Admiral Farragut did not follow this custom, and we awaited the ceremony of inspection until we concluded that it was to be omitted. One day our signal quartermaster reported that the admiral's barge was shoving off from the flag-ship, and those on watch carefully noted his movements. The admiral passed our ship, going in another direction, then suddenly changed his course, ran alongside of us, and skipped nimbly over the side before the captain of the ship could be informed and get on deck in time to receive him. The admiral smilingly said: "Beat to quarters, captain, and I will inspect your ship." This was immediately done. The thoroughness and diligence of our executive officer was so great that everything was found as it should be, not so much as a rope-yarn out of place. This seemed to be as much of a gratification to the admiral as it was a cause of thankfulness to the rest of us.

The blockading service off the port of Mobile was difficult, because there were so many entrances to the harbor that could be used by the light-draft blockade-runners, while the blockaders were obliged to lie at a distance from the land, owing to the shoal water, as violent gales spring up very suddenly. Blunt's "Coast Pilot," in the edition in use at the beginning of the war, states that "those off Mobile should recollect the necessity of getting an offing as soon as there are

appearances of a gale on shore, as destruction is inevitable if you come to anchor outside Mobile Bar during the gale." Yet we maintained a fleet there, without the interruption of a single hour, for over three years. This was made possible by our having very staunch vessels, and using heavy ground tackle. Our ship rode out several southeast winter gales while lying at the inshore station just at the edge of the bar, and close to the breakers, which with an unbroken wall of foam entirely hid the shore from our sight. We would listen to their ominous roar, as our ship strained at her cables and labored through the foaming surges that swept by her, while we anxiously watched the drift lead to see whether her anchors held, and calculated how much more force she could resist before she would begin to drag. Once we shipped a sea that swept our decks and stove the bulwarks, but sustained no other damage.

Admiral Farragut cared as little for danger as any prudent man ever did; but in one of his letters written from the Gulf he says: "It is storming now. I suppose it is the true equinoctial gale, and these are the times that try the commander of a squadron. I could not sleep last night, thinking of the blockaders. It is rough work lying off a port month in and month out."

The admiral was usually considerate as well as cheerful, and even when obliged to be severe, he was apt to temper his sternness with some shrewd idea or oddity. Once a steamer was captured off Mobile, whose captain stoutly protested that he was not liable to capture, so he was taken on board the *Hartford*. The admiral recognized him as a person he had known before the war. He produced his ship's papers, claiming that he was bound on a voyage to Matamoros, and was therefore not liable to seizure. Farragut said: "If you are bound to Matamoros, what are you doing here off Mobile?" He replied that he had been blown out of his course. Farragut said: "Well, then, that settles it. I shall have to hold you for being guilty of such very bad navigation."

Soon after the establishment of the blockade off Mobile Bar, the Confederates were busily employed in putting in place a line of obstructions across the entrance to the bay. These obstructions and the torpedoes were constantly broken away or damaged by the storms, but were repaired or renewed, and were still in place when the fleet passed the forts and captured Mobile. The iron-clad ram *Tennessee*, constructed by the Confed-

erates at Mobile, was one of the most formidable vessels of her class ever completed by them.

The cruisers of the British and other foreign navies frequently visited the blockaded ports, entered the harbors, and examined critically into the sufficiency of the blockade. Of course, they usually communicated with the senior officer of the blockading fleet before entering port. The Confederate cruiser *Oreto*, or *Florida*,¹ was built in England for the Confederacy. She was the exact counterpart in appearance of the British men-of-war that had visited the blockading fleets, and owing to this circumstance she was enabled to run the blockade into Mobile by flying the British naval ensign, and manœuvring as if she were a man-o'-war intending to communicate with the fleet. This successful ruse caused the blockaders to be very anxious to catch her when she attempted to run out from Mobile.

A few months afterward we learned, from prisoners and others, that the *Oreto* was ready for sea, and would try to run out at the first favorable opportunity. Soon after, one of the severe storms called northers began to blow, during which, on the evening of January 16, 1863, we saw her spars standing out in bold relief against the northern sky behind Fort Morgan. The norther blew so violently that we were in doubt as to whether she would attempt to cross the bar. After dark, in obedience to orders, our ship ran in, anchoring at the entrance of the main ship-channel. We expected that she would come out when the tide was most favorable, which was about midnight. Most of the officers and men remained on deck, in spite of the violence of the gale. We watched and waited until long after midnight, but as the force of the gale had greatly increased, concluded that she was afraid to make the attempt; then those not on watch went below. Two of our officers and our signal quartermaster possessed unusual powers of vision, being able to discern objects at night when no other persons on the ship could see them. One of these, Ensign Chester, volunteered to take the watch. At about three o'clock in the morning he sent for the captain, saying he could see a vessel coming out. The captain, with the best glass, could see nothing, and being afraid of giving a false alarm, sent for Rogers and Seymour, the other keen-eyed men; and sure enough, they also were able to see the vessel coming out. The fury of the gale had somewhat

¹ See page 417 of the July CENTURY.—EDITOR.

abated, so we felt sure it was the *Oreto*. We immediately burned the Coston signal indicating "A steamer coming out," slipped our chain, hoisted our running lights, two red lights at the mizzen-peak, and ran in to head her off. By this time she was visible to all on deck, as her sails could be seen against the sky, though her hull could not be discerned. She changed her course so as to run across our bows before we could reach her. We were rolling so violently that we could

stack overboard. All the smoke-stack guys parted, but we rigged preventer-guys, which held. We returned to our station off Mobile Bar, where we subsequently learned from a captured blockade-runner that the *Oreto* escaped from the *Cuyler*, reaching the West Indies in safety. She attained a speed of fourteen knots while running out, which was greater than any of the blockading fleet was capable of reaching, except the *Cuyler*. In smooth water the *Cuyler* could have caught

her; but in the very heavy wind and sea that prevailed, the greater spread of canvas gave the *Oreto* the advantage—all of which had been carefully considered by Captain Maffitt before he ventured out with the *Oreto*.

About the same time an incident occurred showing the superiority of sail power over



DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.

RECEIVING THE MAIL OFF MOBILE.*

not cast a gun loose,—if we had, it would have gone overboard,—so we followed her. When her stern settled in the trough of the sea, we could see the light in her binnacle, which was the only light she carried. As she ran under the stern of the flag-ship, the latter fired her after pivot-gun at the *Oreto*; but the shot went through the *Oreto's* rigging, without doing any serious damage. The two fastest ships of the fleet, the *Cuyler* and the *Oneida*, had been detailed to chase the *Oreto* when she should come out, our written orders being to chase only in case of need, then to return to our station as soon as possible. We kept on after the *Oreto*, under all sail and steam, expecting the *Cuyler* and the *Oneida* to pursue her, as all knew that our ship could not overtake her. The *Cuyler* soon overtook and passed us; but as the *Oneida* did not appear, we kept on. Soon the pursuer and pursued passed out of sight in the darkness; but we still kept on, and at daybreak we discerned them, hull down, ahead of us. We could just see the tops of the *Cuyler's* smoke-stacks and the topgallant-sails of the *Oreto*. As it was useless for us to chase any longer, we started back for the fleet again. The gale had raised a very heavy sea. As we came into the trough of it in turning, we rolled away our main-gaff, and came near rolling our smoke-

steam in heavy weather, which resulted in favor of the blockaders. One stormy night in January, 1863, a large steamer tried to run by the station of the blockading steamer *Pocahontas* off Mobile Bar. The *Pocahontas* slipped her chain and got under way so quickly that she was enabled to intercept the stranger, who at once gave up the attempt, heading offshore, pursued by the *Pocahontas*. There was such a heavy sea running that the stranger found it necessary to keep before the wind and sea. This enabled the *Pocahontas* to use all her canvas, though under any other circumstances it would have been considered imprudent to carry so much sail. Her engines were driven to their utmost capability. The pursuit continuing during the night and the forenoon of the next day, her limited supply of coal was soon exhausted. Everything combustible, including furniture, doors, and bulkheads, went into her furnaces; then they began burning her provisions. The salt pork made steam so freely that she soon neared the chase, so that she could send a shell over her, when the stranger hove to, proving to be the British steamer *Antona*, a very valuable prize.

The outward-bound blockade-runners sometimes made use of cotton saturated with turpentine to keep up their steam to

the maximum, though they preferred anthracite coal, as it made less of the telltale smoke that betrayed their presence when the vessel herself was invisible. This hard coal they found it difficult to obtain; so they economized by limiting its use to the times when they were attempting to run through the blockading fleet. They would keep out of sight until they had run their steam up to the highest point, then make a dash at full speed through the fleet. For the rest of the voyage they would use the common British coal. The horizon was unremittingly scanned by watchful eyes on the blockaders, day in and day out, for indications of the suggestive black smoke. It happened several times that our ship saw steamers attempting to run past us in time to intercept them. On their putting to sea again, we would give chase. This was always at night, and usually when the weather was thick. We would pursue for hours, usually seeing enough smoke to be sure of the position of the vessel, though her hull could not be distinguished. The smoke would gradually increase in volume and distinctness, as if the pursued steamer were forcing her fires to the utmost; then we would do all we could to increase the speed of our ship. Suddenly we would come to the end of the line of smoke, drifting off to leeward. No more smoke and no vessel could be seen. We could only conjecture as to the course taken by the steamer, without being able to discover any trace of it.

We afterward learned from a captured officer that when pursued under such circumstances they would gradually increase the volume of smoke emitted from their smokestacks until it became quite dense, and then, when so far from the pursuer that their hulls and spars were invisible in the darkness, they would suddenly close their dampers, shut off the smoke entirely, changing their course to one nearly at right angles to that previously steered. This information convinced us that our conjectures as to the tactics of the steamers that had escaped us were correct.

Once when we intercepted a vessel just at the break of dawn, she ran ashore under a battery east of Fort Morgan. We steamed within five hundred yards of the beach, and destroyed her with percussion-shells, in spite of a continuous fire from the battery. Several blockade-runners were thus driven ashore and destroyed; one, the steamer *Ivanhoe*, was burned by the blockaders close under the guns of Fort Morgan.

One night when there was a fresh breeze

blowing we saw a schooner that had run in far to the eastward of the fleet to communicate with the shore by signals. We gave chase under steam and sail; but she was so fast a sailer, and could lie so much closer to the wind than we, that she gained steadily on us. There were only three persons in the ship who were able to see her, and they took turns in keeping their glasses on her all through the night. She was so entirely invisible to the rest of the ship's company that we began to think they must be mistaken; but when day broke, there she was, sure enough, right ahead. When the sun rose, the wind shifted enough to head her off a little; then we quickly gained on her enough to throw a shell over her from our Parrott rifle on the forecastle, when she hove to. She proved to be the schooner *Joe Flanner*. She had run the blockade sixteen times before. Her captain said that he usually ran out on foggy or dark nights by lowering his sails and drifting out with the current; that he had thus drifted past the flag-ship several times. He could see the large ship readily, but his low hull and slender spars were invisible to those on the flag-ship.

One of the vessels built especially to run the blockade was the steamer *Neptune*. Her paddle-wheels had feathering buckets driven by an engine powerful enough to propel a much larger hull. She was two hundred feet long, and very narrow. Her deck amidships was only three feet above the water. She was modeled like a race-boat, and in smooth water not one of our men-of-war could have caught her; but when she tried to run the blockade at Mobile, there was so much wind and sea that the superiority of sails over steam was again shown. She was pursued and captured by the steam sloop-of-war *Lackawanna*, a vessel having full sail power.

The blockade of Charleston, South Carolina, was maintained under greater difficulties than that of any other point. In winter that coast is subject to storms of great severity. Before the war, vessels that could not gain an offing in season were almost invariably driven ashore. We found in a Confederate newspaper a copy of a letter written in Europe by an old officer, a native of Charleston, wondering how it was possible for the Yankees to maintain their fleet so long on that coast, and expressing the belief that before long one of the old-fashioned gales would drive the whole fleet ashore.

The bar was a difficult one to blockade; for, in addition to the natural obstacles, the

active and skilful defenders of the harbor were so aggressive in the use of their torpedoes, torpedo-boats, and other novel devices that the calm weather brought more causes of anxiety to the blockaders than even the most violent gales. Through the long hours of the night watches the anxious officers and the alert lookouts were speculating whether they would next be called upon suddenly to contend with an iron-clad ram, a torpedo or torpedo-boat, or a swift blockade-runner at full speed. A good reason for this anxiety is found in the statement of General Gabriel J. Rains, chief of the Confederate Torpedo Service, who reported that they had destroyed fifty-eight of our vessels by torpedoes during the war.

The fleet at first kept about four miles from the land; but after the evacuation of Morris Island the ironclads remained inside the bar. There were vague rumors at the time of an attack on the monitors by torpedo-boats. In the book, "Recollections of a Naval Officer," by Captain W. H. Parker, an ex-Confederate, the explanation of this is given. He states that he was ordered to organize a fleet of torpedo-boats to blow up the monitors. He accordingly collected fifteen boats, with spar-torpedoes, and assembled them near Fort Sumter, awaiting the approach of darkness before starting out to attack the monitors. While engaged in preparing for the attack, an officer informed Captain Parker that the monitors were all leaving; and, to his surprise, he saw the seven monitors under way, crossing the bar going to the southward. They had been ordered by Admiral Du Pont to St. Helena Sound for repairs. Captain Parker goes on to state that, with the aid of Lieutenant Glassell, he then took his fleet of torpedo-boats through Wappoo Cut and the inland passages down to St. Helena Sound, intending to attack the monitors there; but just on the eve of his attempt his chief torpedo-man deserted to the enemy, so he gave up the plan. He adds that Lieutenant Glassell had been out several times in one of the torpedo-boats at night, trying to blow up the vessels of the fleet; but on every occasion he was discovered, making his hasty retreat necessary.

Our most discreet officers had doubts as to the prudence of keeping the monitors in the channel off Morris Island. It was confidently asserted by the foreign naval officers and the Confederate officers that they could not be continuously maintained there. But when Admiral Dahlgren relieved Admiral

Du Pont in the command of the South Atlantic Squadron, he made the attempt, and succeeded in keeping them there until they went up into Charleston harbor. It was, however, a very difficult thing to do. The channel was narrow, with dangerous shoals on all sides. The current swept across the channel diagonally; and when there was a strong wind against the tide, eddies or counter-currents were formed that increased the risk of running aground. The monitors were very hard to steer in a current. If an eddy gave them a sheer one way or the other, the rudder could not check them within the limited space to which they were restricted; consequently there were many narrow escapes from serious damage by grounding. During the heavy gales they were kept pretty well covered by the seas that broke over them. The enemy sent torpedoes of various designs at the monitors so frequently that it became necessary to surround them all with a heavy torpedo-netting of ropes supported by spars projecting from their sides. The sailors called them hoop-skirts.

Admiral Dahlgren was punctiliously exact in the performance of every detail of duty, in spite of wind or weather. Every Sunday the church pennant was hoisted on the flagship, and divine service held, all the officers and crew not on duty voluntarily attending, though frequently the deep tones of the reader's voice could scarcely be heard amid the roar of the elements or the jarring din of the heavy guns.

It had been found impossible for the outer line of vessels to stop blockade-running. Steamers would manage to slip in or out at every favorable opportunity. But the presence of the monitors enabled us to maintain a more strict blockade. There were two instances where the swift blockade-runners, when headed off by blockading steamers, deliberately tried to sink the blockaders by running into them. One of these was the *Chameleon*, commanded by Captain John Wilkinson. While running at the rate of thirteen knots, she tried to run down the steamer that sought to intercept her, the intercepting vessel barely escaping the intended collision by a dexterous maneuver. Another instance was furnished by the blockade-runner *Ella and Annie*. This steamer tried to run down the *Nippon*, which sought to stop her. When the captain of the *Nippon* saw that a collision was inevitable, he changed his course, so that the blow struck was a glancing one; then at the moment of contact he led a boarding party

over the bow of the *Ella and Annie*, capturing her and her crew.

The blockaders were in the habit of sending up rockets as signals when steamers tried to run in or out, the rockets being thrown in the direction in which the blockade-runner was going, so as to indicate the course to the pursuers. Very soon the Confederates procured rockets of exactly the same kind, and when the pursuers would send up the signal rockets, the pursued vessel would send up other rockets in the opposite direction, so that the fleet would be misled, even if the blockader who discovered the chase was not so thrown off the pursuit.

The increasing difficulties of evading the blockade made it necessary for the Confederates to establish a powerful signal-light on Fort Sumter. This, with beacons along the shore, enabled them to direct the movements of the steamers attempting to run in. So great was the vigilance necessary to prevent it that in one case a vessel was intercepted when the only indication of her presence was the passage of her slender spars across the line of the light on Fort Sumter.

One dark night the steamer *Georgiana* tried to run through the fleet. She was seen and fired into by the outer vessels; then a gunboat intercepted her. She stopped, showed a light, and hailed the gunboat, saying she surrendered. Upon this the blockaders ran toward her slowly, while in the meantime the *Georgiana* changed the direction in which she was heading, and before the gunboat could head her off again she suddenly started for the shore, but in her haste she ran on the bar. The blockaders tried to haul her off, but she filled so rapidly that she was set on fire and abandoned. The steamers *Presto* and *Celt*, and many others, were driven ashore or destroyed in a somewhat similar way.

The *Vesta* (see page 920), the longest and sharpest steamer we had ever seen, succeeded in running into Charleston. For months we could see her at anchor in the harbor, waiting for a good chance to run out. One morning, after a foggy night, we saw that she had disappeared, and concluded that she had slipped by us during the night. A few days afterward a coal-ship arrived at Port Royal, having picked up six men adrift on a piece of wreck. They were the survivors of the crew of the *Vesta*. She had been caught in a gale offshore, during which she broke in two amidships.

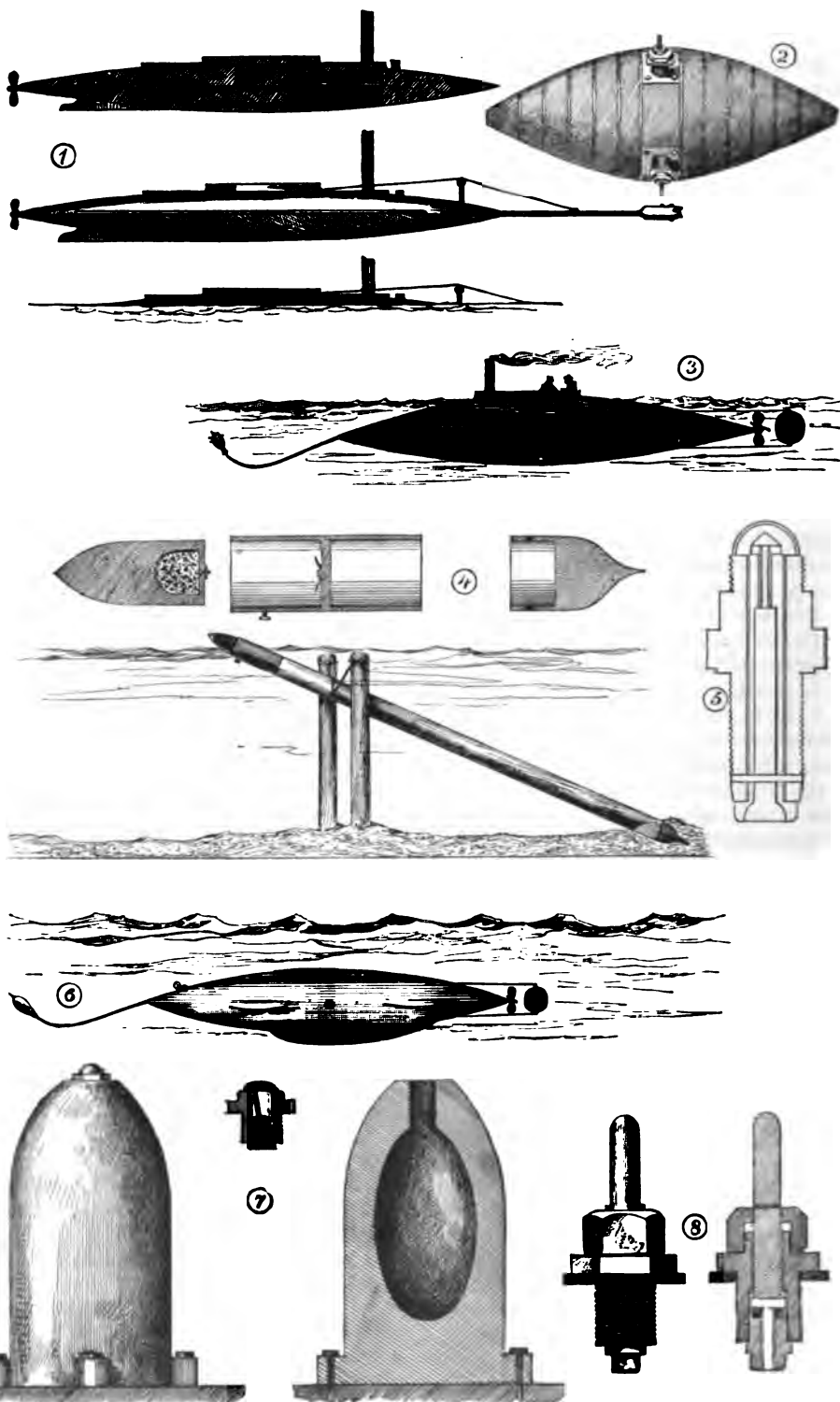
One of the swift steamers captured by us, called *Let Her Rip* by the enemy, was

named by us *Wando*, and was converted into a blockader. Whenever she was caught in a heavy seaway she would leak so badly that it was necessary to run her into the first available harbor. As soon as she was in still water the leak would stop. Upon investigation, it was found that the leakage came from the rivet-holes in her plates amidships, the great leverage exerted by her long, narrow ends being sufficient to make the midship seams leak at the rivets as she labored in the seaway.

The picket-boat service was attended with great hardship. On three occasions twelve- or fourteen-oared launches were swept by the force of the wind and current in past Fort Sumter, where they were captured by the enemy's steamers inside. Many boats and men were lost in the surf in crossing the bar. One day, when the sea was breaking heavily on the bar, there were four boats, with twenty-four officers and men, floundering in the surf at one time. The first boat had been swamped in attempting to cross; the other three went to her aid, but were all swamped. Then Admiral Dahlgren sent in his barge, and she rescued those who had been able to keep afloat.

One dark night Lieutenant Glassell, formerly of our navy, with four men, came out in the steam torpedo-boat *David*, and attacked the *New Ironsides*. He exploded a torpedo against her side, six feet below the water-line. The force of the explosion was expended vertically, so that the hull was not broken through. The *David* had her fires extinguished by the falling water, and her crew abandoned her. Two of them were captured; the other three swam to the boat, which was drifted by the current toward the enemy's shore, where they escaped.

As soon after this attack of the torpedo-boat as was practicable, some of the submarine divers were brought up from Port Royal to make an examination of the hull of the *New Ironsides*, to see what external damage had been sustained. At low water, when the tide had ceased to ebb, the divers' boat was brought alongside, and a diver descended to examine the hull where the explosion occurred. Finding no serious damage, he concluded to pass under her keel to look at the other side. Just after he had done this, he noticed that the ship had begun to swing to the incoming flood-tide, and was about to drift against a sandy ridge on the bottom of the channel. This would of course cut off his air-tube, as well as the hoisting- and signal-lines. With all the



DRAWN BY E. T. MEERER, FROM SKETCHES BY HORATIO L. WAIT.

1. CONFEDERATE TORPEDO-BOAT "DAVID." 2. CONFEDERATE TORPEDO. 3. CONFEDERATE TORPEDO-BOAT, AS DESCRIBED BY A REFUGEE. 4. CONFEDERATE SPAR-TORPEDO. 5. FUSE OF A BARREL-TORPEDO FOUND IN THE ST. JOHN'S RIVER. 6. CONFEDERATE SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOAT, AS DESCRIBED BY A REFUGEE. 7. CONFEDERATE VOLCANO-TORPEDO. 8. CONFEDERATE TORPEDO-FUSE.

speed possible to a man incased in submarine armor and encumbered with his gear, he instantly rushed for the quickly narrowing space between the keel of the ship and the sand ridge. He succeeded in getting his head and body under the keel in time; but his arm, with the lines and air-tube, was caught in the sandy ooze on the side of the ridge. By a desperate effort he wrenched them clear; then, giving his signal, he was hauled up, but with his arm so badly crushed that he was disabled for a long time.

One of the startling incidents of the blockade off Charleston was the sinking of the iron-clad monitor *Weehawken*, December 6, 1863. She had just returned to the fleet from Port Royal, where her hull had been cleaned and her stores replenished. Commander Jesse Duncan had taken command of her on the previous day, and was on board our vessel, receiving his final instructions from Admiral Dahlgren. During the forenoon a northeast gale began to blow; about noon, while we were at dinner on the flag-ship, the signal quartermaster reported that he thought the *Weehawken* was sinking. We all hurried on deck. There we saw the sea washing over the forward part of the *Weehawken*, breaking heavily against her turret. This was no unusual thing. The sea was even then washing over the decks of the other monitors. But we could see by the flag-staff at her bow that her deck was several feet lower than it should be, and was then steadily sinking. She was anchored abreast of our vessel, and distant only a few ship's lengths, so that everything done on her could be plainly seen. An officer who was with the signal quartermaster on her turret began to hoist the signal of "Captain needed on board"; but they hauled it down, and brought out and began to bend on the numbers for the signal, "Assistance needed." We read the signal the moment we saw the order in which they were about to bend on the flags, and hoisted our answering pennant. Immediately after the sea broke over the turret, driving them off. The admiral's barge, the first cutter, and the whale-boat, our only boats fit for such service, were immediately lowered; simultaneously all of the best sea-boats from the other ships of the fleet were lowered, and were dashing through the foaming seas toward the sinking ship with a quickness that was surprising, even when the extreme urgency of the case was considered. As the bow of the *Weehawken* sank, her stern was elevated until it was about twelve feet out of water. Then she careened to starboard until her deck was inclined toward us

at an angle of about forty-five degrees, when she sank out of sight. At the first alarm we saw the officers and men coming on deck through the few small openings that could be used to get up from below. A portion of them found refuge in her cutter, which was made fast at her stern. When the cutter was thus loaded with all she could carry, she was cast adrift. The rest of those left on deck sprang overboard to get clear of the sinking ship; they were nearly all picked up by the boats that went to the rescue, and brought on board our ship. The *Weehawken's* navigating officer was Lieutenant-Commander J. H. Read, formerly of Chicago. He kept afloat by clinging to a hatch-hopper until rescued; but he was afterward drowned, with Admiral Bell, in the surf at the mouth of the Osaka River, Japan. After the gale, when the divers examined the wreck of the *Weehawken*, they found that two of the crew had become jammed in the narrow hatchway below the turret, thus preventing the escape of the rest of the crew, who went down with the ship.

A submarine torpedo-boat, built of boiler-iron, was made by the Confederates to attack the fleet off Charleston.¹ She was to be worked by hand-power. Lieutenant Payne of the Confederate navy, with eight men, started in her; but she was swamped by the sea, and they were all lost. The boat was raised, refitted, and started a second time. She was again swamped by the sea near Fort Sumter. This time six men lost their lives in her. She was again raised, and a third attempt was made. She sank again, and all her crew were lost. After the lapse of some time she was once more raised. Then Lieutenant Dixon and eight men made a fourth attempt. This remarkable persistence in such a desperate undertaking shows the determined spirit of the men we had to contend with. Lieutenant Dixon ran out to the steam-sloop *Housatonic*, on the outer blockade, about nine o'clock at night. The officer of the watch saw a ripple on the surface of the water, that looked in the darkness like a moving plank. He slipped the chain, started the engine, and opened fire with small arms; but before the *Housatonic* could gather headway, Dixon exploded his torpedo under her, and she sank in twenty-eight feet of water. The torpedo-boat also sank—from what cause is not known. Captain Gray of the Confederate Torpedo Corps, in his report, wrote: "I am of opinion that she went into the hole made in the *Housatonic* by the explosion of the torpedo, and did not have power

¹ See also the June CENTURY, page 299.—EDITOR.

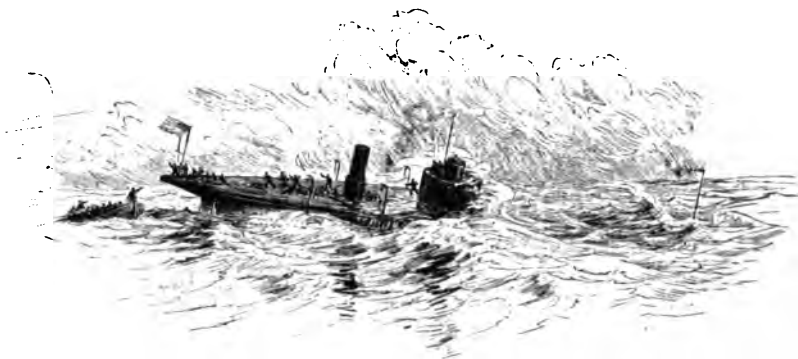
sufficient to back out, and consequently sank with her." But our divers, who went down to examine the wreck of the *Housatonic* some time after, found the torpedo-boat lying on the bottom, at a distance of many yards from the *Housatonic*.

The ordinary duties of the blockading operations were liable to be disturbed by numerous accidents or incidents, and no service ever required more foresight in preparation, or more perseverance in performance. The most careful precautions and sustained watchfulness were sometimes unavailing. On the night of June 3, 1864, the blockading steamer *Water Witch* was anchored inside the bar at Ossabaw Sound, below Savannah. The weather was so thick and hazy that objects could not be seen at any distance. Her boarding-nettings were up. There was steam enough on to work the engines, and there were the usual number of lookouts at their stations. An attacking party of about double the number of the crew of the *Water Witch* came down from Savannah in eight cotton-barges, commanded by Captain Pelot, formerly of the United States navy. At about three o'clock in the morning they drifted noiselessly toward the *Water Witch*, approaching within forty yards of her before they could be seen by the lookouts. The moment they were seen and hailed they dashed alongside. The engines were started ahead, but the ship did not gather headway soon enough to prevent the enemy boarding her. The crew went to quarters, and made the best fight they could under the circumstances; but being so largely outnumbered, and half of them—the watch below—asleep in their hammocks at the moment of the attack, the resistance was ineffectual. Some of the attacking party gained the engine-room, overpowered the

engineers, and stopped the engine. The few men who were not overcome retreated to the quarter-deck. The officers were all below, except the two on watch, and, rushing on deck, were obliged to snatch ship's cutlasses from the racks to defend themselves. Then ensued a hand-to-hand contest with cutlasses. Paymaster Billings of the *Water Witch*, who was an expert swordsman, killed Pelot; and soon after the captain of the *Water Witch* fell with three cuts on the head. The executive officer, Buck, fell, stunned by blows and loss of blood. The unequal contest was prolonged for fifteen or twenty minutes, by which time the boarding party had obtained entire control of the ship. The Confederates afterward ran the ship aground, as they were unable to get her out of the sound. She was subsequently destroyed.

This was simply an instance of a force stealthily surprised during thick weather and captured by overwhelming numbers. There were many cases to offset it, where our men, in very small force and in the face of vigorous opposition, accomplished important results. A notable illustration of this was the case of Lieutenant Cushing pushing eight miles inside the enemy's lines, in an open boat, and, in the face of a heavy fire of great guns and small arms, attacking and sinking the iron-clad ram *Albemarle*.

In the war of 1812, as well as in our Civil War, officers who had been trained in our navy used the insufficient means furnished them with such ingenuity and audacity that they were enabled to overcome superior force well provided with the best-known appliances. It does not seem reasonable, however, that a prosperous nation like ours should presume on these facts, and rely on the extra personal efforts of individual officers in emergencies.



DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.

SINKING OF THE MONITOR "WEEHAWKEN" OFF CHARLESTON, DECEMBER 6, 1863.

A STORM AT SEA.

BY H. PHELPS WHITMARSH.

Author of "The Mutiny on the 'Jinny Aiken.'"

THE writer of the following sketch, after many stirring adventures in Australia, had become a pearl-diver on the northwest coast. The season was nearing its close, and the pearl-fishermen were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the supply-ship, from Singapore, when the annual cyclones broke before their time, and wrecked the fleet almost to the last vessel.—EDITOR.



It was the early part of November. The cyclone season was approaching, and every man in the fleet was looking forward to the two or three months' rest and recreation which lay before him; for in "willy-nilly time," as the natives call it, diving is suspended. A few of the divers had planned to run their boats far up the creeks during the stormy term, but the greater number were bound for Cossack and for a taste of civilization. We were all anchored a little to the southward of Cape Bossut, where a new patch had kept us busy for a fortnight, waiting for the Singapore steamer. Six weeks had elapsed since she had passed through the fleet on her way north, and we were short of provisions and overloaded with shell. A good ending to a good season had put the pearlers in excellent humor. All hands were like school-boys on the eve of breaking up for the holidays, and as soon as the overdue *Cockatoo* arrived, there promised to be fun.

Among my friends on the grounds was a Captain Blake, of the schooner *Dolphin*. He was the owner of a fleet of five luggers, a successful man, and, strange to say, a gentleman. Like most of the white men on the coast, Blake had a "past." That, however, did not concern me; he was a good fellow, a marvelous story-teller, and he kept a certain brand of Scotch whisky which I have not yet seen equaled. On the pearling-grounds any one of these things was enough to make a man popular. Blake was perhaps forty-five years old, tall, spare, and with iron-gray hair and mustache—a man who, in spite of his yellow, East Indian complexion and somewhat dissipated look, was still handsome.

While we were waiting for the *Cockatoo*, I

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spent most of my evenings aboard Blake's hospitable schooner. I usually sculled back to my own boat about ten o'clock, but one night I got caught. It came on to blow from the eastward. Unprotected as we were, a choppy sea rose at once, and, as the night was unusually dark, and my dinghy only a cockle-shell, I decided to remain aboard the *Dolphin* for the night. We sat up talking and smoking until late. Then Blake lent me a suit of his pajamas, and we turned in. James, Blake's mate, being in Lagrange Bay repairing one of the luggers, I took his bunk. There was nothing alarming about the situation, and I soon fell asleep.

Crack! Rattle! Bing!

The last sound rang and reverberated through the schooner's timbers like the stroke of a bell.

Awakened by these unusual sounds, the captain and I instantly sat bolt upright in our bunks. We looked at each other inquiringly, and listened. The sides of the vessel were hissing softly, and through the open companionway came the flutter of ill-stowed canvas and the hum of much wind. Yet the schooner was quiet—strangely so.

"Chain parted, eh, captain?" I said, leaping to the deck.

"Yes, curse it; that's the third this season," he replied, following suit. "Here, you know your way about, boy. Run up and let go the heavy-weather anchor. It must be a pretty stiff squall."

As he spoke, a gust of cold, damp air descended the hatchway, and drove from the cabin its previous mugginess. The sound of hissing at the vessel's side changed to a series of little spats, and she began to roll.

"Broadside on," said the captain, as I jumped for the ladder.

Routing out the Malay crew, I cut the lashings of the great iron mud-hook, and fell to prying it from its chocks.

"Heave!" cried Orang, the Manila boat-swain. "Heave and sink her! Heave!"

There was a splash, the rusty roar of eighteen fathoms of cable tearing through the hawse-pipe, then a lull. The heavy-weather anchor had found bottom.

Snubbed short, like a down-stream trout when fairly hooked, the schooner flung her stern round, and faced the eye of the wind with a new tune in her rigging. For she no longer went peaceably with her enemy, but stopped and defied him. She laid her nose down closer to the water, and all her ropes, from the double-bass forestay to the shrill-piping signal-halyards, joined in a song of insolence.

After I had paid out cable to the forty-fathom mark, and seen that everything was shipshape forward, I went aft again. On the top steps of the cabin I paused and scanned the horizon. It was a wicked-looking night. The sky was low, and like black wool. The sea, too, was black, all but the snarling crests of the waves; and they by contrast were a ghastly white. Up to windward the masts of the fleet were outlined against the lighter tone of the sand-hills, over which the wind came down in fast, fierce puffs. Two luggers, with a foot or two of sail showing, were trying to beat their way into the creek beyond the cape. It was a futile attempt, however, as they were being blown bodily to leeward. Among the crowd of boats ahead I tried in vain to distinguish the *Norma*. I felt it to be fortunate that she was anchored close in-shore and was well supplied with chains and anchors.

Descending into the cabin, I found the captain standing on the settee, examining the barometer.

"Falling, Blake?" I inquired.

"~~Fast~~," he answered, with a grave face.

"How does it look on deck?"

"Pretty bad," I admitted. "It's more than a cockeyed bob,¹ I'm afraid."

"Yes; by the look of things, we are in for an easterly blow, if not worse."

"Surely it could not be a cyclone at this time, could it?" I asked.

"According to general belief, it's a month too early for a willy-nilly," said the captain; "but as that is based upon the statements of a lot of — niggers, I don't know whether we can depend on it or not."

I wished then that I had remained aboard my own boat. Malays are poor heavy-weather sailors; and the *Norma*, moreover, was deeply laden. Though I knew that the

chances of there being a great storm were in our favor, yet I was fearful for the *Norma's* safety.

Returning from a visit to the deck, the skipper said: "You'd better turn in and get some sleep. As long as James is away, I'll have to press you into service. I will take the first watch, and you can relieve me. Orang is standing by, forward."

Accustomed, by my sea-service, to obeying orders, I vaulted into my bunk, turned my face from the lamp, and went to sleep. I was too restless, however, to remain so long. Within an hour I was wide awake again. The captain, with an unlighted cigar between his teeth, was seated in full view of the barometer. Though his face was calm and his attitude easy, I could tell by his eyes that he was listening—that he was expecting something.

By this time the shrouds were pitching their song in a higher key, the waves had changed their snarl to a sullen roar, the schooner creaked and groaned, and her cable twanged like a harpstring.

Of a sudden, a strange rumbling noise vibrated through the vessel, and she trembled from stem to stern. It lasted for about three seconds, then stopped; then continued at short intervals. She was dragging her anchor.

The captain sprang up the companionway and hurried forward. I could hear his voice shouting orders to the crew, and later a prolonged rattle of cable. With ninety fathoms of chain out, the rumbling ceased. Blake came down the cabin steps, muttering. He lighted his cigar and returned to his chair to listen.

Louder and louder waxed the sounds of the approaching storm. The *Dolphin* leaped and dived and tugged at her chain, as a great fish might. She thrashed the sea with her stanch, bluff bow, till she rose in an acre of foam. Gust after gust in quick succession swept down upon her from the sand-hills, and she crouched before their fierce onslaught. The scroll-like waves were making deeper, darker hollows. She tried in vain to bound from one ridge to another. The captain began to pull on a suit of oilskins. Jamming his sou'wester on his head, he looked again at the barometer, and then turned toward my bunk.

"I'm awake, Blake," I said. "Time to turn out?"

"Yes," he replied. "There'll be work for us, unless I am mistaken. James's oilskins

¹ Westralian for squall.

and sea-boots are under the bunk. I'm going on deck."

His tall form had hardly disappeared through the black square of the hatchway when, above the clamor of the elements, there rang out a deep-toned "Clang!" The cable had parted again.

As I tumbled out, I heard a rush of bare feet overhead, the rapid flinging down of coiled ropes upon the deck, and Blake bellowing like a bull. Without looking for more clothes, I scrambled up the ladder, to find the hands taking a double reef in the mainsail, preparatory to hoisting. The foretopmast staysail had already been set, and the schooner was scudding before the wind.

Feeling my way aft to the captain, I shouted: "What are you going to do—run?"

"Aye; there's nothing for it but to run now," he answered. "You had better take the wheel. That shaking orang-utan there is giving her her eight points each way."

Going behind the Malay, I laid hold of the spokes, and soon had the yawing schooner steadied. Since she was merely running before the wind, without a set course, no compass was needed, and I steered by the "feel" of the wind at my back. No sooner was the mainsail on her than the *Dolphin* took wings anew, and flew over the seething seas as though she were alive to the impending danger. I thought of my little lugger and wondered how she fared. But my forebodings in regard to the *Norma* were only momentary.

The noise, the speed of the vessel, and the great amount of air, exhilarated me beyond measure. I was brimming over with strength, with laughter, with daring. Hatless, shoeless, and with my pajamas fast blowing to rags, I felt no discomfort, but only a sense of power and exultation. I talked to the vessel as I steered, praised her extravagantly when she slipped away from the fast-following waves, swore at her when she answered the helm slowly, and sang between times at the top of my voice. I was, indeed, intoxicated.

Dawn broke with a hurrying, tattered sky and a rising sea. The great breath which had so suddenly come upon the peaceful fleet now backed into the northeast, and momentarily grew in strength. Frequent rain-squalls, in narrow black lines, rose from the vague horizon, and, outstripping the upper clouds, flew swiftly across their ashen-hued faces, and deluged the racing schooner.

By this time the hatches were battened

down with double tarpaulins, extra gaskets had been passed around the furled sails, the water-casks and other movables had been stowed below, and all preparations made for a gale.

About six o'clock I was relieved by Orang. All hands drank their coffee on deck, for the weather looked still more threatening. The closed arch of the heavens was becoming darker and darker. The gathering of dense cloud masses in the northeast was spreading fanwise across the sky, lowering the dome, and having the appearance of great black brush-marks upon a gray canvas. On they came, until all the sky was lined with straight, sooty smudges. Then they joined, and gradually formed a solid roof of darkness. It was an eclipse, depressing, ominous.

Suddenly, out of the sky immediately overhead, there came a blinding flash and a terrific thunderclap. A shock was felt by every soul aboard. The dog forward howled dismally, the Malays set up a wail to Allah, and the schooner's maintopmast fell in splinters about her deck.

Blake and I, who were standing together under the lee of the poop, looked at each other with blanched faces.

"That makes a man think there is a God," said the captain.

The tempest fell upon us then in all fury. There was a continuous crash of thunder, a ceaseless blaze of lightning; and the wind swept over the boiling sea with shrieks of blind destruction. At the first gust the few yards of canvas on the vessel left the bolt-ropes, and flapped away like birds to leeward. A heavy, slanting rain, which stung like whip-lashes, came with the new wind; and clouds of salt smoke, blown from the ruffled backs of the monster waves, befogged everything and drew the horizon close about us.

Faster and faster flew the *Dolphin* before the wrath of the storm. Her speed was slow, however, when compared with that of the clouds, the waves, or the wind. Unless one looked at her swirling wake, indeed, one might have thought her without headway, so easily did the waves overtake and pass her. At one moment she trembled in a dark valley before the onward rush of a white-streaked, slaty-hued mountain; at another she was riding buoyantly on its foaming crest; again, the mountain fell away, and she slid down into a valley.

And as the wildness of the gale increased, so did the tumult of it grow louder and louder. The rain and the salt spray hissed in unison; the wind whirled, whistled, howled,

and shrieked; the clouds opened their ports and cannonaded incessantly; and the ocean gave tongue in one long, magnificent roar. Added to these chief chords of the storm symphony were many minor strains—strange mutterings, and the voices of the sea. Wind, wave, and sky had combined their uproar, and the result was a deafening clamor. It was fearful; we looked at one another with eyes that asked, How will it all end?

The morning wore on. Still the storm grew more and more furious. To stand and watch the towering, angry ridges that ever rose astern; to see them come rushing after the little schooner, each one threatening to engulf her; to hear them roaring as they came; to feel the sting of their salt spray as they went boiling along the top-rail—these were things, indeed, to make the stoutest heart quake. Although we had set a storm-trysail, and the *Dolphin* ran before it like a frightened thing, we could no longer escape the sea. We had been expecting it for some time. It came at last. One frightful billow, higher, fiercer, hoarier than the others, reared itself above the stern. The schooner hung a moment in the shadowy abyss before it. Then she rose quickly toward the raging crest. But too late. It toppled with a crash over the heads of the men at the wheel, and swept her like an avalanche.

We were all carried forward with the rush of water. I found myself swimming abaft the forecabin-head. The deck was filled to the rails, and the vessel seemed to be sinking. She rose, however, gave a few quick rolls, like a big dog shaking himself, spilled the greater part of her weighty burden, and hurried on again.

Looking aft, I saw the wheel spinning madly. The steersman had been washed away. I yelled at one of the Malays to follow me, and clawed my way to the poop. When I reached it, the schooner was almost broadside on. Luckily the succeeding waves were not so large, or she must then and there have foundered.

The captain, pale and trembling, limped to my side a few minutes later. He had been hurt; his leg had been badly wrenched, blood was streaming from a gash in his temple, and he feared several of his ribs were broken.

As it was evidently unsafe to try to keep the *Dolphin* before it any longer, we decided, dangerous as it was in such a sea, to heave her to. The crew, in the meantime, had fled below, and it was only by force that the brave little Manila boatswain and I routed them on deck again. After we had hauled

aft the sheet of the trysail, all hands were ordered into the main-rigging. Then, waiting for the right moment, I jammed the wheel over, shipped a becket over one of the spokes so as to hold it, and sprang aloft with the others.

It was a wind-blown, fearful little crowd that clung in the schooner's rigging that day waiting for her to come round. As I watched the *Dolphin's* nose swing, and saw the great gray combers lift high their foaming crests abeam, I appreciated for the first time in my life how risky a thing it was to heave to in a big sea. One, two, three of the mountains the *Dolphin* passed in safety; the fourth leaped her rail amidships and buried her. I heard the thundering of tons upon tons of green water falling on her decks; I felt her tremble and settle beneath us; I looked down upon a white waste of water, and I said in my heart, "She is gone!" But it was not so. She had only caught the thin top of the wave, after all, and though its weight and force had leveled the bulwarks to the deck on both sides, this very thing enabled her to rid herself quickly of water. A few moments more and she thrashed her spars to windward, screaming like a fiend. She had accomplished her task in safety.

Although the vessel now lay over until the water reached her hatch-coamings, and in spite of her frightful pitchings, lurchings, and the stinging, hail-like spray that flew continually over the weather bow, we all felt much relieved at the change; for under the new conditions she behaved beautifully, riding buoyantly over the ever-advancing ranges, and shipping few seas.

About noon the sky lightened, and the wind went down somewhat. We rejoiced in the hope that the gale had spent itself. Vain hopes; vain rejoicings; in less than half an hour the wind flew round suddenly to the northwest, and blew harder than ever. The storm-trysail disappeared at the first puff. Even under bare poles, however, the schooner careened at such an angle that we feared she would capsize. Four o'clock came, and still the gale grew and grew. The waves, their crests lashed into fury, rose higher yet; and the troughs between were valleys of terror.

The captain and I, meanwhile, had established ourselves abaft the high cabin skylight, where we were sheltered from the wind and yet could keep a lookout. Blake, poor fellow, was suffering so intensely from his side that he was obliged to lie down. I tried to induce him to go below, but he would not.

Seeing that he had made up his mind to remain on deck, I passed the bight of a rope under his arms, and nailed a piece of wood at his feet, so that he might not slip to leeward. From time to time I made a trip into the cabin to examine the barometer, which continued to fall. No one, fortunately, was needed at the wheel. As long as it was lashed hard down, the schooner steered herself. With the exception of morning coffee, we had eaten nothing all day. The excess of wind, moreover, and the constant strain we had been under for fourteen hours, were most exhausting. Our troubles, too, were increased by the discovery that the schooner had three feet of water in her hold. Although, owing to the unusual straining of the vessel, this was not altogether unexpected, the knowledge gave us some alarm, for the Malay crew had lost their courage and become ungovernable. Like a lot of frightened sheep, shivering and wild-looking, I found them huddled in the galley. Ketchong stood outside, under the lee of the same little structure, with an expression of disgust upon his broad yellow face. He showed his white teeth when I told him to get the men at the pumps. For a minute, perhaps, he stood at the galley door yelling. Then, no one coming forth, he drew his sheath-knife and dived into the dark interior. Fearing trouble, I laid hold of a belaying-pin, and waited.

A series of howls issued from the cook-house door; there were sounds of a fierce struggle going on inside; then, like sheep chased by a fierce collie, the crew pressed out on deck. Ketchong, grinning horribly and still prodding the laggards with his pointed blade, followed closely at their heels, and between us we drove them to the pumps. But we could not make them work satisfactorily. Not only was the slant of the schooner's deck against us, but fear seemed to have driven the men's strength away, and at every wave that broke over us they dropped the handle-bars and fled. We gave it up at last, and I went aft to the captain again.

Night was approaching, and the situation showed no signs of improvement. The seas broke over the little vessel more and more, and with every gust she heeled dangerously.

Blake looked up at me as I stood clinging to the skylight beside him. "How does it look now?" he asked.

"No better, I'm afraid," I admitted. "We've got to lighten her somehow."

He groaned. He knew what I meant, but

the *Dolphin's* sticks were dear to him. He said, however, after a pause: "Well, go ahead, old man. Cut away if you must."

"It's safest," I replied; and I started forward.

As I reached the weather rail of the poop, I ducked involuntarily. A high, dark wall of water was approaching, which I felt we could not escape. I had scarce time to call, "Hold on, Blake!" when it fell upon us with a dull crash. We were half drowned by the flood that rushed over us. I rose to my feet, gasping.

Sliding down to the skylight to assure myself that the captain was safe, I heard above the din a faint cry; and at the same instant I saw the galley, with half a dozen black heads about it, floating alongside. Under the weight of water, the wire lashing which had secured the galley to the deck had parted, and the whole house, occupants included, had slid down to the railless side, overboard. I rushed to the lee side, and threw several ropes toward them. But all fell short. Dazed, helpless, horrified, I stood and watched them drift away, beheld them writhing like a mass of black snakes amid the foam of the next wavetop, and saw the edge of the galley rise on the back of another. Then they vanished, swallowed up in the grayness of the evening and the smoke and smother of the storm.

The sea again broke heavily upon the *Dolphin's* deck. I realized that no time was to be lost; and, watching my opportunity, I made a dash forward. In the boatswain's locker, under the forecabin-head, I found the ax. It was not very sharp, and I wondered whether it would serve. Even at that moment, when the gale was screeching overhead, and death seemed so near, I was proud of my task. For years I had read and been told of blows in which it was necessary to cut away the masts; in my sea-training I had been instructed how it should be done, and, now that this thing had actually come into my experience, I felt rather vain, and said to myself that I must do it in a seamanlike manner.

Down in the lee scuppers, always up to my waist in water, and often overhead, I hacked away at the slack forerigging. It cut more easily than I had expected. Shrouds and backstays were soon flying to leeward. Next I "ringed" the foremast as high as I could reach, for I hoped to rig a jury-mast on the stump later. Then I tackled the weather rigging. The taut wire ropes parted like threads at the first blow. When only two of

the shrouds were left standing, there came a fierce squall upon us. Instantly the remaining splices drew, and the foremast, with a mighty crack and splintering, toppled overboard. When, in addition to this, the jib-boom went of its own accord, the schooner righted perceptibly.

With only her main lower mast standing, the *Dolphin* made comparatively fair weather of it, and for a time I was tempted to let her go as she was. The remembrance, however, that Blake and I were now alone, that the vessel had an unusual amount of water in her hold, and that the night was before us, decided me to continue my work. I therefore laid low the remaining mast.

After this my strength seemed to leave me. I trembled all over, and with difficulty dragged myself aft. Reaching Blake's side, I dropped on the wet deck beside him, and hooking my arm through the bight of his rope, slept the sleep of exhaustion. Once or twice I half awakened and edged closer to Blake for warmth, but I was not brought to full consciousness for six hours, when Blake's voice in my ear caused me to rouse with a start.

The gale was still howling furiously, a heavy rain was falling, and the night was intensely dark. Both the captain's teeth and mine were chattering, for it had grown very cold. Blake, who was faint from fasting, wanted me to go down into the cabin for a bottle of brandy, which, he told me, was stowed in one of the lockers. Now thoroughly awake, I discovered that I too was ravenously hungry, and gladly went below.

Feeling my way to the hatchway, I cautiously let myself down into the warm, stuffy atmosphere of the cabin. It was pitch-dark, and everything was awash. Chests, stools, clothes, bedding, crockery—all had been flung upon the deck, where they swished and smashed from side to side. The swinging lamp, and the telltale compass, which had hung above the table, were both broken; and the weather side of the skylight was stove in so that a cataract of water poured down at every sea. Only the barometer was intact, and that, I noted, by the light of a match, had ceased to fall. It was a good sign, and I yelled the news to Blake with a feeling of extravagant joy. In the darkness and the confusion into which the lockers had been thrown, I failed to find the brandy. I laid hold of some bottled ale, however, and two tins of sardines, and with these I ascended to the poop.

Lashed up to the windward, under the lee

of the low rail, we sat and ate our midnight meal. We knocked off the necks of the bottles with a sheath-knife and opened the sardines with the same instrument. We used our fingers to eat with, and drank from the jagged edges of the bottles. The liquor was warm and bitter, but it made us feel more comfortable when it was down; and when we had finished we took a few more turns round our bodies with the ropes, and curling down together, fell asleep. We had reached that point where we really did not care what happened. We ached for a little warmth, a little comfort, a little rest.

The schooner, meanwhile, kept to the wind by the flying rags of the stowed sails, ascended the heights, slid down into the gullies, and rode on into the blackness of the awful night.

About four o'clock we were awake again. The barometer was rising, the sky was broken and lighter in patches, and the wind seemed to have abated somewhat. We shook hands, and laughed childishly over these signs of a dying storm. Ale and some half-soaked biscuits served for our breakfast, after which I bound Blake's side and legs with strips of blanket soaked in liniment. Though the unceasing motion of the vessel must have kept him in constant pain, the brave fellow never complained.

Seated close up under the weather bulwarks, with our backs against the stanchions, we waited hopefully for the coming day. It came, not suddenly, as it was wont to do in that tropical latitude, but with a slow changing of black to dark gray, and dark gray to a lead color. Sea, air, and sky were all the same dismal tone. We saw it reflected in our own pale faces. We saw it, too, in the appearance of the *Dolphin*. As human beings are said sometimes to do, she had turned gray in the night. Here the color transition stopped. It was daylight.

With the daylight, however, came the realization of our worst fears. Though the wind was dropping fast, the schooner no longer floated buoyantly as on the previous day, but moved in a tired, sluggish way. She wallowed in the dark troughs each time, and it seemed as though she could not climb the ridge that ever rose before her. The waves, finding her defenseless, broke with cruel force against her battered bow; they rolled across her railless deck unceasingly; they pounced upon her unawares, and buried her to the break of the poop. They did not race with ruffled backs and smoking crests before the gale now, but swept on in a de-

liberate, lumpish fashion, more than ever dangerous.

The *Dolphin* was sinking. Her hold was half full of water, and her deck almost on a level with the sea. Sooner or later—it might not be for half a day, or it might be within half an hour—she would go down.

Up to this time I had looked forward to the end with hopeful certainty. We should pull through it all right, I felt sure. Now I could see nothing ahead of us but death. No matter which way I turned, the grim specter rose before me, cruel and inevitable. I did not seem to care very much. It was not so hard to face death as I thought it would be. My principal feeling was one of rebellion. It was unjust that we should die then, just as the storm was over. It was not right to be treated so after all our efforts. Why had not she gone down in the night, when we were asleep, if she was going down? It was an infernal shame! In my heart of hearts I did not even then believe it.

It began to rain again—a heavy tropical downpour, though strangely cold. By comparison, the salt water that broke over us every few minutes was warm, and we wished that it would come oftener. From time to time I crept below and brought up more ale. It kept us from getting hungry, but otherwise had no effect. Returning from one of these trips, I found Blake in an attitude that he had doubtless learned at his mother's knee. His eyes were closed, the palms of his hands were placed together, and his lips were moving. He was praying. Not wishing to intrude upon him, I sat down on the top step of the companion, and waited. It was evident that the *Dolphin's* captain had given up all hope; yet, in the face of this grave acknowledgment (for so I took it), I could not forbear an inward smile. It was so funny to see Blake, of all men, praying. As I sat there, I fell to wondering whether it would be any good for me to pray. After due reflection I decided that it would not be any good. I argued that as I had not prayed for years, God would know that fear was my only reason for taking it up again, and would therefore take no notice of any supplications of mine. Thus I reasoned and thought in the hours which I felt were my last.

I took my place beside Blake again, and drearily watched the gray, foam-streaked surges that bore down upon us in such an endless regiment. How long should we have to wait before they swallowed us? I asked myself. I tried to imagine how it would all end, and I resolved that when it came I

should not swim. Then my thoughts turned toward home. The picture of a dear old midland vicarage with climbing roses upon its walls, and an ancient cedar of Lebanon on its lawn, grew out of the gray, and in and about it moved the forms of those who were nearest to me. Yet, strange to say, I saw them only in one place. Thus my mother ever sat at a table pouring tea from an old silver tea-pot that I remembered from childhood. The ornament on top of the lid had been lost, and a huge black-velvet cozy with red embroidery stood close to the tea-pot stand. My father, with his coat-tails flying, appeared taking a short cut over the graves to the vestry door. The last bell had tolled, and the processional had begun. My sisters I also saw in some equally singular way. Aye, and there was a girl, too, a fair-haired, blue-eyed sweetheart of mine, who sat in the stern of a boat with a counterpane sail, and steered boldly into forbidden reaches of the river.

We grew unutterably weary as the day advanced. Weak, stupefied, aching in every muscle and shivering with cold, we sat waiting for the end. For my own part, nothing but pride kept me up. I would have given worlds to creep into one of the cabin berths and go to sleep. The schooner, meanwhile, sank lower and lower. It would not be long now. We imagined that the fear of death had left us, and we were calm.

In the midst of this somehow boastful acquiescence of ours, however, the *Dolphin*, now slow and lubberly in her movements, plunged headlong into the belly of a quivering green sea. Instantly our tranquillity forsook us, and we sprang to the highest point,—the main-boom,—blanched and trembling with fright. The wave closed over us with a seething sound, and, with the weight of molten lead, it flattened us upon the spar as though it would crush our lives out.

When it had passed, we saw that a yawning hole had opened up in the main-hatch. It could now be only a few minutes before she would fill and founder.

In a frenzy of self-preservation, we turned to the small dinghy that lay on the poop. The schooner's largest boat had been knocked to splinters long before, and but for the fact that the dinghy had been placed bottom up directly abaft the mainmast, and had been partly sheltered by the cabin skylight, it would also have been demolished. I do not think that either of us believed that such a cockle-shell would live in that sea. We took to her merely as a last resort—a staving

off of the termination. Hurriedly we cut the lashings, turned her upon her keel, and saw that she was firmly plugged. Oars we could not find, but we threw a bailer into her, and an old rope fender to act as a sea-anchor. Then we slid her down to the side, intending to launch her over the rail with our hands, for she was very light. All being in readiness, I turned to dive below for some food, and as I did so the *Dolphin* plunged again. I had scarce time to throw myself over the gunwale of the dinghy before it was afloat and whirling on the crest of the advancing wave. I expected that we should be swamped immediately, but as the wave passed without our shipping much water, I gained courage, and, making the fender fast to the end of the painter, threw it overboard. Looking round, I then saw that Blake lay at the bottom of the boat, behind me, face downward. Over-

come by pain, my companion had fainted. I raised his head a little, and placed a stretcher under his forehead. More than this, however, I did not dare.

As the dinghy rose again, I looked anxiously on all sides for some signs of the *Dolphin*, but could not see her. The sea, gray, and streaked with wavering lines of foam, filled my vision. It was monstrous, awful, terrifying, and I dropped cowering at the bottom of the boat.

Beyond this point my memory fails me. I remember hazily starting up once or twice, and madly bailing. I recollect also looking up into a blue sky, and wondering if it were a dream. But, for the rest, I know nothing.

[THE writer and his companion, after being in the dinghy for eighteen hours, were picked up by the supply-ship *Cockatoo*.]

UNCLE ADAM.

BY M. E. M. DAVIS.



LD plantation houses in the South are surrounded, as a rule, by detached buildings of different sizes and varying degrees of importance: the kitchen, the yawning fireplace of which establishes at meal-times lines of communication, composed of sundry shiny-faced piccaninnies, with the polished mahogany oval in the great-house; the smoke-house, with its brown-shelled hams, its dripping sides of bacon, and its pendent links of seasoned sausages; dairy, tool-house, pigeon-house, dog-kennel, and green-house. Somewhat apart, and in the midst of its own demesne, as it were, stands the "office." This one-storied lodge was formerly reserved for visiting bachelors. In the gay do-nothing days "before the war" dashing and debonair young gentlemen were wont to ride about from plantation to plantation, attended by their negro body-servants, hunting, dancing, and paying court at the "Cedars" or at "Rosemary," at "Madewood" or "Good Cheer"—wherever, in short, there was a pack of hounds, a fiddler, or a bevy of girls. They were hailed with delight when they came; their departure left an openly bewailed void. During their stay they were quartered in the office, where the master of

the plantation generally had his baize-lined bookcases and his spindle-legged secretary. And it must be admitted that oftentimes, long after the great-house and the demure girls there were wrapped in slumber, the office, hazy with tobacco-smoke and redolent of mint-julep, resounded with boisterous laughter and bacchanalian song. Those days and nights and rollicking young idlers are passed away forever, and the old offices are put to other and doubtless better uses.

The office at Ridgeway Plantation was shaded on one side by low-branched magnolia and crape-myrtle trees; on the other side a sunny space was laid out in prim shelled walks. Here Major Adam Randolph paced of mornings with his hands behind his back, awaiting the call to breakfast from the great-house, while his "boy" Cato, a grizzled old negro who had followed his master to three wars, opened the windows of the office and set in order its old-fashioned furniture.

The spotted cheval-glass there had often reflected the slim and elegant figure of young Adam Randolph. Young Adam in those long-gone days owned his plantation, rode blooded horses, and followed, with a certain reserve, the reckless fashions of the time. In the servants' quarters at Ridgeway, traditions still lingered of the courtly grace and the prodi-

gal generosity of the young master of Sunnyside Plantation. Now, Sunnyside itself was a tradition, and old Adam lived at Ridgeway, tutor to Madam Lawrence's granddaughters, pride forbidding her sometime guest to accept without return the hospitality of this friend of happier hours.

By those of his contemporaries who remained in the land of his living, the old gentleman was addressed as Major Randolph; the generation immediately following called him Uncle Adam; the young folk at Ridgeway and in the town of Thornham, the roofs and spires of which were visible from the office, had affectionately shortened the latter title to 'Cl' Adam.

Major Randolph was unmarried. Miss Cissy and Miss Betty Lawrence, who came over from the great-house to the office every morning to parse in Pollok's "Course of Time," and to read the "Spectator" and "Swallow Barn," had a theory that their tutor was a widower. This theory was based upon a solitary bit of evidence, namely, a faded ambrotype which stood open, in its worn case, on 'Cl' Adam's mantelpiece. The face that looked out from the vague shadows had a certain pathetic sweetness about it; the young eyes were wistful; the young cheeks were thin and delicate. It was not a face which appealed to buxom and healthy youth.

"She must have been 'Cl' Adam's wife," declared Miss Cicely, with a toss of her head; "she is not pretty enough for a sweetheart."

"And what a fright, with her ringlets and her ridiculous sleeves!" echoed Miss Betty, disdainfully.

The girl in the ambrotype was not a fright in 'Cl' Adam's eyes. He could close his eyelids, as he did now, sitting before his fire while the winter day outside fell softly and suddenly into night, and see her as she looked the day he bade her good-by, more than half a century before.

"Don't forget me, Adam," whispered the sixteen-year-old girl, her gray eyes swollen with weeping.

"I will never forget you!" cried the boy of twenty, turning to follow the drum-beat which called the Roanoke volunteers to Texas.

In less than one year afterward she married—somebody else. "When you get this I shall be the bride of another," she wrote in the prim little letter penned on her wedding-day. "Do not think hard of me, Adam. My mother says it is for the best. And oh, Adam, I hope *you* will be happy."

He never saw her again. He never asked or

knew whom she married. He never went back to his Virginia home. He cast in his fortunes with the young republic of Texas. And here, on the banks of the Brazos River, under republic and State, he had grown rich, and then poor, and finally old and wrinkled and white-haired.

But he kept his promise to his first and only sweetheart. He never forgot her. Her picture lay next his heart at the battle of San Jacinto, and, ten years later, at the siege of Monterey in Mexico. And twenty years after that, when he limped back, a footsore, hungry, and ragged rebel, to his ruined plantation on the Brazos, the old ambrotype was in his battered knapsack. And even now—

He lifted his dim eyes toward the mantel, and smiled. Then, resting his head on the back of his chair, he fell into a doze.

He was awakened by a low growl from Shiloh, the old dog lying on a rug at his feet. There was a sound of hurried footsteps on the outer porch.

"Marse Ad!" said Cato, thrusting a half-scared face in at the door, "heah 's Marse Jeems done come f'om ol' Virginny."

Major Randolph rose to his feet with a questioning look at the portly, ruddy-faced personage who came in, followed by a gust of wintry wind. The visitor thumped the bare floor noisily with his cane as he advanced. "Don't ye know me, Ad?" he demanded eagerly. "Ha! I thought ye would n't. I told Mrs. Randolph ye would n't know me!"

"Cousin Jeems!" gasped 'Cl' Adam.

The two old men fell into each other's arms, the tearless sob with which age expresses its emotion shaking their bowed shoulders.

"I came out from Virginia," said Mr. James Randolph, presently, when they were seated before the fire and Cato had mixed toddies and fetched pipes, "to see about some lands belonging to one of my wife's granddaughters; and I thought I'd run down and hunt you up."

"I am glad to see you, Jeems; I certainly am," said the major, warmly.

"Ye look a little—er—a—peaky, Ad," continued Mr. Randolph, regarding his cousin over the rim of his goblet.

"I am quite well, thank you, Cousin Jeems," returned 'Cl' Adam, somewhat stiffly. The kinsmen eyed each other for a moment in silence. They had been boys together; they both belonged to the sturdy and stately Randolphs of Roanoke; but a greater contrast could hardly be imagined. Mr. James

Randolph fairly exuded prosperity. His short, rotund figure was clad in garments of the finest cloth and the most correct cut. His shrewd red face had the dogmatic smoothness born of good living and social importance. He wore a seal-ring on his little finger, and a diamond in his unobtrusively respectable tie; his watch-chain fell in rippling links over his ample waistcoat.

Major Adam Randolph was tall and gaunt. His well-brushed clothes were undeniably threadbare; the suspicion of a patch on the knee of his trousers had been set on by his own trembling fingers. His collar was turned over after a fashion long extinct, and the voluminous neckcloth under it was frayed and rusty. His pale, dignified face was worn and drawn. Cousin Jeems was right; 'Cl' Adam did look peaky.

But certain fictitious strata seemed suddenly to slough away from the old faces, primitive race traits reappeared there, and they grew strangely alike as the eager reminiscent talk carried the two Randolphs back to their boyhood. Old Cato, crouched in a corner of the fireplace, listened, chuckling, to marvelous stories of school-fights and possum-hunts, mountain scrambles and surreptitious swimming-matches. The roof of the ancient office rang with bursts of attenuated laughter, not unlike ghostly echoes of those rollicking choruses which shook its rafters in bygone days.

"Fine hound you've got here, Ad," said Mr. Randolph, after a short pause in the brisk dialogue. He touched Shiloh with the toe of his boot. Shiloh whined responsively. "Got any fox-hunting down here?" he continued. "Ha! I suppose not. Not much sport left in Virginia, either. The boys tell me you've got to go over into Kentucky to get a decent run. Ha! nothing is like it used to be, anyhow. Remember that run across Bratley's woods, clean over into Montgomery County, with the old fox doubling like all creation, and Tige and Lion at his tail?"

"T wa'n't Tige an' Line made dat run," interposed Cato, decisively; "t was Jupe an' June. Lawd, Marse Jeems, don't you ricollec' Jupe an' June? Dem two fox-houn's was sholy fitten fer Py Paradise, dey was so smart!"

"Ha! yes; Jupe and June. I reckon you are right, Cato. That's the time your horse pitched you head foremost, Ad, into the—that—you know—fishing-hole."

"Little Beaver," suggested Cato. "Kingdom come!" he added to himself, "Marse Jeems was fotch up 'longside o' dat fishin'-hole."

"Ha! yes; Little Beaver. What fun we used to have at Little Beaver, Ad! By the way, I brought along a photograph of my house to show you." He felt in his breast pocket. "Gad! what have I done with it? I must have—"

"You were always an absent-minded fellow, Jeems," observed the major, looking on indulgently while his cousin rummaged through his bulky note-books.

"I must have left it in—confound it!—in the town where I stopped last night. I can't remember its name."

"Never mind," said the major; "you can send it to me."

"Marse Jeems ain't to say ez young ez he useter be; seem like he *faulin'*," mused Cato, glancing from under his bristly white eyebrows at the visitor. "Fergittin' dem dogs an' dat fishin'-hole! But *den*, Marse Jeems always *was*, to say, po'-minded."

"Are you married, Ad?" Mr. Randolph was asking.

"No," returned the major, puffing away at his cob-pipe. "You are, I take it?"

"Yes"; said Cousin Jeems, complacently. "Oh, yes. I married the Widow Latham from King William—Widow Lavinia Latham. Fine woman. Ha! fine property."

"Do you live on the old place in Roanoke?" pursued the major.

"No; I sold that after my first wife died, and moved over to King William, where my wife's property lies."

"Ah," said 'Cl' Adam, with placid interest. "You have been married twice, then? Who was your first wife?"

"Yes," replied Cousin Jeems, gazing into the fire. "Yes; I've been married twice. My first wife—ha!—well, I married her in Lynchburg."

"In Lynchburg?" echoed 'Cl' Adam.

"Yes; in Lynchburg. She was—" Cousin Jeems puckered his brows irritably. "She—ha!—it's curious, Adam, that I can't remember the girl's name."

"Nanny Butler?" suggested the major. "You used to be fond of little Nanny."

"No; 't wa'n't Nanny. She married Tom Lindsay. Let—me—see. Confound it, Ad, it's strange—it's *demed* strange—I can't remember that girl's name!"

"Mary Ann Stratton? Linda Preston? Louisa Christian?"

Mr. Randolph shook his head impatiently at each of these names. An angry perspiration broke out on his bald head. "Good Lord, Adam!" he roared, "can't ye help me out? You were sweet on her yourself before

you went to Texas. Her mother lived at the top of the hill, just back of Waters's school."

The major gave an almost imperceptible start, then leaned back in his chair. "Janey Meade?" he demanded in a low voice.

"Right at last," laughed Cousin Jeems, slapping his thigh with his palm. "Why the devil could n't I remember? She wa'n't pretty, Janey wa'n't," he went on reflectively, sipping his toddy; "but she was a good little thing. Ha! always looked kind o' scared, somehow; and she was mighty peaky. She did n't live much more than a year after

into a glittering point the hilt of the sword hanging on the wall—the sword which the major had carried through three wars. The hound dozed on his rug; and Cato, with his gray head on his knees, snored in the chimney-corner. A tinkling sound borne on the night wind came over from the great-house, where Cissy and Betty were practising their piano lessons.

It was past midnight when Mr. Randolph walked out to the gate, where a hired carriage waited to convey him back to the Thornham hotel. "Is there nothing I can



DRAWN BY C. M. RILEY.

"THE TWO OLD MEN FELL SUDDENLY SILENT."

I married her. Lord, it's been fifty years since she died—poor little Janey!"

'Cl' Adam reached out a long arm, and turned the lamp-shade so that the light might fall less directly upon the ambrotype on the mantel. His thin hand trembled as it dropped back upon his knee.

The two old men fell suddenly silent. Mr. James Randolph refilled his goblet, and put a fresh coal in his pipe. Major Adam pushed his tumbler aside, and knocked the ashes from his cob. The logs on the giant fire-dogs tumbled into a bed of glowing embers the red light of which played over the polished mahogany furniture, and touched

do for you, Ad?" he asked wistfully, laying an affectionate hand on his kinsman's shoulder. "Come back with me to Virginia, old boy, and spend the balance of your days by my fireside."

"Thank you, Jeems; no, nothing," returned Major Randolph, absently. "Did—did Janey leave any children?" he asked at the last moment.

"Eh? No; Janey was a puny little thing. Come to think of it, Ad, she is buried in your old family burying-ground in Roanoke. She said—I forget why she said she wanted to be buried there; but we did it."

He entered the carriage, and drove away.

Major Randolph watched the receding lamps as long as they were visible through the darkness; then he went back to his office.

THE next morning the major limped across the Ridgeway lawn to the front gate, moving slowly, for the old wound in his knee had troubled him a good deal of late years.

Last night's norther had spent its force. Spring was imminent. The air was sweet with the smell of quickening mold; leaf-buds were already swelling in the rich sunshine. 'Cl' Adam poked with his stick among the fallen leaves to see if by chance a Johnny-jump-up might not be showing its face; he halted to listen to a mocking-bird which sang in the summer-house. In the lane beyond Ridgeway he encountered his body-servant. Cato set down the wheelbarrow he was trundling. "Lawd, Marse Ad," he grinned, "you looks e'en ermos' lak you did de day we lef' ol' Virginny. Yo' eyes is plum' shiny! 'Pear like Marse Jeems is done fotch us good luck, anyhow. Dem star-o'-Bet'lehem o' ou'n is in bloom dis mawnin'; an' dem town niggers has axed me ter fiddle at a cake-walk nex' Sat'day—fer pay."

Major Randolph smiled indulgently at his faithful old servant, and passed on toward Thornham.

About midway along Main street in Thornham there is a florist's shop. 'Cl' Adam, who grew his own violets and sweet-peas and pink mother-roses, had never been in a florist's shop in his life. In his day and time, indeed, there were no such places. Every door-yard was a flower-garden, and every passer-by was welcome to thrust his hand through the fence-pickets, or even to walk boldly in at the gate, and help himself to whatsoever he wanted. 'Cl' Adam entered the shop somewhat timidly. An elderly woman in a shabby black gown was sorting some cut flowers behind the counter. She looked up as he approached. "Good morning, Unc—Major Randolph," she said pleasantly. "What can I do for you?"

"Good morning, madam," said the major, respectfully uncovering his head. "Have you—er—" he began in an embarrassed way. "Is there a variety of rose—white, I believe—called the bride-rose, madam? I think—er—I have heard so."

"Yes," she nodded briskly—"oh, yes; we

sell a great many bride-roses. We bring them out from the North. They do not grow here. They are very fine; I will show you some."

She stepped into a back room, and instantly reappeared, carrying a huge cluster of long-stemmed roses.

"And these are bride-roses, madam?" The major eyed them with astonished awe. He had, in truth, never seen anything like these great-petaled, waxen-white, strangely perfect blossoms. "I will take—er—the bunch you have in your hand," he said, opening a forlorn-looking pocket-book.

The saleswoman looked troubled. "They—they are mighty expensive, major," she ventured, turning very red as she named the price.

"They certainly are worth it," smiled 'Cl' Adam, reassuringly. He laid a crisp bill on the counter. It was the last one he possessed, and his extravagance meant total abstinence in tobacco and such-like luxuries for himself, and perhaps for Cato, for an indefinite period.

"Thank you, my dear. God bless you, my dear!" he said, taking the tissue-wrapped roses, and bending his white old head gallantly over her thorn-pricked fingers.

He limped home with his treasure.

It chanced that none of the household saw him enter the gate at Ridgeway. But a little later, Cissy and Betty came over to the office for their lessons.

"Oh, 'Cl' Adam!" they breathed ecstatically.

The ambrotype stood in its accustomed place on the mantel. On each side of it, and in front of it, in the old-fashioned Sèvres vases, nodded the long-stemmed bride-roses. Their delicate, evanescent perfume filled the small room. The pale face looked out from its wonderful bower with a divine smile.

Cicely folded her hands reverently. "Was—was she your wife, 'Cl' Adam?" she asked in a hushed voice. "And—and is this your wedding-day?"

"Yes," said 'Cl' Adam, dreamily—"yes, child; my wedding-day."

Cicely and Betty tiptoed out, closing the door behind them.

"For you are mine, Janey," whispered the old man, looking with closed eyes into the eyes of his first and only sweetheart; "you are my bride—now!"



LIFE AND SOCIETY IN OLD CUBA.

SECOND PAPER.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF JONATHAN S. JENKINS, AN AMERICAN PAINTER
OF MINIATURES, WRITTEN IN 1859.¹

THE WRITER MAKES A PROFILE FOR A
COLUMBUS MEDAL.



RETURNING to my rooms one day, I was surprised to be told that an officer in uniform had called for me to appear before the captain-general. I was rather anxious about it, fearing that some enemy had been slandering me; and as there is no such thing as trial by jury in Cuba, every examination being summary, I went with some trepidation. Tacon asked me the nature of my calling, and I told him that I was a miniature-painter. "That is what I was informed," said he; "and I wish you to take a copy in profile of the bust of Columbus, to be used as a model of the figure to be stamped on some medals which are about to be struck for the Windward Islands." I was greatly relieved, and executed his order as quickly as possible. When Tacon saw the miniature—a profile—he was so much pleased with the success of the likeness that he rewarded me handsomely, and as a further mark of his favor gave me a free entrance to the Temple, with the privilege of taking any foreigner with me, to examine the paintings.

This was a privilege not extended to any native of Havana, and I availed myself of it to take in many Americans during the administration of General Tacon. The Temple is the Louvre of Havana, and in it are treasured up many rare old works.

The bust of Columbus before referred to stands in the Temple yard, fronting on the Plaza de Armas, and is considered the best likeness of the great navigator.

VANDERLYN'S RESEARCHES IN HAVANA.

ABOUT this time the American painter Vanderlyn came out to Havana, with the hope of finding an original portrait of Columbus. He was then engaged upon his

large piece, "The Landing of Columbus," now in one of the panels of the rotunda in the Capitol at Washington, and was anxious to get access to an original from which he could copy an authentic likeness of the great discoverer. He was strengthened in this hope by reading in a "Life of Columbus" that the Duke of Baradas, a descendant of the Genoese, had sent out an original portrait in the fleet which removed his ashes from Santiago de Cuba to Havana, where they now rest. Mr. Vanderlyn brought introductory letters to Mr. George Knight, an American merchant, and Mr. Knight presented the painter to me as being the person most likely to have the desired information, and, if such a portrait existed, where it was to be found. I had not heard of one, but offered to aid in the search.

In company with Mr. Vanderlyn, I called on the descendants of the oldest noble families in Havana, but could get no satisfactory information from any of them. We then searched all the churches, the friars of which took great interest in our pursuit and gave us every aid, but still without success. He saw the bust of Columbus in the yard of the Temple, and I gave him the copy of the miniature made for Tacon. He asked for the best natural scene I knew of in the island from which to copy the ground of his painting. I recommended the coast near Baracoa, where Columbus first landed, as being both appropriate and historically true. The scene was naturally striking, and there he could see the tropical growth of trees and plants, as well as the purple tints of the air peculiar to the torrid zone; or he might go to the mouth of the Canimar River, near Matanzas, where a magnificent view was presented. It is asserted and believed by the citizens of Havana that Columbus first landed upon the present site of that city. This belief is perpetuated in the scene of one of the large paintings in the Temple. The discoverer and his attendants are there

¹ Mr. Jenkins was United States Consul in the Navigator's (now Samoan) Islands in 1856. These extracts have been selected and edited by his great-nephew,

Joseph Cooper Boyd, Esq., of Baltimore. As stated in the previous paper, the author's first visit to Cuba was made in 1835.

represented as assisting at mass, and the wondering Indians surround them with raised hands, exclaiming, "Havana!" which was supposed to be the name of their God.

LOTTERIES.

IN Havana the stranger's attention is arrested by the venders of lottery tickets, who stand on the street corners with a pair of shears in one hand and sheets of lottery tickets in the other, ready to cut off any number for buyers. They are very adroit, and are apt to persuade the credulous that they will draw a fortune in the scheme. These licensed lotteries are one of the great evils there, especially to the Spanish people, who seem to be born gamblers, and for whom the chances of dice, cards, and lottery tickets appear to have an irresistible charm, all classes in Havana dealing in them habitually.

THE SUGAR-ESTATES.

COFFEE-PLANTATIONS, though so beautiful, have not increased in numbers of late years; in fact, many of them have been changed into sugar-estates, which are more profitable, and render the owner socially more important. The owner usually resides in Havana, where his family may enjoy the pleasures of cultivated society and have the luxuries of a city; he therefore employs a sort of middleman, called a *major-domo*, to manage his estate. The owner wants all the money he can get to maintain his establishment in Havana, and the *major-domo* seeks to increase his percentage, and thus the poor slaves are ground to the dust, and at times the cruelties practised are barbarous. The *mayorals* are usually Canary Islanders, a hot-tempered and cruel race, and, being without the restraint of the presence of the owner, are vindictively oppressive, and in their inhuman punishments often take life. The horrors which have been perpetrated in Cuba by the lash would disgrace barbarians.

One striking fact attesting the hardships of slave life on a sugar-estate is that children are very rarely seen there. Slave men in their vigor are more profitable, and hence in a large force of several hundred men only a few women are allowed. The labors and hardships which these women endure tend to prevent increase, and the few children born usually die in infancy from neglect. There is no care taken to prevent this result, as they say it is cheaper to supply the

losses on the plantations by new importations than by the rearing of children. The climate, fortunately, is so mild that the slaves need but little clothing, and a wide palm hat and a cloth about the loins are their costume in the fields, the sun seeming to have but little effect upon their black skins.

Every week there is a ration-day, on which they are drawn up in long lines, and a few pounds of black-looking beef brought from Buenos Ayres are thrown at the feet of each, which at night each cooks to suit himself. In addition, a coarse meal or small hominy (bran and all) is boiled, and put in a trough, from which they eat it every morning with a spoon, a paddle, or their hands, as they choose.

The Africans brought into Cuba are generally from the coast of Mozambique, and are called *Locoomees* and *Caravalees*. They are large, stout men, of dogged will, and at times are very obstinate.

All these creatures believe implicitly in the transmigration of souls, and that if they commit suicide they go immediately back to Africa. To check this evil, when a suicide occurs, the *mayoral* makes each of the slaves bring a bundle of wood and build a funeral pyre, on which the body is burned. The ashes are then scattered in the air by the survivors, in whose opinion the dead negro's soul is thus prevented from returning to Africa. In scattering the ashes they sigh audibly, "Aha! Aha!" as if expressing grief that the soul of their companion can no longer go home.

The appearance of the sugar-estates is the very opposite of the beautiful coffee-plantations. Wide fields of monotonous green stretch themselves to the horizon on every side, while here and there the royal palm lifts its tufted head above the verdant level. The *mayoral's* house, the sugar-works, and the dingy barracoons for the slaves are the only objects to break the monotony of the desolate scene. When first planted, the cane is laid lengthwise in trenches, or furrows, about five or six feet apart, and then covered. From each eye (there is an eye to each sound joint) a shoot springs up, and sends out others, forming a bunch of canes; and thus the fields are covered with the most luxuriant green.

Every year the crop is cut at the ground, and the next season another crop springs up from the roots, which are called *ratoons*. These ratoons will yield crops in this way for several years, the length of time depending on the mildness of the climate. In Louisiana only three or four crops are gathered from

one planting, while in the tropics eighteen or twenty are thus obtained. The grinding of the cane begins about the last of October, and continues until the beginning of the rainy season, a period of nearly six months. This is the time of greatest labor on the estate; and, without intermission of Sundays or holidays, with but few exceptions, the slaves work incessantly, and men and teams are worn out before work is over. The slaves are given a few trifling presents and are allowed some extra privileges to encourage them in undergoing the increased labor.

CARNIVAL AND HOLY WEEK AT MATANZAS.

I RETURNED to Matanzas about the beginning of carnival. This is an occasion of unusual merriment in all Roman Catholic countries, and this is especially true of Cuba, as the three nights of masquerade present a succession of the most grotesque scenes. Not less than six or seven thousand people collect at the theaters and other places of amusement in Matanzas, and there is a constant run of visiting, and friends quizzing friends, all through the city. On these occasions the mask is a perfect protection against discovery, no matter where, a heavy fine and imprisonment being the penalty for removing the disguise of any one.

There are directors or managers who alone possess the right to remove the mask, and this is exercised only where the wearer acts rudely or is suspected of not being white, and in either of these cases the directors take the suspected individual into a private room and there make the examination. The masquerade is a scene of great novelty to a stranger. The wonderful variety of odd disguises representing every imaginable thing, the run-mad hurry and turmoil, the most eccentric conduct, make up a condition of affairs almost indescribable. Many who are mere onlookers wear a domino or mask of open wire, which does not disguise the features, but simply puts them in unison with the occasion.

Being desirous of mingling in the masquerade, I disguised myself as a student of the University of Salamanca, though at the time I had no idea of acting out the character.

I took my guitar, and joined a party who were similarly provided. They wondered who the stranger might be, and I strolled along with them to the theater, where they performed a mock funeral of Don Carlos amid the greatest excitement.

One side of the gallery was filled with English and Americans, some residents of the island, and others, visitors.

The box of Mr. Shoemaker, the American consul, contained ten ladies, who requested, through the consul, that I should play on the guitar. I stepped up to the box, made obeisance, and sang, in English, "The Land of the Stranger," accompanying my song with the guitar. This excited their curiosity greatly, as they had judged from my dress that I was a Spaniard.

Great difference of opinion was expressed as to my identity: some said I was American, because I spoke English so well; others were equally confident that I was Spanish, because I played the guitar; and all sought by questions to discover my secret. I then sang another English air, "What Fairy-like Music," and I was requested by one of the ladies to sing "Home, Sweet Home." After this I was followed from box to box by a party of Americans, vainly seeking to find out the stranger.

Many other kinds of amusement are associated with this occasion, such as bull-fights, gander-pulling, and cock-fighting, so that the people are utterly worn out at the end of this holiday. In marked contrast with these gaieties are the solemn ceremonies of the three days of the crucifixion. During this time the utmost quiet is preserved, as though a general funeral affected the land. When the three days are past, the resurrection is announced by the deep toll of a bell, and every man, woman, and child rushes into the street, armed with a small rattle, and makes as much noise as possible, until the rejoicing sounds as if the locusts of Egypt had been let loose. This is followed by the burning in effigy of Judas. A figure of that worthy, filled with explosives, is set up on a post, from which a string depends to the ground, and is trailed away a square or two. Along this string, at intervals, are attached crackers. Fire is applied to the string, and it burns, and the crackers pop until "Judas" is reached, and explodes amid the shouts and execrations of the multitude. Many of these are exploded in different parts of the city. Some of these figures contain interior machinery to produce very elaborate effects; these are usually the property of the priests, and are set up on a steeple or other high situation. Various other scenes of the passion are exhibited,—the scourging, the journey to Calvary, the crown of thorns, etc.,—all which material representations impress the people powerfully.

At the close of the carnival I was invited

to Mr. Shoemaker's to paint the miniature of his wife.

Upon my appearance at the consul's, I found a company of Americans. They were very much surprised to learn that I was the "student of Salamanca" who excited so much interest at the theater, as they expected to see a harebrained youth, and found a sedate man nearing middle age and more like a clergyman.

SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE-TRADE IN CUBA SIXTY YEARS AGO.

IN the hotel where I lived I met many persons of different nations and character, some of whom were slavers. The most prominent of these was a man named Paul Fèbre, a native of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. The history of this man is curious. His father was a Lutheran clergyman in the village of Chambersburg, and his elder brother was a seafaring man.

This brother was much older than Paul, and in his many adventures by sea and land had set up a slave-depot on the river Ponga, in Africa. He visited the United States, and took back with him his brother Paul, then only twelve years of age. When Paul was eighteen years old his brother died, and left him all his property, including the slave-factory. At the time of this bequest Paul had been fully initiated into all the mysteries of this horrible traffic, and thus became a very extensive slave-dealer, and made frequent journeys to Cuba.

When I first met him he had just sold three cargoes of slaves to Catalan dealers, and credited them for the greater part of the purchase-money; but these wily fellows, to escape the payment of the debt, encouraged a prosecution of him, with the hope of securing his incarceration, or of driving him from the island. It seems that a slave-brig had been consigned to his factory for a cargo of slaves. On the passage out the captain was murdered, and on her arrival at her destination Paul Fèbre refused to let others have the slaves on credit, and they were forced to leave without them. The steward of this vessel, a Portuguese, meeting with Fèbre at Matanzas, instituted a suit against him for damages for "breaking up" the voyage of the brig. Fèbre, having ascertained through his agents, Messrs. Hernandez and Bazdon, the object of his persecutors, intrusted his affairs to Captain Wells, and left by land for Havana. He was forced to travel by land, as he could not get a passport while the suit

was pending. Thinking that matters had quieted down, he returned to Matanzas about three weeks later, but was again set upon by the Catalans. This caused him to leave Cuba for Baltimore. Before his departure he left with me a very interesting servant-girl. This young woman was the daughter of the African king Dembazeegaloo, who once ruled over the country called Toolah-woollah. Several years previously, while Fèbre was buying slaves in that country, he was the guest of this king, and became acquainted with the members of his family. Some time afterward a number of captives were brought for sale to his factory, and he was surprised to see among them the daughter of the king. Upon inquiry, he learned that her father had been killed in battle, and his family made captives. Fèbre bought the young princess, and reared her in his house, and when he came to Cuba brought her with him. Having lost his right arm in a conflict with some British sailors and John, an African king of the coast, it was necessary for him to have a personal attendant, and this office the Princess Eliza faithfully discharged for some years. When Paul Fèbre left this faithful girl in my care, he gave her her freedom and six ounces in gold, and requested me to procure her a good situation.

While Paul Fèbre was in the city of Baltimore he had three clippers built, each of which would carry several hundred slaves, and named them respectively the *Eagle*, the *Anaconda*, and the *Serpent*. With these his design was to bring to Cuba all the slaves he owned, about twelve hundred in number, composed principally of children selected from previous purchases, and if successful in this he purposed abandoning the slave-trade entirely. The three clippers went safely to Africa, and, as is usual with slavers outward bound, touched at the Cape Verde Islands, and procured Portuguese papers as a disguise. Paul Fèbre went in one of his own vessels, and at the Cape Verde Islands, in addition to the usual Portuguese sailing-papers, he procured a passport for himself as a passenger to Cuba by way of Africa, so that if he were unfortunate enough to be captured he could still avoid punishment. This is the usual deception practised.

In the course of time Fèbre's arrival was daily expected by his agents in Cuba. One night a Captain Reid called at my rooms, and left word that a man with one hand had been wrecked on Stirrup Keys;

that he had applied to him for passage, but seeing that the captain had only one arm and a Portuguese crew, he became suspicious, and declined receiving him on board. As the man had, however, mentioned my name, he let me know. Although it was midnight when I received the news, I at once communicated it to the slave-merchants, and they sent a schooner to his assistance that night, which brought him and his crew into port the next day. Fèbre became a second time my near neighbor, occupying the room adjoining mine, and he narrated to me the story of his misfortunes. His vessel, while sailing at the rate of eleven knots an hour, had brought up suddenly during the night on sunken rocks, and was soon pounded to pieces by the surf. All the African women swam ashore and were saved; but the men, about three hundred in number, being handcuffed, were all drowned.

This indomitable man was not deterred by this disaster from other ventures. He returned to his factory in Africa, and shipped a cargo of five hundred slaves on another of his vessels. The captain, a Frenchman, ran her into Guadeloupe, sold both vessel and slaves, and absconded with the proceeds. As a slaver is outlawed in every country, the money could not be recovered, even had the faithless captain been overtaken. The enforced trust in the captains is one of the risks of the business.

Paul Fèbre's troubles were not yet over. He next despatched a Captain Flourie, well known as the commander of the packet-ship *Morro Castle*, on one of his clippers, and she was captured by a cruiser, and the captain condemned to ten years' imprisonment; but after one year's confinement he was pardoned by President Polk. On this vessel Paul Fèbre was a passenger, and thus escaped punishment.

In quick succession this bold adventurer lost three vessels with their cargoes; but such are the immense profits of this barbarous trade that one successful trip balances many losses, and he was left a very rich man.

From this history of Paul Fèbre he may appear as a perfect monster, but his usually mild manners indicated the very reverse. Had he been educated at home in his youth, I have no doubt he would have been a quiet citizen.

Most intimately associated in the slave-trade with Paul Fèbre was an Italian named John Eschersu, nicknamed "Long John" from his tall, sinewy build and remarkable activity of movement. This man was originally a bum-boatman—a waterman in the harbor of

Havana, selling fruit and rare shells to outgoing ships. From bounding his vision by the limits of the harbor, and his desire of gain by a boat-load of oranges, he became a rover of the ocean, freighting his ships with human flesh. He was very successful in his new occupation, and became extremely rich. "Long John" quickly saw the superior sailing qualities of the Baltimore clippers, and knowing that speed was the safety of the slaver, he availed himself of it. These clippers were built and brought out to Havana and sold to the slavers. The slaver is usually commanded by an American, called a "flag-captain," until the Cape Verde Islands are reached, when a Portuguese is placed in nominal command. The American is employed because he possesses more coolness in the presence of danger, and, as he speaks the English language fluently, can better evade the examinations of the cruisers if the slaver be overhauled. When a boarding-officer comes on the deck of a slaver, the flag-captain always receives him most courteously, and entertains him with wine and cigars to allay his suspicions.

Even if a vessel is suspected, she is generally permitted to pass on, the cruiser trusting to catch her when homeward bound with slaves; then the proof of guilt will be complete, and the prize-money vastly increased. But the slavers look out for this risk, and usually outwit the cruisers, or outsail them in a chase. No enmity exists between the commanders of the cruisers and the slavers when on shore, and they frequently joke about the chases and risks on the sea.

I witnessed, one day, an exciting chase of a steamer by the British cruiser *Pincer*. It is common for the slavers to land at the first place they make on the island of Cuba, for the slaves once on land are safe, and a steamer is usually then sent to meet them. Captain Jenkins saw the steamer *Principañia* getting up steam about midnight. This, being unusual, caused him to suspect that "black-birds" were about, and he kept watch, ready for pursuit. The steamer moved quietly out of the harbor, and the *Pincer*, noting the course the other had taken, soon followed, and taking a position behind a headland, lay in wait. The morning dawned beautifully over the dimpling sea, and along the horizon could be seen the haze of the steamer's smoke. At length she shot past the headland, and the *Pincer* gave chase. The steamer, loaded with slaves, strained every effort to save herself and her freight. Like a frightened bird seeking shelter from the falcon,

she darted into the harbor, loudly ringing her bell. The grim *Pincer*, favored by a fresh breeze, silently bore down upon her, and it was doubtful which would be the winner. The citizens of Havana were greatly excited, and covered every available spot offering a view of the chase, shouting encouragement to the steamer, and waving their handkerchiefs in testimony of their sympathy. The cruiser gained a little on the steamer, and had the distance been longer would have captured her; but the steamer rushed past the city, and rounded to behind it. The negroes were then told to leap over and swim ashore, as the British were cannibals and would eat them if they were captured. The crew of the *Pincer* were chagrined at their failure, as they lost five pounds a head prize-money, while the officers and engineers of the *Principia* received handsome presents from the slavers for their energetic and daring conduct. This little incident discloses the deep sympathy of all classes in Cuba with the slave-trade; and where this is the case it is vain to attempt its suppression by law.

All the Africans captured by the British cruisers were brought into Havana and sold, by a mixed commission, at fifty dollars each for the term of seven years. These term-slaves were called *emancipados*, and to show when their time expired, a piece of thin metal with a number stamped on it was placed about the neck of each, bearing the date of the sale. These emancipados were scattered about on different estates, and some were employed by the government on the streets of the city. They were less cared for and worse treated than slaves for life, as their temporary owners had no interest in them beyond getting all the labor possible out of them during their term.

A serious difficulty soon arose between the British commissioners and the captain-general in consequence of this system. The former complained that when the term of service of an emancipado had expired, and he was called for, he was always reported "dead"; and this report was, in fact, always rendered. The truth was that if any slave died on a plantation having emancipados, the stamped number was taken from the neck of one of them and put on the dead negro. Then the mayoral of the estate would have him registered on the church record as an emancipado, and the fraud was winked at by the priests. In this way the system of apprenticeship amounted to practical slavery, with the added evil of harsher treatment.

The emancipados all died! This deception was justly complained of; but Tacon said that if the British were not satisfied, they must take their captives to their own island of Jamaica.

To meet this difficulty, the British anchored an old hulk which had been captured in the battle of Trafalgar in the harbor of Havana, as a temporary depot for the captured negroes. This action gave great offense to the citizens. The negroes were dressed in the British uniform, and at times would come ashore and act in a manner highly offensive to the Spaniards. This grievance was reported to Tacon, and he issued an order that the first one of them seen ashore should be run through the body without mercy. The commissioners then applied for a piece of land upon which they could erect a barracks, with a church attached for the negroes. Tacon refused, saying: "All the churches are open; and while I am in authority not a foot of land shall be given for any such purpose."

They replied that they would "apply to the home government."

"I cannot prevent your application to the Queen; but if she grants it, I will resign my office," briefly said the captain-general. But the matter ended with his refusal.

The board of commissioners was composed of four English gentlemen. The president, Mr. Kennedy, had been a member of Parliament, and was a most agreeable man. He lived in fine style, having a residence furnished him free of expense, in addition to his salary of forty thousand dollars a year.

A mile and a half out from Havana is a curious and painful sight—the slave-barracoons, where the newly arrived barbarians are confined. Here were congregated not less than two thousand negroes, ready for sale. Some were entirely naked, others nearly so. Their heads were close-shaved, and their bodies so emaciated by the horrors of the "middle passage" that they resembled beasts more than men. Certainly they did not appear to be human beings as they gazed about wildly, with anxious countenances, as if bewildered.

I have often been amused at the preliminary instruction they are put through after their arrival at the barracoons. They are seated cross-legged on the ground in a row or circle, and the negro teacher passes gravely before them all, giving the lesson. He moves his hands quickly to and from his mouth, as though putting something in it, saying: "*Yammy! Yammy!*" all of the ne-

groes imitating and repeating after him. This meant to eat. *Tido-fino* means something good, *choppy-choppy* to work, *yarry-yarry* to get sick. The teacher then goes around with a cup of native rum, and gives each a sip in token of approval. This uncouth vocabulary, when understood, is enough to enable them to labor on the estates.

Before buying, a purchaser examines them to ascertain their condition of health. If this appears satisfactory, he gives the negro a hard slap in the face, and if he displays no resentment, but looks up and smiles, he is bought. When these newly imported Africans are first taken, they are made to work but very little for several months, until, by observing the other negroes, they are gradually trained to labor; for if they are discouraged by driving them at first, they are apt to commit suicide, in the belief that they will thus return to Africa.

MATANZAS AND THE CAVERN ON THE YUMURI.

ALL the elements of fine scenery, sea, mountain, vale, and river, the tinted air and brilliant growth of the tropics, are combined in rare union, and furnish a series of the most magnificent views in and about Matanzas. The sublime and the soft, the wild and the beautiful, are all brought together in exquisite harmony. It is striking and charming, as if the lion and the lamb were lying down together.

The city nestles just behind the giant shoulder of the Cumbre, a mountainous ridge which lifts itself up from the sea and abruptly terminates at the Bay of Matanzas, while at its feet flow the clear waters of the Yumuri River.

A narrow but lovely valley of the same name sweeps up behind the Cumbre, and is walled in on the opposite side by the flank of the mountains. A very noted cavern is situated up this valley, about a mile and a half from the city, and was evidently once the throat out of which the river flowed, though the entrance is now in the face of a cliff much above the level of the valley.

These subterranean openings occur in all limestone countries, and in Cuba, where the water still flows through them, are called *sumideros*. A stream which flows through the town of San Antonio is lost, about a quarter of a mile beyond, in one of these, and timber or other things thrown into it will, in time, appear on the neighboring sea-coast.

I first learned of the existence of this

large cavern on the Yumuri from a Mr. Owens, who had partly explored it twenty years before. It was known to the natives, but from an undefined superstition they would not enter it. The mouth is high up in the face of the cliff, almost concealed by a thick screen of tropical trees interlaced with vines, and the crevices of the rocks are filled with broad-leafed plants. On the right of the entrance a room opens, where, tradition says, the patriots of 1820 held their secret meetings, and the constitution they framed was hidden.

The main body of the cavern goes on to the left of this, and the great number of fantastic figures formed by stalactites and stalagmites which succeed one another throughout its length give a weird and ghostly appearance. There is a general resemblance to the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, though that is on a much grander scale. I explored the cavern pretty thoroughly, with the aid of ladders constructed on the spot, these enabling me to climb from place to place. The fame of the cave spread among the foreigners at Matanzas, and it became a place of frequent resort for picnics and to gratify curiosity.

There was some risk in going through the cave, due to the rents and chasms, into which the incautious were liable to fall. One of a large party of visitors slipped down the face of an inclined rock, and fell into an abyss, from which he was rescued with great difficulty; and I afterward fell at the same place, but in my descent, fortunately, caught my foot against a projection in the rock, and was saved.

An American man-of-war, the *Boston*, was lying at Matanzas, and the officers gave an entertainment, and invited the Americans and principal Spaniards. The affair concluded with a play acted by the crew, who had been trained by the officers, and acquitted themselves very creditably.

The captain of the *Boston*, having heard a great deal of the cave, expressed a desire to visit it, and some gentlemen present were kind enough to say:

"The 'Bard of the Isle' would be the best guide."

"Well, Mr. Jenkins," said Captain Babit, "I am told that you are the 'Bard of the Isle,' and the best guide to the cave up the Yumuri valley. Will you go with us to-morrow?"

I consented, and that evening the news of the purposed trip was circulated among the merchant vessels in the harbor, and there

seemed to be a general desire to join us. The next morning the water was dotted over with rowboats, filled with jolly tars in clean dress, and their merry voices rang along the water like silver bells. This fleet of pleasure-seekers moved up the Yumuri River, and after a pleasant trip reached the object of their curiosity. Each of the large company was supplied with two wax candles, and all crowded into the entrance to the cave.

Señor Blitz, the juggler, shot over a hundred vampire-bats, with the intention of making purses of their skins; others fired guns and pistols to cause a reverberation; some lighted blue lights and false fires to produce a ghastly glare upon the jagged walls, until, with conflicting noises, the scene was like pandemonium. The result of burning so much sulphur in a confined place containing over a hundred people soon made itself felt, and the want of air oppressed every one. This increased, and the mouth of the cavern becoming filled with a dense volume of smoke, the visitors became panic-stricken from fear of suffocation.

A lieutenant complained of a sensation of bleeding at the lungs, and the captain of the *Boston* grew faint. I counseled all not to be alarmed, and to keep together; that in one of my former visits I had observed the flame of the lamp flare in a current of air, and that another opening must exist in that direction. We accordingly followed the windings of the cavern for some distance, until at length a feeble light showed amid the darkness. We were overjoyed at our deliverance from the danger of a horrible death as we emerged by another outlet into the open air.

The utmost precautions should be taken by visitors to have proper guides, plenty of lights, and to be careful of their footsteps.

There are two very pretty drives leading out from Matanzas, one of which leads to the Cumbre, already mentioned. From this elevation there is a magnificent view of both land and sea. Seaward the expanse of ocean is broken only by white sails or the long line of smoke from some black-hulled steamer. Turning landward, the peaceful valley of the Yumuri, with its timid river winding through cane-fields and palm-groves, lies at the feet, and beyond are the white houses of Matanzas leaning against the feet of the "Pan." This beautiful valley seems like a child sleeping in the arms of a strong man as it lies between these bold headlands. The Cumbre is a favorite resort, after sundown, for the sea-breeze that blows over the height; and the

freshness of the air and the unrivaled scenery induce many of the wealthier classes to have cottages there.

Another drive of four miles in length extends from the opposite side of the city, and leads through neat hamlets and groves of lofty palms to the Falls of St. John, a series of cascades in the river of the same name, and surrounded by a picturesque country. Here may usually be seen many men and boys, with arms bare to the shoulders, feeling under the large, loose rocks for *langostas*, a species of lobster very like a crawfish, but larger than a sea-lobster. This is much sought, as it is esteemed a great delicacy.

LAND-CRABS.

THESE creatures are larger than a sea-crab, and live entirely on the land. They run with great speed, even outstripping a horse. At certain seasons of the year they migrate in large bodies from one side of the island to the other, in columns sometimes half a mile wide, and so dense as almost to stop a carriage on the road they may be crossing. These columns overcome every obstacle in their direct line of march, even high mountains. It is supposed that these migrations are prompted by the instinct of propagation, as the crabs seek the sea-shore, deposit their eggs, and cast off the old shell. These crabs are so common about the city of Matanzas that the inhabitants often receive the sobriquet of *cangrejo*. They are frequently found in the houses, and in some cases even under the beds.

There is another species of crab which makes similar marches through the country in immense bodies. These are called pirates, from a very curious habit they display. This creature has the ability of detaching itself from the shell, which, for some reason, it temporarily leaves at times; and while its house is thus vacant, another, passing, will back its body, tail foremost, into the empty shell, and keep possession.

BRIGANDAGE.

As I have already indicated, the social condition of Cuba was in the wildest disorder when General Tacon was appointed captain-general.

The most frequented roads were infested, night and day, by abandoned and reckless robbers. Their impudence and daring became so great that no one traveling in the country was safe, and they often pursued

their victims to the very cities themselves. This was true to such an extent that a general feeling of insecurity pervaded all classes, and business and pleasure were equally affected. These audacious outlaws posted on the most conspicuous trees along the public highways, "Money or mutilation"; hence any one forced to travel about always put some gold in his pocket to give these desperados.

The most noted and desperate of these brigands was named Juan Ravero. This wretch was at first merely a footpad, but he gradually organized a band, becoming its leader, although even then he frequently went alone on his adventures. His many deeds of blood and daring ruffianism made his name a terror throughout the country. To such an extent was he feared that none could be found bold enough to attempt his capture, although he exposed himself recklessly, going openly into the city, and, on one occasion, actually stretched himself on the counter of a country store, and went to sleep, notwithstanding the fact that at that very time there was offered a three thousand dollar reward for his head; yet such was the terror inspired by him that no man dared to earn it.

The *partido* of Guanacano, which embraced the highlands around and back of Matanzas, was the principal theater of his depredations. On one of his expeditions he saw a beautiful young Spanish girl whom he resolved to possess. Her parents lived in the town of Guanabacoa, a place of six thousand inhabitants, which he daringly entered, took her from her home, and, unopposed, bore her to the mountain fastnesses, none of her friends knew where, and no effort was made to rescue the hapless girl. Many months passed over the sorrowing household, when, one night, as suddenly as she had been taken away, she was returned, and the robbers retired after putting her down in the streets. She instantly sought her home, knocked at the door, and told her name; but the door was not opened. Her voice was recognized, but her parents feared that she had been forced by the robbers to act as their accomplice in getting admission to the house. Besides this, they believed that she had been dishonored, and resolved not to recognize her again.

Almost overcome by her repulse, she sought the house of a baker who had known her from childhood, and whose wife had been very kind to her; and this good man took her in. Finding that her parents disowned her,

the baker made her a member of his family, and, his wife dying soon after, she became his housekeeper, and later his second wife, and lived an honorable and virtuous woman. It was at Guanabacoa that I saw her, then the matron of the kind-hearted baker's family.

At times Ravero would disappear for a season from his accustomed haunts, and go up to the thinly settled regions of the *partido* of Simón.

Here he lived with a young girl in a *montero* cottage. She became sick one day, and Ravero visited a neighboring coffee-planter for assistance. This gentleman kindly sent him aid, never dreaming that his visitor was the robber chief.

Some time after this the planter was attacked on a road near his residence, in open day, by robbers, who speedily took his money. Just at this juncture Ravero rode up, commanded them to desist, at once to restore his gold, and in the future never to molest him.

The robber chief then asked the planter if he knew him. The latter replied in the negative. Ravero said, "Never know me!" and proceeded to narrate the planter's kindness to him when his family were in need, and said that now his benefactor was repaid.

Tacon firmly resolved to break up these gangs of marauders, and to this end he appointed the bravest and most energetic men he could get as captains of *partidos*, being especially particular to ascertain that the new men were not suspected of complicity with the outlaws.

Captain Martínez was appointed captain of the *partido* of Guanacano, and the band of Ravero, fearing his vigilance and courage, gradually deserted their chief until he was left almost entirely alone. There may be "honor among thieves," but Ravero had reason to fear that some of his former followers might be the first to attempt to earn the large reward for his capture, as their knowledge of his habits and haunts would specially fit them for success in this undertaking; and he therefore thought it wise to leave Cuba as quickly as possible. With this view he called one night at the estate of Don Julian Alphonso, and requested an interview. This was accorded, and he said:

"I am Juan Ravero." (Don Alphonso started at this announcement.) "Don't be alarmed; I have no ill designs. I am hunted down like a wild beast, and must sooner or later be taken. I wish you to engage my passage to New Orleans."

"I will do so."

"Then I place my life in your hands," said the robber.

Don Alphonso went to Matanzas, made the necessary arrangements, returned, and directed Ravero what to do; and thus this scourge of Guanacano escaped.

He lived quietly in New Orleans, and prospered at cigar-making; but he sighed for the dangers and excitements of his former wild life. In about a year he returned to Cuba; and "took to the road," alone, like an Ishmael, "every man's hand against him, and his hand against every man." For a while he was successful.

Mounted on a trained and spirited horse of great speed and endurance, he passed from one part of the country to another.

At length, near Matanzas, on the road to Havana, he attacked, by dashing suddenly from a clump of bushes, a Biscayan, a carpenter going to his work on a neighboring sugar-estate, and accompanied by a negro who had loitered behind. The Biscayan and Ravero were both mounted. The former was a powerful man, and in the struggle both fell to the ground. In the meantime the negro came up, and as they always carry a machete, he was prepared to assist the carpenter, who called to him to cut the robber; but the negro hesitated, fearing that he might cut the wrong man. The carpenter again appealed to him to cut, and he did so, striking Ravero two blows on the back of the neck, injuring the vertebræ. The combatants then separated, Ravero going into the bushes and sitting down at the foot of a tree.

The Biscayan gave prompt information of his encounter to the captain of the partido, who instantly went, accompanied by an armed posse of men, in pursuit of the robber. He found Ravero just where the carpenter had left him, sitting as if in a stupor from his wounds. The captain asked him:

"Who are you?"

"I am Juan Ravero," was the curt reply.

"Do you surrender?"

"Not while I live."

The captain gave the order to fire, and five balls passed through him. The body was then thrown across a mule and taken into Matanzas, where thousands gathered to look upon the lifeless body of one who had been such a terror to the country.

Tacon's stern administration of justice, and his appointment of tried men over the partidos, worked a great change in the security of the roads. The robbers were taken in

every part of the country, and passed from one partido to another, chained together in squads, until they reached Havana, where they were dealt with by law. This vigorous policy scattered the bands, drove the members who escaped capture into some useful occupation, and society was relieved from this scourge.

I frequently visited the residence of Captain Martinez, and often witnessed the passage of these criminals on their way to justice. On one occasion, about midnight, when the mail-carrier was expected to pass, Captain Martinez, while out on his accustomed patrol, heard a rapid succession of shots, and concluding something was wrong, hastened in the direction indicated.

There he found the courier dead, and two men occupied in robbing the mail. He made them prisoners, took them to his house, and placed them in the stocks.

Upon investigating the affair, he learned that they wished to intercept a decision of the court at Puerto Principe, in a suit for the alleged theft of a lottery ticket. This lottery case had been pending before the court for several years, and the decision was known to be in the mail; and to enable them to destroy it, the courier had been killed. At this time all civil suits were heard and determined only at Puerto Principe, a city several hundred miles east of Havana. This worked great practical injustice, as it placed a resort to the court out of the power of all but the rich. The assassination of the courier attracted the attention of General Tacon to the inconvenience of this judicial arrangement and its injustice to the poor, and he requested the Queen of Spain to allow the establishment of a similar court for Havana, and her Majesty was graciously pleased to grant the authority.

When the royal permission arrived, the gratitude of the citizens was so great that they formed an immense procession to manifest their joy. The beautiful daughter of the Count of Penalver personated the Queen, holding in her hands the keys of authority, and the unbounded rejoicing was accompanied with salvos of artillery from the castle.

COUNTRY LIFE AGAIN.

WHILE at the residence of Captain Martinez I became acquainted with many planters who came to obtain their passports. One of these was Captain Pancho Ceresa, in command of the adjoining partido of Langillos, and whose beautiful coffee-estate was within two miles

of the village of that name. I made a most delightful visit to his residence. His wife, like himself, was young and very gay. They were vivacious in disposition, blessed with plenty, and dispensed hospitality with a lavish hand. They were constant attendants at the fandangos and other scenes of amusement in the vicinity. In short, these young people were, as they deserved to be, perfectly happy. Their property not being so large as a sugar-estate, every negro down to the smallest received the care and bounty of his mistress, and in the yard about the house, under the stately palms, a crowd of small black children could often be seen, sportive and happy.

No class of the people of Cuba is given to reading. In fact, I do not recall ever having seen a Spanish lady with a newspaper in her hands. The better classes have "Don Quixote" and "Gil Blas," which are to the Cubans what "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" are to the English. Many wealthy persons have finelibraries, containing books in almost every language; but they are more for ostentation than use, and the possessor regards them much as he does his furniture—as serving to indicate his wealth and station. As the result of this indifference to literature, the people seek every species of amusement for recreation. The evenings are usually spent in playing on the guitar and singing, smoking, playing billiards or cards, and dancing or riding. Such little games as lotto, etc., are eagerly en-

gaged in by old and young. Their religious interests are intrusted almost entirely to the priests, and they have little concern with them beyond the observances of certain formulas and feast-days.

From this agreeable retreat I went to the Isabella estate, the property of Mr. George Knight. Here I joined Mr. A. Taylor and Captain Prince, and we went together to see an estate purchased, or rather "tributed," by Mr. Taylor. He had bought nine negroes and three caballeria of cane, which furnished him plenty of seed, and tributed the land, all for five thousand dollars. I give these figures to enable American planters to form an idea of what a small capital will accomplish in Cuba.

Other Americans had tributed lands near there. Among them was Mr. N. P. Tristo, then our consul at Havana. These estates were in the vicinity of a small village named Bemba, and at the time of these American settlements the whole region was very obscure, and the inhabitants lived in the most primitive simplicity; but since then a railroad has been built from Cardenas, and the village of Bemba has become the center of an important trade, while the lands have risen from a nominal value to such an extent that they cannot be purchased unless it be at an exorbitant figure, and the early settlers have become wealthy.

This is only an evidence of what all Cuba might become under the reviving influence of American enterprise.

(To be continued.)

ELDER-BLOSSOM AND BOBOLINK.

BY J. RUSSELL TAYLOR.

AS I went up to beechwood, the bobolinks were singing
 From elder-blossom to elder-blossom along the bowered dells:
 I breathed the bridal scent, and I took the merriment
 Running into a rapid ripple and tinkle of falling bells;
 For I knew I should return, and the sun was on the fells.

As I came back from beechwood, the bobolinks were singing
 From elder-blossom to elder-blossom, and the melody broke my rest:
 Bird and flower seemed to me tears and breath of memory;
 Elder-blossom and bobolink like a grief I took to breast;
 For I knew I came no more. There was thunder in the west.

SHORT ESSAYS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS

A Conversational Circle.

SOME PROBLEMS FOR THE LEADER.

BY AGNES H. MORTON.

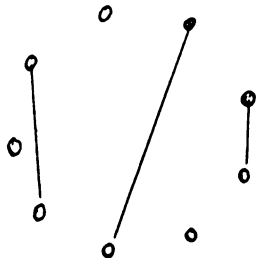
IN a perfectly developed conversation no leadership appears, because every one is doing his duty both in leading and in following; every one is in sympathetic communication with every one else, and the region within the circle is crossed and re-crossed by an invisible network of magnetic lines.

Intelligent leadership aims to bring about this result; but every one who has made any attempt in this direction has been brought face to face with some perplexing problems. If it were a mere matter of moving the ivory chessmen, intricate as the task might seem, the mathematical mind would sooner or later triumph. But moving "live" people is another matter. The unpredictable factor of free will—or quite as often *won't*—produces a stubborn array of obstacles. The circle refuses to be a circle, and persists in being something less symmetrical.

A diagram in which each individual dot on the circumference is connected by a line to every other dot may symbolize the ideal magnetic relation. But the following diagrams suggest some conditions that are not infrequently observed.

CIRCLE A.

THE tête-à-tête circle—a common method with the uncultivated, to whom a real circle is unknown. To talk by twos is the simplest phase of conversational effort, and one that demands but little skill as compared with the degree required to maintain a sympathetic understanding with a larger group.



The tête-à-tête method never strengthens the bonds of general society; its growth, if it has any, is in the direction of cliques. What should be a circle is merely an aggregation of twos, usually with a sprinkling of isolated ones. Sometimes this grouping results from permitting a natural preference to become a selfish partiality. The only legitimate place for the tête-à-tête conference is where only two are present. In the larger social circle courtesy forbids invidious distinctions, and commands uniform politeness to all.

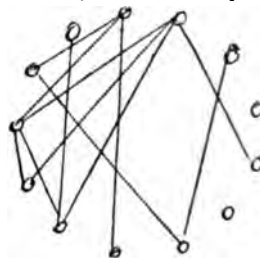
The leader's task in this case is one that an experienced hostess often meets and performs, sometimes by dint of unceasing watchfulness. To break up twos and keep the social spirit generally

diffused is not an easy thing to do with unobtrusive grace; but the circle that is permitted to lapse into tête-à-tête fragments is no credit to its leading spirit. A clever hostess will not allow this if she can help it, for she knows that it stamps her entertaining with the seal of the commonplace, or, at least, shows that she numbers among her guests some very crude people. It is a case for the most amiable patience when people are crude simply because they are young and inexperienced; time and teaching will remedy that. But when, in spite of every opportunity that years and experience can give, the tête-à-tête method still prevails, it denotes a dreary lack of the social capacity. The leader of conversation will find such a "circle" an interesting field wherein to exercise tact and influence.

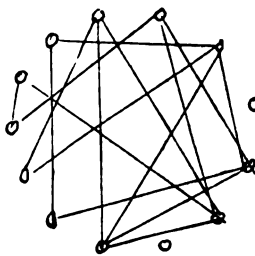
It will be understood that the *social conversational circle* is meant in this and all other references. The semi-public social gatherings, receptions, etc., where general conversation is not possible, admit of the tête-à-tête, or small group, method; with this understanding, that the twos shall exchange partners often enough to break up the exclusiveness of companionship, and make the effect as nearly as possible that of a general conversation.

CIRCLE B.

THE one-sided group, where a few out-talk the others. Several egotists and perfected-idea people are probably to be found here. The leader in this case aims to equalize the forces by drawing out the more silent ones and at the same time adroitly holding the garrulous ones in check, and this without becoming garrulous himself. A nice, delicate problem to solve, and not so easy as it looks.



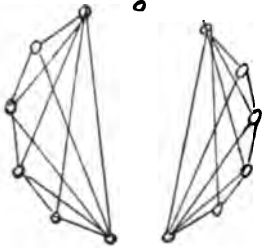
CIRCLE C.



THE careless group, who thoughtlessly permits some of the number to be neglected. No intentional rudeness exists; it is merely an unmannerly oversight, which no well-disposed person would allow to occur, when he is there to prevent it.

CIRCLE D.

THE circle composed of cliques, obviously divided, and with a terrible gulf between. No magnetic lines cross the chasm; but occasionally a thunderbolt flies over, as one side gives the other a deadly stroke.



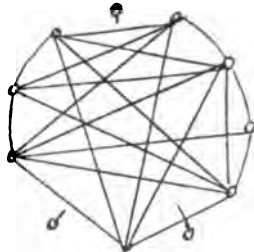
If you happen to be present, the lone dot that belongs to neither group, you may sometimes be puzzled to decide whether to leave the hostile groups to mutual destruction, or to make some effort

to reconcile them each to each—at the risk of being struck by lightning as your reward. How far it is one's duty to assume the rôle of peace-maker must be decided by each one for himself. Sometimes such efforts, opportunely made, are successful, and so proved by their results to be wise. Again, the same kind of effort may for some reason fail, and in the end appears in the undignified light of futile meddling. It is impossible to give any explicit advice in such affairs. Intuition is the best guide usually. Always there should be evinced a generous spirit toward both wayward groups whose enmities we wish to see conquered. But whether it is our mission to move in the matter is a question for deliberation. While officiousness is one of the most offensive things that one may be guilty of, I think that the dread of being *thought* officious often makes people cowardly about doing what may be a sterling duty in the social circle—that of braving the anger of factions to show them the childishness of their dissensions and teach them the dignity of a self-respecting harmony with each other. Still, I cannot tell any one else his specific duty in such a case. It is for each of us to meet it when it comes. But whoever does meet it, transforming the circle of cliques into the ideal circle, wins a victory by the side of which the triumphs of oratory and the conquests of debate are trivial and insignificant.

CIRCLE E.

THE rude group, who ostentatiously snub one or more of the number.

Snobs and their snubs present one of the most puzzling of social phenomena. For almost everything one may find a cause, but a legitimate cause for this aggravated phase of ill manners it is next to impossible to locate. It seems to have no foundation in the relative merits of the parties. At least, the snubber is not such by virtue of his superiority to the snubbed; for the ignorant and vulgar are the ones who excel in the display of



this insulting behavior. And if one does not occupy some vantage-ground, his lofty contempt for another simply calls attention to the fact that he is assuming as well as presuming.

I have studied many types of the genus snob, as they manifest themselves in society, and have discovered some things that the rudeness of snubbing does *not* indicate.

It does not indicate intelligence, or discrimination, or appreciation. Intelligence would know better in a general way; discrimination would select the really contemptible for the object of its snub; appreciation would not blunder into offering insult where it should offer homage.

It does not indicate refinement or delicacy of feeling. Refinement would shrink from rudeness as a thing painful to itself; delicacy would also avoid it as painful to others.

It does not indicate social culture. Those who are most experienced in social matters have learned that the law of courtesy is of universal application, and that he who violates this law makes unpleasant conditions for himself. Even thoroughly selfish people, knowing this, are polite as a matter of policy.

It does not indicate a wide range of information. A more extended acquaintance with the great world would enlighten the local snob as to the absurd position that he assumes. Few things are more amusing to the cosmopolitan mind than that exaggerated idea of its own social importance usually entertained by the self-ordained élite of small towns. Observing it, one is carried back to childhood; for it reminds one of the little toy village, with its little houses, and its little people walking under the little shade-trees in its little streets. One wishes that some benevolent railroad would give these people a pass, that they might go somewhere and see something.

Finally, it does not indicate a balanced judgment. This probably sums up all the other indications: the power to weigh the merits of all, ourselves included, and decide how much, or how little, one man is justly to be accounted, or to account himself, the superior of any other human being. Despite the much adulation of surpassing genius, towering greatness, or unapproachable goodness, I do not believe that *in fact* there are such marvelous disparities between human beings. The greatest man has his faults, the most insignificant his elements of cleverness; and I fancy that one of the surprises of another existence will be the leveling, not of the ranks based on material distinctions, but of the supposed immeasurable height that one man's character has towered above another's. Really, it is quite probable that few persons have a well-grounded right to feel above their fellow-men. At least it is true that those whose right to this assumption would be almost universally admitted are the ones whose manner to all, the high and the lowly, is the exponent of perfect courtesy.

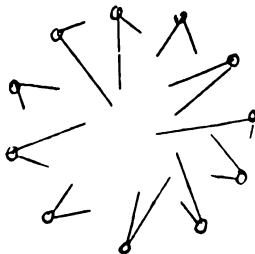
I have seen the rude group assembled more than once. Sometimes the *intentional* rudeness emanated from *one* of the number, but was sustained by the subservient following of others who

were not independent enough to resist the leading spirit, or who are always obsequiously ready to turn any grindstone that promises to put an edge on their own particular ax. For that matter, the coterie of rude people is made up of two marked classes: those who think that they have some more or less tangible basis for their overbearing social manners, and the adventurers who always attend them—the ragged fringe bordering the train of vulgar arrogance. Is it to be wondered at that “conversation” in such a group is nothing but an exposition of the unlovely traits of character? The leader who succeeds even measurably in reforming this circle will be mastering the most formidable of antagonisms. It is a severe test. Nothing is so calculated to take the life out of his effort; it is enough to make a pessimist of him—if it were not impossible for the ideal leader to be a pessimist.

But if you cannot altogether master the ruder element in the group, at least you can turn your attention to the slighted victim of their selfishness. You will not find him solely among the ill-bred cliques that struggle for uncertain foothold in the world of wealth and fashion. These contribute their quota to the list of social insults, but all ranks of life furnish their pitiful little illustrations; the more crude the conditions, the harsher the nature of the incidents. A few years ago the daily papers recorded with passionless brevity the suicide from despondency of a poor German laborer, a stranger in a strange land. He was diffident and sensitive, but, unfortunately, poor in pocket and unprepossessing in appearance. His fellow-workmen, gay among themselves, left him to a homesick isolation, the only notice taken of him being an occasional jibe at his oddities. It was stated that the last words that he was heard to utter were, “Nobody likes me.” What a ray of cheerfulness might have come to that poor soul if one kind voice had broken the insolent silence! Instead of a gloomy grave in the potter’s field, there might to-day have been a stalwart American citizen, whose enthusiastic allegiance to the land of his adoption dated from his first acquaintance with a worthy type of American society. Can you do anything to avert such a disaster? True, not all who “suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune” are driven to suicide; but the tragedy of life is not solely in physical death.

CIRCLE F.

THE frigid group, who obey the conventional requirements, but in whom the spirit of conversation is wanting. The wires break midway. This is a far less discouraging group than the preceding one, however, and with genial leadership may become ideal. Perhaps these people need only to be better acquainted. To find the common ground and



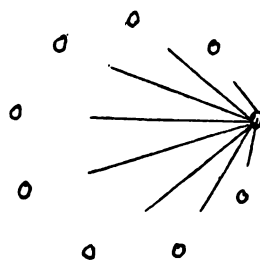
introduce them to one another on the basis of some congenial taste is the leader’s initial step. Of course the common ground has kaleidoscopic possibilities, each group being unique as to that. Usually courtesy has given the lines the right trend, and a little more sympathy will carry them across. Then the vital current will circulate; and while the polished manner will remain unchanged, cold formality will be transmuted into the politeness that is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace.

Leadership in this circle encounters no positive antagonisms and calls for no extreme exercise of diplomacy; but a hostess who makes of this an ideal circle will display much graceful tact, and well deserves to be called a “society leader”; and to the extent that her personal influence has been recognized, she will have peculiarly endeared herself to a set of people whose affection and respect she may well be proud and happy to win.

CIRCLE G.

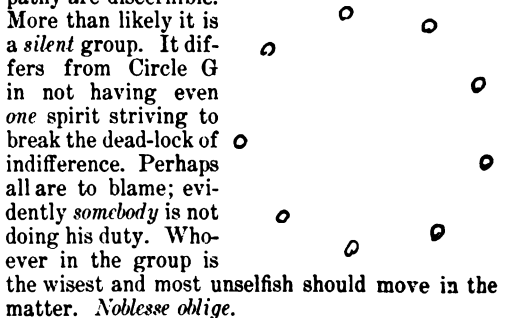
THE unresponsive group, whose silence bids fair to baffle a leader’s efforts. Sometimes the “won’t”

spirit possesses a part of the group; but probably the majority are quite innocent of any conscious or intentional opposition. Awkward shyness, quite as often as churlishness, makes people non-committal. They need inspiration and encouragement. A spirited leader will surely gain a response; and these very people who seemed so unpromising at first sometimes prove to be the most charming talkers when once the ice is broken. The leader whose skill has drawn them out may take some pardonable pride in them, as belonging peculiarly to himself by right of discovery.



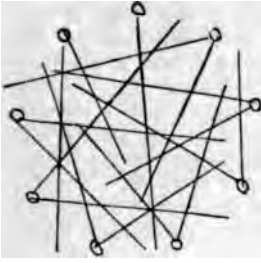
CIRCLE H.

THE apathetic group, who *may talk*, but in such a dull, unconcerned manner that no lines of sympathy are discernible. More than likely it is a *silent* group. It differs from Circle G in not having even *one* spirit striving to break the dead-lock of indifference. Perhaps all are to blame; evidently *somebody* is not doing his duty. Whoever in the group is the wisest and most unselfish should move in the matter. *Noblesse oblige*.



CIRCLE I.

THE antagonistic group, always bristling with disputes; debate out of its place, and without its



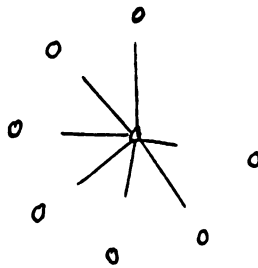
proper order. Lines cross at swords' points, but fail to reach any destination, because no one is willing to give a courteous reception to the line of thought presented by another; every one is occupied in the aggressive effort to project his own views.

This group will be most effectively instructed by an object-lesson. Let the leader set an example of suavity and tolerance. By bringing them one by one into harmony with himself, he may bring about a truce of hostilities and, let us hope, the negotiation of a lasting peace.

CIRCLE J.

THE circle at the mercy of a homilist. He steps out of the circumference and occupies the center. If he succeeds in holding his audience, the radii reach to the other dots. But the diagram illustrates the usual case, when the homilist is merely a monopolist in the midst of a disintegrated circle.

One of the circumference dots should assume the leadership

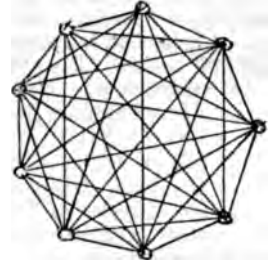


and break up the monopoly by drawing others into the discussion. He may be obliged to allow his purpose to be somewhat transparent; but the life of the circle is at stake. As one would shoot a burglar in defense of his home, so a conversational leader may be compelled to draw the trigger on a homilist. If it becomes necessary to use some sharp measures, it seems to be one of the cases where the end fully justifies the means.

CIRCLE K.

THE ideal circle, in which the atmosphere is thrilled by an unbroken magnetic circuit.

Whoever may have been chiefly influential in the development of this ideal relation, he has not made himself conspicuous; in the end every one in the circle is as much a leader as he; every one is willing and ready not only to send out his own line of sympathy, but also to receive the line sent out by every one else. The dual character of talker and listener is sustained by everybody; and whatever excellence and grace there may be, in purpose, choice, and method, is shown at its best in this ideal circle.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

A New Alexander the Great.

SEVERAL causes make a new life of the greatest world-hero timely in interest, and important in the large sense of conveying a political lesson to the modern world. Alexander of Macedon transformed the civilized world of his time from a medley of jarring states into an empire with a higher zenith, and with a horizon extended to take in the vast barbaric power of western Asia. Old worn-out fabrics of military and state-craft crumbled under his strokes, which were incomparable as regards the titanic forces of intelligence and will.

Under the eyes of the world to-day, not one but several Alexanders of the West are carving up barbaric empires into new realms of a grander civilization. It conforms to the genius of the time that the modern Alexander is not a personal hero, blazing with his own sword-arm his path to glory. In this superorganized age, that which stands for him is the disciplined and coordinated intelligence and force of a progressive people; a larger Europe,

a larger Asia, a larger Africa, and the added half-world America are now the arena of these prodigious factors in world-politics. But while the scenes and the instruments have increased and changed in confusing and magnifying splendor, the soul of events and the source of mastery remain what they were to Alexander.

The new life of the Macedonian hero which THE CENTURY is to print will appeal with special timeliness to the American people, on account of a correspondence of conditions and results which the recent war helps to enforce. In the same way Macedonia was despised by her enemies older in the practice of nationality, for her newness was taken as the sign of semibarbarism, and her aptitude for material progress was looked at askance, as implying coarseness and greed. But wherever she met her enemies in the clash of brain and brawn, the victory was so complete, and on her side so bloodless, that a miracle seemed to have been wrought—the miracle of courage, intelligence, and discipline.

As depicted by the new scientific method, without imaginative gloss, Alexander is a modern carried back to a world of primitive passions and resources. But even there Alexander's meteoric career was the result of his power to project himself beyond his age. While others waited for the orderly course of the dread oracle, Alexander dragged the Delphian priestess to the shrine; while dull understandings puzzled over the Gordian knot, he cut it with a stroke of his sword; while the proud seaport, surrounded by water, boasted of never having been reduced by arms, he reached it by building a mole across the bay, and toppled its walls; while the city set on a pinnacle was laughing him to scorn, he raised a giant mound beside it, and it perished. In resource he outstripped the ages, and his audacity was the will of judgment, the purpose of courage, and the flash of genius. The power to see and to do in an irresistible way is always modern, and is always helping humanity forward.

THE CENTURY'S Life of Alexander the Great, which will be begun in the November issue, is by the well-known Greek scholar, Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler of Cornell University, who has recently given our readers a foretaste of his vigorous and interesting style in his essays on "The Seven Wonders of the World." It will be the aim of the magazine to supplement the text with pictures which will prove a contribution to the pictorial side of the subject.

A Saying of Ex-President Harrison's.

THE conviction seems to be growing that the new, peculiar, and very heavy administrative duties now forced upon the American government are destined to hasten the disappearance of the spoils system. That system, or administrative custom, is constantly being curtailed by laws and regulations supported by the better public opinion of the country. But the political habits of an enormous community cannot be changed in a day; so good men are constantly alarmed by attempts on the part of small-brained and small-conscienceed spoilsmen to break down the merit system, which is gradually taking the place of the old-fashioned way of "looting" the offices.

But the new and highly difficult problems of administration resulting from the war are furnishing striking object-lessons as to the necessity of government by business methods rather than by spoils methods. Furthermore, the "average American citizen" does not like the idea of going to war partly for the purpose of ridding communities of Spanish methods of administration as conducted by Spanish officials in order to introduce in the same territory so-called Spanish methods conducted by American officials. Already there is a demand that the new problems of administration in the islands shall be met in as non-partizan a spirit as have been the naval and military problems.

One danger of foreign wars, and foreign complications generally, lies in the distraction of the public mind from the cure of political evils at home.

The Spanish war has been so short that it may be hoped that no great harm will come in this way. Indeed, the war should have a precisely contrary effect; for it is evident that we need higher statesmanship in Congress to cope successfully with our new responsibilities, and a better and firmer consular and diplomatic system to meet the stress of new international relations. And for very shame we should be determined to blot out those evils of local or general government which have an ominous likeness to those faults of Spanish administration that we are fond of calling indications of decadence. There are, at this moment, flagrant scandals of administration in the largest two of our Eastern States which it would be insulting to our late enemy to call "Spanish." If such outrages as the canal scandal in the State of New York and the water-supply scandal in the city of Philadelphia are not rebuked and corrected, it will be in the power of our late enemy to call them characteristically "American." Ex-President Harrison well said in Chicago, on Washington's Birthday of this year: "We are a great people in power. Let us be great in the love of justice, great in that integrity of individual life, in that unselfish patriotism which makes men ready not only in time of war, when the drum-beat rouses our hearts, to rush forward to death, but also steadfast defenders, in times of peace, of honest administration."

There would appear to be nothing particularly heroic about "honest administration"; but unless devotion to country takes the form of insistence upon precisely this, in peace as in war, the "American empire" will not be worth the blood of a single hero.

Our heroic soldiers and sailors should be among those who will most strenuously insist upon that "honest administration" which Mr. Harrison regards as of such paramount importance. They are, by experience, keenly aware of the harm that may come through any failure of administration of any kind. They know that those branches of the public service least tinctured by the system of spoils and small politics are the branches most successful, and most creditable to the country; and they ought to help to keep our government to the highest standards, both as to our outlying dependencies and in all matters of home administration whatever.

A Suggestion about the Company Dinner.

THE distinguishing mark of good society may be said to be its conversation, for in a large sense the word includes also manners, which are merely another form of talk, a subtler exchange of personal credentials, an expression of the relative values of certain things. And while good manners are in no wise dependent on intellectuality, and intellectual men have not always been noted for the finesse of their manners, the highest goal of social life is reached in the combination of the two elements. "This palace of brick and stone," says Emerson, "these servants, this kitchen, these stables, horses, and equipage, this bank-stock and file

of mortgages, trade to all the world, country house, and cottage by the waterside, all for a little conversation." And what one finds satisfactory in a friendly talk of two or three, with the give and take of repartee, and the kindling of latent power under the inspiration of sympathy or wit, one likes to imagine in a wider circle of social companionship such as was found in the famous salons of France, or the less pretentious meetings of English and American literary men and women of the past. It is a question perpetually propounded, why, with all the social tact and grace of our women, the salon has not taken root in our society. Various responses might be made—one, that we have the equivalent. Wherever anything approaching such an institution has been found in this country, it has been based primarily, not upon dancing, or food, or servants' livery, or upholstery, or even upon music, but upon conversation; and conversation will be the chief constituent of any larger and more formal organization. At the same time it is to be doubted whether the American spirit and character, even at their best, will naturally express themselves in salon form. But between such a dress-parade and the pleasures of a tête-à-tête there is a large field of social activity, which, already worthily cultivated in this country, may yet engage consideration.

The article by Miss Agnes H. Morton, in the present number of *THE CENTURY*, presents in a novel way some of the many obstacles in the way of a successful dinner-table conversation, laying stress upon the obligations of the hostess. Heine's saying, "Every country has the Jews it deserves," may be paraphrased to read: "Every hostess has the conversation she deserves." The delight and, at the same time, the despair of social intercourse is individuality, and it is in the measure of her power to control the individuality of her guests that a hostess's success largely consists. The whole must be kept greater than any of its parts. This Miss Morton has graphically set forth. Given a small dinner-company, say of eight or ten, and the secret of entertainment lies to a great extent in the tact of the hostess in *keeping the conversation general*. How many a promising party of the sort has been spoiled by a monologist, or a too happy couple, or a dull listener, or by criss-cross chat, all because the elements were not kindly mixed, or, being congruous as a whole, were left to chance for their affinities! The compliment to the guest of honor has been lost, the others invited to meet him have little more acquaintance than before, while the separate pairings-off might as well have taken place on Broadway as far as they were related to a so-

cial event. Even on an intellectual plane not the highest, the hostess may usually provide against such a catastrophe by thoughtfulness, kindness, and tact. But little can be accomplished unless the company recognize that conversation is an art not wholly to be come at—like Dogberry's "reading and writing"—by nature, and that, under cultivation, it is capable of producing the highest and most lasting pleasure.

"The Island of Porto Rico": Note.

In reviewing the article which I wrote for the August *CENTURY*, I note several errors which, I fear, may be charged to inadvertence on my part. In the first place, the tables from which I took my statement of exports and imports seem to have been incorrect, for I am made to say (probably did say) that for the year 1895 they aggregated some sixty million dollars. The paragraph should read: "The commerce of the island is mainly with Spain and the United States, and with a total value—exports and imports combined—of over \$36,000,000 for the year 1896, nearly \$10,000,000 was with Spain, not quite \$7,000,000 with this country."

Spanish statistics are notoriously inexact, but in my translation I seem to have imbibed some of the faults of the statisticians, for I passed the error over, both in manuscript and in the printed proof. When my article was written, the statistical tables of trade with Puerto Rico had not appeared, and I based my data upon Spanish sources. For general information on the island I relied upon a very creditable publication, "Estudio Histórico, Geográfico y Estadístico de la Isla de Puerto Rico," supplemented by my own observations, and it should be very nearly accurate.

But again; for "the principal harbors on the north coast," read, "the principal ports," and make Arecibo the "roadstead," instead of Ponce, which really has an excellent harbor, though several miles distant from the city.

In my description of the fortifications, instead of "the sea-wall to the north is pierced by the gateway of San Juan," read, "the sea-wall to the west," etc.

Exception may be taken to my statement that "San Juan is frequently scourged with yellow fever," etc.; so a milder term may be used, such, for instance, as "sometimes scourged"; but it is endemic there, just the same, and before these lines reach the readers of *THE CENTURY* there may be convincing proof of the truth of my assertion.

The latest returns place the population of the island at 813,000; but we have no means of knowing at present whether this estimate is any nearer the truth than other reports.

Finally, I have a grievance of my own: I note that my article is entitled "The Island of Porto Rico," when, in point of fact, it should be "Puerto Rico." There is no such word as "porto" in any language with which I am acquainted—at least, not in the English or the Spanish.

Frederick A. Ober.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Through Love's Eyes.

"WHAT John would do" was all her theme,
The burden of her song;
I knew him not, but it did seem
The list of deeds was long.

Did fiction sketch a hero bold,
Who scaled some Alpine peak
Where starry edelweiss unfold,
One precious flower to seek;

Or did he save from fire or flood
Of lives a score or two,
She said,—just as I knew she would,—
"That 's just what John would do!"

Perchance she read of one who foiled
A villain's subtle plan
By counterplot that neatly spoiled
The scheme of wicked man;

Or did the lover in the book
With passion sigh and sue,
She said, with reminiscent look,
"That 's just what John would do!"

The war broke out, and then we read
Of valor on the sea;
But still the selfsame words she said,
With tender pride, to me,

Until (this broke the camel's back,
And broke it badly, too),
When Hobson sunk the *Merrimac*,
'T was "just what John would do!"

Then I demanded sight of John—
Tall, awkward, twenty-four;
He twirled his thumbs, he trod upon
My skirt—he was a bore.

But how he loved her! As he ought,
For well she loved him, too;
And much I marveled as I thought
What love (like John) would do.

Love's rosy light straightway conceals
All flaws in nature's plan:
The angel in the maid reveals
The hero in the man.

With such illusions Reason tries,
But all in vain, to cope;
For every lover thinks his eyes
Are like a microscope.

While Reason scoffs,— "the light that lies,"—
Love laughs at Reason, too,

And says through softened light the eyes
May get a truer view.

Nor mine Love's logic to deplore;
For if the truth were said,
All, all she said of John, and more,
I know is true of Ned.

Beatrice Hanscom.

Lover's Lane.

SUMMAH night an' sighin' breeze,
'Long de lovah's lane;
Frien'ly, shadder-mekin' trees,
'Long de lovah's lane.
White folks' wo'k all done up gran'—
Me an' 'Mandy han'-in-han'
Struttin' lak we owned de lan',
'Long de lovah's lane.

Owl a-settin' 'side de road,
'Long de lovah's lane,
Lookin' at us lak he knowed
Dis uz lovah's lane.
Go on, hoot yo' mou'nf'ul tune,
You ain' nevah loved in June,
An' come hidin' f'om de moon
Down in lovah's lane.

Bush it ben' an' nod an' sway,
Down in lovah's lane,
Try'n' to hyeah me whut I say
'Long de lovah's lane.
But I whispahs low lak dis,
An' my 'Mandy smile huh bliss—
Mistah Bush he shek his fis',
Down in lovah's lane.

Whut I keer ef day is long,
Down in lovah's lane.
I kin allus sing a song
'Long de lovah's lane.
An' de wo'ds I hyeah an' say
Meks up fu' de weary day
W'en I 's strollin' by de way,
Down in lovah's lane.

An' dis t'ought will allus rise
Down in lovah's lane:
Wondah whethah in de skies
Dey 's a lovah's lane.
Ef dey ain't, I tell you true,
'Ligion do look mighty blue,
'Cause I do' know whut I 'll do
'Dout a lovah's lane.

Paul Laurence Dunbar

The Mermaid Club.

*The Mermaid Culture Club request
That you will kindly be
On such and such a day their guest
At something after three.*

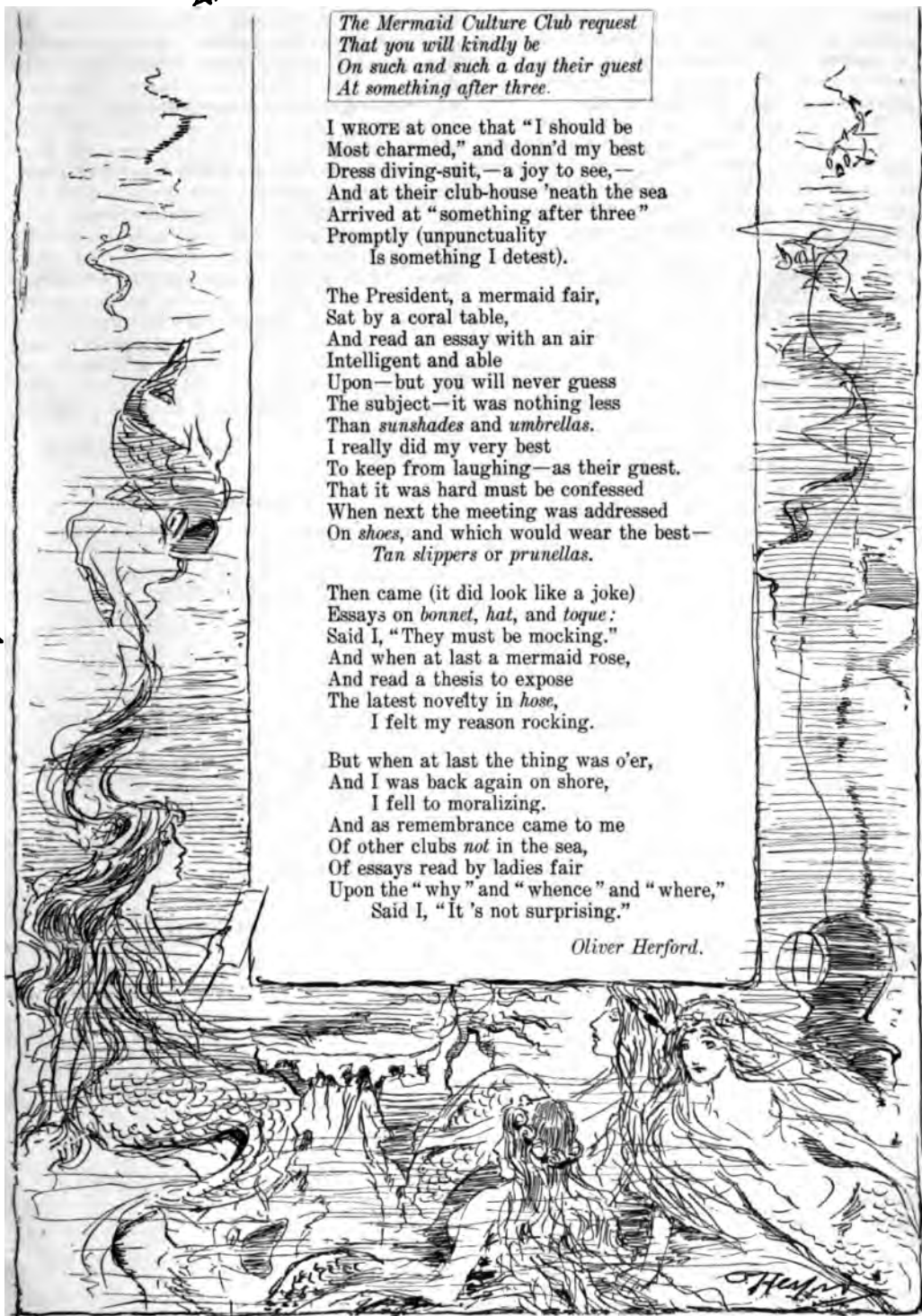
I WROTE at once that "I should be
Most charmed," and donn'd my best
Dress diving-suit,—a joy to see,—
And at their club-house 'neath the sea
Arrived at "something after three"
Promptly (unpunctuality
Is something I detest).

The President, a mermaid fair,
Sat by a coral table,
And read an essay with an air
Intelligent and able
Upon—but you will never guess
The subject—it was nothing less
Than *sunshades* and *umbrellas*.
I really did my very best
To keep from laughing—as their guest.
That it was hard must be confessed
When next the meeting was addressed
On *shoes*, and which would wear the best—
Tan slippers or *prunellas*.

Then came (it did look like a joke)
Essays on *bonnet*, *hat*, and *toque*:
Said I, "They must be mocking."
And when at last a mermaid rose,
And read a thesis to expose
The latest novelty in *hose*,
I felt my reason rocking.

But when at last the thing was o'er,
And I was back again on shore,
I fell to moralizing.
And as remembrance came to me
Of other clubs *not* in the sea,
Of essays read by ladies fair
Upon the "why" and "whence" and "where,"
Said I, "It's not surprising."

Oliver Herford.



A Perennial Fever.

THE world hears much of the dangers of typhoid and yellow and scarlet fever, and the skill of physicians is ever employed to reduce those dangers to a minimum; but in every country, at all seasons of the year, there is a fever that numbers its victims by the thousand, and yet no doctor has ever prescribed for it, nor is there any drug in the pharmacopœia that will alleviate it.

The malady to which I refer is hen fever.

If a city woman intends marrying a city man, and then moving out a little way into the country, as she values her peace of mind, let her make sure that he is immune. Unless, indeed, both are prepared to come down with it at once. For it is unlike all other fevers in that a man and his wife may have it together and be happy; but if he or she have it alone, then woe be to that house.

The germs of hen fever are carried in a chance conversation, in a picture of gallinaceous activity, in the perusal of a poultry-book. A man hears or looks or reads, and the mischief is done. The subtle poison is in his blood, although he knows it not.

Hen fever takes various forms. With some it is manifested in a desire to keep a few blooded fowls and breed for points; with another, to keep a few birds for the sake of fresh eggs and broilers: but in whatsoever form it come, it will cause the upheaval of its victim's most cherished plans and habits.

He may have been an ardent admirer of Shakspeare, and in the evenings it has been his wont to read aloud to his wife while she knitted; but now, little recking what she does, he reads to himself "Farm Poultry" or "The Care of Hens," or—and this is the second stage of the disease—he reads aloud to her that hens cannot thrive without plenty of gravel, that cracked wheat is better than whole corn for growing pullets, that the best way to cure a hen of eating her own eggs is to fill one with mustard, etc.

Time was when he had an opinion on politics, on finance, on literature, on the thousand and one things that make for conversation, and his neighbors dropped in to hear him talk engagingly of what he had read or seen; but now, when they come, he tells them that his brown Leghorn hen laid twenty eggs in twenty-five days, while his buff Cochin laid only eight in the same time; that his white Plymouth Rock is crop-bound, and his Wyandotte rooster has the pip.

Lucky indeed is his wife if he stick to the good old way of hatching chickens by hens instead of kerosene-oil; for if he get an incubator she had better get a divorce. How many homes have been wrecked by patent incubators will never be known.

But even if the fevered one stick to the natural method of hatching, there will be many times when his wife will wonder why she left a comfortable and sociable home to spend her evenings alone; for he will be in the hen-house, setting hens, or washing soiled eggs, or divesting nestlings of the reluctant shell, or dusting his whole flock

with the snuff-like insecticide, or kerosening their roosts.

With some the fever never abates; with some it is intermittent; some have it hardest in the spring of the year, when hens are laying their prettiest, and profits may be figured in money as well as on paper. But whether it be light or heavy, hen fever will run its course without let or hindrance; and, as I have hinted, happy is the wife who comes down with it simultaneously with her husband; for, though their neighbors will shun them as they would a deadly pestilence, yet they will be company for each other, and will prate ceaselessly, yet cheerily, upon the best foods for laying hens, the best exposure for coops, how many hens can live in one house with best results, when a chicken should be weaned of bread, what breed of hens is least idiotic, and kindred topics.

As for me, I am free to come and go among hens; to look on their markings with unmoved eye; to view their output with normal pulse; to hear "the cock's shrill clarion" without pricking up my ears; to read of the latest thing in incubators without turning a hair: for I have survived the fever; I am an immune.

Charles Battell Loomis.

A' Ordinary Man.

My mother thought I 's smart 's a whip

When I was still a kid;
And so did I. 'T was long afore
I waked, but wake I did;
And see that 't was in her, not me,
That estimate began;
That after all I 'm what you 'd call
A' ordinary man.

I fooled my wife too. 'Spouse 't was love
That made 'em both so blind;
But now 'f I say I 'm no great shakes,
She says she likes that kind.
She seems contented too, and yit
She ought be'n rich and gran',
And not the wife all through her life
Of a' ordinary man.

This little gal upon my knee,
Her dad, you may depen',
She thinks is one o' the way-way-ups
Among the sons o' men.
When she finds out—she 'll love me still,
Though on a different plan;
Fer find she must that I am just
A' ordinary man.

By gum, there 's times when Providence
Just rubs it in! No paint
Can't cover up the spots. You see
What y' ought to be but ain't.
To think what you should do fer 'em
And then think what you can:
It makes you sore 'at y' ain't no more
'N a' ordinary man!

Robert Mourry Bell.

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